

3 1761 08115276 1



*Presented to the*  
LIBRARY *of the*  
UNIVERSITY OF TORONTO  
*by*  
John C. Krut



Eleanor Gibson





# ST. NICHOLAS:

AN

ILLUSTRATED MAGAZINE

## FOR YOUNG FOLKS.

---

VOLUME XXXIX.

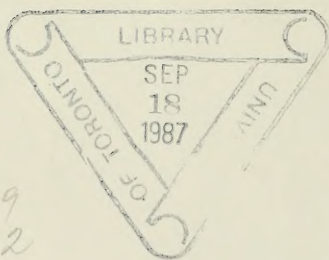
PART II.—MAY TO OCTOBER, 1912.

---

THE CENTURY CO., NEW YORK  
FREDERICK WARNE & CO., LONDON.

Copyright, 1912, by THE CENTURY Co.

AP  
201  
S3  
v. 39  
pt. 2



# ST. NICHOLAS:

VOLUME XXXIX.

PART II.

SIX MONTHS—MAY TO OCTOBER, 1912.





## CONTENTS OF PART II. VOLUME XXXIX.

|                                                                                                                                     | PAGE                             |
|-------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|----------------------------------|
| AEROPLANE, THE. (Illustrations from photographs).....                                                                               | Harold S. Lynn ..... 982         |
| AFTERNOON PARTY, AN—THE FIRST ARRIVAL. Picture, from a painting by<br>J. A. Muenier.....                                            | 629                              |
| AMAZON, ADRIFT ON THE. (Illustrated by George A. King).....                                                                         | Dewey Austin Cobb..... 1066      |
| ARTIST AND HIS DOGS, AN. (Illustrated from paintings by Percival Rosseau).....                                                      | Frances W. Marshall ..... 963    |
| AZTEC JINGLES. (Illustrated by the Author).....                                                                                     | J. G. Francis..... 710           |
| Tranquillity Disturbed.....                                                                                                         | 1024                             |
| The Soul Serene.....                                                                                                                | 898                              |
| BALEARIC ISLANDS, THE.....                                                                                                          | Dr. S. J. Fort..... 898          |
| BALLADS OF THE BE-BA-BOES. Verse. (Illustrated by Katharine M. Daland).....                                                         | D. K. Stevens..... 586           |
| The Military Band.....                                                                                                              | 684                              |
| The Society Circus.....                                                                                                             | 782                              |
| The Fourth of July Regatta.....                                                                                                     | 880                              |
| The Annual Fishing Match.....                                                                                                       | 974                              |
| The Agricultural Fair.....                                                                                                          | 1106                             |
| The Unsuspected Talent.....                                                                                                         | 800                              |
| BALLOONING: PRESIDENT WASHINGTON AND FLYING. (Illustrated).....                                                                     | Marion Florence Lansing..... 800 |
| BASE-BALL:<br>How I Became a "Big-League" Pitcher. (Illustrated by Frank Tenney<br>Johnson, and with photographs and diagrams)..... | Christy Mathewson..... 605       |
| Playing the Game. (Illustrated with diagrams and from photographs).....                                                             | C. H. Claudy..... 726            |
|                                                                                                                                     | 804, 899, 1002, 1097             |
| BATTLE-SHIPS. FOR THE PENNANT, OR, BATTLE-SHIPS AT TARGET-PRACTICE.<br>(Illustrations from photographs).....                        | Charles B. Brewer..... 771       |
| BEEBLEBURG AMUSEMENT PARK, A SPRING EVENING AT THE. Picture, drawn<br>by Harrison Cady.....                                         | 639                              |
| BEEBLEBURG, THE ANNUAL MOONLIGHT HOP IN. Picture, drawn by Harrison<br>Cady.....                                                    | 1096                             |
| BEEBLEBURG, THE GREAT JUNE PARADE IN. Picture, drawn by Harrison Cady.....                                                          | 711                              |
| BIRDS, HOUSE-BUILDERS TO THE. (Illustrations from photographs).....                                                                 | Harriet Gillespie..... 698       |
| "BOOK-LINE," THE. (Illustrations from photographs).....                                                                             | Montrose J. Moses..... 740       |
| BOY AND THE BIRD, THE. Verse. (Illustrated).....                                                                                    | Charles F. Hardy..... 700        |
| BRAVE LITTLE MOTHER, A. (Illustrated by George A. King).....                                                                        | Flora Macdonald ..... 778        |
| BREAKFAST PARTY, THE. Picture, from a painting by Charles C. Curran.....                                                            | 1089                             |
| CANNON, IN THE MOUTH OF A. (Illustrated by Jay Hambidge).....                                                                       | Mary Richards Berry ..... 1010   |
| CHEERFUL LITTLE GIRL, THE, AND HER CHEERFUL LITTLE DOLL. (Illustrated by<br>Alice Caddy).....                                       | Caroline Stetson Allen..... 837  |
|                                                                                                                                     | 933, 1028                        |
| CHILDREN'S LIBRARIES: THE "BOOK-LINE." (Illustrations from photographs).....                                                        | Montrose J. Moses..... 740       |
| CLUE CHASE, A. (Illustrated).....                                                                                                   | F. F. H..... 713                 |
| CREW OF THE "ESKIMO," THE. (Illustrated by I. W. Taber).....                                                                        | Thomas Hollis ..... 867          |
| CROFTON CHUMS. (Illustrated by C. M. Relyea).....                                                                                   | Ralph Henry Barbour..... 590     |

|                                                                                                                                         |                                                                   |                                  |
|-----------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|-------------------------------------------------------------------|----------------------------------|
| DADDY DO-FUNNY'S, OLE, WISDOM JINGLES. Verse. (Illustrated by George A. King) .....                                                     | <i>Ruth McEnery Stuart</i> .....                                  | 1020                             |
| DAISY FIELD, THE. Picture, from a painting by Charles C. Curran .....                                                                   |                                                                   | 820                              |
| DEBORAH'S CHANGE OF HEART. (Illustrated by W. F. Stecher) .....                                                                         | <i>Helen Ward Banks</i> .....                                     | 579                              |
| DOGS, AN ARTIST AND HIS. (Illustrated from paintings by Percival Rosseau) .....                                                         | <i>Frances W. Marshall</i> .....                                  | 963                              |
| DOMESTIC PIRATE, A. Verse. (Illustrated by the Author) .....                                                                            | <i>Charles F. Lester</i> .....                                    | 884                              |
| DOROTHY OF SALEM TOWN. Verse. (Illustrated by C. M. Relyea) .....                                                                       | <i>Alix Thorn</i> .....                                           | 780                              |
| DREAM-SHIP, THE. Verse. (Illustrated) .....                                                                                             | <i>Miriam S. Clark</i> .....                                      | 799                              |
| "DUET, A." Picture, drawn by Gertrude A. Kay .....                                                                                      |                                                                   | 835                              |
| ELECTRICITY, HOW, IS GENERATED. (Illustrated with diagrams) .....                                                                       | <i>Albert Walton</i> .....                                        | 1022                             |
| FAIRY-TIME. Verse. (Illustrated by Elizabeth Colborne) .....                                                                            | <i>Frances W. Marshall</i> .....                                  | 874                              |
| FAMOUS PICTURES. (Illustrated) .....                                                                                                    | <i>Charles L. Barstow</i> .....                                   | 1090                             |
| FISHING-ROD, THE MAGNETISM OF THE. Pictures, drawn by Hy. Mayer .....                                                                   |                                                                   | 999                              |
| GALÁPAGOS TORTOISE: POSITIVELY THE OLDEST INHABITANT. (Illustration from photograph) .....                                              | <i>Augusta Huiell Seaman</i> .....                                | 688                              |
| GIANT, THE END OF A. Verse. (Illustrated by Albertine R. Wheelan) .....                                                                 | <i>Pauline Frances Camp</i> .....                                 | 802                              |
| GORDON, CHARLES GEORGE. (Illustrated by Harry Fenn, R. Talbot Kelly, and from photographs) .....                                        | <i>Hamilton Fish Armstrong</i> .....                              | 927                              |
| HIGHWAYMAN'S SURPRISE, THE YOUNG. Pictures, drawn by C. F. Lester .....                                                                 |                                                                   | 906                              |
| HORSELESS CARRIAGE, UNCLE JOHN AND HIS. (Illustration from photograph) .....                                                            | <i>Marian Phelps</i> .....                                        | 914                              |
| HOW I BECAME A "BIG-LEAGUE" PITCHER. (Illustrated by Frank Tenney Johnson, and with photographs and diagrams) .....                     | <i>Christy Mathewson</i> .....                                    | 605                              |
| JINGLES. (Illustrated by the Author) .....                                                                                              | <i>Charles F. Lester</i> .....                                    | 1116                             |
| JOHNNY'S FOURTH OF JULY ORATION. Picture, drawn by C. F. Lester .....                                                                   |                                                                   | 836                              |
| KING'S VACATION, THE. (Illustrated by C. T. Hill) .....                                                                                 | <i>Alfred Hayes</i> .....                                         | 1085                             |
| KNIGHTS OF THE GOLDEN SPUR, THE. (Illustrated by Reginald Birch) .....                                                                  | <i>Rupert Sargent Holland</i> ..                                  | 631                              |
| KNOTS, HOW TO TIE. (Illustrations from photographs) .....                                                                               | <i>H. D. Jones</i> .....                                          | 1026                             |
| KNOX, GENERAL, HEADQUARTERS: A RELIC OF THE REVOLUTION. (Illustrations from photographs) .....                                          | <i>Everett McNeil</i> .....                                       | 786                              |
| LADY-BIRD, THE—A FOLK CHARM. Verse .....                                                                                                | <i>Arthur Guiterman</i> .....                                     | 923                              |
| LADY OF THE LANE, THE. (Illustrated by E. C. Caswell) .....                                                                             | <i>Frederick Orin Bartlett</i> ..                                 | 642                              |
|                                                                                                                                         | 734, 790, 907, 978                                                |                                  |
| LIMERICKS. Verse .....                                                                                                                  | <i>Minnie Leona Upton</i> .....                                   | 906                              |
| LUCKY SIXPENCE, THE. (Illustrated by Arthur E. Becher) .....                                                                            | <i>Emilie Benson Knipe</i> and<br><i>Alden Arthur Knipe</i> ..... | 596,<br>702, 826, 876, 988, 1075 |
| MAGIC BOTTLES, THE. (Illustrated by Rachel R. Elmer) Adapted by .....                                                                   | <i>Julius Robinson</i> .....                                      | 617                              |
| "MAGINATIVE PEOPLE ONLY! FOR. (Illustrated by C. M. Relyea) .....                                                                       | <i>Dorothy Canfield</i> .....                                     | 675                              |
| MARY SUNSHINE. (Illustrated by E. C. Caswell) .....                                                                                     | <i>Marjorie Louise Hillis</i> .....                               | 1124                             |
| MATHEWSON, CHRISTY: HOW I BECAME A "BIG-LEAGUE" PITCHER. (Illustrated by Frank Tenney Johnson, and with photographs and diagrams) ..... |                                                                   | 605                              |
| MAY-DAY SONG, AN OLD TIME. Verse. (Illustrated by Otto Rebele) .....                                                                    | <i>Arthur Guiterman</i> .....                                     | 585                              |
| Adapted by .....                                                                                                                        | <i>Pauline Frances Camp</i> .....                                 | 641                              |
| MAY-FLOWERS. Verse .....                                                                                                                | <i>Harriet H. Pierson</i> .....                                   | 628                              |
| MIRACLE, THE. Verse .....                                                                                                               |                                                                   | 1071                             |
| "MORNING," "NOON," AND "NIGHT." Pictures, from paintings by Francis Day .....                                                           |                                                                   | 898                              |
| MOUSE, MR., AND MR. TOAD. Picture, drawn by E. G. Lutz .....                                                                            | <i>Augusta Huiell Seaman</i> .....                                | 688                              |
| OLDEST INHABITANT, POSITIVELY THE. (Illustration from photograph) .....                                                                 | <i>Lawrence W. Neff</i> .....                                     | 915                              |
| OSTRICHES, A TEAM OF. (Illustration from photograph) .....                                                                              | <i>Fredric Richardson</i> .....                                   | 1009                             |
| PANTRY GHOSTS, THE. Verse .....                                                                                                         | <i>Elizabeth Price</i> .....                                      | 1059                             |
| PEACE PAYSON'S MOTTO. (Illustrated by C. M. Relyea) .....                                                                               |                                                                   | 771                              |
| PENNANT, FOR THE, OR, BATTLE-SHIPS AT TARGET-PRACTICE. (Illustrations from photographs) .....                                           | <i>Charles B. Brewer</i> .....                                    | 779                              |
| PERSIAN KITTEN, THE. Picture, from a painting by Louise Cox .....                                                                       |                                                                   | 893                              |
| PETRONEL'S LIGHT. (Illustrated by Edwin J. Prittie) .....                                                                               | <i>Isola Forrester</i> .....                                      | 897                              |
| PHONOGRAPH AND THE BIRDS, THE. Picture, drawn by Walt Kuhn .....                                                                        |                                                                   |                                  |

# CONTENTS

|                                                                                                            | VII                       |
|------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|---------------------------|
| PICTURES, FAMOUS. (Illustrated).....                                                                       | 1090                      |
| "PLAY BALL!" Verse. (Illustration by E. W. Kemble).....                                                    | 1097                      |
| PLAYING THE GAME. (Base-ball Series) (Illustrated with diagrams and<br>from photographs).....              | 726                       |
| POINT ROCK. (Illustrated by the Author).....                                                               | 912                       |
| POLLY'S INHERITANCE. (Illustrated by Blanche Fisher Wright).....                                           | 924                       |
| PRESIDENT, SEEING THE. Verse. (Illustrated by C. M. Relyea).....                                           | 834                       |
| PRINCE SCARLET, THE STORY OF. (Illustrated by Reginald Birch).....                                         | 796                       |
| PRINCESS MARY. (Illustrations from photographs).....                                                       | 723                       |
| PURITAN MAYING, A. (Illustrated by Edwin J. Prittie).....                                                  | 690                       |
| REVOLUTION, A RELIC OF THE. (The General Knox Headquarters House)<br>(Illustrations from photographs)..... | 780                       |
| ROMPING. Verse. (Illustrated by the Author).....                                                           | 875                       |
| ROSSEAU, PERCIVAL: AN ARTIST AND HIS DOGS. (Illustrated from paintings<br>by Percival Rosseau).....        | 963                       |
| SADIE SWUNG, SALLY SENG. Verse.....                                                                        | 1004                      |
| SEA-SERPENT, THE. Picture, drawn by Bonniel Butler.....                                                    | 987                       |
| SENSITIVE PLANT, THE. Verse. (Illustrated by the Author).....                                              | 701                       |
| SHORE, BY THE. Verse. (Illustrated by S. Wendell Mitchell).....                                            | 900                       |
| SIESTA, THE. Verse. (Illustration from photograph).....                                                    | 696                       |
| "SIMPLE THOUGHTS ON GREAT SUBJECTS.".....                                                                  | 640                       |
| The Body-Guard.....                                                                                        | 712                       |
| The World We Live In.....                                                                                  | 907                       |
| Coming Home Again.....                                                                                     | 1115                      |
| Making a Living.....                                                                                       | 1065                      |
| SKY, THE. Verse.....                                                                                       | 778                       |
| SONG-SPARROW: A BRAVE LITTLE MOTHER. (Illustrated by George A. King).....                                  | 885                       |
| SONG-SPARROW, THE STORY OF THE. (Illustrated by Reginald Birch).....                                       | 1024                      |
| SOUL SERENE, THE. (An Aztec Jingle) Verse. (Illustrated by the Author).....                                | 616                       |
| "SPRING FRESHET, A." Picture, drawn by Gertrude Kay.....                                                   | 715                       |
| SUDAN, SIGHT-SEEING IN THE. Picture, drawn by Culmer Barnes.....                                           | 973                       |
| "SUMMER." Picture, from a painting by Frank W. Benson.....                                                 | 1025                      |
| SUMMER BATTLE, THE. Verse. (Illustrated by the Author).....                                                | 873                       |
| SUMMER FANCY, A. Picture, drawn by C. F. Lester.....                                                       | 970                       |
| "SURFMAN No. 7." (Illustrated by C. M. Relyea).....                                                        | 1117                      |
| TALE OF THE TAILLESS CAT, THE. Verse.....                                                                  | 683                       |
| TEASE, THE. Verse.....                                                                                     | 595                       |
| THOUGHTFUL LITTLE FRIEND, A. Picture, drawn by A. Z. Baker.....                                            | 622                       |
| TOWNSEND TWINS, THE—CAMP DIRECTORS. (Illustrated by C. M. Relyea).....                                     | 715, 813, 910, 1013, 1117 |
| TRANQUILITY DISTURBED. (An Aztec Jingle) Verse. (Illustrated by the<br>Author).....                        | 710                       |
| TRICKED! Verse. (Illustrated by the Author).....                                                           | 630                       |
| TRIPLETS' PLAIN PARTY, THE. (Illustrated by E. A. Furman).....                                             | 821                       |
| TROUBLE IN HIGH LIFE. Picture, drawn by Culmer Barnes.....                                                 | 836                       |
| "TUG OF WAR, THE." Picture, from a painting by Fred Morgan.....                                            | 905                       |
| "TWINS, THE." Picture, drawn by Gertrude Kay.....                                                          | 607                       |
| WAITING FOR THE SHOWER TO PASS. Picture, drawn by Harriet Repplier.....                                    | 648                       |
| WALCHEREN, HOLLAND, SUMMER DAYS ON THE ISLAND OF. Pictures from<br>photographs.....                        | 1012                      |
| WASHINGTON, PRESIDENT, AND FLYING. (Illustrated).....                                                      | 800                       |
| "WE AND OUR NEIGHBORS." Verse.....                                                                         | 630                       |
| WHEN THE DAY IS OVER. Picture, drawn by Sarah S. Stilwell.....                                             | 937                       |
| WHIPPOORWILL, THE. Verse. (Illustrated).....                                                               | 803                       |
| WHO-OO? Verse. (Illustration by Maurice Clifford).....                                                     | 714                       |

|                                                                                                            |                             |      |
|------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|-----------------------------|------|
| Wireless Station, An Evening at the (Illustrated by Otto Rebele, George Varian, and from photographs)..... | Francis Arnold Collins..... | 1110 |
| Wrong Side, The Verses.....                                                                                | Abie E. Allen.....          | 780  |

## FRONTISPIECES

"Springtime," from a painting by Sydney Kendrick, facing page 579—"Homeward Bound," by C. M. Relyea, facing page 675—"Oh, Pardon Me, Your Excellency!" I cried," by Arthur E. Beecher, facing page 771—"Gathering Wild Asters," from a painting by Charles C. Curran, facing page 807—"In the Forest," from a painting by Percival Rosseau, facing page 903—"The Amateur of Painting," from a painting by Meissonier, facing page 1050.

## DEPARTMENTS

|                                                               |                                |
|---------------------------------------------------------------|--------------------------------|
| <b>FOR VERY LITTLE FOLK.</b> (Illustrated)                    |                                |
| What Happened to Betty and Polly.....                         | Nora Bennett ..... 652         |
| Picking Flowers Verse. ("Jack and Jane and Betsy Anne").....  | Katharine M. Daland..... 754   |
| The Bossy Calf. Verse. " " " " " " .....                      | " " " " " " ..... 755          |
| The Drum-Major. Verse.....                                    | Wells Hastings..... 850        |
| Willie's Air-Castle. Verse.....                               | Edwin C. Beal..... 851         |
| Making Friends. Verse.....                                    | F. W. M..... 851               |
| "Jack's Circus." Verse. ("Jack and Jane and Betsy Anne")..... | Katharine M. Daland..... 946   |
| "Beside the Sea" Verse " " " " " " .....                      | " " " " " " ..... 947          |
| "In the Hayfield" Verse. " " " " " " .....                    | " " " " " " ..... 1042         |
| "Jerry's Joke." Verse " " " " " " .....                       | " " " " " " ..... 1043         |
| The Wolf and the Little Lamb.....                             | Venue van Blarcom..... 1136    |
| <b>BOOKS AND READING.</b> (Illustrated).....                  | Hildgarde Hawthorne ... 649    |
|                                                               | 704, 801, 950, 1052, 1148      |
| <b>NATURE AND SCIENCE.</b> (Illustrated).....                 | 654, 747, 842, 938, 1035, 1129 |
| <b>ST. NICHOLAS LEAGUE.</b> (Illustrated).....                | 662, 756, 852, 948, 1044, 1140 |
| <b>THE LETTER-BOX.</b> (Illustrated).....                     | 700, 1150                      |
| <b>THE RIDDLE-BOX.</b> (Illustrated).....                     | 671, 767, 863, 959, 1055, 1151 |
| <b>EDITORIAL NOTES.</b> .....                                 | 950                            |





## CONTENTS OF ST. NICHOLAS FOR JULY, 1912.

*The Century Co. and its editors receive manuscripts and art material, submitted for publication, only on the understanding that they shall not be responsible for loss or injury thereto while in their possession or in transit. Copies of manuscripts should be retained by the authors.*

Persons ordering a change in the direction of Magazines must give both the *old* and the *new* address in full. No change will be made after the 5th of any month in the address of the Magazine for the following month.

Entered as second class matter at the Post-Office Department, Canada.

ST. NICHOLAS

## A Few of the New Treats

### CRUISE OF THE "ESKIMO"

Bravery of Four Boys in a Sailboat Accident

### A GIRL WHO SAVED A SHIP

Courage of a Lighthouse Keeper's Daughter

### STIRRING ADVENTURES

## Hosts of Fine Surprises



\* These boys and girls have hurried up to see what is on the St. NICHOLAS Bulletin. Presently they will go away and tell their friends about the treats in St. NICHOLAS, and their friends will ask their parents to subscribe.

\* Do you tell your friends how much you like St. NICHOLAS?

## CONTENTS OF ST. NICHOLAS FOR AUGUST, 1912.

|                                                                                                                            | Page                                       |
|----------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|--------------------------------------------|
| <b>Frontispiece.</b> "Gathering Wild Asters." From a painting by Charles C. Curran.                                        | 867                                        |
| <b>The Crew of the "Eskimo."</b> Story..... Thomas Hollis.                                                                 | 867                                        |
| Illustrated by L. W. Taber.                                                                                                |                                            |
| <b>A Summer Fancy.</b> Picture. Drawn by C. F. Lester.                                                                     | 873                                        |
| <b>Fairy-time.</b> Verse..... Frances W. Marshall.                                                                         | 874                                        |
| Illustrated by Elizabeth Colborne.                                                                                         |                                            |
| <b>Romping.</b> Verse..... Marian Greene.                                                                                  | 875                                        |
| Illustrated by the Author.                                                                                                 |                                            |
| <b>The Lucky Sixpence.</b> Serial Story.....                                                                               | 876                                        |
| Illustrated by Arthur Hecher                                                                                               | Emilie Benson Knipe and Alden Arthur Knipe |
| <b>A Domestic Pirate.</b> Verse.....                                                                                       | 884                                        |
| Illustrated by the Author.                                                                                                 | Charles F. Lester.                         |
| <b>The Story of the Song-Sparrow.</b> ..... Mary Stewart.                                                                  | 885                                        |
| Illustrated by Reginald Birch                                                                                              |                                            |
| <b>The Annual Fishing Match.</b> ("Ballads of the Be-Ba-Boes.") Verse. D. K. Stevens.                                      | 889                                        |
| Illustrated by Katharine M. Daland.                                                                                        |                                            |
| <b>Petronel's Light.</b> Story..... Isola Forrester.                                                                       | 893                                        |
| Illustrated by Edwin John Frittie.                                                                                         |                                            |
| <b>The Phonograph and the Birds.</b> Picture. Drawn by Walt Kuhn.                                                          | 897                                        |
| <b>The Balearic Islands.</b> ..... Dr. S. J. Fort.                                                                         | 898                                        |
| <b>Mr. Mouse and Mr. Toad.</b> Picture. Drawn by E. G. Lutz.                                                               | 898                                        |
| <b>Playing the Game.</b> (Base-ball Series.)..... C. H. Claudy.                                                            | 899                                        |
| Illustrated with diagrams.                                                                                                 |                                            |
| <b>"The Tug of War."</b> Picture. From a painting by Fred Morgan.                                                          | 905                                        |
| <b>The Young Highwayman's Surprise.</b> Pictures. Drawn by C. F. Lester.                                                   | 906                                        |
| <b>Limericks.</b> Verse..... Minnie Leona Upton.                                                                           | 906                                        |
| <b>The Lady of the Lane.</b> Serial Story..... Frederick Orin Bartlett.                                                    | 907                                        |
| Illustrated by E. C. Caswell.                                                                                              |                                            |
| <b>Point Rock.</b> ..... Frank Stick.                                                                                      | 912                                        |
| Illustrated by the Author.                                                                                                 |                                            |
| <b>Uncle John and His Horseless Carriage.</b> ..... Marian Phelps.                                                         | 914                                        |
| Illustrated from a photograph.                                                                                             |                                            |
| <b>A Team of Ostriches.</b> ..... Lawrence W. Neff.                                                                        | 915                                        |
| Illustrated from a photograph.                                                                                             |                                            |
| <b>The Townsend Twins—Camp Directors.</b> Serial Story..... Warren L. Eldred.                                              | 916                                        |
| Illustrated by C. M. Relyea.                                                                                               |                                            |
| <b>The Lady-bird—A Folk Charm.</b> Verse..... Arthur Gutterman.                                                            | 923                                        |
| <b>Polly's Inheritance.</b> Story..... Edna Payson Brett.                                                                  | 924                                        |
| Illustrated by Blanche Fisher Wright.                                                                                      |                                            |
| <b>Charles George Gordon.</b> ..... Hamilton Fish Armstrong.                                                               | 927                                        |
| Illustrated by Harry Fenn, R. Talbot Kelly, and from photographs.                                                          |                                            |
| <b>The Cheerful Little Girl and Her Cheerful Little Doll.</b> Serial Story..... Caroline Stetson Allen.                    | 933                                        |
| Illustrated by Alice Caddy.                                                                                                |                                            |
| <b>When the Day is Over.</b> Picture. Drawn by Sarah S. Stilwell.                                                          | 937                                        |
| <b>Nature and Science for Young Folks.</b> Illustrated.....                                                                | 938                                        |
| <b>For Very Little Folk:</b>                                                                                               |                                            |
| "Jack's Circus." Verse..... Katharine M. Daland.                                                                           | 946                                        |
| "Beside the Sea." Verse.....                                                                                               |                                            |
| Illustrated by the Author.                                                                                                 |                                            |
| <b>St. Nicholas League.</b> With awards of Prizes for Stories, Poems, Drawings, Photographs, and Puzzles. Illustrated..... | 948                                        |
| <b>Books and Reading.</b> ..... Hildegard Hawthorne.                                                                       | 956                                        |
| <b>Editorial Notes.</b> .....                                                                                              | 958                                        |
| <b>The Riddle-Box.</b> .....                                                                                               | 959                                        |
| <b>St. Nicholas Stamp Page.</b> ..... Advertising page 18                                                                  |                                            |

*The Century Co. and its editors receive manuscripts and art material, submitted for publication, only on the understanding that they shall not be responsible for loss or injury thereto while in their possession or in transit. Copies of manuscripts should be retained by the authors.*

Subscription price, \$3.00 a year; single number, 25 cents. The half-yearly parts of ST. NICHOLAS end with the October and April numbers respectively, and the red cloth covers are ready with the issue of these numbers: price 5 cents, by mail, postpaid; the two covers for the complete volume, \$1.00. We bind and furnish covers for 75 cents per part, or \$1.50 for the complete volume. (Carriage extra.) In sending the numbers to us, they should be distinctly marked with owner's name. Bound volumes are not exchanged for numbers.

Persons ordering a change in the direction of Magazines must give both the old and the new address in full. No change can be made after the 5th of any month in the address of the Magazine for the following month.

FRANK H. SCOTT, President.  
WILLIAM W. ELLSWORTH, Vice-President and Secretary.  
DONALD SCOTT, Treasurer.

**THE CENTURY CO., Union Square, New York, N. Y.**

Entered as second-class matter at the Post-office Department, Canada.

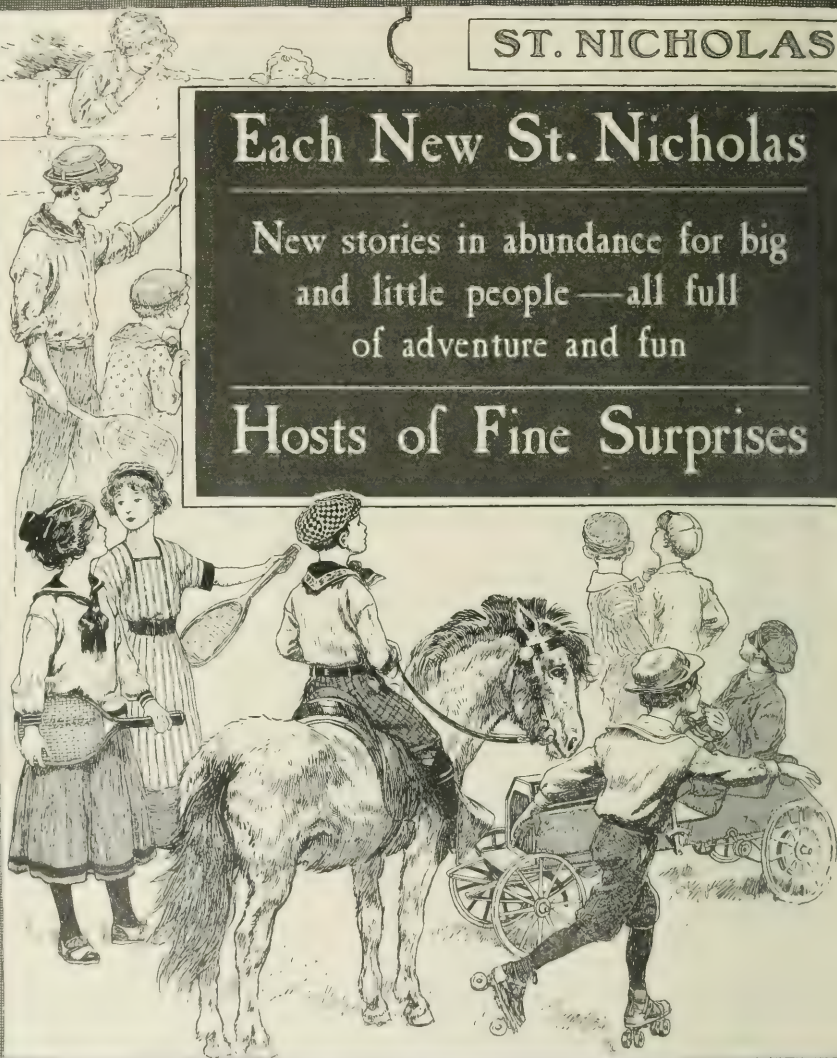


ST. NICHOLAS

Each New St. Nicholas

New stories in abundance for big  
and little people—all full  
of adventure and fun

Hosts of Fine Surprises



- \* These boys and girls have hurried up to see what is on the ST. NICHOLAS Bulletin. Presently they will go away and tell their friends about the treats in ST. NICHOLAS, and their friends will ask their parents to subscribe.
- \* Do you tell your friends how much you like ST. NICHOLAS?

# CONTENTS OF ST. NICHOLAS FOR SEPTEMBER, 1912.

|                                                                                                                                 |      |
|---------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|------|
| <b>Frontispiece.</b> "In the Forest." From a painting by Percival Rosseau.                                                      | Page |
| <b>An Artist and His Dogs.</b> Sketch . . . . . Frances W. Marshall                                                             | 963  |
| Illustrated from paintings by Percival Rosseau.                                                                                 |      |
| <b>By the Shore.</b> Verse . . . . . Mrs. Schuyler Van Rensselaer                                                               | 969  |
| Illustrated by S. Wendell Mitchell.                                                                                             |      |
| <b>"Surfman No. 7."</b> Story . . . . . George C. Lane                                                                          | 970  |
| Illustrated by C. M. Relyea.                                                                                                    |      |
| <b>"Summer."</b> Picture. From a painting by Frank W. Benson                                                                    | 973  |
| <b>The Agricultural Fair.</b> ("Ballads of the Be-Ba-Boes.") Verse . . . . . D. K. Stevens                                      | 974  |
| Illustrated by Katharine M. Daland.                                                                                             |      |
| <b>The Lady of the Lane.</b> Serial Story. (Conclusion.) . . . . . Frederick Orin Bartlett                                      | 978  |
| Illustrated by E. C. Caswell.                                                                                                   |      |
| <b>The Aëroplane.</b> Sketch . . . . . Harold S. Lynn                                                                           | 982  |
| Illustrated from photographs.                                                                                                   |      |
| <b>The Sea-Serpent.</b> Picture. Drawn by Bonnibel Butler                                                                       | 987  |
| <b>The Lucky Sixpence.</b> Serial Story . . . . . Emilie Benson Knipe and Alden Arthur Knipe                                    | 988  |
| Illustrated by Arthur Hecher                                                                                                    |      |
| <b>Coming Home Again.</b> ("Simple Thoughts on Great Subjects.") . . . . . George Lawrence Parker                               | 997  |
| <b>The Magnetism of the Fishing-Rod.</b> Pictures. Drawn by Hy. Mayer                                                           | 999  |
| <b>Playing the Game.</b> (Base-ball Series.) . . . . . C. H. Claudy                                                             | 1002 |
| Illustrated from a photograph and with diagrams                                                                                 |      |
| <b>The Pantry Ghosts.</b> Verse . . . . . Frederic Richardson                                                                   | 1009 |
| <b>In the Mouth of a Cannon.</b> Story . . . . . Mary Richards Berry                                                            | 1010 |
| Illustrated by Jay Hambridge.                                                                                                   |      |
| <b>Summer Days on the Island of Walcheren, Holland.</b> Pictures . . . . .                                                      | 1012 |
| <b>The Townsend Twins—Camp Directors.</b> Serial Story . . . . . Warren L. Eldred                                               | 1013 |
| Illustrated by C. M. Relyea                                                                                                     |      |
| <b>Ole Daddy Do-Funny's Wisdom Jingles.</b> Verse . . . . . Ruth McEnery Stuart                                                 | 1020 |
| Illustrated by George A. King.                                                                                                  |      |
| <b>How Electricity is Generated</b> . . . . . Albert Walton                                                                     | 1022 |
| Illustrated with diagrams.                                                                                                      |      |
| <b>The Soul Serene.</b> An Aztec Fable . . . . . J. G. Francis                                                                  | 1024 |
| Illustrated by the Author.                                                                                                      |      |
| <b>The Summer Battle.</b> Verse . . . . . Rudolph F. Bunner                                                                     | 1025 |
| Illustrated by the Author.                                                                                                      |      |
| <b>How to Tie Knots</b> . . . . . H. D. Jones                                                                                   | 1026 |
| Illustrated from photographs.                                                                                                   |      |
| <b>The Cheerful Little Girl and Her Cheerful Little Doll.</b> Serial Story. (Conclusion.) . . . . . Caroline Stetson Allen      | 1028 |
| Illustrated with drawings by Alice Caddy, and from a painting by Charles C. Curran                                              |      |
| <b>Nature and Science for Young Folks.</b> Illustrated . . . . .                                                                | 1035 |
| <b>For Very Little Folk:</b>                                                                                                    |      |
| <b>"In the Hayfield."</b> } Verse . . . . . Katharine M. Daland                                                                 | 1042 |
| <b>"Jerry's Joke."</b> }<br>Illustrated by the Author.                                                                          |      |
| <b>St. Nicholas League.</b> With Awards of Prizes for Stories, Poems, Drawings, Photographs, and Puzzles. Illustrated . . . . . | 1044 |
| <b>Books and Reading.</b> Illustrated . . . . . Hildegard Hawthorne                                                             | 1052 |
| <b>The Riddle-Box</b> . . . . .                                                                                                 | 1055 |
| <b>St. Nicholas Stamp Page</b> . . . . . Advertising page                                                                       | 18   |

*The Century Co. and its editors receive manuscripts and art material, submitted for publication, only on the understanding that they shall not be responsible for loss or injury thereto while in their possession or in transit. Copies of manuscripts should be retained by the authors.*

**Subscription price, \$3.00 a year; single number, 25 cents.** The half-yearly parts of ST. NICHOLAS end with the October and April numbers respectively, and the red cloth covers are ready with the issue of these numbers; price 50 cents, by mail, postpaid; the two covers for the complete volume, \$1.00. We bind and furnish covers for 75 cents per part, or \$1.50 for the complete volume, (Carriage extra.) In sending the numbers to us, they should be distinctly marked with owner's name. Bound volumes are not exchanged for numbers.

Persons ordering a change in the direction of Magazines must give both the old and the new address in full. No change can be made after the 5th of any month in the address of the Magazine for the following month.

FRANK H. SCOTT, President.  
WILLIAM W. LELAND, Vice-President and Secretary. **THE CENTURY CO., Union Square, New York, N. Y.**  
DONALD SCOTT, Treasurer.

Entered as second-class matter at the Post-Office Department, Canada.



ST. NICHOLAS

## A Great October Number

A boy's tremendous adventure afloat with a puma. Other fine new stories and the fascinating last chapters of "The Townsend Twins" and "The Lucky Sixpence."

## And Turn to the Bulletin



\* These boys and girls have hurried up to see what is on the St. NICHOLAS Bulletin. Presently they will go away and tell their friends about the treats in St. NICHOLAS, and their friends will ask their parents to subscribe.

\* Do you tell *your* friends how much you like St. NICHOLAS?

## CONTENTS OF ST. NICHOLAS FOR OCTOBER, 1912.

|                                                                                                                       |                                                 |
|-----------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|-------------------------------------------------|
| <b>Frontispiece.</b> The Amateur of Painting. From a picture by Meissonier                                            | Page                                            |
| <b>Peace Payson's Motto.</b> Story. Illustrated by C. M. Relyea                                                       | Elizabeth Price 1059                            |
| <b>The Sky.</b> Verse                                                                                                 | Laura Spencer Porter 1065                       |
| <b>Adrift on the Amazon.</b> Story. Illustrated by George A. King                                                     | Dewey Austin Cobb 1066                          |
| <b>"Morning," "Noon," and "Night."</b> Pictures. Painted by Francis Day                                               | 1071                                            |
| <b>The Lucky Sixpence.</b> Serial Story (Conclusion.) Illustrated by Arthur Becher                                    | Emilie Benson Knipe and Alden Arthur Knipe 1075 |
| <b>The King's Vacation.</b> Story. Illustrated by C. T. Hill                                                          | Alfred Hayes 1085                               |
| <b>The Breakfast Party.</b> Picture. From a painting by Charles C. Curran                                             | 1089                                            |
| <b>Famous Pictures.</b> (Sixth Paper.) Illustrations from paintings by Meissonier                                     | Charles L. Barstow 1090                         |
| <b>The Annual Moonlight Hop in Beetleburg.</b> Picture. Drawn by Harrison Cady                                        | 1096                                            |
| <b>"Play Ball!"</b> Verse. Illustration by F. W. Kemble                                                               | Arthur Chamberlain 1097                         |
| <b>Playing the Game.</b> (Base-ball Series.) (Conclusion.) Illustrated from a photograph and with diagrams, etc.      | C. H. Claudy 1097                               |
| <b>The Unsuspected Talent.</b> ("Ballads of the Be-Ba-Boes.") Verse. Illustrated by Katharine M. Daland               | D. K. Stevens 1106                              |
| <b>An Evening at the Wireless Station.</b> Sketch. Illustrated by Otto Rebele, George Varian, and from photographs    | Francis Arnold Collins 1110                     |
| <b>Making a Living.</b> ("Simple Thoughts on Great Subjects.")                                                        | George Lawrence Parker 1115                     |
| <b>Jingles.</b> Illustrated by the Author.                                                                            | C. F. Lester 1116                               |
| <b>The Tale of the Tailless Cat.</b> Verse                                                                            | Pauline Frances Camp 1117                       |
| <b>The Townsend Twins—Camp Directors.</b> Serial Story. (Conclusion.) Illustrated by C. M. Relyea                     | Warren L. Eldred 1117                           |
| <b>Mary Sunshine.</b> Story. Illustrated by E. C. Caswell                                                             | Marjorie Louise Hillis 1124                     |
| <b>Nature and Science for Young Folks.</b> Illustrated                                                                | 1129                                            |
| <b>For Very Little Folk:</b><br>The Wolf and the Little Lamb. Story. Illustrated by George A. King                    | Venle van Blarcom 1136                          |
| <b>St. Nicholas League.</b> With Awards of Prizes for Stories, Poems, Drawings, Photographs, and Puzzles. Illustrated | 1140                                            |
| <b>Books and Reading.</b>                                                                                             | Hildegard Hawthorne 1148                        |
| <b>The Letter-Box</b>                                                                                                 | 1150                                            |
| <b>The Riddle-Box</b>                                                                                                 | 1151                                            |
| <b>St. Nicholas Stamp Page.</b>                                                                                       | Advertising page 20                             |

*The Century Co. and its editors reserve manuscripts and art material, submitted for publication, only on the understanding that they shall not be responsible for loss or injury thereto while in their possession or in transit. Copies of manuscripts should be retained by the authors.*

**Subscription price, \$3.00 a year; single number, 25 cents.** The half-yearly parts of ST. NICHOLAS end with the October and April numbers respectively, and the red cloth covers are ready with the issue of these numbers; price 50 cents, by mail, postpaid; the two covers for the complete volume, \$1.00. We bind and furnish covers for 75 cents per part, or \$1.50 for the complete volume. (Carriage extra.) In sending the numbers to us, they should be distinctly marked with owner's name. Bound volumes are not exchanged for numbers.

Persons ordering a change in the direction of Magazines must give both the old and the new address in full. No change can be made after the 5th of any month in the address of the Magazine for the following month.

FRANK H. SCOTT, President

WILLIAM W. FLETCHER, Vice-President and Secretary

DONALD SCOTT, Treasurer

THE CENTURY CO., Union Square, New York, N. Y.

Entered as second class matter at the Post Office Department, Canada.

ST. NICHOLAS

# Now Some Great News

## THE LAND OF MYSTERY

Long Story of an American Boy's Daring  
Exploit in Egypt, and its surprising result

Playing Chess by Wireless  
Boys Who Will Be Great Rajas  
Shetland Ponies As Playmates  
A New Play for Thanksgiving

## These Treats Commence



- \* These boys and girls have hurried up to see what is on the St. NICHOLAS Bulletin. Presently they will go away and tell their friends about the treats in St. NICHOLAS, and their friends will ask their parents to subscribe.
- \* Do you tell *your* friends how much you like St. NICHOLAS?



## CONTENTS OF ST. NICHOLAS FOR NOVEMBER, 1912.

|                                                                                                                      |                        |
|----------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|------------------------|
| <b>Frontispiece.</b> The Sisters. From a painting by Lydia Field Emmet.                                              | Page                   |
| <b>The Land of Mystery.</b> Serial Story ..... Cleveland Moffett                                                     | 3                      |
| Illustrated by J. Paleologue, and from photographs                                                                   |                        |
| <b>What Woodrow Wilson did for American Foot-ball.</b> Sketch ..... Parke H. Davis                                   | 13                     |
| Illustrated by Otto F. Schmidt, and from photographs.                                                                |                        |
| <b>A Rhyme of Hallowe'en.</b> Verse ..... George O. Butler                                                           | 20                     |
| Illustrated by the Author                                                                                            |                        |
| <b>Beatrice of Denewood.</b> Serial Story ..... { Emilie Benson Knipe and }                                          | 21                     |
| Illustrated by C. M. Relyea                                                                                          | { Alden Arthur Knipe } |
| <b>Trials of Science.</b> Verse ..... C. F. Lester                                                                   | 29                     |
| Illustrated by the Author.                                                                                           |                        |
| <b>A Royal Release.</b> Verse ..... J. G. Francis                                                                    | 30                     |
| Illustrated by the Author.                                                                                           |                        |
| <b>"A Dutch Treat."</b> Story ..... Giulia Hossfeld                                                                  | 31                     |
| Illustrated by Otto F. Schmidt                                                                                       |                        |
| <b>My Girl.</b> Verse ..... Pauline Frances Camp                                                                     | 36                     |
| <b>His Highness the Young Raja.</b> Sketch ..... Mabel Alberta Spicer                                                | 37                     |
| Illustrated from photographs.                                                                                        |                        |
| <b>How Babe Escaped Polo.</b> Story ..... Izola Forrester                                                            | 43                     |
| Illustrated by I. W. Taber                                                                                           |                        |
| <b>Across the Atlantic by Wireless.</b> Sketch ..... Francis Arnold Collins                                          | 46                     |
| Illustrated by George Varian, and from photographs.                                                                  |                        |
| <b>"Whom the King Delighteth to Honor."</b> ..... John K. Cree                                                       | 51                     |
| Illustrated by Reginald Birch.                                                                                       |                        |
| <b>The Marathon.</b> Verse ..... Fred Jacob                                                                          | 52                     |
| Illustrated by C. F. Peters.                                                                                         |                        |
| <b>The Brownies in the Grist-Mill</b> ..... Palmer Cox                                                               | 56                     |
| Illustrated by the Author.                                                                                           |                        |
| <b>The First Thanksgiving Day.</b> A Play ..... Agnes Miller                                                         | 61                     |
| Illustrated by Otto Rebele.                                                                                          |                        |
| <b>On Days of Storm.</b> Verse ..... Margaret Johnson                                                                | 64                     |
| <b>"Calling."</b> Picture. Drawn by Gertrude A. Kay                                                                  | 65                     |
| <b>"Sheltie"—the Children's Friend</b> ..... Flora Macdonald                                                         | 66                     |
| Illustrated from photographs                                                                                         |                        |
| <b>Pumpkin Time.</b> Verse ..... Edith Mallory                                                                       | 70                     |
| Illustrated by Theresa Sturm Rogers.                                                                                 |                        |
| <b>"When I've Been Bad."</b> Verse ..... Anna May Cooper                                                             | 71                     |
| Illustrated by the Author.                                                                                           |                        |
| <b>Nature and Science for Young Folks.</b> ..... 72                                                                  |                        |
| Illustrated                                                                                                          |                        |
| <b>For Very Little Folk:</b>                                                                                         |                        |
| <b>His Birthdays.</b> ..... Isabel Lyndall                                                                           | 80                     |
| Illustrated by the Author.                                                                                           |                        |
| <b>St. Nicholas League.</b> With Awards of Prizes for Stories, Poems,<br>Drawings, Photographs, and Puzzles ..... 84 |                        |
| Illustrated.                                                                                                         |                        |
| <b>Books and Reading.</b> ..... Hildegard Hawthorne                                                                  | 92                     |
| Illustrated                                                                                                          |                        |
| <b>The Riddle-Box</b> ..... 95                                                                                       |                        |
| <b>St. Nicholas Stamp Page.</b> ..... Advertising page                                                               | 36                     |

*The Century Co. and its editors receive manuscripts and art material, submitted for publication, only on the understanding that they shall not be responsible for loss or injury thereto while in their possession or in transit. Copies of manuscripts should be retained by the authors.*

Subscription price, \$3.00 a year; single number, 25 cents. The half-yearly parts of ST. NICHOLAS end with the October and April numbers respectively, and the red cloth covers are ready with the issue of these numbers; price 50 cents, by mail, postpaid; the two covers for the complete volume, \$1.00. We bind and furnish covers for 75 cents per part, or \$1.50 for the complete volume. (Carriage extra.) In sending the numbers to us, they should be distinctly marked with owner's name. Bound volumes are not exchanged for numbers.

Persons ordering a change in the direction of Magazines must give both the old and the new address in full. No change can be made after the 5th of any month in the address of the Magazine for the following month.

FRANK H. SCOTT, President. WILLIAM W. ELLSWORTH, Vice-President and Secretary. DONALD SCOTT, Treasurer.

THE CENTURY CO., Union Square, New York, N. Y.

Entered as second-class matter at the Post-Office Department, Canada.



ST. NICHOLAS

# Best of All Christmas

We've made it early so you can enjoy it the longer

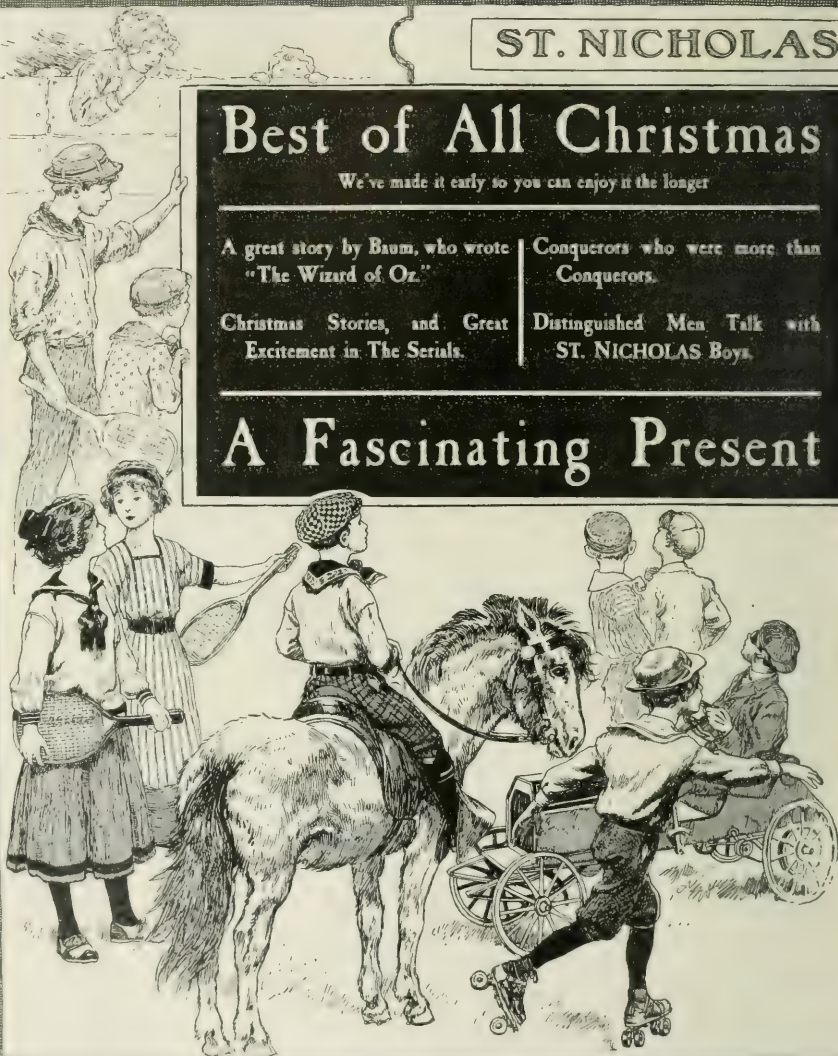
A great story by Baum, who wrote  
"The Wizard of Oz."

Conquerors who were more than  
Conquerors.

Christmas Stories, and Great  
Excitement in The Serials.

Distinguished Men Talk with  
ST. NICHOLAS Boys.

## A Fascinating Present



- \* These boys and girls have hurried up to see what is on the St. NICHOLAS Bulletin. Presently they will go away and tell their friends about the treats in St. NICHOLAS, and their friends will ask their parents to subscribe.
- \* Do you tell *your* friends how much you like St. NICHOLAS?

## CONTENTS OF ST. NICHOLAS FOR DECEMBER, 1912.

|                                                                                                                      |                                                    |
|----------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|----------------------------------------------------|
| Frontispiece. "Ring a ring o' Roses." Painted by Arthur Rackham.                                                     | Page                                               |
| The Nursery Rhymes of Mother Goose: Ring a ring o' Roses.<br>Little Tommy Tucker. Illustrated by Arthur Rackham.     | 97                                                 |
| The Wizard Shoemaker. Story. Illustrated by Herbert Paus.                                                            | Winthrop Packard 98                                |
| Aunt 'Phoney's Boy. Story. Illustrated by George Avison.                                                             | L. Frank Baum 104                                  |
| Just Be Good. Verse.                                                                                                 | James Rowe 112                                     |
| "I've Something for You." Picture. Drawn by George T. Tobin.                                                         | 113                                                |
| Our Christmas. Verse. Illustrated by Gertrude A. Kay.                                                                | Alice Lovett Carson 114                            |
| Beatrice of Denewood. Serial Story. Illustrated by C. M. Relyea.                                                     | { Emilie Benson Knipe and { Alden Arthur Knipe 116 |
| The Quest of the Jimplejock. Verse. Illustrated by Reginald Birch.                                                   | Ellen Manly 124                                    |
| "Birds that Fly Zigzag." Verse. Illustrated by the Author.                                                           | George O. Butler 129                               |
| A Small Order. Verse.                                                                                                | J. R. 129                                          |
| More Than Conquerors: Through Failure to Success. Sketch. Illustrated by Otto F. Schmidt. Decoration by Otto Rebele. | Ariadne Gilbert 130                                |
| Playing Santa Claus. Verse. Illustrated by Rachael Robinson Elmer.                                                   | Pauline Frances Camp 139                           |
| A Christmas Catch. Verse. Illustrated by Clara M. Burd.                                                              | Cecil Cavendish 140                                |
| The Land of Mystery. Serial Story. Illustrated by J. Paleologue, R. Talbot Kelly, and from photographs.              | Cleveland Moffett 142                              |
| Three Guests. Verse. Illustrated by Ethel Franklin Betts.                                                            | Jessica Nelson North 151                           |
| "I've Got a Dog." Verse. Illustrated by O. F. Schmidt.                                                               | Ethel M. Kelley 152                                |
| Jacob and Gretchen. Story. Illustrated by Reginald Birch.                                                            | Elizabeth Atkins 153                               |
| Nancy's Southern Christmas. Story. Illustrated by C. M. Relyea.                                                      | Harriet Prescott Spofford 161                      |
| The Adventures of Billy Bowline. Story. Illustrated by Fanny Y. Cory.                                                | Harriet L. Wedgwood 165                            |
| Nature and Science for Young Folks. Illustrated.                                                                     | 174                                                |
| St. Nicholas League. With Awards of Prizes for Stories, Poems, Drawings, Photographs, and Puzzles. Illustrated.      | 179                                                |
| Books and Reading.                                                                                                   | Hildegard Hawthorne 188                            |
| The Christmas Mousie. Verse. Illustrated by Culmer Barnes.                                                           | Ida Kenniston 190                                  |
| The Riddle-Box.                                                                                                      | 191                                                |
| St. Nicholas Stamp Page.                                                                                             | Advertising page                                   |

*The Century Co. and its editors receive manuscripts and art material, submitted for publication, only on the understanding that they shall not be responsible for loss, or injury thereto, while in their possession or in transit. Copies of manuscripts should be retained by the authors.*

Subscription price, \$3.00 a year: single number, 25 cents. The half-yearly parts of ST. NICHOLAS end with the October and April numbers respectively, and the red cloth covers are ready with the issue of these numbers; price 50 cents by mail, postpaid; the two covers for the complete volume, \$1.00. We bind and furnish covers for 75 cents per part, or \$1.50 for the complete volume. (Carriage extra.) In sending the numbers to us, they should be distinctly marked with owner's name. Bound volumes are not exchanged for numbers.

Persons ordering a change in the direction of Magazines must give both the old and the new address in full. No change can be made after the 5th of any month in the address of the Magazine for the following month.

FRANK H. SCOTT, President.  
WILLIAM W. ELLSWORTH, Vice-President and Secretary.  
DONALD SCOTT, Treasurer.

THE CENTURY CO., Union Square, New York, N. Y.

Entered as second-class matter at the Post-Office Department, Canada.

## ST. NICHOLAS

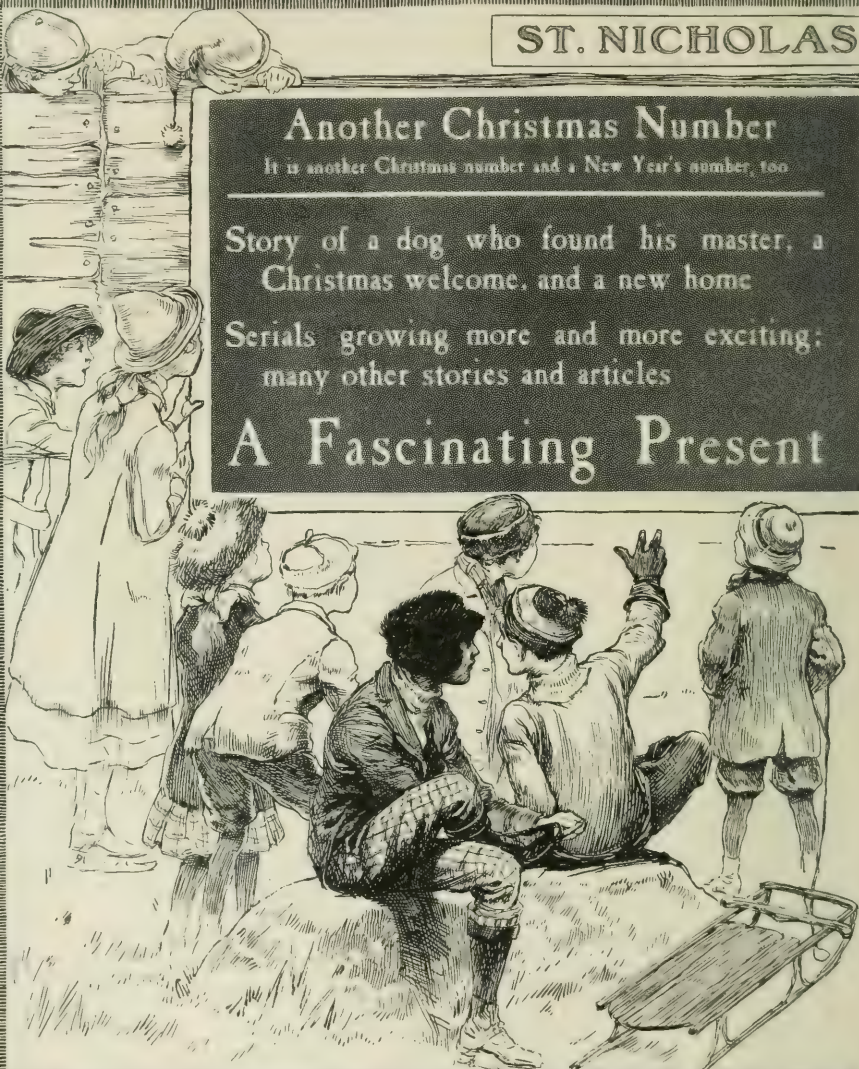
### Another Christmas Number

It is another Christmas number and a New Year's number, too

Story of a dog who found his master, a  
Christmas welcome, and a new home

Serials growing more and more exciting;  
many other stories and articles

## A Fascinating Present



\* These boys and girls have hurried up to see what is on the St. NICHOLAS Bulletin. Presently they will go away and tell their friends about the treats in St. NICHOLAS, and their friends will ask their parents to subscribe.

\* Do you tell your friends how much you like St. NICHOLAS?







"OH, PARDON ME, YOUR EXCELLENCY!" I CRIED."

("THE LUCKY SIXPENCE," PAGE 827)

# ST. NICHOLAS

VOL. XXXIX

JULY, 1912

No. 9

## FOR THE PENNANT OR, BATTLE-SHIPS AT TARGET-PRACTICE

BY CHARLES B. BREWER

EVERY boy who reads this might have been rather angry if he had heard some of the naval officers, who had been keenly watching the progress of foreign navies, go to the President several years ago, and claim that the gunners on our battle-ships could not shoot.

Some of the ordnance men in the department probably felt that way about it. At any rate, they would not believe it. But President Roosevelt, who knew a good deal about shooting, half-way believed it, and decided to find out for sure. He ordered some special tests made to try out the shooting, and, sure enough, as good shooting goes, they *could n't* shoot!

Old methods were quickly and thoroughly changed. What is known as "continuous aim," that is, keeping the guns on the target all the time, instead of the old method of aiming them after they were loaded, soon became very popular. The number of "hits per minute" piled up so rapidly as to be almost unbelievable. This was smooth-water shooting, however. So when shooting in rough water was added to the requirements, the big scores took a tumble. But the former training had served the men splendidly. They had learned how to shoot rapidly. So, with intense competition, the scores soon began to grow again. To-day, from what we know from foreign reports, our shooting is better than that of any other nation, and, in addition to this, the distances of the targets are much greater.

Our fine gunners, of whom we have the right to feel proud, no longer shoot at a bull's-eye. Like Buffalo Bill, they have moving targets; and battle practice, held each April and September, is as much like a real battle as it is possible to make it. At night practice, however, the targets are stationary.

When the fleet goes to battle practice, to the Southern Drill Grounds, about 100 miles off Hampton Roads, it separates, for convenience, into divisions of four battle-ships each. Each division fires on separate ranges—or firing courses—about twenty miles apart.

When the signal is received from the flag-ship, each division starts out in search of the "enemy." After a division passes a ship known as the "range vessel," they get their first sight of the targets. A signal known as "general quarters" has been sounded on each ship, and every member of the ship's company has gone to his assigned "battle-station," which is the place to which he would be assigned in a real engagement.

The firing vessels are not allowed to know the speed at which the targets are towed, or how far away they are. This must be mathematically worked out. The course which must be followed diverges enough from an exactly parallel course to that made by the targets to necessitate working out new ranges every time the guns are fired. At the battle practices, the ranges are often about 12,500 yards, or over seven miles—the

longest ever known. Imagine what Nelson, who sometimes fought with his ship lashed to the enemy's, would have thought of such ranges!

While the firing is in progress, certain officers, called "spotters," act as the eyes of the ship. They are in the "spotters' top" of the "waste-basket" cage mast, about 120 feet above the water. This is purposely placed as high as possible (the height being limited to that which will pass under the Brooklyn Bridge), so that the splash of the projectile, as it hits the water, may be observed to best advantage, and the gunners, if necessary, directed by telephone or speaking-tube to point more accurately for the next shot.

The writer was in one of these tops on the *Michigan* (which, later, won the pennant) during the September practice, and had a wonderful bird's-eye view of all the guns of the division, which, in a few minutes' time, fired 100,000 pounds of steel at a speed of thirty times that of an express-train making sixty miles an hour. To do this, 50,000 pounds of powder is required.

While we are speaking of weights, it is interesting to know (and few people, even those accustomed to dealing with ammunition, have knowledge of the rule) that the actual weight in pounds of a projectile is very close to one half the cube of its diameter. Thus, the actual weight of a twelve-inch shell is 870 pounds. Applying the rule,  $12 \times 12 \times 12 \div 2 = 864$  pounds. The rule holds approximately true for all sizes, even down

to a .32 caliber pistol ball weighing but a fifth of an ounce.

After the first vessels finish firing, the target screens must be removed and brought on board the individual ships for the umpires (always visiting officers) to count the hits and send their reports, through the flag-ship, to Washington. The shot-up masts of the targets must be replaced by the "repair-party" from the vessel that did the shooting; and, this done, the first vessels to fire become observers of those that follow. You are then close enough to see that the tiny speck at which you have been shooting really has some size. Yet it is only about one fifth the length of a battle-ship.

From an observing ship a sublime sight commences when the other ships open fire. A vivid flash is seen through the heavy atmosphere, though the firing ship itself is scarcely discernible at this range of six or seven miles.

Eleven seconds can be timed between the flash and the arrival of the shell at the target. Bursts of snow-white mist and sea ("geysers," they are called) are dashed to the towering height of 200 to 300 feet as the shells hit the water. The belated sound arrives a few seconds later. A second, and sometimes a third, smaller burst of mist can be seen two or three miles beyond, as the shell ricochets, or rebounds, along the water's surface in the final stages of its seven-mile journey before going to its last resting-place.



THE BATTLE-SHIP "MICHIGAN."



From photographic copyright, 1901, by E. J. Murphy & Co.

THE "MICHIGAN," AT FULL SPEED, FIRING EIGHT TWELVE-INCH GUNS, AT A TARGET 12,000 YARDS DISTANT.

In the ricochet the shell sometimes leaves its line of flight many degrees, usually to the right, being thus influenced by the rapid rotation given it by the rifling of the gun-barrel. For this reason, it is usual for observing vessels to remain some distance away, unless they are to the left of the firing vessel.

It seems scarcely credible that the flight of a twelve-inch shell moving 2800 feet a second can be followed with the eye, yet it can be so traced if a position is chosen well in the line of fire. A position to the rear is doubtless more popular, but the observers of the test of the dynamite guns of the old *Vesuvius* had such faith in the limit of its reach, that many of them *faced* the shell as it was fired. A twelve-inch shell in flight can also be seen at times from one side, when a "geyser" from another shot happens to form a background at the appropriate instant.

Many things are happening during the eleven seconds that the shell is in flight. So perfectly have the ammunition parties and the gun crews been drilled that the heavy twelve-inch gun is almost ready to fire again before its former shell has landed; and some of the crack crews of the seven-inch guns, which can be loaded more rapidly, actually had *two shells in flight at the same*

*time*. The handling and loading of the charge for a twelve-inch gun is as pretty a piece of clock-work as could be done by human hands. It takes more than a score of men to supply and feed its shell and its four bags of powder. Each of these men has a particular part of the job to do, and, like a foot-ball player, has learned to do it just at the right moment and in the shortest possible time. Strength is required as well as skill, for one load weighs over half a ton, and must be raised from the handling room to the turret, a height of forty or fifty feet.

During the same period that the ammunition and gun crews are handling and loading the powder and shell, the pointers and trainers are "getting on" the target. This seems almost a superhuman task; for the ship, by rolling and pitching, and steaming ahead at the same time, is given a peculiar zigzag or "corkscrew" motion, and the target has also had time, while the shell is in flight, to move 100 feet and change its position vertically ten feet with one wave, and start in the opposite direction on the next. Reference to the skill of these men means "skill" in its broadest sense.

Target-practice, like everything else in this era of progress, has been a development. Many





From photographs, copyright by Eugene Mader.

## SPLASHES OF THE "MICHIGAN'S" TWELVE-INCH SHELLS.

problems had to be solved and all sorts of obstacles overcome by long experience, before four immense crewless and rudderless target hulks could be successfully operated at a speed which would faithfully represent cruising vessels.

It has been but a few years since the target consisted of a stationary piece of triangular canvas, ten feet high, stretched between two masts, and intended only as an aiming point. Observers

near the target would note the splashes and calculate how many shots *would have been* "hits" had the targets been 25 feet by 100 feet. Actual holes in this target were not looked for.

On a recent practice, an old boatswain on the *Michigan*, who had served on the *Kentucky*, told me how, at her early practices, the latter vessel had used an island for a target. The island was inhabited by gulls. If the shot struck anywhere



From photographs, copyright by Eugene Mader.

## SHELLS FROM A SHIP SEVEN MILES DISTANT ARRIVING AT THE TARGETS.

on the island, the gulls would fly up. If they were seen to rise, the shot was counted a "hit."

Since that time our gunners have made marvelous strides. As fast as they advanced in skill, new conditions were prescribed and the distances increased. The best thought throughout the service has been put on the subject. Training has been incessant, and the most advanced methods have been introduced to attain accurate aim and rapidity of fire.

Actual conditions are imitated, as far as practicable, to prevent false training even in the drill practice. The "dummy" ammunition is made just the proper shape and weight. One end of the powder bag is even painted red to accustom the teams to keep the ignition powder, or fast-burning end of the bag, next to the primer, though both kinds of powder used at drill practice are actually represented by a harmless bag of beans.

The pointers and trainers are drilled even in port with actual firing. The miniature target is ingeniously rigged on a spar a few feet away, to move with the gun, and presents itself whichever way the gun is trained. The firing is done with a rifle which shoots a ball the size of a pea. This rifle is rigged sometimes inside and sometimes

key is pressed, a gun is always actually fired. The crack of a rifle is heard, however, instead of



From photograph by Brown.

A TARGET UNDER A STRANGE LIGHT.

the roar of its big brother. Effective preliminary training is thus secured and a great saving effected, for the ammunition to fire a twelve-inch gun costs \$360, and the gun generally requires



From photograph by Brown.

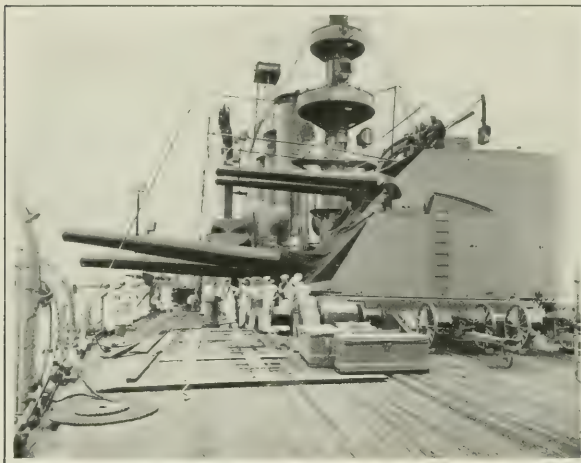
FIRING A BROADSIDE.

outside the bore of the large gun, yet always arranged to move and point with it. Thus when the pointers and trainers are "on" and the firing

rebores after about 100 shots. The ammunition of the new fourteen-inch guns for the *New York* and *Texas*, now building, will cost \$750 per shot.

The victory at Santiago was complete, and a grateful country will never minimize the work

changed as to its fundamentals since men began to fight on land or sea. The purpose is, with a stronger force, to



From photograph by H. R. Jackson.

AFTER TURRET OF THE "NEBRASKA," WHICH HOLDS THE RECORD OF TWENTY SHOTS, TWENTY HITS IN TWO MINUTES, FIFTY-FOUR SECONDS.

of the men who fought and won that famous and effective sea-fight. At that battle, however, the efficiency of our gunners was only from *two to four* per cent. of the shots fired. We cannot but feel gratified, therefore, to know that the efficiency of our marksmen has increased over a thousand per cent. since that time.

Percentages for battle practice are not made public. In elementary practice the men are allowed prize-money. This will average about \$10 per man, but has run up as high as \$125 in an individual case. Prize-money is not allowed for battle practice. The trophy which the successful individual can win is a small pennant, intrinsically worth about five cents. Yet the honor of possessing this bit of cloth is such that an enormous interest is manifested by the men. They have been quick to appreciate the difference between winning a game—a contest—and winning out in actual test under battle conditions.

Mr. Harrington Emerson, writing in "The Engineering Magazine" on another subject, recently paid a great compliment to the American Navy in the following words:

Probably the most marvelous and valuable example of standardized operations anywhere in the world is on our American fleets in battle practice. The art of war has not

overwhelm the weaker opposing fleet; to strike first, hardest, and quickest. It was Goliath's idea to pick off the Israelites one by one, and a modern pugilist could defeat a hundred men if they charged him singly, and he could down the first before a second came up. . . . A battle-ship steaming as fast as any rivals, bringing more guns into action than any rival, hitting an enemy at seven miles, could destroy the whole of an opposing fleet one by one, even as the pugilist would take the lighter weights one by one. But the horse-trotting, fire-fighting, American stop-watch practice is also in the Navy, and it was realized that if these big guns could be fired four times as fast, it would be very nearly the same as having four times as many guns, or four times as many dreadnoughts; and also that if the skill of aim could be increased fourfold, if four shots would reach the target as compared with one in the older



From photograph by Eugene Malloy.  
A FIVE-TARGET GUN.

practice, one modern *Alabama* or *Wyoming*, with twelve twelve-inch guns firing four times as fast and hitting four

times as often, will, for the time being at least, be sixteen times as effective. . . .

I have also watched diminutive and juvenile Igorrote savages shoot dimes from a forked stick at sixty feet with bow and arrow. The Igorrotes show us the beginning of offensive skill; modern American battle-ship target-practice shows us the highest speed, accuracy, and distance yet attained, and we may not doubt that our present achievement is but a step in man's ultimate achievement.

A requirement which will be far-reaching in its importance in advancing the Navy even beyond the state referred to by Mr. Emerson, was added winter before last by the Secretary of the Navy for succeeding battle practices. Thereafter the

chussets, on August 15, 1911, in the presence of the whole Atlantic fleet, to be held by her for the year ending June 30, 1912. The pennant, red in color, with a black ball in the center, was hoisted to the foretop on that date. It had been made by the *U. S. S. Maryland* of the Pacific Fleet, which recognized the marked efficiency of her successful competitor, and at her own expense sent an enlisted man across the continent to deliver this silk battle efficiency pennant to the *Michigan*.

The magnificent performance of the *Michigan* was graciously recognized by President Taft in the following letter to her captain, now a rear-admiral:



From photograph by Herbert

COUNTING THE HITS IN A TARGET SCREEN.

final battle efficiency was to mean both gunnery and engineering efficiency, and the ability of the vessel's crew to keep up their own repairs. Thus the efficiency of the ship in its entirety becomes of first importance to every member of its company, from the captain down to the coal-passer and the mess-boy handling ammunition in the magazine; and even greater results may be looked for than those already accomplished. The pennant which was then offered to the most efficient vessel, in addition to the trophy which goes to the individual, was for the first time won by the *Michigan*, a splendid ship and our first dreadnought. This highest honor in the Navy that can be won by a ship, the battle efficiency pennant, which now flies from the *Michigan's* foretop, was, for her success, awarded to her at Provincetown, Massa-

The White House,

Washington, D. C., August 9, 1911.

My Dear Captain: As the *U. S. S. Michigan* under your command, in competition with all the other battle-ships of the Navy, has obtained the highest combined final merit in gunnery and engineering for the year ending June 30, 1911, and has been awarded the battle efficiency pennant, I take great pleasure, as the commander-in-chief of the Navy, in announcing this award to you; and I wish to commend you and the officers and men of the *U. S. S. Michigan* for the zealous and efficient handling of all the elements, the proper coördination of which has made the *Michigan*, with the material placed at her disposal, the most efficient battle-ship of the Navy in guarding the country's interests.

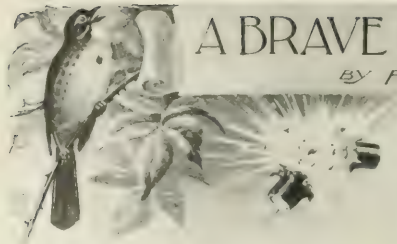
I have directed my naval aide, Lieutenant-Commander Palmer, director of target-practice and engineering competitions, to deliver this letter to you in person.

Sincerely yours,

(Signed) WM. H. TAFT.

Captain N. R. Usher, *U. S. S. Michigan*, Provincetown, Mass.





# A BRAVE LITTLE MOTHER

BY FLORA MACDONALD



With a wonderful burst of golden song, she welcomed me from the top of the summer-house, that first morning at Sachem; and all through my busy day of making the house homey before the boys arrived, I was conscious of that glorious accompaniment.

Often I stopped to listen, that I might not lose a note of the music she gave to me so generously. Sometimes she would sing from the veranda rail, sending her trills in through the open window like the delicate notes of some rare instrument; sometimes she preferred a top branch of the scrub cedar, pouring out her song in bursts of clearest melody that seemed to cease only when it reached the vast blue dome above; and when at sunset I came out onto the rocks to rest, she perched sociably near and sang to me her bird-song of the sea. The next day was Fourth of July.

THE boys came bringing fireworks and full of excited plans for celebrating the wonderful day.

The song-sparrow hopped curiously about as targets were fastened in between the rocks and holders for the huge crackers were set up. The cottage itself was built upon the rocks, that extended some distance out into the water on three sides. The other side was green lawn to the white, sandy road. Chicory, wild rose, and bay bush grew wherever there was a bit of sod on which to root.

Fourth of July morning broke perfectly. A soft south wind came in on the new tide from Long Island shore. The boys were up and saluted the sun as he peeped up over the rim of the sea behind Falkner's. Then pandemonium reigned. So great was the noise and confusion the big cannon crackers made, they seemed to fairly shake the rocks. Suddenly I was conscious, above it all, of the pure, sweet notes of the song-sparrow. She must have been singing for some time before I noticed her. Stepping out onto the veranda, there she was, not safely perched on the summer-house, but right in the midst of the noise.

"Mother, watch this little bird," Jack called

when he saw me. "She just sings at every explosion. She does n't seem afraid at all."

As Jack spoke, he touched off a big cracker, running a safe distance from it as it exploded. The song-sparrow perched on a rock only a short distance away. When the deafening explosion came, she simply flew to another rock, then burst into volumes of wonderful song.

"She does that every time, Mother," Jack informed me. "Look now, when we fire the gun at the target."

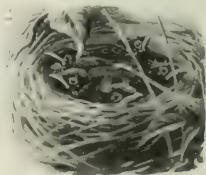
I looked, filled with deep concern, as the sharp cracks of the cartridges cut the air all about her; but not once did she show actual fear. Only, after every explosion, she sang her splendid song.

All the morning the firing went on, until the rocks looked as if a battle had been fought upon them. Still never once did the little brown bird cease to sing, neither did she leave the rocks, as far as I could see, to seek the least refreshment.

After lunch the boys went over to the club-house, and the place was quiet again.

Curious to learn, if possible, what had held the bird so persistently to those rocks, I began searching cracks and crevices. For a while I found nothing, and the song-sparrow herself, flying from rock to rock, only misled me. But finally a bunch of chicory, growing on a ledge of earth that formed a bit of bank beneath it, attracted my attention. And there, in a tiny nest, fastened securely to the clay, I discovered five gray babies.

My eyes suddenly grew dim as I realized that they had been there all during the terrific firing above them, comforted only by the burst of mother song, the bravest song that ever left a bird's throat. Dozens of times she had risked her little life, and had borne the fright of the noise, that she might be near to tell her babies not to be afraid. For as long as the mother bird sang her brave, beautiful song, they knew all was well. With swelling heart I looked out over the Sachem Sea. Surely no soldier on the Gettysburg field stood more bravely for his country, nor did Joan of Arc ride more fearlessly before the armies of the French, than did the song-sparrow of Sachem sing to her little family that Fourth of July day.





From a copy of the painting, by C. G. & C. G. Co., 1907. Boston.  
THE PERSIAN KITTEN. PAINTED BY LOUISE COX.

# DOROTHY OF SALEM TOWN



BY ALIX THORN

DOROTHY of Salem town, from her corner,  
long ago,  
Watched the stately gentlefolk tread the minuet  
so slow;  
Lustrous gowns a-sweeping wide, powdered  
gallants stepping high;  
Polished floors, and candlegleams yellow as the  
sunset sky.

Dorothy of Salem town saw the narrow streets \*  
run down  
Till they met the waters blue and the wharves all  
warped and brown;  
Saw the roses rioting, fountains leaping, sun-  
dials gray;  
Wore her sober little gowns, worked her sampler,  
every day.



Dorothy of Salem town saw the village,  
 legends say,  
 Through her tears, one April morn, in the  
 distance fade away.  
 Did she sigh, the gentle bride, for her tranquil  
 girlhood's hours?  
 For the hedges, for the sea, for her garden gay  
 with flowers?

Dorothy of Salem town, yet her presence haunts  
 the air,  
 In the rooms she knew and loved seems to linger  
 young and fair;  
 Curious travelers of to-day wander through her  
 home at will  
 See! from out her tarnished frame, Dorothy is  
 watching still!





# THE FOURTH OF JULY REGATTA

by D.K. Stevens

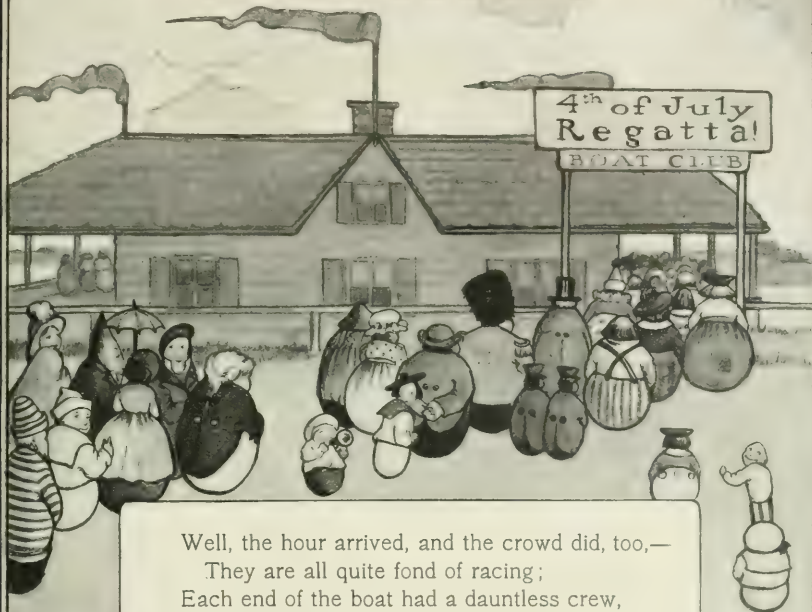
THE one great day that the Be-Ba-Bo  
Holds high in his estimation,  
Is the Glorious Fourth, with the torpedo,  
The squib to light, and the horn to blow,  
In the annual celebration.

Well, the Fourth which I have now in mind  
Was a rather strenuous matter,  
For the Sports Committee was forced to find  
Some big event of a novel kind;  
And they hit on a Grand Regatta.

They had two excellent rowing crews,  
I've heard, though I never have seen them,—  
So nearly alike it was hard to choose:  
The "Resolute Reds" and the "Baby Blues"—  
But only one boat between them!



Yet, nevertheless, it was carried by vote  
 To engage in the competition;  
 For they all declared it was worthy of note  
 That to race two crews in the very same boat  
*Was a singular exhibition.*

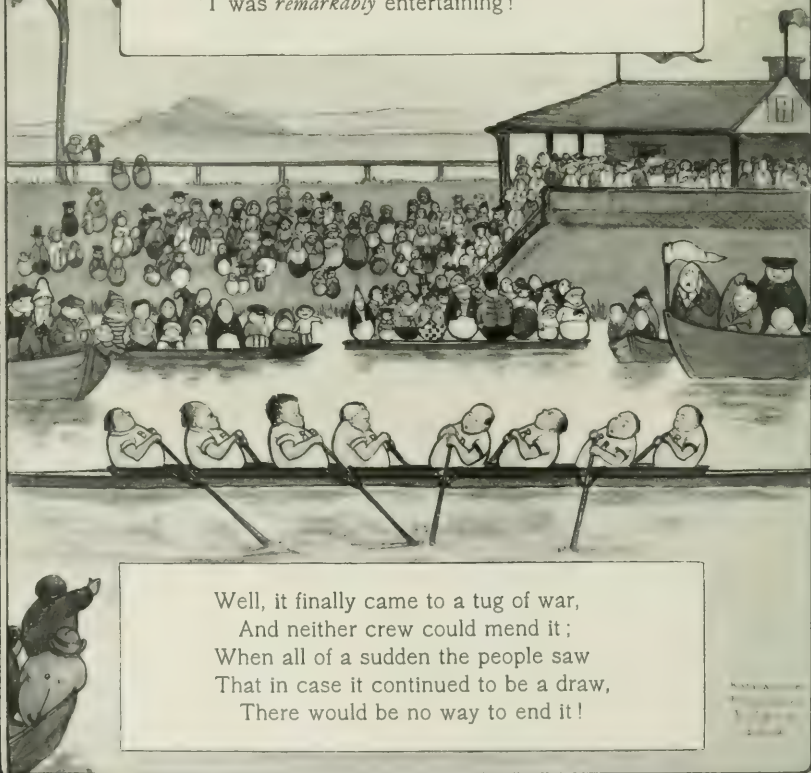


Well, the hour arrived, and the crowd did, too,—  
 They are all quite fond of racing;  
 Each end of the boat had a dauntless crew,  
 The front being held by the Baby Blue,  
 Which the Resolute Red sat facing.

When the pistol popped, 't was a glorious sight,  
 For they all got away together;  
 Their form was unimpeachable, quite,  
 For though they pulled with a terrible might,  
 They never forgot to feather.

Now the Blues were rowing, of course, one way,  
 And the Reds in the other direction ;  
 And the Be-Ba-Boes, I will venture to say,  
 Had quite the most sensational day  
 Within their recollection.

For the Resolute Reds appeared at first  
 Advantage to be gaining,  
 When the Blues made a very spectacular burst,  
 And the case was forthwith quite reversed—  
 'T was *remarkably* entertaining !

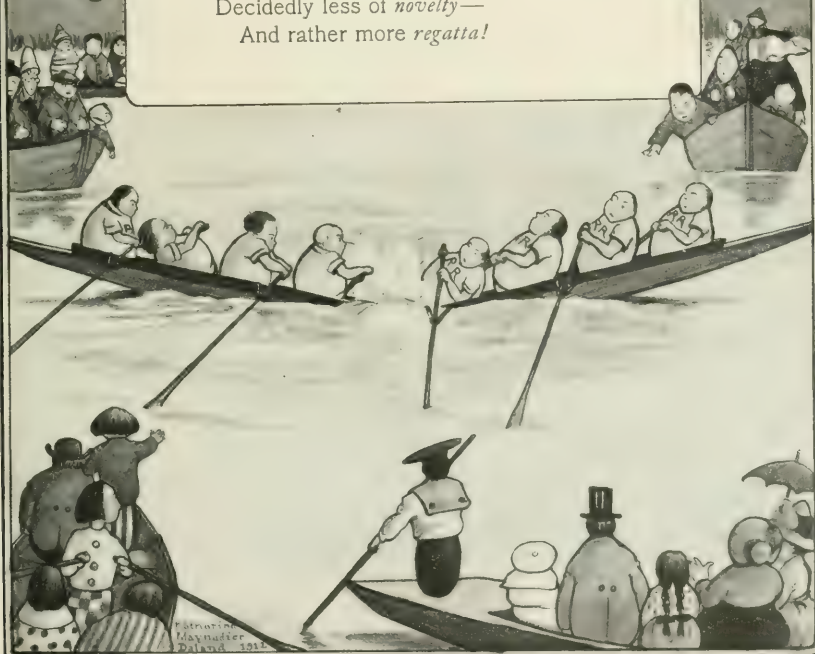


Well, it finally came to a tug of war,  
 And neither crew could mend it ;  
 When all of a sudden the people saw  
 That in case it continued to be a draw,  
 There would be no way to end it !

For, of course, the Reds, you understand,  
 Were the kind that yielded never;  
 It was equally true, on the other hand,  
 That the Baby Blues — intrepid band! —  
 Would keep right on forever.

The committee looked extremely blank,  
 Their prestige much diminished;  
 When suddenly both crews gave a yank—  
 The boat just parted in two—and sank!—  
 And the famous race was finished!

But the Be-Ba-Boes to a man agree,  
 And they could n't say it flatter,  
 That in future they 'd prefer to see  
 Decidedly less of *novelty*—  
 And rather more *regatta*!







FRONT OF THE GENERAL KNOX HEADQUARTERS HOUSE.

## A RELIC OF THE REVOLUTION

BY EVERETT MCNEIL

WITH PHOTOGRAPHS BY THE AUTHOR

ONE of the most interesting old houses that time has spared us from the days of our Revolutionary fathers is the General Knox Headquarters House, situated near the little village of Vail Gate, some five miles southwest of Newburg, New York. The house was built about the year 1734, by John

months during the last years of the war; and, as a consequence, this house was made the military headquarters, at different times, of three of his generals, Greene, Gates, and Knox. General Knox occupied the house for a longer period than did either of the other two generals, and

therefore it is to-day known as the General Knox Headquarters House. General Knox was Washington's chief of artillery during the war, and one of his favorite officers; consequently, while he made his headquarters there, Washington was a frequent visitor at the house, along with Lafayette, Rochambeau, and others who helped to make the history of our country.

For many years this old house possessed a unique and most interesting memento of Revolutionary days

—a pane of glass, in one of its windows, on which a French officer had scratched, with the diamond of his ring, the names of three belles



THE EAST END OF THE HOUSE.

Ellison, and was still the property of the Ellisons at the time of the Revolution. Washington and his army were in camp near there for many

of that day; but, unfortunately, this pane of glass was removed from the house by a former owner, so that this curious and interesting souvenir of the past cannot now be seen in its proper setting. Benson John Lossing, the historian, tells of visiting this old house in 1848, and of finding the pane of glass still in the window, with the three names showing as plainly as when cut with the diamond of the French officer's ring. The curious will find facsimiles of the names printed in his "Pictorial Field-book of the Revolution."

The story of how the names came to be scratched on the pane of glass is interesting and worth repeating.

While General Knox had his headquarters here, Lucy Knox, his beautiful wife, wishing to enliven the dullness of the season, gave a grand ball in honor of Washington and his generals. The ball was opened by Washington himself, with pretty Maria Colden, one of the belles of the occasion.

one of Lafayette's French officers, were standing in a little group together.

"The rooms are so warm!" said Gitty Wynkoop. "Let us try to find some cooler place."



THE WEST END, SHOWING THE SOLID STONWORK.

"Good!" declared Maria Colden, laughing. "A full moon shines in the sky. Let us sit by the window and watch it."

Accordingly the three couples made their way to one that looked out toward the west.



THE BACK OF THE HOUSE, SHOWING THE LONG, SLOPING ROOF WITH TWO CURIOUS WINDOWS OF LATER DATE.

Later in the evening, Maria Colden and her two friends, Gitty Wynkoop and Sally Jansen, and their gallants, a couple of American officers and

"Of a surety this has been a most delightful evening!" Maria Colden sighed, as she seated herself on the wide sill of the window. "Never did

I dream of such an honor as having our great General Washington for a partner! Oh, but isn't he a wondrous man! I do not wonder there be some who think him almost more than mortal. Truly I could not have felt more awed had I been treading the measure with an archangel!"

"And truly I would not care to dance with an

of this delightful hour, something that will tell to aftertimes that this room and this hour were graced by the presence of three most beautiful and winsome maidens. Ladies, allow me," and the courtly Frenchman rose from the window-sill, where he had been sitting by the side of Maria Colden, and, bowing to each girl in turn, slipped a diamond ring from his finger and turned to the window. "Allow me to inscribe here, on this pane of glass, the names that this evening has cut deep in our hearts!" and, pressing the sharp edge of the diamond to the glass, he slowly scratched the names of the three girls, Maria Colden, Gitty Wynkoop, and Sally Jansen, while the girls joked merrily over the awkwardness of his writing.

One must regret the removal of this unique and interesting souvenir of the past from the house where the gallant French officer made it, on that far-off night when Lucy Knox gave her great ball in honor of Washington and his generals.

But the General Knox Headquarters House has an interest all its own, aside from its historical associations.

In one room there is a secret treasure-vault dug under the floor, with a carefully concealed trap-door opening down into it. The hole is large enough for several men to hide in it, and is supposed to have been made during Revolutionary times to hide the valuables of the house, or, on a pinch, to conceal an American or two, in case of a sudden raid by the British soldiers.

In another room there are two small closets, made in the chimney above the fireplace and concealed by panels, in every way like the others with which the wall above the fireplace is faced, except that they now have keyholes and hinges. In former times they are supposed to have been locked and opened by the pressure of secret springs. They must then have looked exactly like the other panels, and no one could have told that there were secret recesses behind them. Valuable papers and jewels might have been hidden in them in time of need.

Another interesting feature of the old house is found in the large hall that runs directly through the middle of the main building. A thick stone partition, with a narrow door passing through it, divides this hall, midway, into two parts; and from the front part a stairway leads to the upper rooms of the house. At the first landing on these stairs, where they make a turn, is a large square hole cut through the thick wall of the partition and looking very much like the embrasure of a fort; and probably this is what it was intended for—an embrasure through which the Americans



THE PARLOR FIREPLACE. ABOVE WHICH WERE THE SECRET PANELS.

archangel, howsoever great the honor might be!" laughed Gitty Wynkoop, with just a little touch of envy in her voice. "I would prefer the colonel here," and she glanced archly at her escort.

"The night, indeed, has been one of great pleasure," and the eyes of the French officer rested with admiration on the face of his companion. "Already has its memory been written deep in my heart," and he bowed low to the fair Maria. "But I would leave here some souvenir



could fire on the Indians or other enemies, should they attack the house and break in the door at either end of the hall. At least it would answer such a purpose very well; and there seems to be no need of it for either light or ventilation.

Running from the second floor to the garret in the main building is another curiosity, a very queerly constructed stairway, known as the witches' stairway, possibly because the stairs go almost straight up, and yet one can walk up them quite easily without the aid of the hands. The steps are made in the form of right-angled triangles so placed on alternate sides of the steep, narrow, box-like stairway as to enable one to walk up the stairs by swinging the feet alternately upward, from the step below to the step above on the opposite side. A very convenient arrangement, where the stairs must occupy little space; but it is almost like a ladder.

The General Knox Headquarters House, like

all old houses, has its legends, weird and otherwise. From one of its rooms, in Revolutionary times, a young girl is said to have disappeared one dark night, never again to be seen alive, and this room is now declared to be haunted by her uneasy spirit. There is also a legend of a secret passage running from the old house to Murderer's Creek, a quarter of a mile away, and of a buried treasure; but the secret tunnel appears hardly probable on account of the rocky nature of the ground through which it would have had to be dug, and the buried treasure has never yet been found.

Surely this quaint old house, that tells so much of the past and how the people of that past lived, should be held in remembrance, and kept as a hallowed shrine, where the young and the old may come to have their thoughts turned anew to the great and good men it once sheltered, and to whom we, who live now, owe so much.



THE OLD BRIDGE OVER SILVER STREAM, NEAR THE KNOX HEADQUARTERS HOUSE.  
General Washington and other Revolutionary heroes must often have crossed this bridge.

## THE WRONG SIDE

BY ALICE E. ALLEN

IN his bed, fully dressed, on a day warm and fine, I found little Ted, and the clock had struck nine! "Why," I cried, "Teddy, dear, are you ill, little man?"

If not, hurry down just as soon as you can!"

"I was cross when I got up," said queer little Ted, "They said I jumped out of the wrong side of bed; So I came back again just as quick as I could,— I 'll get out on the right side—and then I 'll be good!"



# THE LADY OF THE LANE

BY FREDERICK ORIN BARTLETT

Author of "The Forest Castaways"

## CHAPTER XV

### ROY'S RETURN

As the opening day of school approached, Elizabeth grew more and more serious. She wanted to go back with Nance and begin again. For the first time in her life, she felt a desire to learn and to do for the sake of learning and doing, whereas, the year before, what little incentive she had sprang from pride alone. It was only the fear of appearing stupid that had made her study at all. But now, having proven her power in one direction, her ambition had been roused to excel in others.

The semi-victory over Nance in tennis brought it to a head. She laughed gaily to herself as she realized the surprise to her old friends this new acquisition of hers would be. She had made Nance promise not to breathe a word to any one of their practice during the summer. She laid awake nights picturing to herself how the girls would smile when she went upon the court, and the amazement which would follow should she beat one after another of the minor players. And she knew she *could* beat them. At times she felt as though she could beat even Nance—perhaps even Miss Winthrop. Ah, if she could win a game against Miss Winthrop!

And, after all, there was a good spirit back of these dreams. It was no self glorification she sought. Rather she seized upon the opportunity as a chance to redeem herself. She saw herself now as others had seen her, and it brought the hot color to her face. If they had looked upon her as proud and indolent, it had been her own fault. The spring tournament had roused her somewhat, but it was the inspiration of Mrs. Trumbull and the house by the lane that had completed the work. One fared ill in attempting the rôle of pretty incompetence before Mrs. Trumbull.

Several times she was upon the point of asking her father to allow her to return to school, but in the end her pride checked her. It would n't be worth much coming that way. She must win the right to go back, as she wished to win other things, by her own ability.

Three days before school was to open, her father dropped in one evening for supper. He watched her with unusual keenness as she presided at the table, and later as, with Mrs. Trum-

bull, she made the dining-room and kitchen tidy for the night. Even after they had gone into the sitting-room, he said nothing until he was about to leave. Then he asked, as casually as though it were an every-day matter:

"Elizabeth, would you like to go back to school this fall?"

"Daddy!" she exclaimed.

"I've had a talk with Miss Grimshawe, and I've told her that it's the Lady of the Lane and not the Lady of 'The Towers' I wish to enroll. Am I right?"

Elizabeth for a moment hung her head. The comparison brought back very vividly that first episode, now almost forgotten.

"Look up, my daughter," said Mr. Churchill. "I want you to understand that I'm very proud of you!"

Mrs. Trumbull rose and placed her arm about the drooping figure.

"I won't have her shamed by no one," she asserted aggressively. "If Miss Grimshawe or any one else dares—"

"But Miss Grimshawe wants her very much," he said reassuringly to Mrs. Trumbull.

He turned to his daughter.

"I think that, in spite of everything, she has a warm place in her heart for you, Elizabeth."

"She'd better have," Mrs. Trumbull warned.

"What do you say, Beth?"

"I'll be very, very glad to go back, Daddy!" she exclaimed. "Only—it does n't mean giving up the home, does it?"

"It would hurt me very much if you wanted to give up that," he answered.

And so, after Elizabeth had cried a moment on her father's shoulder, and Mrs. Trumbull was through sputtering about Miss Grimshawe, the matter was all settled.

"I suppose you will need some new clothes, Beth," said her father. "Perhaps Mrs. Trumbull had better go into town with you to-morrow and help you pick out what you need."

Elizabeth finished her shopping in a very few hours, where, a year ago, it would have taken her several days. Somehow gowns did not seem to count for so much now. What she did select she chose with her usual good taste.

She told the news to Nance when the latter came that afternoon, and Nance was almost as delighted about it as Elizabeth herself.

"Then you 'll enter the tournament, after all!" exclaimed Nance, when they had talked over several other matters. "But, Beth, I hope you are n't drawn against me in the preliminaries."

"Why not?" asked Elizabeth with a smile.

"Because it 's going to make me feel just as

"I know," Nance answered slowly. "But—well, there 's no use trying to cross a bridge before we come to it. Anyhow, we must practise



THE TENNIS GAME. (SEE PAGE 794.)

bad to beat you, as to be beaten by you. I 've half a mind to keep out of it this fall."

"Nonsense!" answered Elizabeth. "That would n't be fair to either of us. I guess we can both stand a beating now and then, if it comes to that."

hard these next few weeks. Are you too tired to have a game this afternoon?"

"Why should I be tired?" asked Elizabeth.

"You said you were shopping all the morning."

Elizabeth made a wry face at the recollection.

"The first time I ever get tired shopping, I 'm going to stop doing it," she answered.

"Good!" laughed Nance. "Then come on. Mr. Crawford won't be here to watch us to-day."

"Did n't you like him?" asked Beth, as they started arm in arm for the court.

"Well enough," answered Nance. "He seemed rather foreign."

But it happened that, even with Mr. Crawford on the high seas, they did not find themselves free from interruption. Before the first ball was served, Elizabeth heard a familiar voice, and turned to find herself facing Roy Thornton. Tanned and ruddy, he strode toward her, with—first of all—a surprised greeting to Nance.

"Mrs. Trumbull said you were up here," he explained. "I could n't help coming over, even though—"

He paused and studied Elizabeth a moment, as though to learn just what her attitude toward him might be. She looked uneasy, but he caught a smile about the corners of her mouth that encouraged him.

"Shake, please!" as we boys say. Won't you?" he said, extending his hand; and she obeyed.

"I 'm glad to see you again, and I 'm glad to see you out here."

He crossed to Nance.

"You, too, Nance!" he added. "You both look as though you had been at it all summer."

"And you had a pleasant summer?" Elizabeth asked, anxious to change the subject.

"Fine!" he answered enthusiastically. "Wenham, Harden, and I took a walking trip through New England. We covered hundreds of miles."

"That must have been good fun," said Nance.

"Great! We started without a cent, and worked our way—just to see if we could do it. But—excuse me! I 'm interrupting your game; I 'll watch a minute, if I may. Do go on!"

"I 'd rather hear more about your trip," Elizabeth said hastily. "Would n't you, Nance?"

Nance, understanding Elizabeth's motive in not wishing to play before Roy, nodded. But the latter would not hear of their giving up the game.

"If you won't play, I 'll go," he said decidedly. "The story can wait, but you are n't always sure of such tennis weather as this."

There seemed to be no alternative. They had either to play or let him go, so Elizabeth reluctantly picked up the balls. While doing this, however, she found a chance to whisper to Nance:

"Don't you dare speak, no matter how badly I play!"



ELIZABETH GOES SHOPPING. (SEE PAGE 700.)

Elizabeth took her position, and with an awkward swoop of her racket, sent the first ball spinning twenty feet out of the court. The next one she served into the net. She made herself as awkward as possible, and, when it came time for Nance to serve, acted just as ridiculously in trying to return the ball. Nance began to laugh, and soon reached a point where she could not control herself. As a result, she played about as badly as Elizabeth.

"Oh, look here, Beth," protested Roy, "take things easier."

This was just after she had run under a gentle lob from Nance, missing it entirely.

But Elizabeth was able to keep up the farce no longer. "I don't feel much like playing to-day," she said. "I 'm not doing at all well."

"Oh, you must n't get discouraged, Beth!" Roy said seriously. "I wish you 'd let me come up and play with you some day."

"I 'm afraid I 'd give you as dull a game as poor Nance has had to endure," she replied.

"We 'll arrange for it some Saturday, shall we?"

"I 'll see," she answered, without committing herself. "But I expect to be very busy. School begins Monday, and that, with my housework—"

"You 're going back to school?" he exclaimed.

She nodded, though her cheeks turned scarlet, for a second, at the word "back."

"Good! that 's great!" he went on, and added in explanation, "somehow it made you seem awfully grown up, not being in school."

The three returned to the house by the lane, and there Roy was persuaded to tell more of his summer adventures.

"We wanted to see if we could n't be as good pioneers as our great-grandfathers were," he said, "so we started from Portland to find out just how far we could work our way. It was easy enough. We chopped wood, helped with the haying, and lived like kings. I guess we could have kept on going clear to the Pacific Ocean, if we 'd had time."

"I 'll wager you could," agreed Mrs. Trumbull.

But it was only bit by bit that he was induced to tell the interesting details of the experiment. In fact, they kept cropping out all winter.

"Don't forget about the tennis game," he said, as he was leaving.

"Oh, Beth!" exclaimed Nance, when they were alone, "I—I tried not to laugh."

"I don't know that it was a very nice thing to do," Elizabeth apologized, "but I did n't want to give away my secret just then. And I *won't* play with him until after the tournament."

"I would n't, if I wanted to keep the secret," laughed Nance. "I don't believe you could play so outrageously a second time."

In many ways, Elizabeth dreaded the ordeal of that first day at school, but when the time came, to her surprise she found it no ordeal at all. Miss Grimshawe greeted her with a cordiality that, in a moment, effaced all memory of the past. Neither in word nor manner did she in any way refer to it. And little Miss Santier actually wept at sight of Elizabeth.

"*Cherie! cherie!*" she choked, "the school was n't the same without you."

And when Elizabeth answered her in very good French, the little woman was forced once again to wipe her eyes.

But with the girls it was another matter. There was a great deal of gossip which, as usual, started

with the Brookfield pair. The latter, in new frocks, bought abroad, held their chins high and vouchsafed Elizabeth nothing but a nod in passing. It might have hurt had she not known her chance was coming—a chance which came before a week had passed, with the opening of the fall tennis tournament.

## CHAPTER XVI

### ELIZABETH PLAYS MISS WINTHROP

WHEN the entries for the tournament were posted in the school corridor, and Elizabeth Churchill's name led all the rest, the Brookfield girls could hardly believe their eyes. But there was no denying that her name was there, written in her own firm, round handwriting. They called the attention of several other girls to the strange fact, whereupon there followed much giggling.

"It will be worth watching; won't it, Jane?" Helen observed.

"Why, she can't play at all; can she, Helen?"

"I call it very bold of her even to try," answered Helen.

But if they were surprised that Elizabeth was daring enough to enter the contest, their astonishment knew no bounds when, after the drawing, it was found that she was pitted in the preliminaries against no less a player than Miss Winthrop herself, and intended to fight it out.

"I heard her say so!" exclaimed Helen to an excited group of eager inquirers. "I was standing close by when Miss Winthrop came up and asked her if she did n't mean to forfeit the set. And Elizabeth answered, as cool as you please, 'No, I mean to play it.' Those were her very words; were n't they, Jane?"

Jane nodded.

"And Miss Winthrop turned as red as a beet, and said she thought Elizabeth might want to save herself the trouble."

"And Elizabeth said, 'No trouble at all,'" put in Jane.

"Just like that," nodded Helen. "'It 's no trouble at all, Miss Winthrop.'"

A chorus of exclamations and giggles greeted this, interrupted by the arrival of Nance at the bulletin board. As the latter saw the result of the drawing, her face grew serious.

"What do you think of that, Nance?" demanded Helen.

"Of what?" answered Nance.

"Why, of Elizabeth Churchill daring to play Miss Winthrop. She refused to forfeit the set, you know."

"I 'd be ashamed of her if she did," answered Nance, her spirit and her color rising.



"You don't mean to say she has a chance?" exclaimed Helen.

"You can tell better after the game," replied Nance, hurrying away. She found Elizabeth at her desk, reviewing her morning lessons.

"It's hard luck, Beth," she said in a whisper.

"What is?" demanded Elizabeth.

"Drawing Miss Winthrop at the start."

"Pooh! I don't mind at all," Elizabeth answered with a smile. "Do you know she wanted me to back out?"

"I know. Helen is spreading it all over the school."

"She is, is she?" answered Elizabeth, her lips growing firm. Then she laughed. "All right. Just you wait, Nance! Honestly, I think I can play better against Miss Winthrop than against any one in school. I'll be fresh and sure of myself, and she'll be a little over-confident. You see if she is n't. I'd rather play her than you. And I'll beat her."

"Good! good!" exclaimed Nance. "Oh, Beth, but the game will be worth seeing!"

When Roy heard the news, he came straight over to the little house by the lane.

"They tell me you drew Miss Winthrop in the preliminaries, Beth, and that you are going to play her!" he exclaimed excitedly.

"Why not?" asked Elizabeth, with a smile.

"My stars, but you're game!" he cried delightedly.

"Is n't it what you would do?" she asked.

"Every time!" he answered. "I don't believe in being whipped before you are—no matter what the odds. But, Beth, to-day is Monday and the tournament is n't until Saturday. If you *could* get in a little practice before then."

"I shall," she answered coolly. "Nance has promised to come over every afternoon."

"Then you don't want me?" he asked.

"Thank you, Roy. It is good of you to offer, but I've been playing with Nance all summer, you know."

"Yes, I know," he answered, somewhat crestfallen.

"And I really can play better than I did the other day," she assured him.

"I want you to do your best, Beth," he replied seriously, and as though he did not have much confidence in that statement.

"I'll do that, anyhow," she answered lightly. "You'll be at the game?"

"Helen Brookfield invited me," he answered significantly.

Elizabeth flushed.

"And Wenham and Harden are coming down for over Sunday with me. But, Beth—"

"Yes," said Elizabeth as he hesitated.

"I won't come if you'd rather I would n't."

"You're afraid I may disgrace myself?"

He turned away, more embarrassed than he had ever been in his life. Then he faced her again with his hand extended.

"No," he said. "Because I know you'll do your best, and when a fellow does that, he's done all he can."

"Then you'd better come," she answered with a smile.

The day of the tournament turned out to be fair and crisp—ideal weather for playing. The whole school was present, for the stand Elizabeth had taken was the chief topic of discussion throughout the week. The Brookfield girls arrived late, and took positions on the side-lines next to Roy and his two friends; but after the greetings were over, Roy gave his whole attention to the field and forgot the girls. He was decidedly worried. Even admitting that Elizabeth could play better than he had seen her play, even admitting the fighting blood in her which would lead her to play her best, it did n't seem within the bounds of possibility that she could offset the skill and experience of as clever a player as Miss Winthrop. And, when the latter stepped out on the court, he knew that Elizabeth could expect no mercy. It was certainly plucky of Beth to stick to her determination to play, but also, it seemed to Roy, decidedly foolhardy. For one thing, he knew that, in her first attempt, she would take a beating very much to heart, and it might destroy her confidence for a long time to come. He wished sincerely that she had drawn a less experienced antagonist.

When Elizabeth appeared, however, he led the applause, and urged Wenham and Harden to do their best. The crowd, always, if unconsciously, in sympathy with the weaker, took it up, and gave Beth a brave greeting. But if she heard it, she gave no sign. Her face was tense, and her lips tightly closed. She showed no trace of nervousness as she took her position, but it was evident that she was under a strain.

Miss Winthrop won the toss, and chose the serve, there being no advantage in either court. She began with a vicious cut that sent the ball off to one side, where it bounded at a sharp angle. It was slower and more baffling than anything Nance served, and bothered Elizabeth. She missed the first three points, which made the score forty love.

"Too bad," muttered Roy.

Harden, who had been watching her carefully, heard him. "She's studying that out," he said. "I have a notion she'll master it in a moment."

Elizabeth stepped in a little closer, and nearer the middle of the court, where she could jump either to the right or left, the ball having invariably struck close to the side-lines. This time she returned it without, however, a very close calculation as to direction. Miss Winthrop ran up to the net and volleyed back, but Elizabeth was ready, and sent it along the side-lines for a neat pass.

"Good! good!" exclaimed Roy, and led a vigorous applause.

Miss Winthrop changed her next serve to a swift, straight ball, but this was the kind that Nance had been using largely, so that it was easier for Elizabeth than the cut. As Miss Winthrop ran to the net, Elizabeth lobbed the ball over her head. Miss Winthrop reached it, but, by that time, Elizabeth herself was at the net and turned it one side at a sharp angle, thereby winning her second point.

Somewhat nettled, Miss Winthrop returned to her cutting serve, and succeeded in winning her final point and the game. But both Miss Winthrop and the gallery began to realize that this was not to be quite the farce that both had anticipated.

When it came Elizabeth's turn to serve, she sent a straight line ball, hitting it with a full-arm swing that gave it great speed. Miss Winthrop was not looking for this. It sped past her before she had even swung for it. On the second ball, she moved farther back, but that time Elizabeth, with the same motion, served one of her easy ones, which barely dropped over the net. Once again Miss Winthrop was taken completely by surprise. Mortified by having been so deceived, she lost her head at the next serve, and, swinging wildly for it, sent it into the net. She did better on the fourth ball, but, with a pretty return, slow and accurate, Elizabeth placed the ball just out of her reach, making the score in games one to one.

But this was only the beginning of one of the hardest-fought and most exciting contests that the school ever witnessed. The experience of Miss Winthrop helped her to win the first set, but she was forced to use every trick and every ounce of strength at her command. And when she began the second set, it was like having to begin all over again, for she found her antagonist just as fresh, just as steady, just as determined as at the start. Elizabeth was neither disheartened nor excited. She proceeded to take advantage at once of all she had learned in the first set, correcting the faults she had then made, and forcing Miss Winthrop hardest where she had discovered the latter's weakness. She was

especially successful in teasing her opponent with slow balls. Miss Winthrop could not resist the temptation that they offered to attempt kill shots, and, being accustomed to fast playing, almost invariably made a fault. By the middle of the set, which stood four-two in Elizabeth's favor, the latter resorted almost wholly to this game, returning the balls slowly, but with rare accuracy and judgment, and waiting for Miss Winthrop to beat herself.

Roy fathomed Elizabeth's tactics and glanced at Harden. The latter nodded his appreciation.

"That 's great head-work," he said.

"And it 's head-work that wins any game!" exclaimed Roy. "Miss Winthrop is getting rattled."

It certainly looked that way, and the fact that she knew that, after all, she was playing with an inferior player, added to her confusion. In the last three games, she went to pieces completely, while Elizabeth, steadily and coolly, took full advantage of her opponent's slightest faults. The set went to Elizabeth at six-two.

Roy could hardly contain himself.

"It 's wonderful!" he exclaimed. "I don't understand how she does it!"

"I think she has been very lucky," suggested Helen.

"Lucky!" returned Roy, hotly. "There 's no luck in such playing as that! If there 's anything besides clean tennis, it 's grit!"

For the third and final set, Elizabeth once again took her place with no trace either of fatigue or nervousness, while Miss Winthrop looked decidedly worried and a trifle exhausted. She was paying for her wildness with both mental and physical fatigue. But now she went to another extreme and played with such excessive caution as to place her strictly on the defense. Elizabeth, on the other hand, in this third set played more aggressively than she had at any time before. She used more speed and took chances as she had not dared to do before. She kept Miss Winthrop running from one end of the court to the other, until the latter was in utter rout. The set went to Elizabeth at six-two, the last game being a love game.

Elizabeth hurried up to Miss Winthrop to shake hands. "I 'm glad I won," she said heartily; "but I 'm sorry you lost."

"I did n't expect to lose, but I know I deserved to," answered Miss Winthrop.

Roy, Wenham, and Harden rushed up to Elizabeth with congratulations, with Nance close at their heels. Through eyes shining with joy, Elizabeth thanked them in some way, and then, with Nance's arm about her, sought the club-house.

"Beth, you did wonderfully!" exclaimed Nance.

*(To be continued )*

# The Story of PRINCE SCARLET by Mary Stewart



THERE was once a prince whose robes and mantle were always of gorgeous, scarlet silks. Upon his head he wore a crown of rubies, and his golden belt and sword-hilt flashed with the same splendid, red stones. He rode a milk-white horse, and could be seen miles away, a shining spot of red and white.

But when the people of his father's kingdom saw him coming, they ran into their houses, or hid behind trees; and as he rode proudly up to the palace, no one cheered him, not even the small boys. Even his father, the king, was afraid of him, and his sisters, who were little girls, hid beneath the table rather than speak to him.

For this Prince Scarlet, as he was called, was mean and cruel; his eyes were narrow and sly, and his voice harsh and loud.

The king knew that he was growing old, and that soon this son would be king in his place. That thought worried him a great deal, for he knew what a wicked ruler the prince would make.

So the old king sent for the forest fairies, who had always been his friends, begging them to come and advise him in his trouble.

In answer to his summons, they all flew in at the palace window one bright morning; and when they had folded their rainbow wings, and settled

in a circle around the king, they looked very serious. They knew why they were needed, and the night before, in the forest, they had discussed the problem by the light of a full moon. There they had come to one decision: before Prince Scarlet became king, he must be taught how to behave in a kingly fashion.

The king agreed to this. "But how?" he asked sorrowfully; "how can such a cruel man be taught?" And the fairies answered together, "He must become the bird he is most like." "What is that?" questioned the king, and the chorus of fairies answered: "A crow!"

"I do not see how that will teach him anything," moaned the king. But the fairies promised that if the prince were left entirely in their hands, they would teach him to wish to be kind; and the king promised.

When the prince awoke the next morning and looked for his scarlet clothes, they were gone. In their place lay a mantle of black feathers. Angry and puzzled, he kicked it aside, but immediately it sprang up, and folded itself around him. He became an ugly crow, and crying, "Caw! Caw!" flew right out of the palace window to the forest beyond.

He was furious; but anger was of no use.



"WHEN THE PEOPLE SAW HIM COMING, THEY RAN INTO THEIR HOUSES."



When he tried to shout with rage, the only word he could utter was a harsh, dismal "Caw!" and the only motion he could make was a flapping of his wings. Round and round the trees he flew, until he was so tired and miserable that he dropped upon the ground. But soon he began to think how hungry he was, and as there was no chance of a dozen servants bringing him dainty food in

as I did when that gun was pointed at me? How sorry I am I did not help them!"

At that moment, although Prince Scarlet did not know it, one of the feathers beneath his wings turned to a brilliant red.

A very miserable life the prince led for the next months. Sometimes he found a bite to eat, often he was driven away by the fear of a gun or a scarecrow; and at last the cold weather came. He did not have sense enough to fly south with the other birds; perhaps the fairies did not mean that he should, for the first snow-storm taught him another lesson. As he ruffled his black feathers and shivered with the cold, it flashed across his mind, "How often have I scoffed at people shivering in rags. Oh, how sorry I am!"

Then another feather turned scarlet, and the fairies smiled, and rustled their wings with delight.

As the poor crow flew across the snow-covered fields in search of food, he passed a little girl crying bitterly. Perching on a tree near by, he cried, "Caw! Caw!" which sounded so dismal, that the child cried harder than ever.

"If only I could sing one sweet note to comfort the poor little girl!" thought Prince Scarlet, and at once, *all* his feathers turned to a gorgeous scarlet! He had become the most splendid bird you have ever seen, a cardinal-bird, and out of his little throat poured a beautiful, clear song.

The child stopped crying at the sound, and when she looked up and saw the cheerful red bird beside her, she smiled with pleasure.

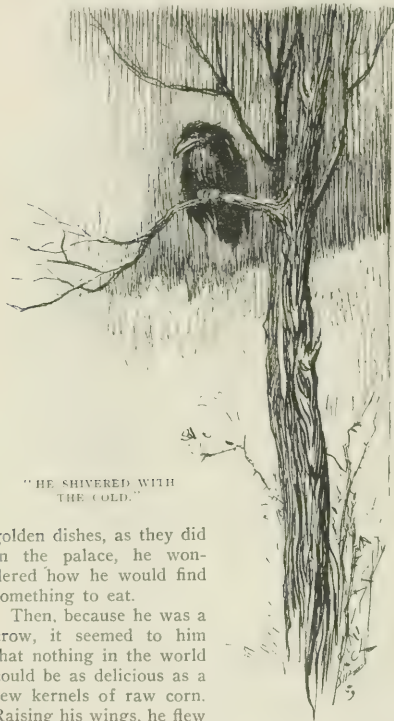
After that, Prince Scarlet's life was a very happy one. He sang his ringing song in storm and sunshine, comforting many who were tired and sad and sick. And never in his life as a prince had he been so contented.

The fairies watched him closely, and at the end of a year, they circled around him as he perched on the bough of a forest tree, already covered again with green leaves. "We have come," they cried, "to give you a wish as a reward for the useful life you are leading."

Do you suppose the scarlet bird wished to be a prince again? Not at all; he had grown to think first of others.

"I wish," he answered, in his lovely bird voice, "that in all the dark places beside the road and on banks of streams, there could be something as bright and cheerful as my red feathers."

The fairies waved their wands, and among ferns, bending over brooks and streams, along bare roadsides, and in dark nooks of the forest, appeared,—not a red feather,—but a red flower as brilliant and cheerful as the cardinal-bird.



"HE SHIVERED WITH  
THE COLD."

golden dishes, as they did in the palace, he wondered how he would find something to eat.

Then, because he was a crow, it seemed to him that nothing in the world could be as delicious as a few kernels of raw corn. Raising his wings, he flew across the tree-tops to a corn-field, and was just about to alight and eat from the ripe ears, when he saw a farmer standing below pointing a gun straight at him. He dashed aside just as the gun went "bang!" and flew quickly back to the deep woods.

Prince Scarlet was now frightened as well as hungry, two feelings that he had never experienced before; and as he cowered down upon the ground, he suddenly thought, "How many times in my father's kingdom have I seen hungry folks whom I laughed at! Did they feel as wretched

"The cardinal-flower will remind many people of your sweet song," sang the fairies. "And your wish was such a beautiful one, you may have another."

"Oh," sighed Prince Scarlet, "there are so many homes I cannot fly to, so many people who need my song, can you not send other cheerful birds to them?"

Again the fairies waved their wands, and in response a great flock of scarlet birds filled the air, and flew, singing, across the forest to gladden the hearts of many, many people.

"Now for a third wish," cried the fairies, "and we must tell you, first, that the king, your father, is too old and feeble to reign any more; the people are looking for a new king, and there is strife and discontent within the kingdom."

"I have but one desire for them," answered Prince Scarlet. "May they find a king as brave and faithful as my father!"

Once more the fairies waved their wands, and in an instant the cardinal-bird was flying straight to the palace. As he reached its long flight of marble steps, he alighted, and then,—the bird had gone!

In its place stood a young prince in gorgeous red robes. Could he be Prince Scarlet? His eyes were so kind, his mouth so smiling, and his voice so sweet and ringing, that a crowd of people gathered around him, crying, "Our King! Our King!"

And so Prince Scarlet was crowned king; and

as the golden crown was placed upon his head, his robes seemed to glow, to flutter, to fill the air



"OUT OF HIS LITTLE THROAT POURED A BEAUTIFUL SONG."

with a ruby light. "Almost like the wings of a cardinal-bird!" exclaimed the joyful people.

## THE DREAM-SHIP



"Oh, hush, little child, if you want a dream,

You must close your eyes—ah, yes!

For the dream-ship carries a gift for you

More lovely than you could guess;

Perhaps a moon that will shine all day,

Perhaps a gown of color gay,

Or a queer little fish

In a silver dish—

Sail away, little boat, and away!"

*Miriam S. Clark.*

A SWEET little ship stole up from the South

With a cargo of baby dreams;

Of dolls and kittens and warm little mittens,

And rose-colored peppermint-creams;

A wee wind wafted it on its way,

And it sailed along, at the end of day,

Down the sleepy streets where the lights were lit,

To leave each child some wonderful bit.



# PRESIDENT WASHINGTON AND FLYING

(A true story)

BY MARION FLORENCE LANSING

"WHAT 's this, Grandfather?" asked Robert, rising from his seat on the floor, and bringing to his grandfather a folded paper, yellow with age, with a picture of a balloon on the outside. "It looks as if it had a story."

Robert and his mother had come to tea, and, according to an old custom, Robert was rummaging in Grandfather's drawer of keepsakes, with the understanding that if he found anything that "had a story," Grandfather would know it and would tell him about it.

"That?"—Grandfather adjusted his spectacles and looked at the closely printed page—"I have n't seen that for years! You *have* found something this time!

"Helen," he continued, calling to the boy's mother, who was just then passing in the hall, "did John ever tell you that his grandfather saw the first successful attempt at flying in America, and that George Washington was there?"

"Never," said Robert's mother.

"It 's a story! Come, Mother! Let 's hear it!" cried Robert, excitedly. She came gladly, and sat down by Grandfather, who was poring over the old paper.

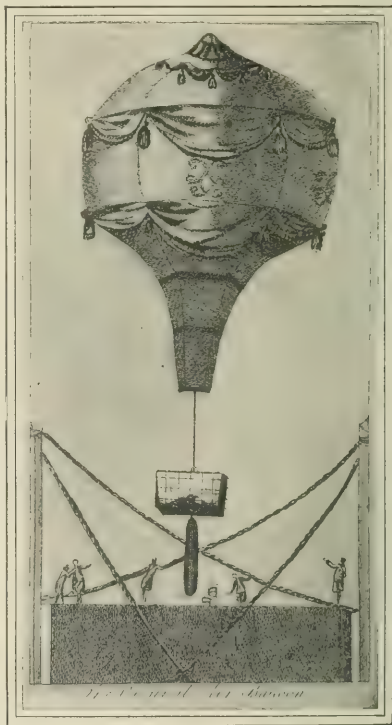
"Yes," said Grandfather, "this is a clipping from a Philadelphia newspaper giving an account of the flight. Here is the date, January, 1793,—that was just before the close of Washington's first administration, Robert. Congress met in Philadelphia, then, you know, and all the distinguished people of the capital went to see this Monsieur Blanchard make his exhibition of flying. How often I have heard Father tell all about it!"

"But I thought they did n't know how to fly till just lately," interrupted Robert.

"Not in aeroplanes; but ballooning had been invented a few years before by another Frenchman, named Montgolfier, and every one was greatly excited over it. The shops of the city were closed the day the ascent was to be made, and people came in from all the country round. Father used to tell how he was awakened at daybreak by the booming of cannon, which was repeated every half-hour until ten o'clock, when the ascent was to be made from the prison courtyard. That was the only inclosed space in the city big enough for balloon and spectators."

"And Washington was there?" said Robert's mother. "It must have been a great occasion."

"Yes, it was really a wonderful event. Mr. Blanchard was one of the most famous balloonists of the day. He was the first man to cross the English Channel in the air, and he had made ascents before all the kings and queens of Europe. The remarkable thing was that a boy like



MONTGOLFIER'S FIRST BALLOON.  
From the "Town and Country Magazine," London, 1783.

Father went. As the tickets cost five dollars, few children could go; but he was so eager that the family decided to take him."

"How old was he?" asked Robert.

"Ten years old," replied Grandfather. "Afterward people told him what a distinguished as-

sembly of men and women it had been. He then cared for nothing but the balloon and its operator. He thought Mr. Blanchard the handsomest man he had ever seen. He used to tell us just how he was dressed. He had on a bright blue suit, with a white, fluted ruffle, and a three-cornered cocked hat with a huge white plume. He must have had a Frenchman's fondness for effect, for the bag of his balloon was of bright yellow silk with green stripes, and the car which hung below it was painted light blue with silver spangles. The bag was about half full of gas when Father got there, and he watched it fill gradually till it tugged at its cords like a huge creature trying to get away. Meanwhile the band played gay music, and Mr. Blanchard moved about, looking after his arrangements and greeting distinguished persons. Some one brought a little black dog and asked him to take it on the trip to see how it stood the upper air. Father said he would have given anything in the world to be in that little dog's place, as Mr. Blanchard took it and lifted it into the car.

"At last the bag was full. The band began a slow march, and Mr. Blanchard turned to bid farewell to the audience. Then President Washington stepped forward and shook hands with him, presenting him with an official-looking document. It was a passport. I see there is a copy of it here. Do you want to read it, Helen? The print is too fine for me."

Robert's mother took the paper and read:

"George Washington, President of the United States of America, To All to Whom these Presents shall come.

"The bearer hereof, Mr. Blanchard, a citizen of France, proposing to ascend in a balloon from the city of Philadelphia, at 10 o'clock A.M. this day, to pass in such direction and to descend in such place as circumstances may render most convenient—

"THESE ARE therefore to recommend to all citizens of the United States, and others, that in his passage, descent, return, or journeying elsewhere, they oppose no hindrance or molestation to the said Mr. Blanchard; And that on the contrary, they receive and aid him with that humanity and good will which may render honor to their country, and justice to an individual so distinguished by his efforts to establish and advance an art, in order to make it useful to mankind in general.

"Given under my hand and seal, at the city of Philadelphia, this ninth day of January, one thousand seven hundred and ninety-three, and of the independence of America the seventeenth.

"Signed,

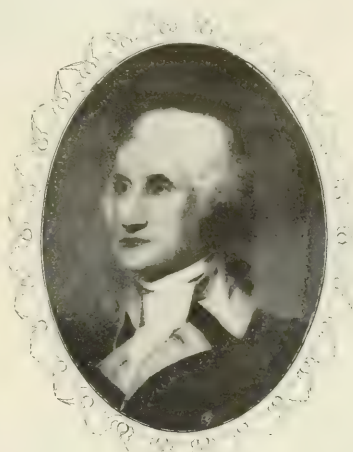
"GEORGE WASHINGTON."

[SEAL]

"Does n't that sound grand!" said Robert, with a sigh, when his mother had finished the reading. "Mr. Blanchard must have been pleased."

"He had reason to be very grateful for that paper later," replied Grandfather. "He put it away carefully in his breast pocket, then stepped

into the car. The ropes were untied, the ballast thrown out, and he sailed upward, standing hat in hand and waving a flag decorated on one side with the Stars and Stripes and on the other with the tricolor of France. For a moment nobody moved or made a sound; then there rose from the people within the courtyard a great cheer, which was taken up by the crowds watching from the



GEORGE WASHINGTON.

From the painting by Trumbull, in the City Hall, New York

roofs of the city as the balloon came into view and then sailed off over their heads. Father always said that was the most thrilling moment of his boyhood."

"What happened?" asked Robert. "Did Mr. Blanchard come back?"

"No," replied Grandfather. "Some gentlemen galloped off along the road in the direction he had taken, but they soon lost sight of him. They did not have steam-cars then, you must remember, much less telegraphs and telephones. That was one reason why every one was so excited over flying. Until balloons were invented, no one had traveled across country faster than a horse could take him. No; that was the last the people of Philadelphia saw or heard of Mr. Blanchard until seven o'clock that night, when news spread among the waiting crowds that he had returned and was at the President's house telling his story.

"When he had been in the air about an hour, the gas in his balloon had given out. He had to come down in the first open space he could see. He had made the descent safely and found him-



self in a field in the midst of woods. Then the question was what to do. He had no idea where he was. From his compass he could tell the general direction of Philadelphia, but he could only guess how far he had traveled. Fortunately some farmers came to his aid. They had been chopping wood near by, and, seeing him land, had come to investigate. It was then that President Washington's passport served him. The men were very much frightened. Mr. Blanchard could speak no English, and his French only increased their terror. He bethought him of the passport and gave it to them. As soon as they saw Washington's signature and gathered the meaning of the paper, they were eager to assist him. They brought a cart for his balloon, and escorted him to a near-by tavern. There some gentlemen welcomed him and entertained him at dinner. They told him where he was, which explained why the farmers had been so surprised to see him drop down out of the air. He was no longer in Pennsylvania, where the news of his flight had been carried far and wide. He had crossed the Dela-

ware River, and had come down some eighteen miles inland in the State of New Jersey. A paper was drawn up, which all signed, testifying to the place and hour of his landing. This newspaper contains a copy of it. It took Mr. Blanchard six hours to return by horseback, carriage, and ferry over the distance which he had covered in his balloon in less than an hour.

"This was the story which he told to President Washington, to whom he at once went to report in order to thank him for the passport and to present to him the flag which he had carried on the trip. The President showed great interest, congratulating him on his success, and making many inquiries about how the altitude affected his breathing and heart action, and how the country looked from such a height.

"So the next time you go to an aviation meet, Robert," concluded his grandfather, "remember that your great-grandfather saw the first successful flight in America; and add to the things which you know about Washington that he was the first great American to encourage aviation."

## THE END OF A GIANT

BY PAULINE FRANCES CAMP





## THE WHIPPOORWILL

BY EDWARD N. TEALL

WHEN all the other birds have gone to bed,  
And everything is still;  
When Mister Moon Man with his lantern threads  
The pine woods on the hill,  
I hear each night The Bird That Sits Up Late—  
I hear the whippoorwill.

"Whip-poor-Will!" he cries,  
And sometimes, "Whip-poor-Will!"  
I 'm sorry for that other chap,  
And glad *my* name is Phil!

His voice is like the whistle of a whip,  
So sharp is it, and shrill;  
I lie and watch the Moon Man climb the sky,  
And listen to him, till  
I wonder, "Can he be some dead bird's ghost  
That haunts the old stone mill?"

"Whip-poor-Will," he cries;  
"Poor Will—poor Will—poor Will!"  
I pull the bedclothes to my eyes,  
And whisper: "My name 's Phil!"





From photographs by the Pictorial News Co.

"BIG ED" WALSH, OF THE CHICAGO WHITE SOX, SHOWING THE EASY MOTION AND FINE BODY SWING THIS PITCHER HAS.

ALEXANDER, OF THE PHILADELPHIA NATIONAL LEAGUE CLUB, IN A PRELIMINARY "WIND-UP."

MATHEWSON, OF THE GIANTS,—WITH NO MEN ON BASES—GATHERS ALL THE MUSCLES OF HIS BODY PREVIOUS TO THE PITCH.

## PLAYING THE GAME

(A sequel to "The Battle of Baseball")

BY C. H. CLAUDY

### CHAPTER II

#### THE PRACTICE OF THE ART OF PITCHING

MERE ability to throw a fast ball, pitch a curve, make the ball perform antics in the air, is, by itself, of no value whatever. The mere ability to pitch a ball with speed, with a curve, with a shoot, is of no value to a pitcher, *if he cannot put it where he wants it!*

Of greater value than any speed, or jump, or puzzling antic, is control—ability to pitch a ball with a reasonable assurance that, eight times out of ten, the ball will do your bidding and go to the exact spot you desire. Every League pitcher will tell you the same thing, and every year sees

dozens of widely heralded "phenomenal" pitchers turned back from the Major to the Minor Leagues for this one reason.

"He had the speed," the manager will say, "but he had n't learned control."

Better far, on any diamond, is the pitcher who can fool batsmen with change of pace and tease them into striking at wide balls, than one who, with every known variety of curve and shoot, sends man after man to first base on balls; or sees him jog there, painfully rubbing some part of his anatomy, because struck with a wild ball; or watches men galloping about the bases while his angry catcher chases a wild pitch.

Control, then, is the first thing to acquire.

And there is only one way to get control, and that is by intelligent practice. Note that mere practice in pitching won't do—the practice must be intelligent. In the first place, control of the fast ball comes before any other kind—and that can only be obtained by beginning with little force and gradually increasing the pace. Standing sixty feet from a catcher and hurling in a hundred straight balls with all your might in the hope that, by constant repetition, you can gain control, won't do one tenth as much good as throwing him ten easy ones, ten a fraction harder, ten more a little harder yet, and so on, until you find the amount of force and speed which begins to affect your accuracy of aim. Then use this as a starting-point and pitch at this speed until you can put one over the right, one over the left corner of the plate, and one over the center, half a dozen times in succession. Then begin to put a little more pace on the ball, and so, very gradually, train your muscles to obey your will, until you can send the ball with all your strength true and straight to the mark.

This is the one and only known way of getting control—and it is n't a road to be traveled in a week nor even in a year—but it is the road to travel. And you will find, the first time you pitch a real game, after having ascertained to a nicety just how fast you can pitch and still keep control, that you can do more by teasing the batter with "near strikes" that just *don't* go over the plate, alternated with those which do, than you can by wildly hurling them with all your force in the general direction of the catcher, in the (almost always vain) hope that they will have the good luck to be "strikes!"

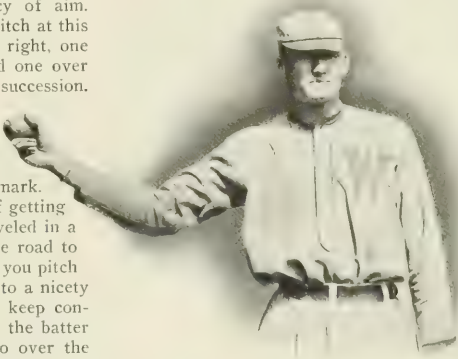
And just here let us note a very important point for all young pitchers to think about and remember. It is this: control means not only the ability to put a ball over the center, the inside, or the outside corner of the plate; not only ability to throw within a few inches of the plate at will, and to "tease" the batter into striking at a ball which will result in a foul or a weak roller to some fielder. It means, as well, control of the *height* of the ball as it crosses the plate.

Rule 31 says that "A fairly delivered ball is a ball pitched or thrown to the bat by the pitcher, while standing in his position and facing the batsman, that passes over any portion of the home base, before touching the ground, not lower than the batsman's knee, nor higher than his shoulder. For every such fairly delivered ball the umpire shall call one strike."

From knee to shoulder may be any distance from about twenty-six inches in the case of a

short man to thirty-eight inches with a tall man. A reference to Fig. 1, page 809, will show how much greater chance there is of fooling the batsman by altering the *height* at which the ball crosses the plate, than by changing its *direction* to right or left. The bat presents a much smaller target for the ball from A to C than it does from A to B. Hence the necessity of control of height as well as direction of the ball.

So your practice should include throwing low balls, waist balls, high balls, at the signal of the



Start of the out shoot.



Finish of the out-shoot.

#### HOW TO PITCH AN OUT-SHOOT

Posed expressly for ST. NICHOLAS by WALTER JOHNSON, of the Washington American League Club. "I shall be glad to show how I pitch this ball," said Mr. Johnson, "but it should be remembered that no two pitchers pitch this ball in just the same way. There is no standard way of throwing an out-shoot—I can only show you how I pitch it."

catcher, and not until you can throw a high ball, inside, outside, or "straight through," a waist ball, and a knee ball in those three positions, and do it, too, almost at will, can you step back satisfied that you really are able to control your fast ball.

If you have this control, and are able to use it on both a fast and a slow ball, you can (whether



you have the slightest ability to throw a curve or not) go in and pitch a better game, allow fewer hits, and strike out more batters than if you pitched half a dozen wide curves of which only one in six was true enough to be called a strike.



Start of the slow ball

#### HOW TO PITCH THE SLOW BALL.

Posed expressly for St. NICHOLAS by Carl Cashion, Washington, American League.

Note how loosely the ball is held. It is thrown with the regular over-hand motion used for a fast ball.

While talking base-ball to a group of boys recently, the author was emphasizing necessity of control.

"Shucks!" commented one young enthusiast, "control is all right, of course, but if I could just 'fade 'em' like Matty, or get 'em over as fast as Johnson, or as slyly as 'Rube' Marquard, I 'll wager I 'd win every game I pitched if I passed every other man!"

"But the figures, my lad, don't bear you out," was the reply. "The records show that Marquard, whose percentage of games won—.774—was the greatest in the National League in 1911, hit but four men during the season, and passed 106 men. At first thought this may seem a large number. But remember that 1007 men had 'times at bat' against him, that many more faced him not charged with 'times at bat,' and that these 106 passes were given during 278 innings of play. Marquard had control.

"Mathewson, always known as a pitcher with perfect control, hit one batsman in 1911 and passed thirty-eight men in 307 innings of play, and had 1169 men charged with 'times at bat' against him. Mathewson had remarkable control.

"Johnson, one of the leading pitchers in the American League, has always been handicapped by the fact that he is too kind-hearted and gentle-

natured wilfully to throw so near the batsman as to make him fear to step too close to the plate. As his control is so perfect, and his disposition is so well known, players 'stand to the plate' when he is on the mound, and make more hits off him by so doing than they otherwise would. Even so, in 1911, Johnson hit but eight batsmen, and gave bases on balls to seventy more, having 1228 men charged with 'times at bat' against him, in 323 innings of play. Johnson, too, had wonderful control."

And, to clinch the argument—if any more be needed—consider the remarkable games pitched in both Big Leagues in 1911. In the American League there were two no-hit games pitched during the season, Wood, of Boston, turning this most unusual trick against St. Louis, and Walsh, of Chicago, shutting out Boston without a hit. Coombs, of Philadelphia, Wood, of Boston, and Walsh, of Chicago, each pitched also a one-hit game during the season. All these pitchers are men noted for control—on the days when they



Finish of the slow ball

pitched these phenomenal games, they had practically perfect control.

In the National League there was no no-hit game in 1911, but ten pitchers pitched one-hit games. Compare the list with the pitchers' records, and you find almost all men of fine control. They were Moore, Philadelphia; Fromme, Cincinnati; Rucker, Brooklyn; Chalmers, Philadelphia; Steele, Pittsburg; Marquard, New York; Alexander, Philadelphia; Woodburn, St. Louis; Burns, Philadelphia, and Cole, Chicago.

Once having control of the fast ball, you are in a position to take up some variety of curve. Here you need advice (which, in all probability, you won't take) and caution about your arm (which you probably won't heed). The advice is this: don't try to master more than one curve, shoot, hook, or slant at a time; don't try ever to

master more than two or three. Great pitchers do not—why should you?

Walter Johnson, the American League pitcher (Washington), depends on his fast ball with a jump on it, his slow ball for a change of pace, one swift curve, and almost perfect control. He can throw other things, but these are what he does throw. Christy Mathewson, the great pitcher of the New York Giants, depends on his famous fadeaway, a high in-shoot, a slow ball, and a swift straight one—plus almost perfect control. Edward Walsh, the phenomenal steel-armed man of the Chicago White Sox, uses speed, a spit ball, a slow ball occasionally, a jump curve, and a plain, straight, not very hard ball which looks like a spitter and—is n't. He also has magnificent control of the ball.

Now just as there are no two faces in the

ascertain, before you begin to develop a curve or shoot, just which particular kind comes easiest to



Start of the drop ball.



Finish of the drop ball.

#### HOW TO PITCH A DROP BALL.

Posed expressly for ST. NICHOLAS by Dixie Walker, Washington, American League.

Note that this powerfully built pitcher pitches a drop over the side of his index-finger. Other pitchers sometimes release the ball over the ends of the fingers, with the back of the hand up.

you naturally. It is likely to be some variety of the out-curve, because this curve, as previously explained, is thrown by the hand and arm and wrist in a position which is a continuation of the natural curve of hand, arm, and wrist in throwing. The ball, firmly grasped between thumb and first two fingers, is brought over the shoulder with the ordinary throwing motion, and the back of the hand is turned to the pitcher's right and slightly down as the ball is let go, so that it rolls off the sides of the index-finger and faces of both fingers, which serves to give it the necessary revolution from right to left to curve it to the pitcher's left and the batter's right. By bringing the hand directly down over the head and having the back of the hand toward the batter, the ball is made to revolve from top toward the bottom, or in the direction of its motion, so that it becomes a drop ball—dropping from its revolution, and not from impact with the air, as a spit ball drops.

Now, somewhere between these two, out-curve and drop-curve, is the out-drop. The position at



Start of the knuckle ball.



Finish of the knuckle ball.

#### HOW TO PITCH A KNUCKLE BALL.

Posed expressly for ST. NICHOLAS by Jerry Ackers, Washington, American League.

The knuckle ball is a slow ball which wavers in the air. It is very puzzling when properly thrown and controlled.

world exactly alike, so no two arms in the world are exactly similar. Therefore no two boys or men will have exactly the same way of getting exactly the same curve. So it is vital that you

which the drop or curve commences is dependent on a good many things—the force of the throw, the speed of revolution, the angle of the throw (from the shoulder to the plate), and the position of the arm when the ball is released—whether fully extended, or something short of that. These



Start of the in-shoot



Finish of the in-shoot

#### HOW TO PITCH AN IN-SHOOT.

Posed expressly for ST. NICHOLAS by WALTER JOHNSON, Washington, American League

things must be experimented with by the individual until he finds which variety of this curve he throws with the least effort. For if he throws a slight curve with little effort, he may throw a sharp or wide one with greater effort; whereas, if a slight curve takes "all he has," he cannot, well, increase the speed or latitude of that particular curve. So it is very important to find the curve that you can throw most easily, and make that the basis of what you will develop.

But whatever the curve which seems to be most natural to your build and habits of throwing, and which seems to jerk and twist your arm the least in delivery, try to develop it not only with the arm and hand, but with the whole body. Having a good "motion" means a great deal to a pitcher. It means that every muscle in his body, almost, is used in his pitch, and that, as a result, he can get greater speed, a wider curve, a sharper break, with less effort on any one muscle than he could

if his "motion" was at fault. Amos Rusie, the great "speed king" who pitched balls so hard and fast that none of his catchers could keep a good record all the time, had an almost perfect "motion." Walter Johnson, who, some players say, pitches as speedy a ball as ever Rusie pitched, has a perfect swing to his body, and uses not only his powerful arm and shoulder muscles, but those of his back, his thighs, and his legs, in his speed ball, so that he can finish a game almost as strong as when he began it. Mathewson's work has long been remarkable for the smoothness of his motion—he seems to propel the ball with his whole body, using his hand and arm rather to guide the ball than to propel it. Bender, who led the American League pitchers last year, has a long body, every bit of which gets into his throw—and similar instances might be multiplied without number.

The secret of good "motion," like that of control, is practice—only in this case the practice consists in throwing, throwing, throwing, using the arm as little as possible, save as a guide to the ball, and getting all the propelling effort possible by starting the pitch from a position in which the body is bent backward, stepping forward, and swinging the body from right to left so that all its muscles back up and supplement those of the arm.

Having mastered the elements of pitching—control, and a good body swing, or "motion"—a great deal of progress is made toward pitching a good game. But without some knowledge of how to apply what you know, you might as well toss the ball up to the batter and let him hit it. Recruit players breaking into the Big Leagues often start out with tremendous batting averages—for a dozen games or more. Then the pitchers discover their likes and dislikes, find out what they can hit with ease and what they hit with difficulty, and promptly the new-comers' batting averages shrink tremendously.

Of course any lad soon catches on to the peculiarities of his fellow club-members who stand at the plate and face his pitching. But suppose you go to the other side of town or to a neighboring town, to play a nine you never saw before—what sort of balls are you going to pitch those batters? Use speed, and trust to luck? Make every pitched ball different from the preceding one, in the hope of fooling the man at bat? Throw two balls in the hope of their being called strikes, stick one over, and then trust to your infield to get the batter out at first?

None of these systems will do. You must study the first batter the first time he comes to the plate, and deduce what you can from his size,

his hold on the bat, his position at the plate—later, when he has hit, you will have more data to reason from for his next time up. If the batsman holds his bat “choked,” that is, several inches from the end, and, instead of swinging, chops at the ball, your best play is a low ball rather than a high one. “Choked bats” don’t reach so far down, and are less likely to connect well with low balls than with those between waist and shoulder. Does the batter hold his bat at the extreme end and stand there waiting, swinging his bat in wide arcs? It is the trick of the free hitter—one who wallops the ball when he does hit it, and strikes out with a loud swishing noise of fanning air when he does n’t. Free hitters rarely face the pitcher; they stand facing the plate or three quarters of the way between pitcher and plate (Fig. 2). The ball that this type of batter likes least is that which comes close to him on the inside of the plate. He likes it least because, even if he does hit it, it is usually with the handle of the bat, resulting in a slow roller or a little “pop fly.” Change of pace is a great weapon against the swinging slugger, or free hitter: a fast ball well outside that he may

center. The chances are he will then hit too eagerly, and before the ball gets to him at all, or, if he does hit it, will drive a decided foul to left (if he be a right-hander—see Fig. 3).

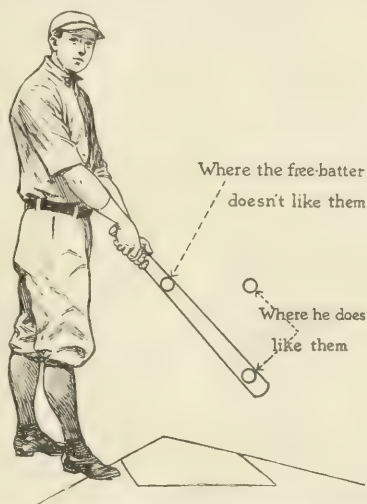


Fig. 2. The batters who stand sidewise to the plate can reach low balls with ease.

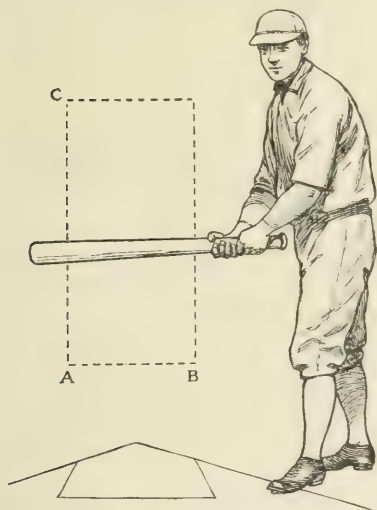


Fig. 1. Why variation in height, as in the drop-curve, is more puzzling to the batsman than flat curves “in” or “out.” A to B: width of plate. A to C: knee to shoulder of batsman.

not hit it, a fast ball well inside that he will not want to hit, then a slow, teasing, “floating” ball which crawls up to him fair and full in the

Snappy hitters—men who choke their bats and hit with a choppy motion, rather than a swing—will generally do more execution against a slow ball than a fast one. Not having to start their hit so soon, they are not so easily thrown out of balance as is the swinging hitter who must begin his swing some time before the ball reaches him, and who, therefore, on a slow ball he has n’t recognized, either fans or fouls to left.

Batters who do not fear the ball, and step well into it at the plate, not infrequently take the heart out of a pitcher by hammering his best curve ball before it has fairly had a chance to break. Such men should get balls as close to them as possible, and high or low, according to their manner of standing at the plate. Always remember that a man who stands sidewise to the plate can do anything he wants with the average low ball, but has difficulty in hitting a high one; whereas a man who faces the pitcher squarely can handle high ones easily and low ones with difficulty.

Batters who are timid—who “pull away” as they bat—are the easy prey of the pitcher with control—all he has to do is keep the ball on the outside corner of the plate. As the batter is



going one way, due to his pulling habit, the ball, at the same time, is "breaking" to the other side, and the usual result is a foul, a strike-out, or a weak hit easily handled. Players who "pull"

to right field (Fig. 4), all slow ones to left (the natural hit); others, by some peculiar mental twist, swing more quickly on fast balls (so driv-

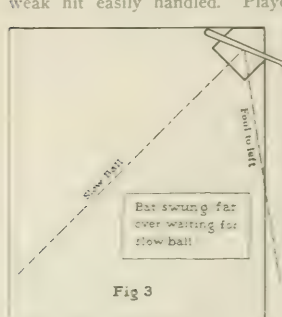


Fig 3

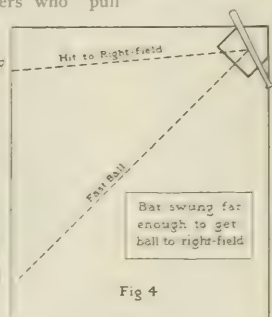


Fig 4

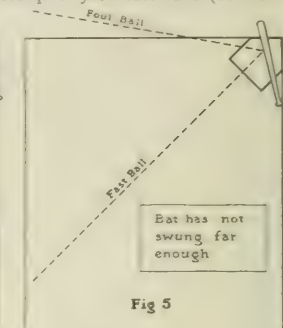


Fig 5

have no place on a team playing real base-ball, according to the Big-League managers.

In some cases the pitcher may to a certain extent control the direction of the batsman's hit. That is, by knowing where the batsman usually hits a straight, fast ball, he can, by giving him a decided in-curve, or a decided out-curve sometimes, cause him to hit to right or left of his usual direction (see Fig. 6). Of course this little strategy won't always succeed—the batter won't always hit as expected—but it succeeds often enough for most Major League teams to notify the outfield and the infield by signal what sort of a ball is to be pitched to a batter, so that they may know what is the most probable result should the batter succeed in hitting it.

In the same way (see Fig. 7) the pitcher may control to some slight extent the probable direction of the hit, by knowing the batter's usual style, and changing the speed of the ball accordingly. This is not a particularly sure method, but often, with a canny batsman, it is of advantage in getting two strikes on him by the foul route, first, perhaps, with a swift ball, and, second, with a slow "teaser."

Of course there are a great many individual peculiarities which have no general application—every boy will have to master those of his opponents as practice shows him their weaknesses. Some can't hit a slow ball at all, others kill slow balls every time. Some batters will hit every time at the first ball if it is within reach—these should always get the first ball well outside the plate. Other batters almost never offer at the first ball—a straight, plain, swift one through the heart of the plate should be the first pitch to lads of this disposition. Some batters hit all fast balls

ing them to left) than they do on slow ones, which they recognize and which they unconsciously wait for, driving them to right. The diagrams show why a fast ball is usually driven to right and a slow one to left, but this is not a hard-and-fast rule. But it is a noticeable fact that pitchers of the Rusie-Johnson type, who have extreme speed, do get a lot of strikes by the foul route,

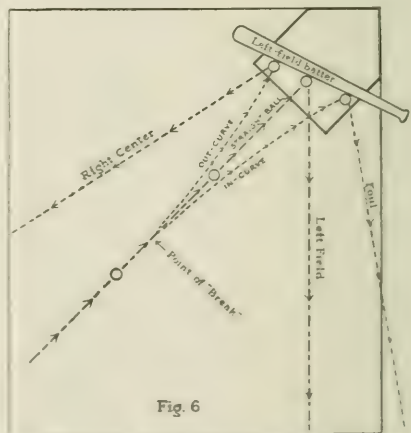


Fig. 6

Fig. 6. The in-curve, out-curve, and the effect of the in-curve and out-curve on the ball's direction. The in-curve is a ball that is pitched to a batter who is a right-handed hitter. The out-curve is a ball that is pitched to a batter who is a left-handed hitter.

and for the same reason that fast pitches are so often hit to right field—the ball is faster than the batter calculates, consequently his bat hits it



before the pitcher gets the ball away to the catcher. The catcher must make his catch, step out of line of the batsman, who is probably "artistically" engaged in getting in his way, draw back his arm, and throw to second, where the ball must be caught, held, and tagged on the runner! When it is n't done, the catcher is charged with a stolen base, when, as a matter of fact, it is n't his fault at all, but the pitcher's.

Thinking base-ball critics, seeing the stolen base charged to the catcher, often add in their own minds, "but it was n't his fault." But that does n't help the catcher's record! Yet it is not to help out a catcher, but to play the game, that young pitchers must watch the bases. Throw often enough and suddenly enough to first to make the runner hug the base. Have a signal with the catcher as to when to whirl and throw. But don't throw the game away by throwing *too* often, or when there is no need of it. Watch the base—indeed, watch second and third, too, but most especially first base. Then, when you do turn to pitch, forget the runner entirely, and see only the batter and the plate!

As for fielding, you have only to refer to the scores of the World Series in 1911, to see how important it is for a pitcher to be a fielder as well. Bender had one put-out and six assists, Plank two assists, and Coombs one put-out and two assists, while Mathewson had two put-outs and nine assists, Marquard, Crandall, and Wiltse two assists each, and Ames one assist. In six games, then, the pitchers had a total of four put-outs and twenty-six assists. Is it coincidence that Bender, the Athletics' star pitcher, and Mathewson, the Giants' star pitcher, lead their teams in pitchers' assists? Both are expert fielders.

(To be continued)

The pitcher who cannot run in, scoop up a bunt with one hand, and throw to first, is no pitcher at all.

But it is on first-base plays that the pitcher must be most especially alert, not only in fielding bunts, but in covering the bag on bunts fielded by the first baseman, and on hits down the foul line or in short right field, which perhaps both second baseman and first go after. The instant a ball is hit toward first base, the pitcher should start for the bag. He has less distance to run than the runner, and can easily get there first. He should get there just in time to make the catch of the ball frequently tossed by the fielder while the pitcher is still running, since often the pitcher will not be able to stop.

As every boy knows, the sight of a runner, a pitcher, and the ball all meeting at first base (Fig. 8) is one of the prettiest plays on the diamond. As first is the only base where neither fielder nor runner need stop after touching the bag for the put-out, this play never occurs anywhere else.

But, remember, this fine faculty of running to cover first, arriving there just in time to step on the bag the instant the tossed ball is caught, is the result of hard practice, and the lad who will devote fifteen minutes a day to fielding bunts with one hand, and whirling and throwing, and another fifteen minutes to covering first and receiving fielded balls, will make a pitcher his nine will rather have in a game than that other lad who, superior, perhaps, in actual pitching, is yet unable, through laziness or lack of practice, to leave the firing-line and become one of the infielders—unable, in the real meaning of the words, to play the game!

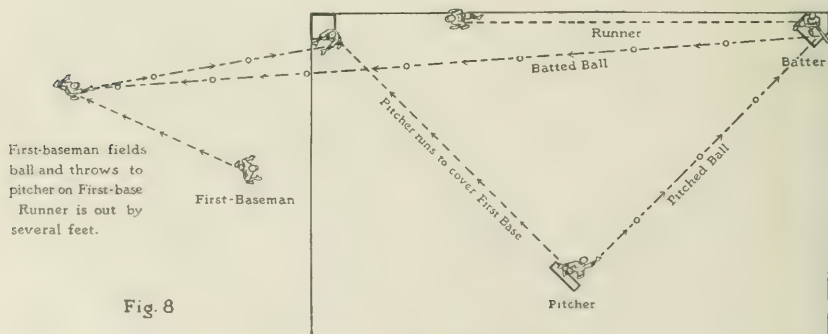


Fig. 8

A PRETTY PLAY. PITCHER COVERING FIRST BASE

# THE TOWNSEND TWINS—CAMP DIRECTORS

BY WARREN L. ELDRED

## CHAPTER X

### AN ADVENTURE AFTER DARK

"To the rescue!" cried Lefty, dashing around toward the rear. "This way!"

Tad and Jack paused to light the lanterns which they carried. Then they rushed forward and entered the ruined building, where the others already were groping about in the darkness.

The two lanterns threw a partial light over piles of brick, mortar, and rubbish of several sorts which littered the interior. Cousin Willie was discovered in one corner, lying on a pile of hay, just as he had fallen—too terrified to move or speak. Except for him and the rescuing party, no one was in the place, nor was the dog in evidence. Tad hurried over to the corner.

"Hurt, Will?" he cried anxiously.

The boy sat up, pale and trembling, but silent.

"It's all right, Will," Tad went on consolingly; "nobody's around, you see, except our crowd. The old hermit and Fido have skipped. I guess the fall knocked your breath out, did n't it?"

Will nodded and gasped.

Lefty rushed forward and lifted him in his arms. "The chi-i-ld is saved!" he announced in a dramatic tremolo.

"But where's the dog?" Bert cried in surprise, picking up a stout club which lay near him.

"Fido seems to have skipped to the happy hunting-grounds," Tad announced. "May his bark find a quiet harbor!"

"Ah, how poetic!" murmured Bert, poking around with his stick. "It's a mighty good thing for Willie that the old man and his dog are not around. I thought he was a goner when that wall gave way."

"Yes, I thought it was all up with him," Eliot added. "He chose a good spot to fall—over there on the hay. It's a lot more comfortable to land on hay than on a pile of bricks."

"Bill showed artistic judgment in picking out a landing-place," Lefty agreed. "If only he'd gone to sleep, he might have been taken for Little Boy Blue—'under the haystack, fast asleep.'"

Lefty had been talking to Cousin Willie in a low tone, in an attempt to revive his courage, and the boy now had quite recovered from his fright.

Having found the ruins deserted, the Beaver Campers felt perfectly secure, and began a leisurely inspection of the dilapidated building. In the beginning of its history it might have been

a fort, or perhaps an old mill with a wheel turned by some stream that now flowed in another channel. The roof was broken through, and the rear wall had a gaping opening large enough to admit a two-horse truck. Here and there the vines which covered the outside had forced themselves in through the openings, and reached out bravely in an effort to cover the bare ugliness of the interior.

It seemed probable that the owner of the premises had stored some farm produce in the building during the months past, for a pile of old hay lay in one corner—fortunately for Cousin Willie—and several barrels and baskets were lying on the ground.

A rude shelter made of brush and boards marked the lodging of the hermit and his dog. A fire still smoldered before it, and empty cans were scattered about in disorderly confusion.

Bert poked around with his stick in an inquisitive fashion for a while, but found nothing especially interesting, so he threw himself down upon the pile of hay to wait until the others had satisfied their curiosity.

As he touched the hay, he uttered a smothered exclamation and sprang to his feet, rubbing one shoulder.

"What's the matter, Bert?" Ed cried in surprise.

"Ouch! There's something hard and sharp down there," said Bert; "and I landed right on it!"

"Maybe it's the hermit, Bert," Tad suggested. "He's hard and sharp."

"Take a look, Bert!" Charlie urged. "See what's hidden down there."

Cousin Willie had somewhat disarranged the pile of hay when he fell, and Bert's heavier weight still more noticeably had crushed and flattened it. Still nursing his shoulder, Bert grasped his stick and thrust it into the pile. It struck something solid, and he stooped to investigate.

Just then the stillness of the night was broken by a sound which struck terror into the hearts of the boys—the angry barking of a dog.

"They're coming back!" Tad cried in alarm. "Put out the lights and run for all you're worth!"

In an instant the lighted lanterns were extinguished, and the boys were scrambling through the opening in the broken rear wall. Onward they ran, stumbling over obstructions, breathless, frightened, yet spurred to their utmost exertion



by the deep, savage barking that seemed to be coming alarmingly near.

They reached the fence that ran down to the road after what seemed like a desperately long interval, and somehow they scrambled over it and gained the partial security of the farther side. Here they turned and hurried on.

"I suppose there 's no use trying to be quiet," Lefty gasped. "They can't hear us back there, and, anyhow, we made enough noise for a regiment, getting across that field."

"We 'll be all right if only that blood-thirsty brute does n't take a notion to follow us!" was Tad's breathless reply. "I suppose he can follow our track if the old fellow lets him."

"Sure! It would be right in his line! Where 's Bill?"

"I don't know! Is n't he in the crowd somewhere?"

"Don't see him! Hold up a minute, you fellows! Any of you seen Bill?"

"He was with me when we climbed over the fence," Tom reported. "I have n't seen him since."

Jack hastily counted the dark figures gathered around him. One, two, three, four, five, six, seven, eight—Cousin Willie was not with them!

"He 's probably fallen down somewhere," Walter ventured. "Seems to me I heard a fellow fall near me, right after we got over the fence. I did n't pay much attention then, because I took it for granted that whoever it was would pick himself up and hustle along."

"Hark!" cried Eliot. "Listen to that dog! Is n't he coming nearer?"

"He surely is!" Lefty muttered anxiously. "You fellows had better run along! Leave a lantern with me. I 'll climb up in this tree, and if the dog is following our trail, likely as not he 'll run right by me. After he 's gone on, I 'll walk back and look for Bill."

There was no time for argument or delay, because the sound of excited barking was coming closer to them, and it seemed apparent that the dog was in full pursuit.

Lefty fastened the lantern to his belt and climbed carefully into a tree not far from the fence, while the others hurried on toward the highway.

For some minutes, he sat in this friendly shelter. The sound of the rapidly retreating boys died away in the distance. Nearer and nearer came the dog. Now Lefty could hear him crashing through the bushes close at hand. At the foot of the tree, he seemed to hesitate. Here it was that the boys had stopped, and the dog ran around uncertainly, trying to pick up the scent.

Lefty held his breath in suspense, thankful that, even should the dog discover him, he could not reach him. Then Lefty heard a voice which he at once recognized as belonging to the hermit, and realized that the dog was being urged forward by his master, who seemed eager to overtake and punish those who so boldly had invaded his domain.

In a minute or two, the dog found the scent and ran forward, the man hurrying in pursuit, but Lefty judged that by this time his fellow-campers must have reached the road, and hoped that, once there, they might regain the camp quickly and in safety.

When the dog and his master had passed on, Lefty scrambled to the ground and unfastened the lantern from his belt. He plunged a hand inside his pocket, and then suddenly remembered that he had given his matches to Jack. He had no means of lighting the lantern which he had so carefully shielded in ascending and descending the tree.

"Thunder!" he muttered. "Also lightning!"

There was nothing to be done about it, however, so Lefty made the best of existing conditions, and retraced his steps over the course which the boys had followed along the fence. Every minute or two he whistled cautiously, and soon heard a faint answering signal.

"Is that you, Bill?" he cried, as loudly as he dared.

"Yes! All right, Lefty! Where are you?" and Lefty saw the bright light of Willie's pocket-lamp gleaming in the distance.

"Here! straight ahead! More to the right now! Well, Bill! I 'm glad to find you again. Where were you?"

"I caught my foot in getting over the fence," he explained, "and tumbled down in a lot of weeds and stuff. It did n't hurt me, but I got all mixed up and turned the wrong way—opposite to the other fellows. When I found out what I 'd done, I heard the dog coming, and was afraid to run back until he got out of the way."

"It strikes me that you 're getting more than your share of excitement out of this thing, Bill," Lefty responded, with a little chuckle. "I 'm glad you have that electric lamp. I 've got a lantern, but no matches, and, somehow, an unlighted lantern does n't give much illumination."

"I have a match-box," Will said, searching through his pockets. "Here! help yourself!"

Lefty gratefully "borrowed" a match and lighted the lantern. Then together they set out for the highway, and as they went, Lefty related the experiences of the party from the time of Will's fall to the discovery of his absence.

"Is n't it funny, Lefty, how you never know

what 's going to happen to you?" Will remarked reflectively. "If anybody 'd told me six months ago that I 'd be going through these things, I would n't have believed it."

"No, I suppose not! It may not be a bad thing though, Bill! You 'll get accustomed to being in thrilling adventures by the time you 've passed through half a dozen more, which at the present rate of progress will be about this time to-morrow night. Just think, Bill! it was only this morning early that you and I were pattering around in the dark after that fellow who got away in the boat."

"That 's so! It seems farther back than that, Lefty. It might have been a week ago, so much has happened since."

Thus talking together, they followed the fence until, at length, the highway appeared before them. Then they turned toward Beaver Camp.

Occasionally, they had heard the vocal efforts of the hermit's dog, and now Lefty noted with some anxiety that the sound was coming nearer.

"The fellows must have reached camp all right, Bill," he announced as calmly as possible, "because our kind-hearted neighbor seems to be returning from the chase, bringing his menagerie with him. If you care to see the procession go past, don't let me hinder you; but as for myself—well, there 's a brook just ahead, and I think I 'll stop under the bridge until the parade is out of sight."

"That ought to be a good place to hide, Lefty! The dog can't follow our trail in the water."

They reached the brook in plenty of time, and walked up the nearer bank a hundred yards or more in order to draw the dog farther away, in case he felt inclined to follow their trail. Then they removed their shoes and stockings and waded back through the brook until they were concealed under the bridge that carried the highway across the little stream.

Here they waited until after the dog had passed their refuge, and the heavy footfalls of his returning master had sounded upon the boards over their heads. Then they climbed out on the farther bank and made their way back to camp, where a joyful welcome awaited them.

The other boys had reached Beaver Camp safely, though it had been necessary for them to run most of the way. The dog had followed them even into the "clearing" around the bungalow, from which point he had been called off by his master. Shortly after their arrival, the doctor had returned from his call at Mrs. Spencer's cottage, and the full history of their adventure had been related to him.

Doctor Halsey was enough of a boy to relish

the excitement of this recital, and yet, being mindful of his duty as camp director, he reminded the boys of the folly and danger of plunging into reckless adventure, as well as of the lack of proper regard for him which they had manifested in leaving camp on such a mission without his knowledge and consent.

Just then Lefty and Cousin Willie appeared, and the doctor was eager to learn how they had fared.

"Anyhow, Bert saved the box that he fell on!" Edgar announced triumphantly, when Lefty and Willie had related the account of their experiences. "We have that much to show for our night's work!"

"That 's so!" cried Bert. "There 's been so much excitement since that I 'most forgot about it. I had just dragged the box out of the way when the blooming dog began to yawn, and we all beat it. I had the thing under my arm all the time, and never realized it until we climbed the fence. It was too late to do anything about it then, so I brought it back to camp with me, and here it is!"

So saying, he produced a box of heavy tin, wrapped in several layers of soiled and torn newspapers. The tin was coated with black japan, ornamented with gilt stripes, and the box looked just like some that the boys had seen in stationers' windows, designed to hold cash, jewelry, and valuable papers.

"No wonder the old fellow chased us!" Eliot exclaimed. "Most likely he 's a miser, and has a lot of money and all kinds of valuable things in that box. I 'll bet he 's gone off to get the constable, or whoever it is up here that does such business, and means to have us all locked up!"

"I should n't wonder," Jack added soberly. "If we 're found with that box in our hands, it won't do us any good to say that we did n't go over there to steal it!"

The doctor had another theory, but was quite willing that the boys should be conscience-stricken for a time, in order that the folly of rushing heedlessly into danger might be impressed upon their minds, and that they might learn to respect the property rights of their neighbors.

"You see how seriously you are involved," he remarked quietly. "Not only did you leave camp on a dangerous and needless mission at a time when I was absent and was trusting to your honor and good sense to keep you out of mischief, but you have trespassed knowingly on the property of a neighbor, you have actually stolen something that may be assumed to belong to him, and have placed yourselves in a position where you could be arrested and severely punished."

The boys looked frightened and ashamed. No one could frame an appropriate reply.

"What would your parents and friends in the city think if the news should reach them that you had been arrested for stealing?" the doctor went on. "You might convince them that it was a mere thoughtless prank, but I fancy they would be distressed and displeased to know that you had been so imprudent."

"We just went for the excitement of the thing," Bert urged in defense. "We'll put the box back and the old hermit can see that we have n't taken anything. Anyhow, he did n't see any of us, and can't prove that we were there. He can't prove that we took the box, either, so I don't see what trouble he can make."

"He knows that some one was in the ruins to-night," the doctor replied. "He traced the trespassers with the aid of his dog, and found that they belonged here. While he may not be able to prove anything more, you have been very unwise, and I hope you will never again do a thing which might bring disgrace upon Beaver Camp and spoil our vacation."

The boys were very penitent, and assured the doctor with much earnestness of their regret. He accepted their apologies, but gave them little comfort, and they wandered off by twos and threes to seek forgetfulness in slumber. By this time they were thoroughly alarmed, and had visions of arrest and all manner of unpleasant sequels to their nocturnal adventure.

"And just think! to-morrow will be 'the glorious Fourth!'" Lefty sighed unhappily. "We were going to have so much fun, but now—well, we can't tell what will become of us."

"We're certainly in one horrible mess," Ed replied hopelessly. "I feel awful, but I'm sorry most of all about the doctor. We left him sitting there all alone by the fire, and holding that old box that's got us into such a snarl. He looked mournful as anything, and I'll bet he feels worried."

At that minute, however, the doctor was smiling grimly at the leaping flames, as he remembered the alarm of the boys and reflected on its probable value as a moral tonic. Also he wondered how this box, so unexpectedly placed in his keeping, might fit into a strange story which Mrs. Spencer had told him that evening.

## CHAPTER XI

### "THE GLORIOUS FOURTH"

THE boys' sleep was restless and troubled that night, and they awoke on the morning of Independence Day feeling downcast and apprehen-

sive. The box was not in sight, and the doctor did not refer to it. The dawn was not saluted with a roar of exploding gunpowder. Somehow, none of the Beaver Campers felt exactly in the mood for it.

When breakfast had been eaten, and the boys were busy, in a half-hearted way, about the camp, Doctor Halsey announced his intention of going up to Mrs. Spencer's cottage. The boys were surprised when he produced the box from a secure hiding-place and carefully deposited it in the boat, but they asked no questions.

Without dropping any hint of his purpose in taking the box with him, the doctor grasped the oars and started up the lake, leaving the boys plunged in a feeling of helpless, defenseless solitude.

"Well, what shall we do—stay here or quit the diggings?" Bert asked.

"Stay, of course!" Tom at once replied. "No matter what happens, let's face the music!"

"It won't be very joyous music, I'm thinking," Lefty observed in a mournful tone. "Chopin's Funeral March would be quite appropriate, I should say."

"Oh, well, we may have been foolish, but we have n't done anything desperately wicked," Tad remarked, with an attempt at cheerfulness. "Let's brace up! If anybody should drop into our merry midst, he'd be apt to think we were guilty of something dreadful."

"Some one's coming!" Jack cried excitedly. "We're in for it now! I can hear the sound of wheels on the camp road."

Tad made a comical gesture of resignation. "Tell them I met my fate bravely," he muttered. "I yield, noble Roman—"

"Oh! Why, it's only Neighbor Pettingill with the cots and stuff!" Jack announced, with very evident relief.

"Humph! I had all my yielding for nothing," Tad complained. "Next time, I positively will not surrender without a struggle. I sha'n't go through that performance again."

Mr. Pettingill, with the help of the boys, unloaded the cots, the lumber, and the two belated trunks. Then he drove off to join in the extremely mild hilarity of the North Rutland celebration.

"We may as well get busy on the benches," Tad remarked. "It'll occupy our minds and keep us from moping around. Besides, it'll look better if the police force pounces on us to demand the box. We can give them a seat for it, but not a receipt."

Some of the boys attacked the burlap wrappings which protected the cots, while others, in

an effort to construct a few benches that would stand the wear and tear of camp life, sawed and measured and hammered as Eliot directed.

While they were thus employed, their friend, Doctor Halsey, minus the box, returned to camp.

"Mrs. Spencer!" the boys gasped in bewildered surprise. "How *could* it belong to *her*!"

The doctor laughed at their astonishment.

"It's a rather odd story," he said, "but I'll tell it as simply as I can. Mrs. Spencer has occu-

piated the cottage above us for a number of summers. Mr. Raymond has lived here, and Mr. Samuelson (who, by the way, may be discussed now without fear) is an all-the-year-round resident of a comfortable farm below us.

"A year or two ago, Mr. Samuelson induced Mrs. Spencer to invest some money in a piece of property some miles back. It included a quarry and several acres of timber. He also had a share in the venture, and it promised to result quite favorably for them both.

"About a month ago, a company was formed to purchase this land and operate the quarry. Both Mrs. Spencer and Mr. Samuelson received an offer from this concern to buy their interests at good prices. They decided to accept the terms, and Mrs. Spencer brought up from the city all the papers relating to the matter. These were packed in the tin box which you discovered, and given to Mr. Samuelson, who acted as her agent in the matter.

"A week ago the box disappeared from his house, and all efforts to locate it have been unsuccessful. The man whom you discovered out there in the wilderness has been employed as a farm-hand by Mr. Samuelson, and it looks as if he stole the box

and was guarding it in that out-of-the-way spot. He is a wild, surly fellow, of whom very little is known; but he worked well about the farm, and help is so hard to get that he was kept, in spite of his shortcomings.

"Some man across the lake was anxious to prevent the formation of this company because he had an idea of getting possession of the property for his own use and profit. He must have learned



"'I GUESS THE FALL KNOCKED YOUR BREATH OUT, DID N'T IT?'"

"The box has been restored to its owner," he quietly announced.

"What did the old fellow say?" Bert asked with breathless interest.

"What old fellow?"

"Why, the hermit out there in the ruins! Does n't the box belong to him?"

"Oh, no! It belongs to our good neighbor Mrs. Spencer," said the doctor in a matter-of-fact way.



in some way that the success of the enterprise depended upon the ability of the company to arrange terms with Mrs. Spencer and Mr. Samuelson, because—too late—he called upon them, and tried to induce them to decline the proposition which had been submitted to them.

"This they were not at liberty to do, having signed certain agreements, but evidently this shrewd schemer planned to prevent the performance of the contracts by getting possession of the papers.

"He did not destroy them, or in any way alter them. Mrs. Spencer examined the contents of the box this morning, and nothing has been disturbed. She supposes that he had some hope that the men who proposed to organize this company would become discouraged and disgusted when they learned of the delay which would be occasioned, and would give up the idea. In this case his plan would be to have the box then found and restored, and make a bid on his own account for the property.

"He doubtless hired this man whom you thought a hermit to take the box and keep it in a safe hiding-place until it should be needed. He was shrewd enough to avoid having the box in his possession at any time, so that he could claim to have no knowledge of the affair, if necessary. You will see that some of these conclusions can only be guessed at, but they seem quite reasonable.

"I think the guardian of the box and the schemer from across the lake were the two prowlers who disturbed our sleep night before last. Perhaps they were meeting here to plan what next should be done.

"At any rate, the box now is in the hands of its owner, with contents unharmed, so there is good cause for a celebration of the glorious Fourth."

"Hooray!" cried Lefty.

"Well, how about our stuff being dragged out into the woods, and the sign, and the cat left here, and those tricks?" Tom asked. "The villain and the assistant villain were n't responsible for those things,—were they? Or *were* they?"

The doctor shook his head. "No. Mr. Raymond always left the keys to his buildings here with Mr. Samuelson, and I think Mrs. Spencer did, too. In their absence, he looked after the property and had repairs made when necessary. Mr. Samuelson arranged with Neighbor Pettingill to bring our baggage and freight over from the North Rutland station, and evidently he did so. I suppose some of our neighbors are trying to play a few tricks on us. The fact that those boys in the village assured us the place is haunted seems to indicate something of the sort."

"Why did n't Mrs. Spencer want us to talk about Mr. Samuelson?" Tom wanted to know.

"As soon as the box disappeared, he left home to trace it. He did not want his absence talked about too freely in the neighborhood. He was at Mrs. Spencer's cottage this morning when I called, and is much relieved to know that the matter is settled."

"What has become of Fido?" Tad inquired.

"I don't know. I rather think Fido and his master will disappear from the neighborhood. You are not at all likely to see either of them again."

"Farewell, Fido!" Tad murmured. "Joy be your portion evermore!"

"Another thing!" the doctor announced. "There will be a little celebration this evening at Mrs. Spencer's cottage, and we are invited. On your behalf, I accepted with much pleasure. Is that according to your wishes?"

"Sure thing!" cried Lefty, with much enthusiasm. "I am very anxious to see—er—Cjax again."

And the others seemed equally delighted at the prospect.

They discussed the mystery of the tin box with considerable enthusiasm, and the spirits of the boys rose rapidly. The reaction from gloom and apprehension carried them into a condition of exhilaration and noisy animation.

Tad lifted his cap from his curly locks. "A great weight has been taken off my mind," he announced. "No more do my eyes behold dismal visions of prison bars! No more do my ears hear the dull clanking of chains! No more does my nose—er—what does my nose do?"

"Reflects the beauteous sunset," Tom told him.

"If I were as green as you, and had such a sun-burned nose, I'd be afraid people would mistake me for a poppy plant in full bloom."

"Why, the idea!" gasped Tad. "Hear the child talk! Never mind! It's only jealousy that makes him allude to my peachbloom complexion!"

In the afternoon they had a jolly frolic in the lake, and used every noise-making article that the camp could furnish in an effort properly to celebrate the day. When all the gunpowder available had been sacrificed to salute the birthday of national independence, and the ardor of the celebrators had somewhat cooled, the Beaver Campers carefully inspected their several wardrobes so that they might appear at their best when they visited Mrs. Spencer during the evening.

"A collar feels extremely dressy after you've been wearing a flannel shirt!" Lefty groaned. "Ah! behold Bill in his white ducks. I see where William Ainsworth, Junior, makes a hit, all right!"



THE BEAVER CAMPERS CELEBRATE THE GLORIOUS FOURTH

Cousin Willie laughed good-naturedly. Already he had caught the camp spirit, so contagious in this merry company, and it is doubtful if those who had known him in the city would have realized at once that this was indeed the same William Langley Ainsworth, Jr., of their acquaintance.

"I 'd lend you a pair, Lefty, only they would n't fit," he replied.

"Can you sit down in those things, Bill?" Charlie asked.

It was the first time that any one but Lefty had addressed him by this name, and the boy's satisfaction grew measurably larger.

"Sure! Why not?"

"I should think you 'd be afraid of getting them dirty."

"Oh, they can be washed, you know."

"Why, yes! That 's the reason they call 'em ducks," Tad explained. "They take to water so easily. Who 's got a button-hook?"

"Going to take your mandolin along, Tad?" Cousin Willie asked.

"I don't know! I guess so!"

"Sure! Take it along, Tad!" the others urged.

The Beaver Campers found Mrs. Spencer waiting to receive them, and soon were chatting pleasantly with her two daughters, and two nieces who were spending the vacation with her.

Of course the boys had to tell the story of their adventure, which resulted so happily, and their audience was entirely sympathetic and plainly interested.

Then there were fireworks to be displayed, and the campers gallantly offered to set these off, that the ladies might be saved exposure to possible danger.

Tad and his mandolin helped the evening to pass very pleasantly. He played a few instrumental pieces, then changed to songs which the others knew, and soon the clear, young voices were raised in chorus, much to the delight of Mrs. Spencer.

No celebration which numbers boys among the guests is quite complete without refreshments, and Mrs. Spencer knew boy life well enough to appreciate this fact.

Shortly before ten o'clock, they were invited into the dining-room where they had eaten the first meal after their arrival. This time it was

not lunch which was offered, but plenty of ice-cream and home-made chocolate cake cut in generous slices. To this festal fare the guests gave prompt and devoted attention.

A little more music followed, then the Beaver Campers reluctantly spoke their words of parting, and started back toward camp. Already they felt well acquainted with Mrs. Spencer, and perhaps equally so with the four girls. This prom-

ised to be an added feature of enjoyment in future plans.

"Well, it 's been a really glorious Fourth!" Tom remarked. "We 've had a fine day of it."

"Yes," Walter agreed. "You never can tell how a day is going to end by the way it starts."

To which philosophical remark there was a chorus of assent from all the boys as they made ready to enjoy the luxury of the new camp beds.

*(To be continued)*



THE DAISY FIELD. PAINTED BY CHARLES C. CURRAN.

# THE TRIPLETS' PLAIN PARTY

BY ELIZABETH PRICE

## CHAPTER I

THE "Triplets" had stayed for a belated recitation, so everybody else had finished luncheon when they took their seats at the table.

"We 're sorry, Mrs. Bainbridge," apologized Eurie, unfolding her napkin. "But it was a case of necessity."

Madeline laughed out gleefully. "As if you needed to explain!" she said. "Don't you think Mrs. Bainbridge knows we are sorry if we have to be late for a meal?"

"And that nothing less than a 'case of necessity' ever keeps us from the table?" finished Kitty.

"Of course she knows it, girls!" Eurie assumed a superior look. "But it is usual in polite society, to which I have been accustomed, to ask people's pardon when you inconvenience them, even if they already know why you do so."

"Thanks, awfully. Your lessons on etiquette, Miss Martin, are the only safeguards of our behavior. 'Are n't they, Mad?'"

"Sure thing! Mrs. Bainbridge, is there any more of this delicious soup, or are we too late to deserve any?"

The little woman smiled quietly. "There is plenty of soup," she assured her young boarder. "And it 's all right about your being late; one cannot always be on time."

"Only in this case it was three who could n't, and that hinders, I know."

Madeline passed her empty plate, and, as her landlady left the room, remarked impressively: "There is always plenty here. Nothing ever gives out—I never saw anything like it. But say, girls, do you suppose Mrs. Bainbridge ever eats anything?"

"Really, I can't be sure, since I 've had no ocular demonstration that she does, but the inference is that she must—sometimes, you know."

Madeline shook her head. "I don't believe it," she declared. "We 've been in this dining-room early and late, and even between meals, yet we 've never surprised Mrs. B. at the table. She 's learned the true inwardness of total abstinence, that 's my opinion."

"Well, hand me that salad, and stop wasting precious time on what does n't concern you. There 's an exam at three—maybe the fact has slipped your mind."

"I only wish it had!" Madeline nibbled a roll sorrowfully, for examinations were not her favorite

pastime. The subject being changed, the three tongues rattled on at a lively rate, teachers, lessons, and athletics each receiving a share of attention, till Kitty finally started up with a quick exclamation. "Girls, do you see that clock? We 'll have to fly!"

"I 'm afraid we ought to ask forgiveness again, Mrs. Bainbridge," Eurie paused to say. "We 've stayed so long and eaten so much. But we were hungry, and everything is so good. I wonder if you know what a dandy cook you are."

"It is n't your fault if I don't," Mrs. Bainbridge replied appreciatively. "You young ladies make the best of everything."

"But how about you? Don't you ever take time to sit down and enjoy your goodies?"

"Oh, yes, in a way. But, Miss Martin, it is n't the same when you do all the cooking and planning yourself. By the time one woman markets, arranges, and prepares the food, she has had almost enough of it."

"And no wonder! Such a quantity as it takes for your hungry tribe, too. All of us are ravenous always, are n't we? Good-by."

"They are fine girls." It was n't the first time the little boarding-house keeper had made this remark to herself, apropos of the Triplets, who were n't triplets at all, but, being inseparable friends and chums, had been nicknamed by their acquaintances in true school-girl fashion. They were students in the near-by high school, but, as their homes were some miles away in a neighboring town, the three, with a number of other out-of-town students, found a pleasant boarding-home with Mrs. Bainbridge.

There was a "spread" after school in the room of one of the older girls, and the Triplets were invited. The affair was more elaborate than the usual impromptu feasts, and the guests were duly impressed by its elegance. The Triplets were talking it over as they lounged before their open fire that evening. Lessons were finished for the day, and Eurie stretched her arms in luxurious ease as she declared: "I feel so leisurely now—just as if I should n't have to join the general scramble the minute I step out of bed in the morning. Girls, were n't those sandwiches the best things ever?"

"Which ones?" Hortense's cream-cheese and brown bread?"

"Yes, and that fudge. What do you suppose she ever did to make it so creamy and delicious?"



"Don't ask me. Mine invariably sugars, as you are aware," and Madeline scowled darkly as she recalled repeated attempts and dismal failures in the manufacture of her favorite dainty.

"You can make gorgeous marshmallow butter-cups," comforted Kitty. "You ought n't to expect to excel in everything."

"I don't—not quite," modestly confessed Madeline. "Eurie, do stop poking those coals to destruction, and tell us what 's on your mind! As sure as you get an idea, you vent it on the fire and freeze us."

Eurie set the poker primly in its rack. "I am going to give a party," she announced, in the tone of one who expected opposition but was prepared to combat it.

"All right," was Madeline's cheerful rejoinder, while Kitty added: "Of course we 'll have to, after all the invitations we 've accepted."

Eurie still wore her defensive expression. "No, not that sort," she declared. "Not an obligation party, but just a—a—a plain party."

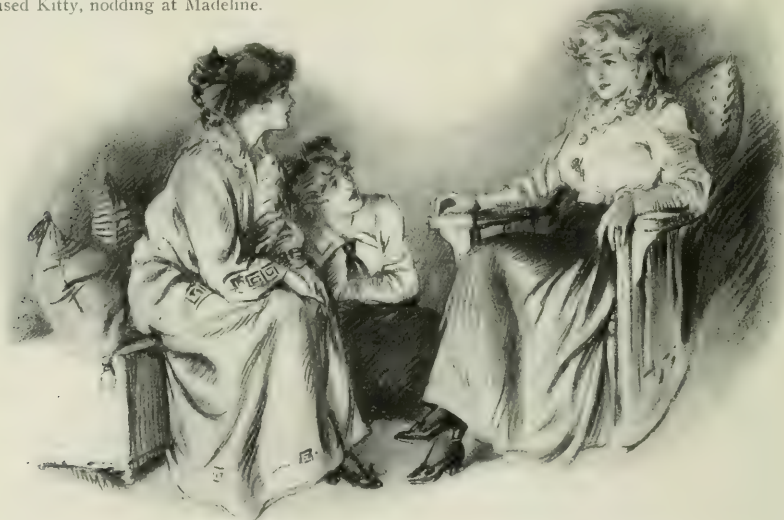
"Neither ruffles nor bias folds on her festivity," teased Kitty, nodding at Madeline.

"Go on, Eureka! The certainty cannot be more harrowing than this suspense. Tell us the worst at once, I beg."

"There is n't any 'worst' to it, Kit. It 's going to be lovely, and you 'll both help me." Eurie reached for the poker again, but Kitty got it first and hung it away in the closet, so her friend folded her hands and went on: "The idea has been simmering in my brain all afternoon, and since Hortense's party it has taken definite shape—"

"Like the genii that issued from the casket in the old fairy tale?"

"Exactly. Kindly refrain from further interruption. You remember how at Hortense's there was almost an embarrassment of riches and other bonbons. I could n't help thinking how some people would enjoy all those goodies—people who



"I AM GOING TO GIVE A PARTY," EURIE ANNOUNCED.

"Yes, both, and tucks and embroidery besides," insisted Eurie.

Madeline yawned and leaned back comfortably. "Too much for me," she said. "I may feel able to tackle puzzles to-morrow, but I draw the line now."

don't usually get invited to such places. So my party is going to be different; a sweet, homelike affair."

"Nothing like frankness in describing the attractions of your own spreads," said Kitty.

"So I think. I'm going to ask only the girls we know real well, and who will enter into the spirit of the occasion, with hearty enthusiasm."

"Oh, I see. A house-party, where the guests spend a week."

"Nonsense. We can do a lot of things in an



"'T'S ALL PERFECTLY DELICIOUS!"  
SAID MRS. BAINBRIDGE."

"If it is n't too much trouble to explain, what is 'the spirit of the occasion?'"

"And, incidentally, *what* is the occasion?"

"You girls are a great trial to me at times," Eurie sighed resignedly. "When one yearns for sympathy and intuitive understanding, it is most discouraging to have to stop and explain that b-a-t spells bat."

"Give our intuitions the merest crumb of a clue, and they'll go straight to work," promised Madeline.

"Sympathy has to have some foundation to rest upon. It is n't like an orchid, which subsists on oxygen—or is it carbonic-acid gas?" This from Kitty, who was studying botany.

"Now do hush and be as sensible as you can, girls," said Eurie, "and help me to think of every nice thing we can do. Mandolins, you know, and gleees and charades and a sketching contest."

afternoon—Saturday, of course—and have a dream of a spread, too."

"I utterly refuse to go to a party where the refreshments are only dreamed of," began Kitty, but Eurie withered her with a glance.

"Chafing-dish stunts," the announcement proceeded, "and Russian tea, with little bits of pickles and crisp crackers and olives and caramels and cheese-straws."

"Served in the order named?" asked Madeline, meekly.

"Of course not, goose! You are to be the goddess of the chafing-dish, because you can do all the creamed things so well. Kitty, you can attend to the tea, because you can't cook a human thing—"

"Which, not being a cannibal, I do not contradict," interpolated that young lady.

"There is something still unrevealed," Madeline spoke with conviction. "She has n't told us the reason for this inspiration. I feel it!"

"I can do it in two words. Mrs. Bainbridge." "Wha-at?"

"You heard. Yes, I mean it. I am—or, rather, we are—going to make her our guest of honor and entertain her royally, and, for once, give her something to eat she has n't had to prepare or even think about till it's set before her!"

"Oh, but, Eurie! grown-ups would n't care for our harum-scarum spreads. We'll have to have table-cloths and dishes, and—"

"No, ma'am." Eurie was firm. "Just a regular school-girl frolic, eatables and all. She'll enjoy it, but even if she did n't it would do her good and give her something to think about for a day or two besides pork and beef and ice-cream."

"Maybe she might enjoy a change."

Kitty's voice was thoughtful, but Eurie was positive.

"Enjoy it? She's suffering for it. She's been as good as she could be to us girls all winter, and we have n't done a thing to show we appreciate it. I think it's time we did."

"If you are determined to go outside our ranks, had n't we better borrow the dining-room?"

"No—no—no! Don't you see that the dining-room is the main thing we want to keep her out of—that and the kitchen?"

"But she could n't spare the time on Saturday. She's always too busy."

"I thought about that, too. Girls—" Eurie paused long enough to make her next sentence impressive—"we, the Triplets, are going to help her with her work all Saturday forenoon. We will rub silver, polish glass, pare potatoes, and make French dressing, till our landlady won't have the ghost of an excuse to decline our invitation."

"Well, did you ever?" demanded Madeline.

"Cool, to say the least," remarked Kitty.

Eurie rocked calmly on. "There's no use getting tragic," she declared. "It's decided, and there's nothing to do but fall in line. Honestly, girls, put us in her place. She is n't old nor ugly—though if she was both she'd still be human—and she's overworked and uncomplaining and good to us—and—she needs a lark."

"Anything else?" Kitty's tone was mildly ironical.

"Several things, only I had to stop to take breath. Anyhow, that's enough, and we're going to give her the time of her life." The speaker paused, but there was no response, so she bowed politely and remarked: "Thanks, ever so much. I knew I could depend on you both."

"Come on to bed, Mad. We could argue straight through till breakfast-time, and when Eurie's in her present mood she'd be unmoved."

Kitty twitched her room-mate's sleeve, but Madeline sat still. "I guess she's right," she remarked presently. "I don't suppose it would be much fun to cook and wash dishes all the time without any recreation, and if we do it we might as well do it right."

"My sentiments, exactly." Eurie beamed.

"Of course I'll give in when all my Triplets are against me," Kitty said, with mock gravity, but her eyes were bright as she added inconsistently: "She is a dear and no mistake. She shall have a lark to remember, or it sha'n't be our fault."

## CHAPTER II

MRS. BAINBRIDGE was in the kitchen next day when they waylaid her. Not that the fact was at all remarkable, for she spent much of her time in that humble but very important apartment. She had a little worried line between her eyes, for Sarah Jane, her helpless "help," had just demolished a treasured dish, and the roast for dinner had not put in an appearance. She sighed heavily just as three bright faces peeped through the slide and three blithe voices chimed a greeting. She smiled, of course—who would n't with a picture like that in sight?

"Just one minute, Mrs. Bainbridge." Eurie was spokesman. "We are n't going to bother; we've come to invite you to a party up in our room, Saturday from two-thirty to five-thirty. Oh, yes, you can. Why, bless you, lady mine! you're the guest of honor—you can't send regrets. Yes, we do want you, so much we mean to have you. You won't be too busy—we're coming to help you get ready. No, indeed! no full dress; gingham aprons if you like. Just a frolic, Mrs. Bainbridge. You'll enjoy it. Good-by."

The three bright faces disappeared as suddenly as they had come, but somehow the kitchen seemed less gloomy. "The dears!" exclaimed Mrs. Bainbridge. "The idea of their asking me to their party!" Sarah Jane stared stupidly while her mistress wiped a suspicious dimness from eyes that nevertheless shone softly. "I'd love to go. They do have such good times together. I often hear them laughing and singing, and it almost makes me forget that I'm not a girl myself again. After all, it has n't been so long since I was their age. Bless their hearts! Sarah Jane, you may lay those pieces on the shelf. I think the dish can be mended."

"But you told me to throw them away, ma'am."

"So I did, but I've changed my mind. And there comes the butcher's boy, so the roast is in time after all. It does me a world of good to think they want me, though of course I can't go."

But of course she did. She had not counted on her would-be hostesses when she said that. Early Saturday morning they appeared, "armed for the fray," as Kitty expressed it. Mrs. Bainbridge began a polite refusal of their assistance, but she never finished it, for Eurie seized broom and duster as one to the manner born, Kitty took forcible possession of dish-mop and tea-towel, while Madeline fell to seeding raisins with a practised hand. "You see," she assured her bewildered landlady, "we are not solely ornamental. We've been brought up to know a few useful things, just for the sake of variety."

Mrs. Bainbridge came to believe it before the morning was gone, for the work disappeared as by magic, and the drudgery of the Saturday baking was turned to a pleasure. Who would n't enjoy making cake with an admiring trio to exclaim over its deliciousness? Or pies, when three assistants begged for directions for making the flaky crust? Of course it kept them busy the morning long, but as they left to dress for luncheon, Eurie waited to say: "Two-thirty, sharp, Mrs. Bainbridge. We've got dinner planned so Sarah Jane can't spoil it if she tries, though, to relieve your own mind, I suggest that you put her to bed for the afternoon."

"I am coming if my dinner goes to rack and ruin!" was the reckless rejoinder. "After all that has been done to prove that you want me to go, I could n't do less than prove that I want to go. I'll be there, you dears!"

"She's coming; now it's up to us to make good." Eurie was earnest if slangy.

"We'll do it, never fear, even though it is a trifle complicated to run a boarding-house and cater for a banquet at one and the same time. Eurie, have you any alcohol for the chafing-dish?"

"I have. Also some oysters and patty-shells. Everything's in the big bandbox. My hat? Oh, it's in there somewhere. Don't spill that milk over my Sunday gown if you can help it. Kitty, count the spoons, will you? Not as a precautionary measure, but just to see if I must ask my guests to bring their own utensils. Somebody hook me up, please, while I open the olives."

They had kept their word in the matter of invitations, so the girls who helped to entertain the "guest of honor" that Saturday afternoon were as pleasant as one could wish to meet, and obeyed to a man the strict injunction each had received. "You are to act as if there was n't a soul there but ourselves. Be as silly and giggly as usual, and do all your entertainment stunts as if you were alone with your looking-glass."

Mrs. Bainbridge, in a pretty black dress, with a girlish pink bow in her hair, entered into the

fun with all her might, and after a while took her turn at the program and told a Southern dialect tale inimitably. That brought down the house, as it were, and put her on an equality with her entertainers. "Age limitations" were lost sight of, dignity forgotten, and stiffness thrown to the winds.

"But we'll have to get at our spread, girls, or we'll never finish by five-thirty," insisted Eurie, at last, passing pickles as she spoke and following them with caramels. Nobody cared, and, stranger still, nobody suffered from indigestion afterward, though every rule of dietetics was shattered. As for Mrs. Bainbridge, they heaped her plate with every dainty the bandbox offered, and she enjoyed them all.

"I have n't eaten as much in years," she declared at last. "Those patties were nectar and ambrosia."

"Not half as good as the ones you make," said Kitty, emphatically. "And, to be quite frank, the tea is bitter and the cheese-straws tough. But everything goes at our spreads, Mrs. Bainbridge."

That lady sighed contentedly. "It's all perfectly delicious. Yes, Miss Madeline, just one more spoonful. I shall not eat anything there is down-stairs after this. No common boiled ham and mince-pies for me to-night!"

They would n't let her go till she had promised to spend an evening with each girl in turn, and had almost consented to a "reading" in her own parlor, where some of the favorite teachers from the school could be invited.

She broke away at last and hurried to the kitchen and the dinner for her boarders, but she ran down the stairs as if a half-dozen years had fallen away from her since she ascended them, and hummed blithely over her range the refrain of a college glee.

Up-stairs the Triplets were talking it over. "She's a regular Cinderella in disguise!" declared Eurie. "I always knew she was nice, but I never dreamed how nice!"

"We started out to be self-sacrificing, but we surely did get left." Kitty's diction was emphatic, if not above reproach. "She's as full of fun as any girl in the lot when she gets a chance to show it."

"We'll count her in after this whenever she'll let us," said Madeline. And they did.

It was a small thing, yes, but it led to many pleasant happenings, as small things sometimes do. The little landlady never again had to listen to the girlish song and laughter in her upper rooms, with a wistful longing for her own girlhood, only a little way behind. Instead, she was freely "counted in," both giving and receiving help. But of all her girl friends none were quite so near and dear as the Triplets.



# THE LUCKY SIXPENCE

BY EMILIE BENSON KNIPE AND ALDEN ARTHUR KNIPE

## CHAPTER XVII

### HIS EXCELLENCY, GENERAL WASHINGTON

BROTHER JOHN was so happy and so boyish, and so earnest withal, that I caught his enthusiasm over this good news from France.

"Oh, I am pleased!" I cried; "I hoped the paper would secure me a welcome, but if 't will help to beat the British and free us from slavery, I am more than glad!"

"Listen to the little rebel!" he mocked gaily. "When and where have you come by such treasonous notions?"

And this, of course, led me to tell of Captain Timmons and of our talks together.

"I fear 't will be a long time ere we see the captain again," said Brother John, rather sadly. "He and the crew have certainly been taken, and will be shipped to England. No doubt he expected to be exchanged sooner or later, and then give us the location of the cargo. But now 't is like to stay hid till the end of the war, and we need powder this minute."

"But I know where 't was hid," I exclaimed.

"Nay, do you, Bee? Then you are a treasure indeed! Tell me!" he cried.

But though the words were on the tip of my tongue, they would not come, and for a while I racked my brains.

"Aye, now I have it!" I said at last. "'T is ten miles north-northeast of the Candlestick."

"But where is the Candlestick?" asked Brother John, in perplexity.

"Nay, that I cannot tell you," I replied; "but Captain Timmons said that all the men on his part of the coast knew the Candlestick and—"

"Then we 'll find it, be well assured of that!" he vowed. And it will not be amiss to say here that it was found, and right useful it proved.

Meanwhile Brother John had been rowing hard, and we were now rapidly approaching the town of New York, which was situated on a point of land running between two great rivers.

I looked eagerly ahead as we approached it, and was surprised to see, instead of Indian wigwams, pleasant houses with gardens coming down to the water's edge.

But no sooner had Brother John brought his boat to land than he hurried me into the town. Once or twice we were stopped by sentries, and there were barricades in some of the streets. Soldiers were everywhere in a uniform that,

though strange to me then, was to become very familiar; and all about there were signs of great activity and preparation; for, although I did not know it, the British were expected to attack at any moment.

"And where are we going now?" I asked Brother John as we hurried along.

"To General Washington," he told me.

"But must I go?" I demurred; for from what I had heard of General Washington, not only from Captain Timmons, who seemed to worship him, but from the British officers as well, I thought he must be so great and splendid that I was awed at being obliged to go before him.

"Aye, indeed you are to go!" he cried. "Think you I would miss the chance of presenting so brave a sister? And, moreover, His Excellency would be sure to send for you; so I am saving a trip."

"But my dress and—"

but he cut me short. "General Washington won't heed your clothes," he answered, "though he is somewhat particular on such matters, too. Come along and fear not. He is the best man in the whole world."

Shortly we reached a house before which stood sentries. There was some little delay before we were admitted, and Brother John grew impatient; but at last we were shown into a large room off the hall.

As we entered, the hum of voices stopped and the heads of some half-dozen officers turned in our direction.

"'T is Jack Travers," I heard some one say, and then two or three of them stepped back, leaving an opening in the group; and I saw General Washington for the first time.

There was no need to name him. I knew it must be he from the look in his face as he turned it toward us. He was so tall and stately that I thought no king could be half so commanding.

He stepped forward to meet us with a rather anxious face, I thought.

"You have it?" he asked, and his voice thrilled me.

"Yes, Your Excellency," answered Brother John, saluting. "And here is the maid who brought it. May I present to Your Excellency my sometime cousin, now my sister by adoption, Mistress Beatrice Travers."

My heart fluttered as General Washington turned his eyes to me, and why I know not, except that I was scarce aware of what I was

doing, I stood very straight, and, putting my hand to my head, made a military salute as had Brother John. A look of surprise came into the general's face, but, with much gravity, he raised his hand to his forehead in acknowledgment, and that action brought me to my senses.

"Oh, pardon me, Your Excellency!" I cried, my face going crimson with embarrassment; and I made the best courtesy of which I was capable.

"Nay, do not ask pardon," he said, taking my hand. "I think no man ever received a greater nor a sincerer compliment." And he smiled, bowing over my hand as if I had been a great lady.

With that he took the paper that I held out to him, and, with, "Your pardon, gentlemen," he read it through, with a very earnest face. At the end he lifted his head, and I saw that he was much pleased.

"'T is all we have a right to expect," he said musingly, "and must be despatched with all speed to Philadelphia. Mr. Travers," he went on, handing Brother John the paper, "you will proceed at once to deliver this to Congress. This will fit in with the safe disposition of Mistress Beatrice, whom, I doubt not, you will be glad to see settled in Germantown. Once that is accomplished, you will report to Captain McLane."

"But, Your Excellency," Brother John broke in, and his face showed anything but pleasure, "the British may attack at any moment now, and I will miss all the fighting!"

"Enough!" cried General Washington, in so angry a voice that every one in the room jumped. "Enough, sir! Must I give my orders twice? You talk of fighting as if it were the whole duty of a soldier. His duty is to obey without words. Think you, Mr. Travers, that I like to stay back of the lines in safety, or that I never long to be in the thick of it? Each man of us has his part, and yours is to proceed as I have directed you without further delay."

He paused, and the red flush of anger that had mantled his face died out, leaving it a little drawn; then he turned to me.

"Mistress Beatrice Travers," and his voice had changed so that I scarce knew it for the same, "I read your letter to your cousin, Mr. Travers, and know with what faithfulness, zeal, and courage you have performed a most difficult task. For the welcome message that you bring the thanks of this sorely tried country are due you. Were the matter not a secret one, I should be glad to recommend to Congress that some special note be taken of it. That being impossible, I can only give you my words of thanks, and a pledge that my services are always at your command."

With that he held out his hand to me, bowing low to my courtesy; and though I wanted to say something, the words would not come to my tongue.

Somehow or other I found myself outside the room again, trying to keep up with Brother John, who strode along at a rapid pace.

"Oh, is n't he splendid!" I cried, meaning, of course, General Washington.

"Aye, he 's splendid," Brother John agreed, "and I would go through fire and water at his nod; but," he added, "he has a testy temper when he 's crossed."

Brother John grumbled mightily for a while because he was to miss the fighting, but that did not hinder his prompt despatch upon his mission. Two hours later we were across the river in New Jersey, having stopped only long enough in New York to buy the few things I stood most urgently in need of.

He was overjoyed to find that I could ride a horse, and, a pair being procured, we set off in high spirits; for it was not Brother John's way to be gloomy overlong, no matter what might happen.

There is no need to dwell on this first journey of mine in America. We met all manner of soldiers and officers hurrying toward New York, and all stopped us for news of what was going forward. Every one of these seemed extremely gay and happy, as if they were on a picnic rather than a war, at which Brother John would often shake his head, predicting that there would be another story to tell ere long. The weather was exceedingly hot, and the inns at which we were forced to stop for food and lodging were overcrowded, and our accommodation was so bad that I was well content to leave them in the early morning as soon as the sun was up.

Many, many things interested me, and I think Brother John must have been well-nigh distracted by my constant questions; but he never showed it, and now I find that what I most remember of that ride was the fact that he and I became, in truth, like brother and sister.

He seemed scarce older than Horrie, though he was bigger and stronger, of course, but he had a boyish recklessness and gaiety about him that made me love him at once; and soon we were as intimate as though we had been brought up together.

We crossed the Delaware River at a little town called Trenton, that was to become famous later on, and arrived in Germantown the third day.

I need not tell you that by this time I had gotten all over my funny notions that people in America dressed in tiger skins and lived in wigwams. Bro-

ther John had laughed very heartily when I told him what I had expected, but I had no notion what his home in Germantown would be like. He had spoken of Mrs. Mummer, his housekeeper, and of Mummer, her husband, who had been his father's body-servant and was now steward of the estates. But he had given me no idea of the size and splendor of it all, so that when we turned into a lane bordered by beautiful trees, and he said, "This is Denewood," I thought we would come to the house at once, though, as yet, I could see nothing of it.

But in this I was vastly mistaken. We rode on and on through a wonderful forest that now and then opened out, showing meadows and grain fields such as are seen only on the finest estates in England; and when at length we came to a broad lawn running up a gentle rise to a splendid house set on the crest of a hill, I held back my horse and stopped to look about me.

"And is it all yours, Brother John?" I asked in amazement.

"Yes," he answered; "all as far as you can see. And yours, too, if you find that you can be comfortable in my—my—'wigwim,'" he ended, with a little laugh.

But I was too much impressed to think of aught but how beautiful it all was.

We rode on again and came to the house, where many servants, both white and black, ran out to welcome their master and to look curiously at the little girl he had brought with him.

At the door stood a plain, kindly faced woman with a smile of welcome for her master that showed a whole-hearted devotion, and behind her stood a thin, lantern-jawed man, his face twisted in a wry smile. These I knew to be Mrs. Mummer and her husband.

"We had news of you when you entered the woods, Master John, and there is food ready," were Mrs. Mummer's first words.

"Aye, you're going to stuff me as usual!" cried Brother John, patting her shoulder. "But here is another you must care for," he went on, bringing me forward. "The boy we expected, Mrs. Mummer, has turned out to be a maid, whom you have only to know to love as I do."

"Aye," returned Mrs. Mummer, stooping down and putting an arm about me, "I knew *that* the moment I set eyes on her pretty face." And she kissed me on the cheek, and I, glad of the comfort of having a woman near me once more, put my arms about her eagerly.

But Brother John had no time to lose, and after a hurried meal was off again to Philadelphia.

"Mrs. Mummer," he said before he left us, "you will see to it that the servants understand

that while I am away Miss Beatrice stands in my place in this house. To her, with your help, I intrust the honor and hospitality of Denewood. Good-by, little sister," he went on, stooping and kissing me; "'t is a great comfort to know you will be here to welcome me when I return, for it has been a very big home for just one lone man."

There were tears in my eyes when I stood in the portico with Mrs. Mummer and waved to him as he rode out of sight—and well there might be, for my heart went with him.

That night I took out my little book to write therein what had happened that day, and my eye caught the words of the prophecy set forth on the first page.

"She shall find happiness across great waters," I read. Surely it was a true prophecy, and my heart was full of thankfulness; for I had come among those who would love me, and had found a new home.

Then, noting the bit of the sixpence hanging about my neck, I thought of those other words of the Egyptian:

"The half shall be luckier than the whole."

Had that prophecy, too, been fulfilled? I thought so then, but I was mistaken.

## CHAPTER XVIII

### DOCTOR FRANKLIN

My first weeks at Denewood passed in a sort of dream. There was so much that was new, and the place itself was so extensive, that a large part of my time was spent in exploring the huge mansion and grounds. I had determined not to be a drone, and soon had my own special duties in that busy household. For Mrs. Mummer I developed a real affection, and she for me, and from her I learned much about Brother John and his father, who had been a most prosperous merchant, well respected of all Philadelphia, and had left this large estate and many trading ships to his only son.

There were many servants, both black and white, and many horses and cattle on the place; these were all under Mr. Mummer, a capable and valued steward albeit the most silent of men, whose name fitted as does a glove the hand. Mrs. Mummer would have me believe that he was in reality a talkative person, for she was constantly repeating some saying of his, either wise or witty, as the case might be, but I, for one, though he always treated me most respectfully, found it difficult to get more than a word or two out of him.

That summer was a time of preparation for the American patriots, and there was a bustling about

all over the country. War was in the air, and we at Denewood talked of little else, seeing that scarce a day went by that troops of newly mustered men did not pass our way on their march to join General Washington's army.

And for us, too, it was a time of preparation. Even before I had come, Mrs. Mummer had begun laying away a vast store of provisions for the cold season; and when I asked what it was all for, she answered, as she often did, with a quotation from her husband.

"'In time of peace prepare for war,' so Mummer says. There's many depend upon this house in winter, so I will make ready all I can."

Great quantities of flour, with corn and vegetables grown upon the place, were hid in deep vaults under the house, and, wherever it was possible, the entrances were sealed up so that no one would guess what lay behind the walls.

"Mummer says," Mrs. Mummer explained, "that war may well pass this way, and that an army is like a horde of locusts that devour all in their path. So I mean to keep something for ourselves in case of need."

Nor did Mrs. Mummer stop at what the farm produced. When salt had risen to twenty-five shillings the bushel, she doled it out as if it was so much gold; but she sent off to Philadelphia, which was but ten miles away, whenever she heard of a ship-load arriving, to buy as much as the regulations would permit.

"For," she said dubiously, shaking her head, "'t will go higher, and salt we must have."

I, too, did my share. There were jellies and jams to be made, and many other ways in which I could help Mrs. Mummer, so that she complimented me, telling me she wondered how she managed before I came. The days were long, for we were up at cockcrow, but they passed quickly nevertheless.

Of Brother John we saw little. He would come galloping in at the most unexpected times, perhaps only for a fresh horse, and would be off with scarce a word to any of us; but this was rare, for usually Mrs. Mummer would insist upon his staying long enough for some "decent food."

One day early in October he sent word ahead that he would be there to dine with a party of gentlemen on their way to town, and bade us see to it that the entertainment was worthy of Denewood. Mrs. Mummer went about her preparation calmly. There had been many distinguished guests in that house, and this was no new matter. But when it came to dressing me, she was all in a flutter, and well-nigh distracted me.

Since I had left my outfit on board the *Good Will*, I had been rather limited in my wardrobe,

having only those things that might be purchased in the shops of Philadelphia, and none of these suited Mrs. Mummer.

At last, however, the weighty matter was decided.

"This Indian muslin must e'en do," she said disconsolately. "But next year you shall have a gown worked over every inch of it. I'll make it with my own hands."

"Nay, and what's wrong with the muslin?" I asked, thinking it very pretty.

"There is nothing wrong, but 't is scarce good enough for to-night's guest," replied Mrs. Mummer.

"Why, who will be here?" I asked, for I expected only some officers of the army.

"Doctor Franklin," she answered; "Mummer says he is second but to General Washington himself."

Now, of course, Doctor Franklin's name had been in every one's mouth, were he Whig or Tory, and when I heard this news, I was like to be as flustered as Mrs. Mummer.

Finally I was dressed to her satisfaction, and she held me at arm's-length for a moment.

"Sure, you're a picture!" she said. "Mr. John wants you to have a maid, but I tell him none shall care for you but a childless, cross old woman by the name of Mummer."

"Nay, I want no other!" I said, and flung my arms about her, for she had been as a mother to me.

"Now bless your pretty ways!" she answered, with a hug. "But look to your dress and do not muss it. 'T is time for you to be off"; which was true enough, for we heard the men's voices in the hall below.

There were, perhaps, half a dozen gentlemen assembled as I descended the broad stairway, but one standing before the fire attracted my attention at once, perhaps because his dull, brown dress was in sharp contrast to the brighter uniforms about it. He was far from young, with a rather large, flat face, and I should not call him a pretty man, yet somehow I was drawn to him from the first.

As I reached the last step, he looked up and caught sight of me, whereupon he smiled broadly.

"Here she is!" he cried; "here is my hated rival, the writer of *Maxims*!" and he stepped forward and held out his hand. "Perhaps some day you will let me take a peep into that book and so start 'Poor Richard' on again."

"'T is Doctor Franklin, Bee," said Brother John, coming up; and I made my most respectful courtesy.

I was not awed, though that must have been



because I was a child, for, save that of General Washington, there is no greater name in the history of those times than Benjamin Franklin.

But what surprised me was that he should have knowledge of my book of Maxims, and I wanted to ask him about it then and there, but at that moment Sam, our black serving-man, announced dinner.

Doctor Franklin at once offered me his arm and led me forth like a great lady, the other gentlemen following.

Of the talk that night I remember some little, for I put down in my book several sayings I heard there. Of course it was all on one subject, the war with England. Some were gloomy, others recklessly confident, but all seemed determined to go on as they had begun to the end of the matter.

During the sweets, mention was made of Doctor Franklin's approaching departure for France, and there were many expressions of regret.

"We can ill spare you just now, sir," said Mr. Philips, "particularly from Philadelphia."

"In truth Philadelphia is a hotbed of Tories," said Doctor Franklin; "and when they are not Tories, they are what I like less: those who sit upon the fence with a leg on either side, ready to drop to safety no matter what befall."

"But we have some true patriots in Philadelphia," protested one gentleman.

"But *all* should be patriots," said Doctor Franklin. "Who shall row a man's galley if he will not set his own back to the oar?"

"Should France come out openly for us, there will be a scramble to our side of the fence," laughed Brother John; "and that Doctor Franklin will secure for us."

"But no one can be spared here," Mr. Philips insisted, "the doctor least of all."

"Nay, you all exaggerate," said Doctor Franklin. "As I told His Excellency, General Washington, I cannot fight. As the drapers say of their remnants of cloth, I am but a fag-end, at seventy years. If you will have the truth, gentlemen, I shall be of more use there than here."

So the talk ran on till it was time for me to withdraw, and I rose, making my courtesy to the table. Much to my surprise Doctor Franklin got to his feet also, and escorted me out of the room to the foot of the stairs, talking all the while.

"And now, Miss Maker of Maxims, good-by," he said, holding out his hand.

"But pray, Doctor Franklin," I said, "I have been dying all the evening to ask the question, but feared to interrupt. How did you know of Granny's maxims? There's scarce a soul in the colonies who has heard of them, I think."

"My dear," he began, "if you will promise to cease saying 'the colonies' and to remember that you are living in the United States of America, I will tell you."

"I shall try," I vowed.

"Good!" he went on; "and now for your question. I am but lately come from a useless meeting with Lord Howe. He is a most gallant gentleman; but, if he thinks to win his cause with pardon for those who ask it not, he must fail, as he himself no doubt sees by this time. However, it seemed you disappeared rather suddenly and mysteriously from among them, and they inquired of your safe arrival. That led to our speaking of your book of Maxims, which Lord Howe gave up to you most reluctantly, I have his word for that."

"Do you know what was concealed in the book?" I asked in a whisper.

He nodded. "'T is somewhat on account of that message that I go to France."

"And I'm sure you will convince them there," I said earnestly. "People say you are a wizard."

"And that I get messages from the clouds," he laughed. "Well, 't is not difficult to bewitch the enemy's brains."

"Did you do that?" I asked.

"Aye, by just speaking the plain truth to them," he answered, "for honesty is the best policy; and there's a maxim for your book."

With that he kissed my hand and I ran upstairs.

But before I went to rest I had to recount all to Mrs. Mummer, and then Brother John slipped in for a moment to say good night and good-by.

"What thought you of Doctor Franklin?" he asked. "Did you like him as well as General Washington?"

"General Washington is splendid," I answered seriously, "and he is wonderful, too, but he seems very far away. Even when he speaks to you most kindly, 't is as if he were a cold mountain top and you were but a little flower growing down in the valley. But Doctor Franklin is like a nice, hot stove. He is near and comfortable."

Brother John exploded with laughter.

"Oh, I should love to tell him that!" he exclaimed.

"Don't, please!" I begged in agony.

"I won't," he promised; "but you know he would n't mind. He has invented a kind of stove that is most comfortable, and beside, he had a compliment for you."

"Oh, tell me!" I cried eagerly.

"He congratulated me upon the new mistress of Denewood," said Brother John, and with a kiss he left me to return to Philadelphia.

'T was with such occasional visits and dinner parties that the monotony of the autumn and early winter was broken; for Denewood was a convenient place of meeting between certain gentlemen of influence in Philadelphia and those who were with the army in New Jersey. But for the most part we were alone, and my only companion was Mrs. Mummer. True, there were children living near us; but Mrs. Mummer said plainly that they were "Tory turn-coats," and that I must have nothing to do with them.

So for a while I was a little lonely, but this came to an end one fine winter morning. As I ran down-stairs to breakfast, I heard the sounds of children's voices outside the front door, and opened it myself. There stood a girl somewhat older than I, a boy of about my own age, and two little girls. At sight of me the girls drew back, but the boy stepped forward.

"I am Barton Travers," he said, with a rather conceited air; "and I have brought my sisters to stop here. Who are you?"

His manner was so rough that I was angered, though at first I had been delighted at the thought that here were visitors near my own age; then I remembered that Brother John had said that all who came should be entertained, so I tried not to show my resentment.

"You are very welcome; won't you come in?" I said.

"But who are you?" the boy demanded again.

"My name is Beatrice," I replied, "and I am Mr. Travers's sister."

"Nay, 't is not so," he retorted; "John Travers hath no sister."

"That is true," I answered, trying to keep my temper, "but I am his cousin out of England, and we can call each other brother and sister."

"I wonder John Travers hath an English Tory in his house!" he burst out rudely. "'T is then no place for honest Whigs like us."

"Nay, I am no Tory!" I replied hotly, for this was more than I could bear. "Come in if you will, and if not, at least let your sisters in out of the cold," and with that I went up to the largest girl and took hold of her hand.

She listlessly let me have it, and the older of the two small maids clung to her; but the youngest, a girl of five, looked up into my face and laughed aloud.

"I like you, Bu-Bu-Beatrice," she said, with a funny, little stammer, "and I 'll help you fi-fi-fight with Bu-Bu-Bart."

At this there was a laugh which seemed to smooth out all the difficulties, and though the boy, sure that I was a detested Tory, still looked

at me askance, they all came in, and Mrs. Mummer feasted us with hot chocolate.

The children were distant cousins of Brother John. Their mother had died long ago, and their father was fighting with Washington's army. Their home was in Haddonfield, in New Jersey; but since the defeat of the patriot army in New York and the steady advance of the British toward Philadelphia, their father thought it better that they should be in Germantown, and you may be sure I was glad to have them. Stammering little Peggy was my favorite, though in time I came to like Bart too; but Polly and Betty, the two older girls, were far too fine for me, and seemed to care for naught but their looks and the fashions, so that I was constantly reminded of my cousin Isabella in England.

Still the winter passed the more pleasantly for their being with us, and, except for Bart, we were all well content, especially as the schools were closed the greater part of the time, and we had but to amuse ourselves.

Peggy and I played little with dolls, but when we did, it was always at a war game, and we had soldiers dressed in brown and buff, or in red, like the Pennsylvania troop. Sometimes Bart would condescend to help us, telling us how to post our sentries and what to do to make it seem real. When I grew to know him better, I found that he was not a bad fellow. What galled him was not being allowed to go to the war. He was a patriot and longed to fight for freedom.

"I can shoot," said he, "as well as any man. I can march as far, and I would eat less."

But his father had forbidden his going, saying that if he were shot, there would be no one left to look after the girls. This was a sop that did not satisfy Bart. He suspected that it was only said to render him the more content, and his disposition suffered from his disappointment.

Spring came again, with the planting, and soon summer was upon us. In August the Continental troops paraded through Philadelphia wearing green sprigs in their hats, and all of us went to see them. What a fine show they made! While they were passing, there were in America no better patriots than Polly and Betty; but, like many another in the city that day, their feeling soon changed to the other side.

So far, though we had heard of little else than the war, it had not come near us, but in September there were rumors of our defeat in a battle at Brandywine Creek, and one day Mummer ran into the house with a face like ashes.

"The Hessians have entered Philadelphia," he cried; "and they will soon be upon us!"

With that he left us, trusting that his wife would know what measures to take in the house while he looked after the farm.

Mrs. Mummer at once secreted all the silver in one of the vaults and raised the Turkey carpets. Costly hangings and paintings were put away, and in a short time the place was dismantled of everything of value that could be hidden.

On the farm the horses and cows were driven into the woods to a place where 't was hoped they would not be found, and we did what we could to prepare for what surely would come to us unless all reports of depredations and outrages committed by the British forces were false.

But we had scarce finished the half of what we had planned, when one of the darky boys tore in with a blanched face, crying that the red-coats were on the road.

Ten minutes later, as I was about to go upstairs to my room for something, there was a galloping of horses, and then a thundering knock on the door.

"Open!" cried a voice; "open in the name of the King!"

## CHAPTER XIX

### I MAKE AN ENEMY

I SCARCE can tell why, but for a full minute I stood as one palsied. Then came another tremendous knock and shout.

"Open in the name of the King!" and with that there sounded a pattering of small feet along the passage. It was Peggy, and glad was I to see her, as if she had been a giant come to protect me.

"Cu-cu-come on, Bu-Bu-Bee!" she cried; "I 'll help you to fi-fi-fight the Bub-Bub-British!" and she took my hand and together we opened the door.

Before us stood a number of officers, and behind them on the lawn were many soldiers. All looked dusty, tired, and hungry, and the private soldiers eyed the place, wondering, no doubt, what they would find to fill their empty stomachs.

One of the officers doffed his hat as we came out, and, half apologetically, and in a most pleasant voice, spoke:

"I am come to ask if you will give us food and lodging for the night."

"And mayhap for some time to come," another snarled; "why ask when you can take?" he added.

"Strangers are never turned away from Denewood," I answered, as coolly as I could for a beating heart. "'T is the custom in this household to give food willingly to those who ask."

"Is it the custom also to furnish horses?" the rougher of the two sneered; "because I must on to Philadelphia, and the nag I have is founded."

"Most of our horses are gone," I answered; "we have but two or three in the stable; I will do what I can, though the best I have may not suit you."

"It needs must suit," he replied. "Have it up at once, for I cannot even stay to eat."

A black stable-boy named Charley had come within ear-shot, and, at a nod from me, went off to get a horse. We stood waiting on the portico till he should return, for I was glad to speed so churlish a man on his way; and while we were there Mrs. Mummer appeared and took in the situation at a glance.

"Well," she said, addressing the officers, "Mummer says, 'what can't be cured must be endured,' so I suppose you 've come to stay?"

"Aye, my good woman," said the first officer, with a patronizing air; "if you will look after the men—"

"Nay," Mrs. Mummer cut in, her hands on her hips, "I 'm no good woman of yours! My name is Mrs. Mummer, and I 'll be glad, sir, if you 'll remember it. As for your men, forsooth, they 'll have to work for their keep. You 've scared nigh all the servants from the place, and there 's wood to carry and water to draw, and I know not how much else to do, to feed that lot of hungry soldiers."

I feared the officer would resent Mrs. Mummer's words, they seemed over-bold to me, yet he but laughed.

"Your pardon, Mrs. Mummer," he returned; "by all means make them work. They 'll be glad enough to do it, I warrant, if it brings their dinners to them the sooner."

By this time Charley had come with a saddled horse for the other officer. Where he had found it I know not, for so forlorn and dismal-looking a beast never lived at Denewood. I was for making some protest, but Charley caught my eye, and I saw a twinkle of mischief in his, and held my peace. And I was like to laugh outright at the contrast between the sorry animal and the gorgeously dressed man who was to ride it.

He, on seeing it, turned on me angrily.

"Now what 's this?" he demanded loudly.

"'T-t-t is a ho-ho-horse!" cried Peggy, at the top of her small voice. "C-ca-can't you see it 's fu-fu-funny legs?"

Whereat there was an explosion of laughter from all the officers about us.

"Gad, Blundell," cried one of them, "did you think it was a bu-bu-bu-bear?"

The man at first fumed and then smiled rather

sourly. I saw that he was really vexed, and ere long would take it out on some one, so I wanted to be rid of him.

"Charley," I asked the boy, "is that the best horse you have in the stables?"

"Deed, Miss Bee," he said, touching his cap. "he 's a fine horse, 'deed he is. I 'low he ain't got much style, but he 's spry, Miss Bee, he suttently am spry. You don't think I 'd bring nothin' but de best we has for dese British gemmens?"

No sooner had Mr. Blundell put foot in the stirrup than the horse began to show signs of the "spryness" Charley had predicted; and when he flung his leg over and settled in the saddle, it straightway bounded in the air, throwing up its head in a most violent manner, and coming again to earth with all four legs stiff as boards. This it did again and again, so that a good horseman would have had difficulty to keep his seat; and Blundell was far from a good horseman, as



"BUT PRAY, DOCTOR FRANKLIN, HOW DID YOU KNOW OF GRANNY'S MAXIMS?"

"But will the beast carry me to Philadelphia?" demanded Blundell.

"Did n't you hear the boy say he was spry," cut in an officer. Blundell shook his head doubtfully.

"If that 's the best you have, put the saddle back on my own horse," he commanded Charley; and I saw the boy's face fall.

"Sink me!" said another of the officers. "I 'll wager Blundell 's afraid to ride the beast."

It was said in a tantalizing way; it hit the mark.

"Fetch me the horse," said Blundell to Charley, angrily, "and I 'll show you whether I can ride it or not!" And with that he strode down and prepared to mount. We watched eagerly, for all were curious to see him seated on that sorry nag.

might have been guessed from his sensitiveness to the taunt that he was afraid. So after a plunge or two, he landed, sprawling, in the middle of the road, amid the boisterous laughter of all.

Now I, too, laughed—no one could have helped it—and it was plain that the man was not hurt, for he leaped to his feet, the picture of fury.

"You rebel vixen!" he cried, venting all his spleen on me; "'t is a trick you and that black rascal have put upon me! I would that I had time to catch him now, but I promise you he 'll be well beaten when I return. There was a bur under that saddle, I 'll warrant!" And with that he stalked off toward the stables, and soon went clattering away on the horse that had brought him.



# SEEING THE PRESIDENT

By N. F.

Richardson

OH, Grandma, could you ever guess!  
Oh, Grandma, did you see?  
The President went down our street,  
And he took off his hat *to me!*

You know the others go to school,  
And, just before they went,  
They said they 'd have to hurry  
So they 'd see the President.

I cried a little, though I 'm big  
(But Mother thinks I 'm small);  
And I was 'fraid I would n't see  
The President at all.

But Mother said that I could go  
And stand out by the gate,

And maybe he might pass our house,  
If I would only wait.

*And then he did!* I waved my hand,  
And he saw me and smiled,—  
The others all had gone to school,  
So I was the only child.

Maybe the other girls and boys  
All heard him speak, but he  
Just smiled and smiled, then raised his hand—  
And he took off his hat *to me!*

Papa says he 's a great big man  
In more ways than in one,  
I don't know always what he means—  
Sometimes it 's only fun.

But I know this: the President  
Is not too big to see  
A little girl when she waves her hand,—  
And he took off his hat *to me!*





"A DUET." DRAWN BY GERTRUDE A. KAY.

# JUST FOR FUN



BEFORE

DURING

AFTER

JOHNNY'S FOURTH OF JULY ORATION. DRAWN BY C. E. LESTER.



MR. OWL:

'Look here, Mr. Woodpecker! We have stood your turning day into night, but when it comes to putting ventilators in our apartment, you've got to quit!'

FROG-BILL IN HIGH LIFE. DRAWN BY CULMER BARNES.

# THE CHEERFUL LITTLE GIRL AND HER CHEERFUL LITTLE DOLL

(A *To-be-continued* story for Middle-Aged Little Folks)

BY CAROLINE STETSON ALLEN

## CHAPTER I

### CHOOSING THE DOLL.

DEAR little girl, how much do you love your doll? Does she sit close beside you at breakfast and share your bread and butter? Does she sit in your lap when you coast, with your brother steering in front? And then, in the June days, when you and your doll are out in the fields, do you put her hand on the daisy petals and teach her, "One I love, two I love, three I love, they say?"

I knew a little girl who loved her doll quite as much as you love yours. This little girl's name was Elizabeth, and she lived in a pleasant village.

Elizabeth had long been wanting a new doll. "But there 's Edith Grace Ermytrude," said Mama.

"Yes, but she looks so grown-up, and her ears have melted off," said Elizabeth.

"And there 's Jamie Gordon."

"Yes; but boy dolls are n't as much fun," said Elizabeth, still more sadly.

"And there 's Susie Jane. You surely love her?" said Cousin Eleanor.

"Oh, yes, I love her!" And Elizabeth flew to catch her up from her willow cradle. "But Susie Jane needs a sister near her own age. She 's growing selfish."

So on Elizabeth's seventh birthday, Mama told her to put on her second-best hat (the one trimmed with brown ribbon and buttercups), and said they would walk to Miss Field's shop to buy a new doll. Elizabeth jumped up and down five times with joy, and ran as quickly as she could to the closet under the stairs for her hat.

"May Susie Jane come too, Mama?" she asked.

Mama was going to say "no," because Susie Jane looked as shabby as shabby could be; but she glanced at Elizabeth, and said "yes."

Elizabeth and her mama, Mrs. Dale, walked out of the front door, and down the path to the gate. The path was bordered with box; and when Mrs. Dale looked toward the fence on *her* side, she saw hollyhocks growing; and when Elizabeth looked toward the fence on *her* side, she saw sweet-peas growing.

And they raised the latch of the low green gate, and walked out into the narrow lane, and down the lane where a wood-thrush was singing,

and so to the street which led to the shop. I am really glad we have got to this part of the story, because I know you would like to go into this shop. It was n't like any other toy-shop. It was kept by a young lady who, even though she was grown up, was very fond of dolls. Her shop was arranged in three rooms, and as Elizabeth and Mama came up the street, they saw a doll looking smilingly out of the front window of each room.

One room was devoted to dolls' dressmaking, and two girls sat in this room, cutting, fitting, and sewing the dearest little petticoats, frocks, pinafores, and bonnets for dolls. How their fingers flew, to be sure!

In the second room a girl was making birthday cakes, and fruit tarts, candies, and mottos, to be used at children's tea-parties.

The third and last room was most important of all, for here sat rows upon rows of dressed dolls—rubber dolls, wooden dolls, china dolls, wax dolls, and other kinds, of all sizes, ready for sale. Miss Field herself, who was as pretty as a pink, and old enough to wear her hair on top of her head, stayed in this room and waited on the customers.

Now Mama supposed it would take, at the very least, ten minutes for Elizabeth to choose a doll; but five minutes had not gone by, when Elizabeth said decidedly: "*This* one, Mama dear, please!"

And no sooner had Mama looked at the doll than she knew why it was chosen. The reason was that its cheeks were so pink. Perhaps you think they were as pink as apple-blossoms? Pinker than that. As pink as the inside of a shell? Pinker! As pink as Baby's corals? Fully as pink, and I really think a trifle pinker. I can't tell you the exact shade, but it certainly was charming; and as she gazed at the doll, Elizabeth's own cheeks grew very rosy indeed.

The doll had soft, curly brown hair, bright blue eyes, a pretty mouth, and could say "Mama!"

"I won't climb trees with her—not ever," said Elizabeth.

"It is in-de-struc-ti-ble," said Miss Field, softly.

And then her mama said: "Yes, we will take it. And now I would like to look at those little parasols."

Guess whether she bought one, and I will tell you the answer in the next chapter.



## CHAPTER II

## NAMING THE DOLL

SHE did! the parasol had blue and white stripes, with the tiniest forget-me-nots sprinkled over the white stripes. It opened and shut easily.

Elizabeth carried the doll home, but you

him into the house, and up into the nursery, where he found, in the cupboard, a two-inch red flag, and hung it out of the window. "It's safer for the neighbors!" said he.

Don't you find it interesting to choose names? I do. It is half the fun when there is a new baby in the family. And with one's own doll and ever



"THIS ONE, MAMA DEAR, PLEASE!" (SEE PAGE 837)

must n't think Susie Jane was forgotten. She was carried just as carefully under the other arm.

When they reached home, and turned in at the green gate, there was Uncle Nathaniel; and he looked fearfully frightened, and jumped behind the nearest apple-tree.

"What is the matter, Nathaniel?" asked Mama.

"Scarlet fever!" cried Uncle Nathaniel, pointing at the new doll's cheeks. Elizabeth chased

so many names to choose from—well, no wonder Elizabeth looked beamingly happy, as she sat in her little rocking-chair with the new doll in her lap.

"Have n't you thought of a name yet?" asked her brother Jack, after a few minutes. "I could name the thing right off! Call it Ann. That's a good short name."

"Oh, Jack!" said Elizabeth, "you don't know

in the least about naming a doll! Shortness is n't all. It must be a pretty name, and it must be *after* somebody—somebody I love; and it must be a name the children around here have n't got for their dolls."

"Don't name her Dorothy then. There are six on this street," said ten-year-old Sophie. "I'll tell you! Let's all write the name we like best, and put them in this box; and then you shut your eyes and take out two."

"That would be fine!" said Elizabeth.

So she called in Grandpapa and Grandmama and Mama, and Uncle Nathaniel, and Cousin Eleanor, and big Brother Bob. To each was handed a slip of paper, and Sophie passed around pencils. Every one wrote, and these were the names they chose: Grandpapa wrote Daisy, because he thought that the sort of name a little girl of seven would like. Grandmama wrote Elizabeth, thinking her little granddaughter would like to give the doll her own name. Mama wrote Grandmama's name, Lucy; Uncle Nathaniel wrote Red-cheeks, just for fun. Cousin Eleanor wrote Alice, because she thought it the most beautiful of names. Big Brother Bob wrote *Jemima*, the name of their last-but-one cook, famous for her waffles and pop-overs. Sophie wrote *Elsie*; Charlotte wrote *Beatrice*; and Jack (with a defiant air) wrote *Ann*. Down in Yarmouthport lived Aunt Alice, who was "a perfect love," as Cousin Eleanor said; and the name Elizabeth herself wrote was Alice, because of this aunt.

And now a strange thing happened. When the papers had all been put into the box and shaken up by Jack as hard as he could shake, Elizabeth shut her eyes tight, and drew out two of the slips. She then opened her eyes and read the names, and "Oh, what *do* you think!" she cried; "they're *both* Alice! And Alice is the very name I wanted!" And then all the family clapped their hands, and big Brother Bob and Cousin Eleanor especially clapped so hard that Teddy Hallowell ran over from next door to see "what those Dales were up to now." Every one, even Jack, agreed that the doll's name certainly ought to be Alice.

The christening was next day at three o'clock, in the clover-field back of the house, with only the family invited, though the calf, Bossy, seemed to like looking on with the rest.

Grandpapa gave up his afternoon nap to come, and complimented Elizabeth on the becomingness



"HE LET FALL A PERFECT SHOWER OF TINY SUGAR-PLUMS."

of Susie Jane's new buff frock, and on Alice's complexion, surprisingly healthy for one who had lived for some months in a shop.

They sat in a big spreading circle on the soft green grass under a butternut-tree. All the little girls wore girdles of daisy-chains, and Jack a daisy in his buttonhole. Edith Grace Ermyntre, Jamie Gordon, and Susie Jane (you remember, these were Elizabeth's other dolls) were made to look as if holding one another's hands, and the children sang for them a favorite hymn, "Brothers and sisters, hand in hand." Maybe you, too, have sung it on Sunday evenings at home.

Next, Mama made a little speech, and this is what she said:

"My darling children, I am glad that we have such a bright, sunny day, and I only wish your Aunt Alice could be with us. I am sure it will please her when she knows that her name was chosen for Elizabeth's doll. Every one loves Aunt Alice, because she makes people happy. When you are playing with this doll, try, yourselves, to be like this dear aunty, and teach the doll to have kind ways. She can let other little girls' dolls share her hammock, her books, and her toys of every sort. We will try, and they will try, to treat all these things carefully; but if any of the playthings are injured, Alice must be patient, must n't she, dears? I hope you will dress her simply; a doll should never wear jewelry on the street. Don't give her rich food, for I am sure you wish her to keep those rosy cheeks."

Then Mama, who, while she made this speech, had been standing, sat down, and Grandpapa stood up.

"Your mama is, as usual, perfectly right," said he; "but the sugar at the doll-shop is so extremely pure, that we may, on *great* occasions, like the present, indulge in a little candy."

With these words, he put his hand in his pocket, raised it high in the air, and let fall a perfect shower of tiny sugar-plums—pink, brown, yellow, green, red, and white; and the circle was for a moment broken up, as the children scrambled all about to pick them up. Grandpapa's speech, though short, was thought to be very good.

It was followed by another song. Then Elizabeth said: "I name my doll—"

"Ann," said Jack, loudly.

"No—*Alice!* I name her Alice, because Aunt Alice is so kind, and because I want my child to grow up just like her."

Then the family jumped up from under the butternut-tree. They said good-by to the babbling brook and to the calf, Bossy, and walked home. For the christening was over, and Elizabeth's doll had, for always, the beautiful name Alice.

"Don't you think *my* speech was best?" asked Grandpapa.

Guess if the children said yes, and I will tell you the answer in the next chapter.

### CHAPTER III

#### THE DOLL'S CLOTHES

THEY did!

Well, now would you like to hear about all the different things in Elizabeth's doll's wardrobe?

Elizabeth had for her new doll, Alice, a nice little bureau. In the top drawer she kept Alice's handkerchiefs (six, and all neatly hemmed and marked with A, made by Elizabeth herself), her hair-ribbons, sashes, locket, beads, and other little ornaments. In the middle drawer she kept Alice's hoods, hats, knit jackets, and her morning, afternoon, and Sunday pinafores. The morning pinafores were of brown-and-white and blue-and-white checked gingham, and were high-necked and long-sleeved. They were to wear while working. The afternoon pinafores were also high-necked and long-sleeved, but were made of white barred muslin. The Sunday pinafores were of dotted white muslin, low-necked and short-sleeved, and were daintily edged with narrow lace. They also had pockets, edged with lace.

Cousin Eleanor had filled the lowest drawer with such neat piles of snowy underwear! Grandmama said it really was a joy to look in that lowest drawer. The stockings she knit were in it too. Oh, and I want to tell you that she finally decided to knit *six* pairs,—three pairs of stockings and three pairs of short socks. These socks, worn with ankle-tie slippers, were much admired by Elizabeth's friends. The party slippers were pink, the Sunday ones bronze, and the every-day ones black.

Alice's best hat was one she had worn home from the doll-shop. It was truly exquisite, made of the finest white muslin, with a wreath of eleven pink rosebuds. It fastened under the chin with pink satin ribbon, three eighths of an inch wide. Her every-day hat was of white piqué, the wide brim cut in little scallops all around.

Among the scraps taken from the chest in the attic was a piece of green-and-blue plaid, and Cousin Eleanor found that, by piecing under the hood, there was just enough of it to make a waterproof. It was the Gordon plaid, which, you know, has a yellow thread in it, and Cousin Eleanor lined the hood with yellow silk to match.

As to Alice's frocks, she had a white lawn, a "Dolly Varden" muslin, a pink cashmere, and a blue piqué. These were all for best wear. Then she had useful gingham frocks, some striped and some checked, made by a simple pattern and drawn in at the waist with a narrow brown leather belt. I wish you could have seen her in one of these every-day frocks, climbing a currant-bush to get at an especially large, juicy red currant she spied at the top. Elizabeth was all ready to catch her if she fell. And was n't it lucky that Alice was in-de-struc-tible?

Alice looked very cunning, too, in her new bathing-suit. This was made of white flannel, trimmed with several rows of light green braid.

Sophie and Elizabeth and Charlotte sometimes played out in the meadow, the same meadow where Alice was christened. And the brook flashed in the sun, and babbled its low, crooning song, to which the daisies nodded drowsily. Sometimes a bright blue darning-needle whizzed near them. Butterflies—brown, yellow, and white—tilted on the swaying grasses. Bossy, the calf, played, too, and the children were very happy.

Jack thought it rather stupid under the butter-

Mama of the children's wish just as the blue-and-white bowls were being put on the dining-room table.

The next Monday, as Elizabeth was starting, directly after breakfast, to play in the nursery, Cousin Eleanor brought from the kitchen a basket of peas, and asked her to help her shell them.

So Elizabeth sat on the top step of the side porch, and she held Alice in her lap and showed her how to run her little thumb along the edge of the light green pod. Pop! why, this was as good as torpedoes on the Fourth of July! Out tumbled the peas, with a merry clatter, into the shining pan. Three peas bounced out onto the floor.

"Be careful, deary," said Elizabeth, "your mama is n't as young as she was once." And she hopped down nimbly, in spite of her seven years, and picked up the peas. Alice took great pains with the next pod.

"Are you at play?" asked Grandpapa, passing through to the vegetable garden.

"No, *indeed*, Grandpapa," said Elizabeth; "we're *working* very hard."

"Bless your bright eyes!" said Grandpapa; "don't work too hard." And he passed on to see how his tomatoes were coming along.

"Playing?" asked Uncle Nathaniel, coming up the steps with the morning mail.

"No, Uncle Nathaniel, I'm *working* hard," said Elizabeth.

"Don't work *too* hard," said Uncle Nathaniel, as he went into the house.

"Sure 't is the rale hilt yez are!" said Hannah, the cook, when Elizabeth brought her the peas, all ready to be boiled for dinner.

After that, until the dinner-bell rang, Alice took a sound nap in her own little red-and-white hammock, while Cousin Eleanor and Sophie and Elizabeth and Jack had a game of croquet.

But as the days and weeks passed on, the doll was taught many kinds of work. When Baby's cradle was made up, she smoothed the pillow and tucked in the down coverlet. When Elizabeth tidied the nursery, Alice, too, held a wee duster, and dusted her own little bureau and rocking-chair. When the table was being set, she helped put around the bibs and napkins. And once—I think it made her feel an inch taller—she filled the salt-cellar! Oh, a doll, if she is obliging and well-bred, can do many useful things.

Guess if Mama was pleased when she saw her little girl and her little girl's doll helping so cheerfully, instead of being a care to others, and I will tell you the answer in the next chapter.

(To be continued.)



"YOUR MAMA IS N'T AS YOUNG AS SHE WAS ONCE,"  
SAID ELIZABETH.

nut-tree. He liked better to fly his kite, and to dash with it from end to end of the field, Giest, the puppy, at his heels. The dolls sat in a row facing their young mothers. How quickly supper-time came! *Would* Mama remember that they wanted their bread and milk on the piazza instead of indoors?

Guess whether she did or not, and I will tell you the answer in the next chapter.

#### CHAPTER IV

##### HOW THE DOLL WORKED

SHE did n't! Ah, I caught you *that* time! But wait a moment! As it happened, it did n't make one bit of difference that she forgot, because Uncle Nathaniel *did* remember, and reminded



# NATURE AND SCIENCE FOR YOUNG FOLKS

EDITED BY EDWARD F. BIGELOW



## INTERESTING EXPERIMENTS WITH THE SIPHON

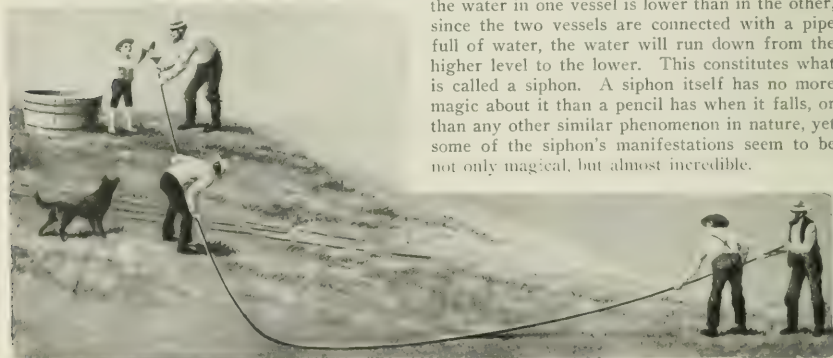
EVERY one knows that water flows downward. This fact is as familiar to even our youngest reader as is the fact that an unsupported pencil will fall to the ground or to the floor. The downward flow of water is due to exactly the same cause as the fall of the pencil—that is, to the power that we call the attraction of gravitation. If the pencil is attached to a string, and the string is passed over a pulley, it will balance at the other end of the string a pencil as heavy as itself, or will lift a pencil lighter than itself. The same principle applies to water in a pipe.

When a pipe shaped like the inverted letter U,

I WAVED MY HAT IN DELIGHT; THE EXPERIMENT  
WAS A SUCCESS.

It seemed to me that even the dog, "Daisy," appreciated the "magic."

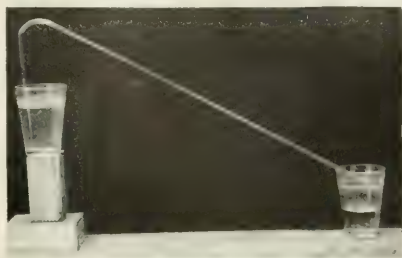
in which the arms are of equal length, is filled with water, and each end of the pipe is put into a separate vessel full of water, "the downward pull," or weight, of the liquid in each of the two arms will balance the other, and, if the water is at the same level in the two vessels, it will remain at that level in both vessels. But if the level of the water in one vessel is lower than in the other, since the two vessels are connected with a pipe full of water, the water will run down from the higher level to the lower. This constitutes what is called a siphon. A siphon itself has no more magic about it than a pencil has when it falls, or than any other similar phenomenon in nature, yet some of the siphon's manifestations seem to be not only magical, but almost incredible.



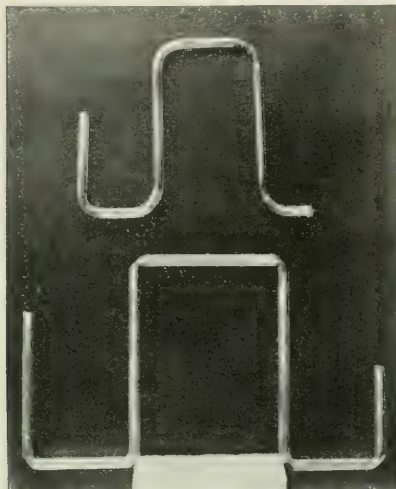
"I POURED IN WATER BY THE AID OF A FUNNEL UNTIL THE PIPE WAS FULL."

I remember that in my early boyhood I took advantage of this principle of the siphon, and made experiments. Near my home was a well from which water was drawn by a bucket, and poured into a big tub from which the cattle drank. One day several of the workmen on the farm were gathered around this well. On the ground were several lengths of pipe that had been taken from a disused pipe-line between a spring in the distant pasture and the barn-yard. The action of the siphon had always appealed to me, and I quietly decided that I would play the magician and entertain these men with an exhibition of the siphon in action. From the discarded pipe I took a section about fifty feet in length, and

ward, but this downward slope was not necessary to help me in what I intended should seem like a magical performance. One man held the longer



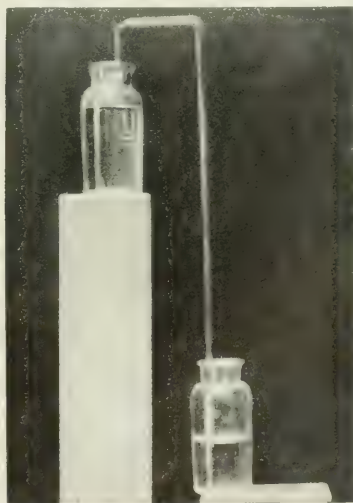
A SLANTING SIPHON CONNECTING TUMBLERS



TWO FORMS OF SIPHONS THAT ARE "SELF-STARTING" AFTER SILE STOPPING.

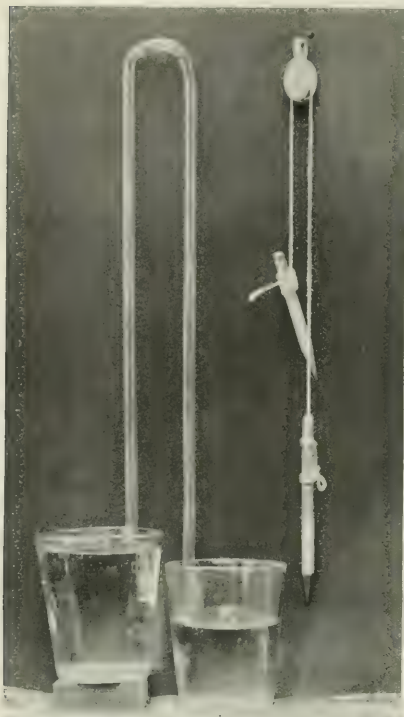
with the assistance of the men, who wondered "what the boy was up to now," I bent it into a curve so that the shorter branch was about twenty feet in length and the longer branch thirty feet. Holding the curved pipe in a horizontal position, I poured in water by the aid of a funnel until the pipe was full. Then I instructed a man to hold his thumb over one end of the pipe, and another man to hold his thumb over the other end. This pipe, thus kept filled with water, had all its parts in nearly the same level, because the curve was held horizontally. We then lifted the curved part in the air, and placed the shorter end in the tub of water. The ground about the tub sloped down-

ward, but this downward slope was not necessary to help me in what I intended should seem like a magical performance. One man held the longer arm of the pipe near the ground several feet away. And when I gave the order: "Remove thumbs!" the water began to flow in a steady stream, and continued to flow as long as there was water in the tub. I must confess that, even to me, it seemed almost like magic, when I realized that the water was flowing upward for almost twenty feet into the pipe, and doing it without any apparent cause. Of course our young people understand that it was the forcible downward "pulling" of the water in the longer arm of the pipe that was stronger than the weight of the water flowing upward in



A VERTICAL SIPHON CONNECTING BOTTLES.

the shorter section, and that it was this continuous downward "pull" that resulted in the contin-



THE LONGER AND HEAVIER COLUMN OF WATER IS "PULLING" UP THE SHORTER COLUMN AS THE HEAVIER LEAD PENCIL IS PULLING UP THE SHORTER PENCIL.

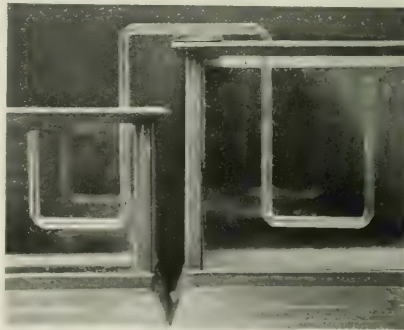
uous flow. The upward flow of the water in the shorter arm only depended upon the atmospheric pressure of the water in the tub, because the flow in the longer section tended to make a vacuum in the curve; but water was constantly driven in by the atmospheric pressure to prevent the formation of a vacuum.

This siphon at the well tub is illustrated in the heading to this article, and is also shown on a smaller scale by the two tumblers with the curved glass tube between them. Such a siphon will "pull" water over an elevation about thirty-three feet in height. The atmospheric pressure is not great enough to lift it higher than this to supply a vacuum. It will raise water to the curve as high as a suction-pump will lift it, and for the same

reason—both depending upon the fact that water can be raised by suction as long as its weight is less than the force of atmospheric pressure.

Our young folks may easily construct siphons in any form that they see fit, by using strong rubber hose, or small glass tubing, which may be easily bent into any desired shape by the aid of a gas or alcohol flame. The accompanying illustration shows a boy with a siphon, made of a series of glass tubes connected by pieces of rubber hose, that is only two inches lower at one end than at the other, and yet is raising the water some six feet above, and around, his head. The water will flow from one tumbler into the other, though the higher tumbler be raised, as in the illustration, only two inches (or even less) above the lower one, and the flow may be reversed by lowering the emptied tumbler and raising the one that has been filled. Thus the water can be made to flow back and forth, at first upward, then through the horizontal pipe above the boy's head, and down on the other side. All that is required is that the flow of the water be started by suction, and then it will continue as long as there is water in the higher vessel.

In all these forms of the siphon it is necessary to start the flow every time that the siphon is used. In the pipe at the well, I started it, as explained, by filling the pipe with water; in the piping over the boy's head we started it by suction; that is, we drew the air from the tube, and the pressure of the atmosphere on the water forced the water into the siphon until it was filled, when the downward pull of the liquid in the long



CONNECTING TWO AQUARIA BY THE "SUCKING" SIPHON.

arm started the flow, which continued as long as there was any water to pull and to be pulled. It required little force to pull the water around the curve by suction at the end of the lower pipe.



THE WATER RISES SEVERAL FEET FROM THE HIGHER TUMBLER, THEN FLOWS ACROSS ABOVE THE BOY'S HEAD, AND DOWN TO THE LOWER TUMBLER.

The current may be reversed by putting the two-inch block under the other tumbler.

Siphons are used to draw off the liquid from a vessel containing it, especially where there is sediment at the bottom and we desire to take off the clear liquid without disturbing the sediment; or the reverse may be done, and we may remove the sediment with little of the liquid. Thus the siphon may be employed to remove the objectionable

refuse or debris from an aquarium, or for many other useful purposes.

I recently had occasion to connect together a series of aquaria, each with a glass bottom. It was impossible for me to bore holes in the glass, so I was necessarily forced to use the siphon; but a difficulty arose. If the siphon should fail to carry out the water as fast as it ran in, the aquaria would overflow; and if it should carry the water out faster than it came in, the aquaria would soon be empty and the siphon would no longer act, because the siphon could not fill itself. To overcome all this I devised a form of siphon with up-turned ends that will, after stopping, start into action without any aid. In the books of physics that I have examined I do not find this siphon mentioned. It is a useful form because, when a series of vessels are connected by it, the siphon will regulate itself, and will keep the water always at the same level. Adjustment is made by the length of the last upward curve of the pipe. The illustration shows the series of aquaria in which the water is kept to within an inch of the top of each.

These siphons, unlike the simpler ones mentioned in the books, may be lifted entirely out of the water, and when replaced will at once, or "voluntarily," as one may express it, resume their work, because they keep full of water.

A series of tubs might be thus arranged for fish, for watering cattle, or for other useful and labor-saving purposes. These suggestions may enable our young folks to make some interesting experiments in the use of the siphon.

#### A PHOTOGRAPH OF A CROW BY HIMSELF

MR. H. R. CAREY invented a device by which a crow took a photograph of himself when he pecked the bait, which was connected with a string that operated the shutter of the camera.



THE CROW'S SELF-PHOTOGRAPH

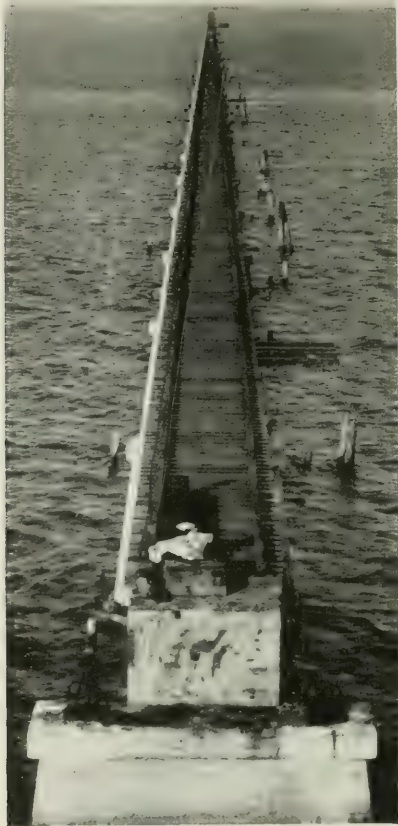


### THE SEA-GOING RAILROAD

THE railroad from the southeastern end of Florida to Key West is now completed and is open to the public. It is, indeed, a remarkable engineer-

five miles are over the water, and a considerable portion is over the sea itself.

The series of islands known as the Florida Keys may be called a series of stepping-stones leading into the ocean. They extend between the Florida peninsula and Key West in the form of a curve, the channels that separate them varying in width from a few hundred feet to several miles. Between the nearest key and the mainland is a stretch of prairie or marsh with insufficient water to float dredges, and not enough material within reach for wheelbarrow work. This condition made it necessary to dig channels on each side of the road-bed to accommodate the dredges used in building this section of the em-



A SECTION OF THE RAILROAD EXTENDING INTO THE SEA

ing feat because it is really a railroad over the sea. This is not a figure of speech, for, of the one hundred and twenty-eight miles of track between Homestead and Key West, fully seventy-



ON THE VIADUCT OF HUGE ARCHES

bankment. Channels were first dug so as to provide a depth of two and one half feet of water. Up these the two dredges slowly made their way, each digging its own channel deeper. They piled up between them the material thus dredged out, and with it formed the road-bed. The progress of the dredges was hampered and delayed in many places by the rocks, which came so near the surface as to necessitate the construction of locks to float the dredges over them. Nearly thirty islands are utilized for short stretches of the construction, the longest being sixteen miles on Key Largo. More than fifty miles of rock and of earth embankment had to be put in where the water is shallow, but, where the water is deeper and the openings exposed to storms by breaks in the outer reef, concrete viaducts were



AN EXPRESS-TRAIN GOING OUT TO SEA OVER THE ARCH-VIADUCT.

built, consisting of arch spans and piers, or steel bridges resting on concrete piers, some spans of the latter being two hundred and forty feet. This was the most difficult part of the work. The water is from ten to thirty feet deep, and the bottom is coralline rock. There are twenty-eight of these arch viaducts, aggregating ten and eight tenths miles in length, and eight steel bridges, aggregating six and one tenth miles in length.

The longest viaduct is between Knight's Key and Little Duck Key, seven miles, and is called the Knight's Key Viaduct. In many places the embankment for the roadway is eight or nine feet in height, the road-bed being ballasted with coralline limestone, of which these islands are composed. This makes a very strong, safe road.

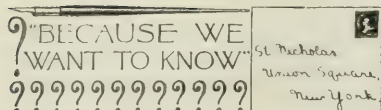
In many places where the water is deep enough

to float an ocean steamship of large size, and where the locality is exposed directly to the gales from the Atlantic, much of the work has been performed with floats, on which the concrete was mixed and from which it was placed in position by means of powerful derricks. In the shallower waters molds for the foundation of the viaduct were formed by driving piling which held in place a water-tight framework, which, when the water was pumped out, was filled with concrete.

This, the only railway of the kind in the world, is now in actual operation, and reflects great credit on modern enterprise and skill. Both land and sea are laid under tribute; and these islands, which have been likened to lazy lizards sleeping through uncounted centuries, now teem with life and thrill with the rush of commerce.



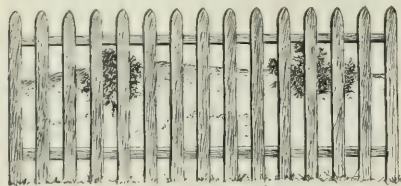
A STRETCH OF STEEL BRIDGE AND CONCRETE PIER CONSTRUCTION.



## PUZZLING IMPRESSIONS ON THE EYES

FOREST GATE, LONDON, ENGLAND.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: When I walk rapidly by vertical railings, and, as I walk, look at some object on the other side of these railings, all is clear. But when I turn away



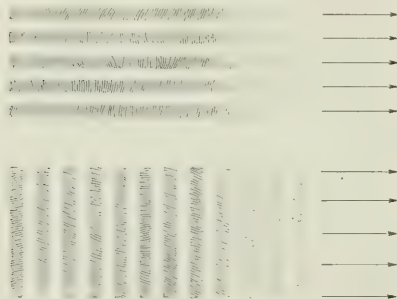
THE FENCE WITH UPRIGHT AND HORIZONTAL BARS.

for a few seconds, there appear lines running before my eyes. What I want to know is, why are these lines horizontal, and why do they move horizontally, instead of being vertical lines moving horizontally, as you would expect from an image that remains in your eye?

Yours, puzzled,

R. T. CLAPP.

What happens is, that the *upright* bars of the railing make no lasting impression on your eye. As you look at the object on the other side of the



THE IMPRESSION ON THE EYES WAS OF HORIZONTAL BARS—UPPER PART OF THIS ILLUSTRATION AND NOT VERTICAL AS IN THE LOWER PART, AS ONE WOULD SUPPOSE.

fence while you are walking along, the vertical rods quickly pass in front of your eye and there leave no after-image.

But the image of the *horizontal* bars always falls on the same spot in the retina at the back of your eye, and as, in walking, your eyes re-

main at the same height, the horizontal bars remain in the same relation to the eyes and to the object on the other side, and make a strong impression on the retina. As they are darker than the background, they produce a sharp after-image when the eyes are turned away. There seem to be several horizontal lines in the after-image because you probably look for a while at the upper part of that object on the other side, then for a while at the middle part, then for a while at the lower part. With every raising or lowering of the eyes, the image of the horizontal bars falls on another spot in the retina, and leaves there the condition for another after-image, producing in this way a series of parallel horizontal lines.—H. M.

NOTE: A scientific friend says he has observed that when an automobile passes under a light at night, the wheels seem to him to run backward.

## WHEN SPRING "PEEPERS" ARE HEARD

PURCHASE, N. Y.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: Can you tell me why peepers do not peep in the morning? If you can, I wish you would tell me.

Your interested reader,

BENJ. COLLINS, JR. (age 10).

Frog "peepers" are nocturnal animals, and seldom active except during the late afternoon or at night. I have heard them calling during the day, but they usually begin to evince signs of interest in things as the day comes to a close, and continue the calls during the night.—RAYMOND L. DITMARS.

## WHY BRUISES BECOME "BLACK AND BLUE"

NEW YORK MILLS, N. Y.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I have often wondered what makes black-and-blue marks on your skin when you are bruised. I take physiology and am very much interested in it, but my book fails to answer this question. I should be very much obliged if you would tell the reason.

Yours as ever,

LOIS W. KELLOGG (age 13).

The color of blood is due chiefly to iron in the little blood-cells. When the iron is kept in these little blood-cells, which are living and traveling around in the blood-vessels, the color is red. Hit the skin hard enough to break some of the little blood-vessels beneath the surface, and the little red cells escape from the injured blood-vessels, wander about for a while in the tissues, and die. When they die, the iron that made them red before, then changes to black-and-blue coloring. After a while, this iron is taken up by the glands called the lymphatics, and made over again into nice red cells. The iron is taken up very much more quickly by the lymphatics if the black-and-blue spot is rubbed and massaged.—DR. ROBERT T. MORRIS.

## FRAGRANT FIREWORKS

WORCESTER, MASS.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: Orange-peel fireworks are great fun. Papa and my brother Roland squeeze the rinds and I hold the match. Sometimes when the orange peel is



PRODUCING A FLASH BY IGNITING THE VOLATILE OIL FROM ORANGE PEEL.

fresh and full of oil, a great fountain of flame flashes more than a foot high. Squeezing the rind and at the same time giving a quick pinch, cause the greatest outburst of oil and so the largest flash.

The orange-oil as it is thus burned perfumes the room like incense. We never tire of fragrant fireworks.

Very sincerely yours,

MAZIE E. HODGE.

These interesting fireworks were exhibited to me by the son and daughter of Professor Clifton F. Hodge when I was a guest in his house. Sev-



HOW TO HOLD THE LIGHTED MATCH, HOW TO MAKE A SHARP BEND IN THE FOLDED PEEL, HOW TO FOLD THE QUARTER PEEL, AND HOW TO PEEL THE ORANGE.

eral demonstrations of the method were made. I took the accompanying photograph, and later another to show how the peel should be held. This experiment, like all in which a flame is used, however, should only be tried under the supervision of an older person, and care should be taken to keep at a safe distance from any inflammable materials.—EDITOR OF "NATURE AND SCIENCE."

VOL. XXXIX.—107.

## FIREWORKS FROM FLOWERS

THE gas-plant (*Dictamnus*), which has fragrant leaves and bears curious flowers, "gives off during hot weather a fragrant, volatile oil, which ignites when a match is applied to it."

Mr. Nathan R. Graves, Rochester, New York, sends the accompanying illustration of the bloom. He writes:

"I have found that the flash, when a lighted match is held near to the bloom, is more certain on a sultry evening after a very warm day. Then one seldom fails to get quite spectacular results."

The gas-plant is attractive and of value aside from its peculiar inflammable gas. The seeds should be sown in the autumn in a plant nursery bed where they are to remain for two years.



THE BLOOM OF THE GAS-PLANT, OR BURNING BUSH.  
(*Dictamnus fraxinella*)

In dry, sultry weather the flowers sometimes give out a vapor which is inflammable.

They can then be transplanted to rich, heavy soil. They bloom in the months of June and July.

[The fireworks with orange peel and flowers have in themselves no danger, but, because matches are so common, one should never grow careless in the use of them, even to light a lamp.—E. F. B.]



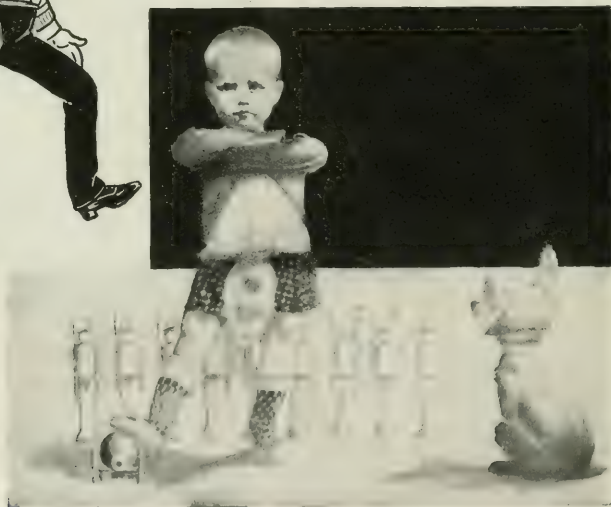
# FOR VERY LITTLE FOLK

## The Drum-Major

BY WELLS HASTINGS

Two and two, and two and two, go the  
soldiers in the street,—  
And, oh, but it's just wonderful the way  
they work their feet!  
Their captain rides a prancing horse, but  
I would rather be  
The man who twirls the shiny thing for  
every one to see.

So when I drill my soldiers here (they're  
fine ones, dressed in red),  
I am the man in the fur hat, who walks a  
step ahead.  
And though their captain's very fine, and  
though his sword is bright,  
I think they all depend on *me*, whenever  
there's a fight.



## WILLIE'S AIR-CASTLE

I wish I had an airship,  
 One 'at would really fly;  
 I 'd take a ride all by myself  
 Away up in the sky.

And when the trip was over,  
 I 'd sit on Daddy's knee,  
 And tell him all the funny things  
 An airship man must see.

## MAKING FRIENDS

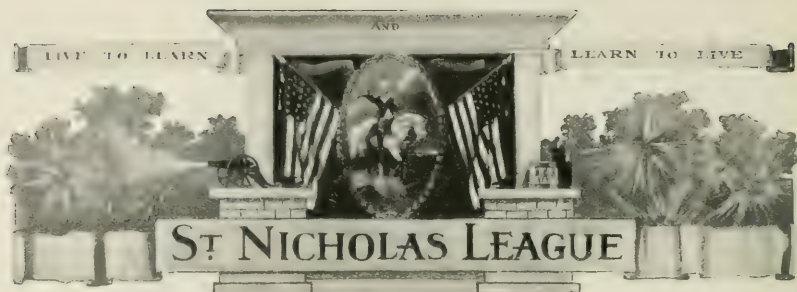
My mother called on his one day,  
 So I, of course, went too.  
 They talked and laughed, and talked  
 some more,  
 The way that mothers do.

Then Bobbie came in from a walk,  
 While I was sitting there;  
 He 'tended not to notice me,  
 And climbed upon a chair.



But when, at last, he turned his head,  
 As shy as shy could be,  
 I smiled and threw a kiss to him,  
 And he smiled back at me.





THIS being the month for "celebrating," ST. NICHOLAS would be justified in sending up a special display of fireworks in honor of the contributions of its League members. Little stories of fact and fancy, told with remarkable skill and feeling; brief poems, brilliant in idea and beautifully worded; photographs of rare charm, whether of figure or landscape subjects; and drawings, showing the touch of the real artist—all these combine to form a delightful, inspiring exhibit of what earnest boys and girls can

accomplish nowadays. Our only regret is the familiar and oft-repeated one—that the space allowed us is altogether too small to admit scores of similar contributions which, in merit and cleverness, crowd closely upon those here printed.

But every month adds many recruits to our list of Prize-winners; and the disappointed contestants, every month, merely grow more determined, and exclaim: "Not yet—but soon!"

#### PRIZE-WINNERS, COMPETITION NO. 149

In making the awards, contributors' ages are considered.

**PROSE.** Gold badges, **Hester R. Hoffman** (age 16), Terre Haute, Ind.; **Betty Humphreys** (age 11), Cambridge, Mass.

Silver badges, **Lydia Selden Chapin** (age 15), Erie, Pa.; **Harriet Henry** (age 14), New York City; **Edith Townsend** (age 13), Buffalo, N. Y.; **Kathryn Hulbert** (age 13), Bangor, Me.; **Constance Kilborn** (age 14), Whitby, Can.

**VERSE.** Gold badge, **Ben Sleeper** (age 17), Waco, Tex.

Silver badges, **Frances Duggar** (age 16), Auburn, Ala.; **Martha Means** (age 15), Akron, O.; **Merrill T. B. Spalding** (age 14), Brookline, Mass.; **Hester B. Curtis** (age 12), Point Pleasant, N. J.

**DRAWINGS.** Gold badge, **Alison M. Kingsbury** (age 14), Pittsburgh, Pa.

Silver badges, **Marion Monroe** (age 14), Muskogee, Okla.; **William McK. Murray** (age 17), Pittsburgh, Pa.

**PHOTOGRAPHS.** Gold badges, **Dickson Green** (age 15), Syracuse, N. Y.; **Anita Delafield** (age 14), Lenox, Mass.

Silver badges, **Herbert F. Traut** (age 17), Sheridan, Wyo.; **Elwood H. Gallien** (age 17), Portland, Ore.; **Joseph Kiss** (age 16), Appleton, Wis.; **Margaret W. Taylor** (age 14), Havertord, Pa.; **Richard S. Emmet** (age 14), New York City.

**WILD CREATURE PHOTOGRAPHY.** Class "A" prize, **Dorothea B. Smith** (age 12), New York City.

**PUZZLE-MAKING.** Gold badge, **Helen A. Moulton** (age 15), New York City.

Silver badges, **Isidore Helfand** (age 13), Cleveland, O.; **Laurens M. Hamilton** (age 11), Sterlington, N. Y.; **John M. Kleberg** (age 12), Cornwall, N. Y.

**PUZZLE ANSWERS.** Silver badges, **Claire A. Hepner** (age 11), Helena, Mont.; **William T. Fickinger** (age 11), Sewickley, Pa.



"REFLECTIONS" BY MARGARET W. TAYLOR, AGE 14  
(SILVER BADGE)



"SWIMMING LEAP" BY DOROTHEA B. SMITH, AGE 12  
(Prize, Class "A," Wild Creature Photography.)

## CHIVALRY

BY HILSTER H. CURTIS (AGE 12)

(Silver Badge)

I LOVE a knight; he loves me, too;  
He wins the hearts of many.  
His voice is kind, his heart is true;  
He's nobler far than any.

He says I am his lady fair,  
He is my strength and light;  
He shares my every pain and care—  
My father is my knight!



"REFLECTIONS." BY ELWOOD H. GALTIER, AGE 17. (SILVER BADGE.)

## "MY HAPPIEST MEMORY"

BY HESTER K. HOFFMAN (AGE 16)

(Gold Badge)

HERR LUDWIG fingered carelessly the violin of his fathers with its four strings, Love, Hope, Memory, and the dark one—Hate. Then, settling the instrument comfortably under his chin, the old man bent his white head lovingly over the violin, his eyes assumed a far-off expression, and he drew the bow lightly yet lingeringly over the string Memory.

The notes, though soft, came forth clearly with unsurpassable sweetness, and, after lingering in the room, sped forth to the village street, where many stopped to listen, for they recognized the opening notes of Herr Ludwig's sweetest composition, "My Happiest Memory."

The violin was a human voice telling them of a day long ago when a German lad, carrying a violin, swung joyously along a country road. The boy was on his way to a music carnival, held by the emperor, and he, the young Ludwig, intended to pit his talent against the most renowned musicians of the empire.

Soon the boy reached the hall, and the rustling of silks and satins told him that the courtiers and their ladies were arriving. The rules were read and the contest began. Ludwig was the last to play. He murmured to his violin, tightened its strings, and began.

The violin in the old musician's hands thrilled again with that melody played so long ago. It was a melody telling of love and hope, as sweet and pure as the boy's heart from which it sprang. One note, high, sweet, triumphant, ended the divine harmony. There was a silence, and then could be heard the enthusiastic applause. The emperor rose majestically.

"Thou art a great musician, lad," said he, "and in addition to the prize, I give you this token of your emperor's homage to a great artist!"

The notes of the violin were jubilant, ecstatic, triumphant, depicting the state of that young heart. As the last high, sweet notes melted into silence, the listeners stole quietly away, leaving Herr Ludwig staring at a small gold medal, bearing the emperor's arms, which glistened as brightly in the twilight as that one incident shone in the old musician's memory.

## MY HAPPIEST MEMORY

It's told by a kitten.

BY BETTY HENNINGSON (AGE 11)

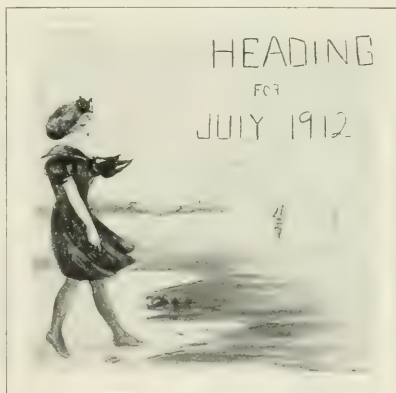
(Gold Badge)

I am a kitten,  
This was written  
For you to obey;  
Stay at home  
Until you are grown.  
That 'sack iters' away  
If you don't obey this rule,  
You will be a kitten fool.

THAT was the rule my mother taught me. I had always obeyed it, until one day I could n't bear the poky old basket any longer. My mother had gone to catch mice in the cellar, so it was a good chance to jump out and explore the house, which I did.

I stole some fish, broke a vase full of flowers, almost caught the canary (I scared him, anyhow), and had a fine time. Then I came back and pretended to be asleep in the basket. Mother never knew how I enjoyed myself that day. My happiest memory was being a "kitten fool."

N.B. I have grown up now, and tell that story to my kittens, who are never tired of hearing it. I am glad to say, however, that *they* obey the kittens' golden rule.



"A HEADING FOR JULY 1912." BY EUGENIE CAULKINS, AGE 15.



## IN THE DAYS OF CHIVALRY

BY DOROTHY DAWSON (AGE 17)

(Honor Member)

He was but a little jester,  
Ugly, small, of low degree;  
She his master's only daughter,  
Fair and proud, a princess free.  
At the jester's wit and folly,  
All the company made glad,  
She amongst them, no one dreaming  
That one little heart was sad.

Came a prince from o'er the mountains,  
Won her heart, and asked her hand;  
And, one merry, sunny May-day,  
They were wedded. All the land  
Rang with mirth; glad merrymakers  
Thronged to pay their homage due.—  
Princess, thou hast won a king's heart!  
Still one heavy heart beats true.

See! a rosebud on the pathway,  
Fallen from her glittering hair.  
It is his now, his forever!  
She has many flowers as fair.  
Hers a throne, true homage, splendor,  
His a jester's cap and bells;  
And of course his heart is merry,  
Here 's the tale a rosebud tells.



"REFLECTIONS." BY DICKSON GREEN, AGE 15. (GOLD-BADGE.)

## THE DAYS OF CHIVALRY

BY WINTERED SACKVILLE STONER, JR. (AGE 9)

(Honor Member)

In days of chivalry, so I've been told,  
All knights were gallant, kind, and bold;  
But ladies, though ever so modest and sweet,  
Made the bold knights kneel down at their feet.



"REFLECTIONS." BY RICHARD S. EMMET, AGE 14. (SILVER-BADGE.)

## MY HAPPIEST MEMORY

BY IMOGEN CAMPBELL NOYES (AGE 10)

Six summers ago, our family ate their meals on the porch all the season. A chipping sparrow was attracted by the crumbs on the floor, and finally became tame enough to eat at the table with us. Every time we put the bread on the table, "Velvet," as we called her, because she had a little brown spot on her head, was always ready to be the first one at the table.

Once Velvet burned her toes in Papa's coffee, trying to get a drink of it. Sometimes we heard a flutter, and Velvet would light on our heads. I remember once that I had some bread crumbs in my hand, and went to look for Velvet to feed her. She came at once, and brought one of her baby birds, and he perched on my foot. Velvet flew to my hand, and got some crumbs to feed the baby bird, and while she was getting the crumbs, she let me stroke her feathers. She came to us two summers, and her visits were my happiest memories.



JULY

"A HEAD-ON LOOK." BY ALISON M. KINGSBURY, AGE 14. (GOLD-BADGE.)



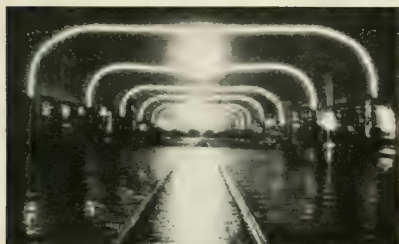
BY MILDRED H. GRAHAM, AGE 15.



BY HERBERT F. TRAUT, AGE 17. (SILVER BADGE.)



BY MARTIN A. FURNEY, AGE 14.



BY JOSEPH KISS, AGE 16. (SILVER BADGE.)



BY GOTHY M. LUSH, AGE 12.



BY ANITA DELAFIELD, AGE 14. (GOLD BADGE.)



BY ANNIE B. MALLETT, AGE 14



BY VIRGINIA F. DELAFIELD, AGE 14

"REFLECTIONS."

## MY HAPPIEST MEMORY

BY LADIA SILDEN CHAPIN, (AGE 15)

*(Silver Badge)*

I WAS very small, and yet I felt awed and dazed. I did not quite understand it. My mother had taken me to the master's studio, had placed me high among a great

And every day after that, Mother would take me to the "wonderful place"—I still call it that—and set me high up among the cushions, high up in the sunlight, with my woolly dog. And then, one day, I did not go back any more, and a new little girl, sitting on a pile of cushions, clasping a little woolly dog, and smiling out of her golden frame, came to live in our parlor.

## DAYS OF CHIVALRY

BY MARTHA MUSS (AGE 15)

*(Silver Badge)*

DREAMING, I watched the fire,  
 'T was red and yellow and blue;  
 I saw a black knight riding by,  
 'T was Richard—that I knew.

Then a lady in fine array,  
 With servants three she came;  
 Now a knight, with armor white,  
 To try with Richard for fame.

They came together with might,  
 'T was quite a serious bout;  
 Down went the knight in white,  
 But, alas, the fire went out!

## MY HAPPIEST MEMORY

BY HARRIET HENRY (AGE 14)

*(Silver Badge)*

"Hi there! Git up!!" I start forward clumsily under the pain of the stinging lash, and the stupid driver jerks me back with brutal force. Oh, my heart is



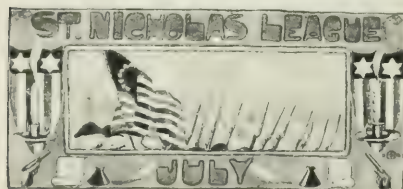
"REFLECTIONS." BY PAUL JACOB, AGE 17

mass of silken cushions, had given me a little woolly dog to play with, and had told me to sit very, very still. Then she went off into another corner of the vast lighted room, and stood talking to the master, who began slapping at a large piece of canvas with long brushes such as I sometimes used to paint with in my picture books.

I began to inspect the wonderful vastness around me. Everywhere were great heaps of painted canvas and odd golden frames; on the walls hung tempting-looking pictures, tempting because children smiled out of them, smiled at me, and called me to them. They were all pretty children, little boys in rollicking sailor-suits, and little girls in bright-colored dresses; a few wore silks and satins, which I was sure must have been very uncomfortable when they wanted to play hide-and-seek. One of my pillows fell down; the master picked it up, and told me that I had been a very good little girl, that



"REFLECTIONS." BY WILLIAM L. CHAMMAN, AGE 11



"A HEADING FOR JULY." BY SCHOFFIELD HANFORTH, AGE 14.

he had never known any one to sit quite so still before; then he went back to his strange occupation of painting in a very much glorified picture book. I wondered afterward why I had not told him about the children. Was I afraid of him? I never quite knew; the master was always a sort of strange and mystic being to me.

heavy these days. What with the cruelty of my master and the hard, hard work, my life is one weary round of misery. I think I would die if it were not for the pleasant memories of better days, which I so love to recall, and which blot out the dull agony of the present.

I like to dwell upon one May afternoon, ten years ago. I sped along a smooth, broad race-track while crowds on either side yelled loudly. A dapple filly was abreast of me and a big roan in front, while far behind, there straggled a half-dozen horses who were almost spent. I remember as if it were yesterday, Miss Constance leaning well over the rail with her head tilted

dubiously to one side and her pretty lips drooping at the corners. Did *she* doubt me? The thought gave me renewed vigor, and I shot forward, leaving the filly far in the rear. A great cheer rose from the crowd, and I overtook the roan. A moment later I crossed the line. All the men patted and praised me, and then Miss Constance came running up, and, standing on tiptoes, flung her arms around my neck.

"Dixie," she whispered, "Dixie, I'm so proud of you!"

That was the happiest moment of my life.



"A HEADING FOR JULY." BY MARION MONROE, AGE 14.  
(Silver Badge)

### CHIVALRY

BY BEN SLEPPER (AGE 17)

(Gold Badge)

A QUEEN went forth to take the air  
In garments rich, bejeweled, rare;  
Her very shoes were 'broidered round  
With pearls upon a golden ground.  
In joyous mood she merry made  
With all her brilliant cavalcade,  
Who laughed at e'en the tiniest jest  
The queen essayed (or tried their best).  
But soon she stopped in dire dismay,  
A filthy puddle barred her way;  
She looked first at one satin shoe,  
Then at the mud—what should she do?  
She hesitated not for long;  
From out the agitated throng  
Stepped forth a youth of noble mien,  
Who, bowing low before the queen,  
His cloak of crimson velvet tossed  
I to the mud. His monarch crossed.  
Then, to complete the courtier's bliss,  
Gave him her royal hand to kiss.

### MY HAPPIEST MEMORY

BY EDITH TOWNSEND (AGE 13)

(Silver Badge)

My happiest memory is of Mother, when, on peaceful, tranquil evenings, after the romps and good times of the day are over, you climb into her lap, and entwine your arms around her neck; outside the wind blows little crystal snow-flakes against the window-panes, and the fire burns brightly. You feel so contented and you cuddle down, while she tells stories, or sings sweet songs of long ago.

Or when in the soft and balmy twilight of a summer evening you and Mother sit out on the porch, and listen to the crickets chirping, and the frogs talking to one another down in the swamp, until a sense of drowsiness steals over you, and you fall asleep. Per-

haps, better still, when you are older, and the bustle of the day has made you tired and cross, you go to her and put your head on her shoulder, and tell her all about the scrapes of school, of the losing of temper, or other trials that seem so great to you; then Mother seems to smooth out the snarls, and you are content.

### MY HAPPIEST MEMORY

BY KATHRYN HUBBERT (AGE 13)

(Silver Badge)

Five summers ago, Father rented a dear little cottage on the east side of Sebago Lake.

My favorite uncle and his family spent that summer with us, and we had the happiest of times together.

Our beach, long and smooth, was in a little cove, and we built a breakwater at the entrance, making our swimming-pool safe and quiet.

Our days began early and passed all too quickly, with the early morning strolls, the dip at eleven, the afternoon tramps, or quiet readings, and, best of all, the thrilling stories around the evening camp-fire.

Father and Mother often planned a picnic on Picture Rocks, rocks from which, tradition relates, Captain Frye, chased by Indians, leaped into the lake, sixty feet or more below, and swam over to the island which now bears his name. On these massive rocks are crude drawings of hideous Indians, canoes, signs, and a picture of Frye making his leap.

We always lighted the camp-fire early, so that evenings might be as long as possible; and as darkness came on, and the weird call of the loon came floating over the water, we gathered closer to the crackling logs, to listen to Uncle's always-anticipated story.

The stars peeped forth from the dark sky, the story closed, and later, long after the good nights had been said, we lay awake watching the red embers, which seemed like little dancing fairies with torches in their



"FREE." BY WILLIAM N. K. MURRAY, AGE 17. (Gold Badge)

hands; and the fireflies, flitting past, flashed their tiny search-lights in reply.

Thus passed the summer, and with the fall, we turned our faces toward home and school, carrying with us the memory of a delightful vacation.



## CHIVALRY

BY DORIS F. HALMAN (AGE 16)

(Honor Member)

A PERFECTLY terribly rainy day,  
A little girl had come in to play  
With the little boy of the curly hair,  
Who snuggled up in the red plush chair.  
"Knight and lady," they planned their game,  
When another, almost a big boy, came.  
"Say, kid, you be the carpet-knight!"  
Quivering lips replied, "All right."  
Poor little mite!

"Is n't that nice?" said the little girl,  
"I really wanted a great big earl;  
You can stay home and the coward be,  
And he 'll fight and kill you for love of me.  
The ink will do for a coward's gore,  
I 'll make a pool on the battle floor!"  
But, truly, it was an awful sight.  
"Oh, don't do that!" cried the carpet-knight,  
All in affright.

A terrified spring from the red plush chair,  
A push from the brave knight standing there,  
The craven fell in his pool of gore,  
And his mother stood in the open door.  
"Who made this ink-spot? You 'd better tell,  
I 'll get your mothers to spank you well,  
Or I will do it. Who caused this sight?"  
"I must not tell!" sobbed the carpet-knight—  
Chivalrous mite!

## MY HAPPIEST MEMORY

BY CONSTANCE KILBORN (AGE 14)

(Silver Badge)

When spring is singing her joy in every tree, bush, and flowery;  
when the sun filters through the green leaves,  
filling the woods with a strange glory, and I can wander



"FREE!" BY WALTER K. FRAME, AGE 10

alone in their shelter, the dream pictures come, hazy,  
sweet, and far away.

I see a little old-fashioned English school-house where  
noisy, excited children are talking in little groups.  
Savory odors are floating from the kitchen as large  
hampers are packed with good things. Now many pairs

of little brown, bare feet are pattering down the gravelled driveway, and into the dusty road, sturdily climbing the steep mountain-side, and descending to the valley. A faint roar is heard, and the foaming, dashing, mountain torrent bursts into view, as, sparkling, it bounds to the valley below. There, hushed to whispered lullabies, it steals softly onward, amid the kisses of drooping ferns and gaily colored wild flowers.

See the little merry-makers, tired from their long walk, sporting in the cool waters with many childish screams of delight!

Oh, what a perfect work of Nature! this wild, secluded valley of the mountains, where the marring hand of man has not yet been; where the song of the bird mingles fearlessly with the gay laughter of little children, and the sun shines over all.

But now the dusk of evening is gathering, and twilight approaches, veiling in awful mystery these wonderful works of God. The little band is returning, with lagging steps and heavy heads; but soon kind hands have tucked them into little beds, and they are journeying into dreamland. The moon has risen, and sheds her pale glory over the sleeping earth. Peace reigns supreme.

The dream has flitted, and with a start my mind is brought back to earth and reality, for I am no longer a wee lass of six.

## THE DAYS OF CHIVALRY

BY MERRILL T. B. SPALDING (AGE 14)

(Silver Badge)

THE morning sun was rising on a day, long, long ago,  
When a knight upon his charger started out to fight the foe;

He was clad from foot to helmet in a suit of armor bright,

And as he left his castle's gate, his heart was gay and light.

A maiden fair, with golden hair, and wond'rous eyes of blue,

Had given him that very morn her hand and heart so true;

And as he rode along his way, beneath the azure sky,  
He thought of how he loved her—he would fight for love or die.

The sun was high in heaven on that day, long, long ago,  
When, with his band of followers, he marched against the foe.

His look was stern and fearless as the enemy drew near,  
But his heart was warm and loving for the maid he held so dear.

The conflict raged, great blows were struck, and shields were split in twain,

Both friend and foe alike did fight with all their might and main;

But when the day was won, the victors' hearts were filled with grief,

For among the dead and dying lay their brave and noble chief.

The silvery moon was shining on a bright and starry night,

When by her dying lover knelt a maiden, clad in white;  
They interchanged a few sweet words, and then he softly sighed,

He had kept full well his promise—he had fought for love and died.

## IN THE DAYS OF CHIVALRY

BY HOWARD BENNETT (AGE 17)

(Honor Member)

THE brooklet laughed as it leaped along,  
The castle frowned from its ramparts strong,  
The robin caroled a joyous song,  
In the days of chivalry.

The drawbridge fell and spanned the foss,  
Two glittering horsemen rode across,  
Each fiery steed gave its head a proud toss,  
In the days of chivalry.

"My lord," said the younger knight, "I tire  
Of the dull and harmless chase; I desire  
To seek real adventure." For youth had its fire  
In the days of chivalry.

"My son, I know full well how you yearn,  
But, mayhap, if you go, you will never return."  
For already the combat was grim and stern  
In the days of chivalry.

"My father, the fairest maid in the land  
Has smiled on me; for her sake I withstand  
The fiercest dangers." For strong was the hand  
In the days of chivalry.

The bowed old head did not gainsay;  
The same human heart that rules to-day  
Beat high, as the young man went his way  
In the days of chivalry.

## ONE OF MY HAPPIEST MEMORIES

BY LILSIE STEVENS (AGE 15)

So many beautiful memories crowd into my mind that it is difficult to determine which is best: but I think my happiest memories are those of little children.

None of us girls who have passed into our 'teens can turn back and be as we were seven years ago. We cannot lessen our height, shorten our dresses, or narrow our ideas to childish ones. But though we can never be children again, there is one thing which we may do, and that is, we may keep the heart of childhood, which may best be accomplished by bringing ourselves into close contact with those now in the midst of the land we have just left.

It is late afternoon. The rays of sunlight are streaming through the windows, lighting up a group of childish faces belonging to seven little people snuggled among the cushions of my window-seat. The faces are full of eagerness as they listen to a story which I am reading aloud. When I have finished, one little girl asks inquisitively, "But why?" How like myself, I think. I was the same inquisitive little body, always wanting to know the "whys" and "wherefores." And the primness of the child next to her, who casts a reproving glance at the interrupter—how she reminds me of Rose Mary, one of my early friends!

Perhaps I am speaking in too "grown-up" a manner, and talking as if childhood were a very distant past; but I think many girls try to appear very "young-lady-fied" and proper, and instead look very foolish and unnatural. I think that to have little ones about us is one of the best ways to make us realize that we are children still, for as I helped my little friends on with their wraps, kissed them good-by, and watched them go gaily down the street, I felt very near to the kingdom of childhood and the happy memories that dwell there.

## CHIVALRY

BY FRANCIS DUGGAR (AGE 16)

(Sister Reader)

LITTLE boy and little girl, on the grass at play,  
And they hear the sound of dogs barking far away;  
She is frightened, but he whispers, with his arms about  
her neck,

"Do not cry, my sister dear, don't you know, while I am  
here,  
I won't let the bad dogs harm you,  
I'll let nothing hurt nor harm you?"

Little girl and little boy, coming home at night,  
And no silvery moon above them makes the pathway  
bright;

She is frightened at the darkness, but he gently whis-  
pers to her,

"Never fear, sister dear, don't you know, while I am  
here,  
I won't let the darkness harm you,  
I'll let nothing hurt nor harm you?"

Many years have passed away,  
They're no longer at their play;  
But he still protects and shields her, still he proudly to  
her says,

"Never fear, sister dear, don't you know, while I am  
near,  
Nothing shall disturb nor harm you,  
I'll let nothing hurt nor harm you?"

## CHIVALRY

BY BRUCE T. SIMMONS (AGE 16)

(Honor Member)

Not only when the trumpet's stirring sound  
Shrilly proclaimed the opening tournament;  
Not only when the victor, humbly bent,  
Before his lady knelt, and there was crowned;  
Not only when the knights of old renowned,  
Arthur's companions, on their duty sent,  
Rode far away, and helped where'er they went,—  
Not only then may chivalry be found;

But now, whenever there is seen a man  
Helping the weak as none but strong men can,  
In quiet field, in busy, bustling mart;  
Unstained in honor, speaking only truth—  
Ah, where he stands, there is a knight in sooth;  
True chivalry reigns ever in his heart.

## THE ROLL OF HONOR

No. 1. A list of those whose work would have been used had space permitted. No. 2. A list of those whose work entitles them to encouragement. (Unavoidably crowded out this month.)

| PROSE, 1              |                      |                         |
|-----------------------|----------------------|-------------------------|
| Hattie M. Walke       | Sophie E. Woods      | Ruth Starr              |
| Edith M. Levy         | Norah Heney          | Frances Weil            |
| Dorothy H. DeWitt     | Winifred Gaynor      | Marion B. Reed          |
| Charles R. G. Page    | Elizabeth Macdonald  | Julia M. Herget         |
| Miette Brungot        | Helen Stearns        | Elizabeth Boorum        |
| Caroline C. Bedell    | Dorothy H. Sutton    | Isabelle W. Butterfield |
| Elmer H. Van Fleet    | Margaret Johnson     | Sarah Sir               |
| Helen Casey           | Elizabeth Boyd White | Howard Putzel           |
| James Sheehan         | Margaret Shaler      | Minnie Gottlieb         |
| Ruth B. Brewster      | Helen A. Winans      | Elise Terhune           |
| Ann C. Lee            | Robin Hood           | Emma H. Voss            |
| Rachel L. Field       | Elsie Windsor        | Mary E. Taggart         |
| J. Marjorie Trotter   | Dorothy M. Rogers    | Isabel M. Cundill       |
| Nathaniel Dorfman     | Anna L. Porter       | Jennie E. Everden       |
| Emily S. Reed         | John J. Haughton     | Winifred M. Bateman     |
| Alice M. Hamlet       | Madeleine J.         | Louise S. May           |
| Elizabeth F. Bradbury | Greenbaum            | Carolyn Weiss           |
| Rebekah B. Huffman    | Cornelia S. Jackson  | Mary Mason              |
|                       | Elizabeth May Owens  | Alice Lee Tully         |
|                       | Heleen Bales         | Mary Dendy              |

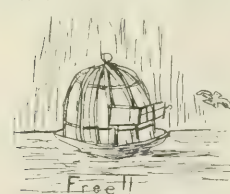
Frances Riker  
Barclay V. Huell  
Dorothy J. Hugart  
Mildred Thorp  
Herbert Philpott  
Anthony Fabbi  
Katherine E. Read  
Doris R. Wilder  
Goldie Zucker  
Lois Hopkins  
Eitel M. Feuerlicht  
Geo. F. Milliken, Jr.  
Eitel London  
Annabelle La Plant  
Herbert Smider  
Muriel W. Avery  
Margaret C. Bland  
Gertrude Thilly  
Mary Van Fossen  
Jane Coolidge  
Margaret E. Beakes  
Henry Wilson Hardy  
Marie H. Wilson  
Mary Nathan  
Mildred Weissner  
Mary Rhoades  
Katharine McLain  
Harold E. Newcomb  
Lois Kellogg  
Althea R. Kimberley  
Florence L. Smith  
Mildred A. Gutwillig  
Naomi Lauchheimer  
Emily M. Gile

## VERSE, 1

Eleanor Johnson  
Frederick H.  
Strawbridge, Jr.  
Irma A. Hill  
Renée Geoffrin  
Bernard J. Snyder  
Vera F. Keever  
Henry M. Gardiner  
Harold Sawyer  
Henry D. Costigan  
Mildred W. Longstrech  
Virginia Sledge

## DRAWINGS, 1

Jack Hopkins  
James Williamson  
Marian E. Stearns



"FREE" BY HELEN T. STEVENSON,  
AGE 11

## ROLL OF THE CARELESS

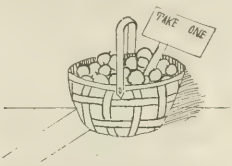
A LIST of those whose contributions were not properly prepared, and could not be properly entered for the competition.

LATE. Clarice French, Annie H. Parrott, Lillie G. Menary, Hester D. Nott, Audrey M. Cooper, Elsa Clark, Donald Friede, Doris Longton, Beryl H. Margetson, Katharine H. Seligman, Marjorie Seligman, Hester Raven Hart, Dora Guy, Margherita Auleri, Loyala B. Lee, Elizabeth Martindale, Heather F. Burbury, Eleanor King Newell, Olive M. Kimbell, Charles P. Newton, Margaret Barcalo, Margaret Polhamus, Dorothy Smith, Elizabeth Dudley, Hester M. Dicks, Edith Rice, Russell Hendee, Dora E. Bailey, Lucille Wardner, Ethel W. Kidder, Phyllis Coske, Mabel Patterson, Lillian Patterson, Claude Pelly, Antonia Schwab.

NOT INDORSED. Lucius H. Barbour, Julius Ross, Elizabeth Williams, Eleanor Fish, Elizabeth Robinson, Dorothy Phillips, Chas. Podaski, Emily Goltzman, Erma Sheridan, Caroline de Windt, Maurice Irons, Dorothy Barnard, Eliot G. Hall, Elizabeth Waddell, Laurens Williams, Georgina Yeatman, Horace Yeomans, Wyllis K.

Genevieve K. Hamlin  
Rosella M. Hartmann  
Lily A. Lewis  
Margaret Brate  
Henrietta H. B.  
Sturgis  
Nellie L. Leach  
Margaret Couty  
S. Dorothy Bell  
Dorothy Hughes  
Marjorie Flack  
Helen A. Baker  
Gladys Cole  
Gene Davis  
Ellen W. Coates  
Rebekah Howard  
Margaret A. Foster

Richard R. Haas  
Mildred Wisley  
W. Coburn Seward  
Katherine L. Guy  
Frances Scoville  
Martha Robinson  
Nellie Melrose  
Marjory F. Velie  
Joseph M. Hayman  
Allen Thomas  
Charlotte M. White  
Lavinia Sherman  
Richard L. Bartlett  
Mary P. Zesinger  
Elsie Appel  
Adele Noyes  
Margery Andrews



"FREE" BY RUTH BROWNE, AGE 11.

Agnes Abbott  
Gustave Diechmann  
Margery F. Morgan  
Jessica H. Robinson  
Lucy F. Rogers  
Alice Carter  
Marian Stabler  
Harold Beck  
George Bradley

## PHOTOGRAPHS, 1

Jennie Hicks  
Marian E. Taylor  
Marian Beard  
Bob Burgher  
Mary H. S. Pittman  
George Woodward, Jr.  
Marian A. Reynolds  
Elizabeth W. Pharo  
Gordon Kent

F. Cooley Evelett  
Emeline W. Kellogg  
Harriet A. Parsons  
Eleanor E. Barry  
Gerald H. Loomis  
Doris Buntan  
Leopold A.  
Camacho, Jr.  
Dorothy Helme  
Thomas C. Norcross  
Eric H. Marks  
Graham McChaffey

## PUZZLES, 1

Bessie T. Keene  
Rebecca N. Vincent  
Olga M. Griffin  
Angeline Bennett  
Calista P. Eliot  
Lucille Robertson  
Helen Briggs  
Gilbert Templeton  
Jessica B. Noble  
Helen L. Beach  
Gladys H. Pew  
Fannie Kuley  
Marjorie K. Gibbons  
Eugene Scott  
Alan Dudley Bush  
Miriam Loring  
Guy R. Turner  
Norval D. Marbaker  
Marjorie M. Carroll  
H. K. Luce  
Theresa W. Neuberger  
Janet Putnam  
Virginia M. Bliss  
Arnold G. Cameron  
Elizabeth Guerin

Ambler, John W. Cloghorne, Jr., Gordon Lane, W. Irving Harris, Simon Sneller.

NO AGE. Daniel B. Benscoter, James O'Brien, Alice Wilkins, Alice B. Young, James Lacey, Doris I. Knight, Adelaide C. Hibbard.

INCOMPLETE ADDRESS GIVEN. Lucile Luttrell, Howard Johnson, Reynolds S. Judah, Charles Judah, Jr., Phoebe Harris, Clement H. Watson, Jeanette Hecht.

WRITTEN ON BOTH SIDES OF PAPER. Lillia Lyman, Alberta Burton.

IN PENCIL. Herman F. Blumenthal, Dorothy R. Oppenheim, Charles Churchill, Marion Isenman, Cecile E. Latrielle, Gretchen Rand, Grace M. Finch, Marcia F. Schenck.

## PRIZE COMPETITION NO. 153

THE ST. NICHOLAS League awards gold and silver badges each month for the best original poems, stories, drawings, photographs, puzzles, and puzzle answers. Also, occasionally, cash prizes of five dollars each to gold-badge winners who shall, from time to time, again win first place.

Competition No. 153 will close July 10 (for foreign members July 15). Prize announcements will be made and the selected contributions published in ST. NICHOLAS for November.

Verse. To contain not more than twenty-four lines. Subject, "The Sentinel," or "On Guard."

Prose. Essay or story of not more than three hundred words. Subject, "My Favorite Hero (or Heroine) in History— and Why."

Photograph. Any size, mounted or unmounted; no blue prints or negatives. Subject, "A Frolic," or "Frolicsome."

Drawing. India ink, very black writing-ink, or wash. Subject, "On the Square," or a Heading for November.

Puzzle. Any sort, but must be accompanied by the answer in full, and must be indorsed.

Puzzle Answers. Best, neatest, and most complete set of answers to puzzles in this issue of ST. NICHOLAS. Must be indorsed and must be addressed as explained on the first page of the "Riddle-box."

Wild Creature Photography. To encourage the pursuing of game with a camera instead of with a gun. The prizes in the "Wild Creature Photography" competition shall be in four classes, as follows: *Prize, Class A*, a gold badge and three dollars. *Prize, Class B*, a gold badge and one dollar. *Prize, Class C*, a gold badge. *Prize, Class D*, a silver badge. But prize-winners in this competition (as in all the other competitions) will not receive a second gold or silver badge. Photographs must not be of "protected" game, as in zoological gardens or game reservations. Contributors must state in a few words where and under what circumstances the photograph was taken.

Special Notice. No unused contribution can be returned by us unless it is accompanied by a self-addressed and stamped envelope of the proper size to hold the manuscript, drawing, or photograph.

## RULES

ANY reader of ST. NICHOLAS, whether a subscriber or not, is entitled to League membership, and a League badge and leaflet, which will be sent free. No League member who has reached the age of eighteen years may compete.

Every contribution, of whatever kind, must bear the name, age, and address of the sender, and be indorsed as "original" by parent, teacher, or guardian, who must be convinced beyond doubt that the contribution is not copied, but wholly the work and idea of the sender. If prose, the number of words should also be added. These notes must not be on a separate sheet, but on the contribution itself— if manuscript, on the upper margin; if a picture, on the margin or back. Write or draw on one side of the paper only. A contributor may send but one contribution a month — not one of each kind, but one only.

Address:

The St. Nicholas League,  
Union Square, New York.

## BOOKS AND READING

BY HILDEGARDE HAWTHORNE



### BOOKS FOR USE

DURING the summer many of us live in a world we know precious little about—the world of out-of-doors. It is a world that begins right at our door-step and continues on through space to the uttermost star, to the heart of the untracked forest or unclimbed mountain, or down to the depths of the ocean. It is a world of marvels, of strange transformations and thrilling adventures, beside which the world of fairy tale or fancied adventure looks dim and tame.

### THE TIME WE WASTE

Now we do not take a tithe of the trouble to become familiar with this world at our door that we take to pore over scenes and adventures as well known to us as breakfast and supper. For one book we read that tells us something new and true of the woods, and fields, and the creatures that live there, we race through a hundred that repeat for us the story of some boys or girls living just about the lives we are ourselves living. The former books would give us accurate infor-

mation, and make us free of nature's lore. The latter only repeat what we already know.

It certainly seems a waste of time, and time is too wonderful to waste. We only have just so much of it, you know. We can't borrow it, or buy it, or save it; we can only use it. It is here, and then it is gone! And while it is here, we ought to get the best we can out of it.

### SUMMER COLLECTIONS

MANY boys and girls love to make collections, and summer is the time to make most of those that are especially interesting and valuable. A collection of specimens that you have yourself found, or captured, and preserved, will teach you a quantity of things you could hardly learn in any other way, and help you, also, to be alert and quick of hand and eye.

### A BOY FRIEND'S HOBBY

ONE boy I know has been greatly interested this winter in the magnificent collections of moths and butterflies to be seen in the Museum of Natural History at New York. As soon as school is over, he is going straight to the country, and he intends making as perfect a collection as possible of the moths and butterflies of the particular section where he is to be. The other day he asked me whether I could tell him some book that he could get which would not be too technical or difficult, but which would give him the assistance he required.

I remembered that I had found just what he wanted in two books by W. J. Holland, "The Moth Book" and "The Butterfly Book," two volumes written to meet the young collector's needs. They are not too big or "deep," and they tell in a most interesting way about the common moths and butterflies of America, as well as some of the rarer ones. There are numerous illustrations, and a vast lot of information concerning the development and life history of these lovely insects, the harm some of them do in their different forms, and just how best to capture them and mount them. In fact, if you have the least interest in this subject, you will be hugely pleased with these books.

Perhaps you are more curious about other insects, beetles, dragon-flies, or what-not? If so, get Leland O. Howard's "Insect Book." The field is broader, and you will be astonished at the won-



derful life histories recited. Insects are amazing creatures! Every pair of bright wings, or each tiny hum that attracts your attention during a summer day, has a past that is well worth the knowing.

Another entrancing book of the same character (although the subject must be studied by observing instead of by collecting) is Dugmore's "Bird Homes." It tells a host of facts concerning the birds and their young, and many charming anecdotes from personal observation. The pictures alone are a treat, showing the many varieties of nests and clay houses, and revealing the skill and care of the small builders, and how they adapt themselves to circumstances and make use of unusual materials. You will watch them at their work with double your present interest after reading this book, and you will learn how to discover nests and know the birds, besides telling one sort of "home" from another as soon as you see it.

In spring the first thing we hear that tells us winter is really over is the singing, or piping, of the frogs at evening.

But frogs do many things besides welcome in the spring, and you can find out all about them in Mary C. Dickerson's "Frog Book." You will like this book. Another, well worth while and delightfully written, is Ditmar's "Reptile Book." You cannot begin to guess how extraordinary reptiles are until you study them and try to watch them for yourself. Mr. Ditmar tells you, in the most entertaining way, of their habits and tricks and changes; also you learn how useful many of them are, especially some of the harmless snakes from which you want to run away. There are good and bad reptiles, in fact, as there are of other things, and you will be interested to learn to know them apart.

If you are fond of fishing (and what boy is n't, not to speak of the girls), you will enjoy the book by Jordan and Evermann on "American Food and Game Fishes." It tells you all about the fish you catch or hope to catch, as well as about those that are too rare or too far off for you to try for. You will also learn of the habits of the fish and where they are likely to be found, and of the many ways in use in catching them.

Speaking of fish makes one think of aquariums. This is a form of collecting that is especially satisfactory, since the specimens are all alive. There are many books on how to form an aquarium, that by Eugene Smith, "The Home Aquarium," being one of the best. Mr. Smith gives you all the information you need concerning a fresh-water collection, where to get your specimens of plant and animal life, how to care

for them and feed them, and how to make the aquarium itself. He tells, too, which of the little creatures get on best together, and which plants will look loveliest in the variously sized boxes.

#### NOT TO BE READ LIKE STORIES

Of course none of you want to read a book like those I have been talking of straight through from cover to cover as though it were a story. Some portions are to be read that way, but there are parts to which you will want to refer as occasion calls, such as the descriptions of specimens, the classifications, and scientific data. How to use a book is almost as important a thing to know as what books to get. Some books are to be read through once, some many times, and others should be kept on hand to turn to, like dictionaries, not of words, but of things.

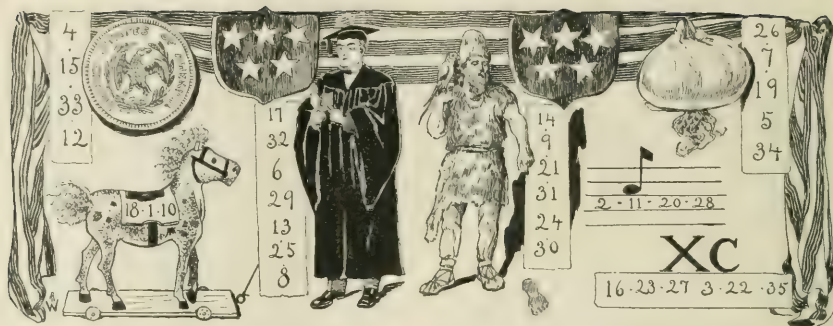
#### DON'T DROP THE OLD SUBJECT

If you decide to take up a new subject each summer, don't on that account entirely drop the old one. Have that in the background, as it were, but still be alert for fresh information upon it, for new specimens, even though the greater part of your activity is given to the new thing. If it was butterflies last year, be on the lookout for any that are new to you, even while you are perhaps collecting wild flowers or mosses or rocks or shells this year.

And don't think you will have to give up your play for this sort of work. In the first place, you are likely to find it the best of fun, and in the second you will have many a summer hour when you will be glad to have such an interest to fall back on. To discover a rare wild flower or shell, a new bird or butterfly, or to observe some fresh fact concerning an insect or an animal you already know, adds a marvelous zest to a country walk. And you will be a better camper and woodsman for each newly learned fact that has to do with nature. What you learn for yourself will stick to you. If you have a reliable book to fall back on, you won't make costly mistakes; and the summer will be richer for every secret of hers you discover.

The more interests you have in life, the more interesting life is going to be to you. If you can't play tennis because it rains, and you spend the afternoon grouching, you have really wasted your time. If you have turned joyously to doing something else, if you have a new specimen to mount or a plant or bird to study up, you never miss the tennis, and your day has been a success. Remember, there is n't just one thing, there are a hundred waiting for you to be interested in and to accomplish.





## ILLUSTRATED NUMERICAL ENIGMA

In this enigma the words are pictured instead of described. The answer, consisting of thirty-five letters, is a quotation from Daniel Webster.

W. V.

## MUSICAL ZIGZAG

(Silver Badge, St. Nicholas League Competition)

|    |    |    |    |    |    |    |
|----|----|----|----|----|----|----|
| *  | 35 | 62 | 4  | 20 | 40 | 65 |
| 60 | *  | 29 | 55 | 66 | 11 | 48 |
| 52 | 14 | *  | 41 | 39 | 7  | 22 |
| 33 | 56 | 49 | *  | 9  | 18 | 68 |
| 63 | 15 | 38 | 17 | *  | 57 | 3  |
| 27 | 8  | 25 | 47 | 31 | *  | 24 |
| 55 | 12 | 6  | 23 | 45 | 5  | *  |
| 67 | 53 | 30 | 13 | 2  | *  | 36 |
| 51 | 21 | 46 | 1  | *  | 44 | 59 |
| 47 | 16 | 71 | *  | 26 | 70 | 64 |
| 69 | 34 | *  | 32 | 37 | 50 | 43 |
| 42 | *  | 54 | 10 | 19 | 57 | 20 |
| *  | 61 | 38 | 28 | 58 | 44 | 68 |

ALL the words described contain the same number of letters. When rightly guessed and written one below another, the zigzag of stars will spell the name of a famous composer, and the numbers from 1 to 11, 12 to 17, 18 to 26, 27 to 30, 31 to 37, 38 to 48, 49 to 54, 55 to 63, and 64 to 71, the names of nine of his works.

CROSS-WORDS: 1. One of the United States. 2. A maker or solver of puzzles. 3. Rare. 4. A companion. 5. Prominent. 6. To try. 7. To mature. 8. A color. 9. A South American country. 10. A legal term meaning to invest with a fee. 11. A masculine name. 12. Idolizing. 13. Unlawful.

ISIDORE HELFAND (age 13).

## DOUBLE ACROSTIC

(Gold Badge, St. Nicholas League Competition)

ALL the words described contain the same number of letters. When rightly guessed and written one below another, the primals will spell the title and surname of one man, and the finals the full name of another, each of whom perished for his country in the American Revolution.

CROSS-WORDS: 1. The ocean. 2. A continent. 3. To joke. 4. A solemn affirmation. 5. The title given to some princes in India. 6. A river of England. 7. A biblical character. 8. A feminine name. 9. Used in fishing. 10. A city in Pennsylvania.

HELEN A. MOULTON (age 15).

## CONCEALED SQUARE WORD

(One word is concealed in each couplet)

Just see them coming down the street,  
With such a span I can't be beat.

I am not able to aver  
That this or that one I prefer.

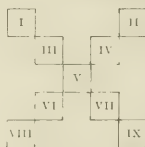
No, madam, I should hardly dare  
To let you drive them to the fair.

In vain an early start we plan,  
Where shall we find our missing man?

I have no fear, for all concede  
So fine a span is sure to lead.

HELEN A. SIBLEY.

## CONNECTED CENTRAL ACROSTIC



THIS puzzle consists of nine groups of five-letter words. When the words described are correctly guessed and arranged as indicated in the diagram, the first letter of one group of words will be the same as the last letter of the adjoining group of words, and the central letters of the nine groups, reading downward, will spell the names of nine of the men who signed a famous document.

I. 1. A tenet. 2. A musical drama. 3. To search. 4. Uneasily. 5. A country.

II. 1. A nut. 2. Second of two. 3. The understanding. 4. Obtained from trees. 5. A place of contest.

III. 1. Designated hours. 2. Sarcasm. 3. To supply with strength. 4. Little women. 5. Attempted. 6. A kind of match.

IV. 1. A country. 2. To languish. 3. To evade. 4. A Roman garment. 5. The sea. 6. Low moist.

V. 1. A Jewish vestment. 2. Less carts. 3. A western farm. 4. Steps. 5. A phantom. 6. To entice into a snare. 7. Seizes.

VI. 1. The path of a planet. 2. A tilting match. 3. A measure of length. 4. Briny. 5. Avarice. 6. Kinds.

VII. 1. Meaning. 2. To lay out. 3. Short visits. 4. Coverings. 5. To call forth. 6. Strings.

VIII. 1. Heavy cords. 2. A kind of vehicle. 3. To combine. 4. A doctrine. 5. A game.

IX. 1. To discolor. 2. A kind of tree. 3. A jewel. 4. A wanderer. 5. To come forth.

EDITH PIERPONT STICKNEY (age 13), Honor Member.







"GATHERING WILD ASTERS. AN AUGUST DAY IN THE HILLS."

FROM A PAINTING BY CHARLES C. CURRIAN

# ST. NICHOLAS

VOL. XXXIX

AUGUST, 1912

No. 10



BY THOMAS HOLLIS

EXCITEMENT was running high at the South Shore. The rivalry in all sports was keen between the North Shore and the South; but never before had so much interest developed as was being manifested in the present contest for the Commodore's cup.

Three years before, the South Shore had organized a yacht-club. After building a beautiful club-house, the pier, and the boat-house, it had surveyed and marked a course upon the lake, and held its first annual regatta, open to all. The South Shore boats won everything that year and the next, and their owners settled down to a feeling of complacency, which was rudely shocked by the appearance of the *Bounder*, a North Shore scow, and her reckless and not oversportsmanlike crew, who proceeded to antagonize everybody and carry off the next year's cups. The North Shore

exulted, while the South Shore vowed vengeance. But this was in the heat of the season; winter cooled things off. Of those who had agreed in August that a defender must be built, each had concluded by Christmas that the others would do it. The result, not uncommon in such cases, was that when the Regatta Committee checked up boats the following season, no new racer was found among them. Of course the golf- and tennis-players laughed, and told what they would have done, which did not improve matters. The watermen were dejected.

And then the Dorseys arrived. Billy Dorsey was seventeen years of age, and had three brothers: Jack, who was fifteen, and Andy and Jimmy, thirteen and eleven respectively. They had all taken to the water from infancy, and had sailed the *Jimcrack* the last season in such a manner as

to gain the admiration of everybody, and the personal commendation of the Fleet Captain in particular. Skilful seamanship had marked Billy as a coming man.

Two days after arriving, Billy hunted up the Fleet Captain, and entered the *Eskimo* for the regatta.

"Where is she?" inquired the Captain in some surprise.

"Up behind the point. We sailed her over from Cherry Station after dark last night," replied Billy.

"You did? What 's she like?"

"Come and see her," said Billy.

"Where did you get her?"

"Jack and I built her last winter from plans in one of the yachting magazines."

"You don't say so! What do you expect to do with her?" asked the Captain, smiling.

"Beat the *Bounder*," answered Billy, promptly.

"What!" exclaimed the Captain, astonished.

When the Captain saw her, he became intensely interested.

"She has a steel centerboard," Billy explained, "and a baby jib, which will give an advantage in heavy weather; and her lines are better than the *Bounder's*. What do you think of her?" And, in spite of his own confidence in the new craft, Billy waited for the verdict with a beating heart, while the Captain looked her over carefully.

"You boys are wonders!" he finally exclaimed. "I believe you will win if you sail her right. There 's one thing sure, anyway; you 've *done* something, and that 's more than can be said of the rest of us!"

The South Shore suddenly awoke. The *Eskimo* "tried out" in all kinds of weather to everybody's satisfaction. Yachting affairs took on a new aspect.

The first race of the regatta was sailed in all the wind the boats could stand up under without



THE RACE.

"She is a scow, and was designed to beat the *Bounder* type. We 've thought a lot about it, and we believe she can do it, too!"

"Well, of all the nerry youngsters, you fellows are the limit! Let 's go and look at her," said the Captain as he started with Billy for the point.

reefing. Fourteen boats were entered, but interest centered in the two scows. At the start, the *Bounder* went a little wide in jibbing around the stake-boat, and the *Eskimo* slipped into the gap and got to windward. She was never in danger after that; and the little white-suited crew



"WELL AHEAD!"

brought her across the finish-line well ahead of her rival. The latter went home without coming to the pier.

Of course a reception was held at the clubhouse that evening, and a vote of appreciation of the "Eskimos" recorded, "for saving the honor of the South Shore." The Dorsey boys were in danger of being spoiled.

The next race was not a happy one. The wind was light and changing—regular fresh-water trickery. At three of the buoys, the *Bounder* deliberately crowded the *Eskimo* out of the position to which she was entitled, and then, on the last leg, gained an advantage of the wind that brought her to the finish nearly a minute ahead of the *Eskimo*. Again she disappeared up the lake, and again there was a gathering at the clubhouse—this time an indignation meeting to urge the *Eskimo* to protest the *Bounder* for violation of the rules.

The "Eskimos," meantime, were closeted with the Captain. They adored the Captain, who always arose above petty considerations and looked at things in a manly fashion. They told him the whole story and asked his advice.

"What do you think about it, boys?" the Captain inquired.

"Well," said Billy, "we have made up our minds that you would not protest if you were in our place. We would rather try to win the cup by taking the next race, without any fuss."

The Captain nodded and jumped to his feet. "Boys, shake hands!" he said. "I am proud of you! There is something a lot better than winning cups, and I guess you've got it. Come with me, and I'll tell the crowd what I think of you."

He did; and when he got through the crowd cheered, and the "Eskimos" went home happier than if they had won the race.

The morning upon which the third race was scheduled to be sailed dawned with the wind blowing hard from the northwest. Soon after the *Bounder* arrived from the North Shore, the wind increased to half a gale. Before ten o'clock, the skippers were called together to consider postponing the race.

Just at this moment, Jimmy Dorsey came running up the pier, and said something to the Captain, who at once turned to the group of skippers.

"Look here, fellows," he said, "it seems to me that this race ought to be postponed, anyway. Somebody stole the peak-halyards from the *Eskimo* last night. Billy and Jack have gone down to Quimby's for new rope, but are not back yet. They can't possibly get back now by gun-fire. It's the most amazing thing I ever heard of."

There was an immediate outburst of indignation. Questions were hurled at Jimmy too fast to be answered. About all he knew was that the halyards had been cut close to the gaff, and had disappeared.

"Well, boys, what do you say?" said the Captain.



Everybody but Jennings, the owner and skipper of the *Bounder*, responded immediately in favor of postponement. He leaned against the boat-house whittling a stick and said nothing.

"True; and they knew it when they refused to protest last night," replied the Captain. "The gun will be fired at ten-forty. Whoever wishes to sail the course may do so. I stay ashore!"



"TO THE RESCUE WITH TWO REEFS."

"What do you say, Jennings?" asked the Captain.

Jennings slowly answered:

"The rules don't allow any excuses for not being ready at gun-fire. I am here, ready to race, and am going to sail the course whether any of the rest of you do or not. For all I know, those kids cut that rope off themselves, because they are afraid to sail in this wind. I—"

Jennings suddenly stopped. The Captain, his eyes blazing and hands clenching, was confronting him.

"Cut that out, Sid Jennings!" he exploded. "You have a right to stand on the rules; but you are not going to express any more opinions like that about those youngsters. If they had not wanted to beat you, fair and square, with no bad feelings about it, they could have protested you yesterday; and you know it, too!"

"It is too late for them to do it now," said Jennings, looking up from his whittling with a sneer.

"You have n't much to lose if you do," retorted Jennings, maliciously.

The Captain's jaw set and his eyes narrowed.

"No," he said cuttingly, "I could n't win the cup; but if I had a chance to win it, and should do it under the present circumstances, I should lose my self-respect"; and he started toward the club-house.

Three hours later, after a valiant struggle against wind and waves, the *Bounder* had crossed the finish-line, and was heading for home. No other boat had raised a sail. All but the Captain and one of the judges had gone to dinner.

The two who remained stood upon the yacht-club piazza, watching the *Bounder*. She was struggling to windward, handicapped by a jib that was too large to balance properly the closely reefed mainsail.

"Whatever we may think of Jennings as a sport," said the judge, "we have to admit that he is fearless in the wind, and a good skipper."

"Yes," replied the Captain, "it is too bad that he lacks— Good heavens, look at that! He is over— No! Yes, he is, too!" and he hastily trained his glass upon the *Bounder*.

A great gust, heavier than ordinary, had struck her, heeling her over until her sails nearly lay in the water; partly recovering, she had been struck again, and apparently had capsized.

After looking a moment through the glass, the Captain exclaimed:

"She has carried away her mast, and the waves are breaking over her! She will go ashore on the rocks at the head of the island! We must get them off before she hits!" and he ran to the telephone. Calling for help from the hotel, he rushed back to the judge.

"Come with me," he shouted, "and help reef the *Dolly*!"

But the *Dolly* was not to be needed. Before they had finished reefing, a cry from the shore drew their attention to a crowd from the hotel

On board the rescuing sloop, there was quick action as she cleared the sheltering point. With a slap, the first heavy gust from the open lake made effort to capsize her without more ado. In spite of her shortened canvas, she heeled wickedly, staggering beneath the weight of the blow. Her little crew, in their yellow oilskins, leaned far out to windward, while Skipper Billy, nothing daunted, pushed down the tiller and righted her, with a tremendous thump, on top of a rushing wave which sent a sheet of spray glancing from the backs of the oilskins directly into his face.

"Harden in the sheets!" he cried, dashing the water from his eyes. "Look out, Jimmy!" he loudly warned, when the little fellow began to pull upon the jib-sheet just as a curling roller bore down upon them. Billy skilfully met it, and then stood off, close-hauled, in the direction of the *Bounder*. Pitching, plunging, and pounding as only a scow can pound, the little sloop fought her way courageously and steadily to windward.



"'READY!' RETURNED JACK, BRACING HIMSELF FOR A THROB."

who were gazing earnestly up the lake. Jumping to the wharf, they looked around the corner of the boat-house.

Just coming around the point, within the curve of which she had her moorings, was the *Eskimo*, under two reefs and her baby jib. A cheer arose as it was seen she was going to the rescue.

Between flaws Billy explained his plan, the wind trying to drown his voice. As they approached the wreck, Jack crawled forward with a coil of rope and made one end fast around the mast, close to the deck. Then, with the coil in his right hand, and clinging to the shroud with his left, he waited, eying the *Bounder*.

Easing off a bit, the *Eskimo* headed to leeward of the *Bounder*, whose crew could be seen sitting in the flooded cockpit and clinging desperately to whatever they could get hold of. Water-logged as she was, the larger billows found an easier passage over, than under, her, and seemed to take pleasure in buffeting these fellows who had so defiantly challenged their power a short time before, and who now, between deluges, so anxiously watched the *Eskimo*.

"Ready, Jack!" sang out Billy at last. His boat was speeding toward the *Bounder* like a race-horse.

"Ready!" returned Jack, bracing himself for a throw.

"Let go the jib-halyards," cried Billy.

Little Jimmy obeyed the order promptly.

"Hard-a-lee!" yelled Billy; and forcing down the tiller, he brought the *Eskimo* into the wind just to leeward of the wreck, where, with boom slapping savagely about, she lost headway not twenty feet from the *Bounder's* stern.

The coiled rope shot from Jack's hand; caught by a lusty gust, it barely reached the *Bounder*. Jennings grabbed at it and missed; but one of his crew had better luck, and seized the end of the rope. In an instant Jennings had taken it from him, and, notwithstanding a wave which swept over him, slipped it around the rudder-post, drawn it taut, and made fast.

Held by this line across her bow, the *Eskimo* began to dip water like a duck taking a bath. The flood swept her deck from stem to stern, nothing but the combing around the cockpit preventing her from filling.

The real man in Jennings now came from his hiding-place and took command.

"You go first, boys!" he ordered. "Quick!" as they hesitated. "There 's no time to lose!" and, seizing the one nearest to him, he actually forced him into the water.

Clinging to the straining rope, and by one the *Bounder's* crew made short work of gaining the *Eskimo's* deck, Jennings following close in their wake. The latter had barely pulled himself from the turbulent waters, when there came a great cry from the *Eskimo's* cockpit; in the excitement of the moment little Jimmy had risen up to get a better view, and had been knocked overboard by the boom.

We are constantly reminded that mean tendencies, of one kind or another, may be balanced in the same individual by heroic disregard of personal safety in emergencies. Jennings, catching a gleam of yellow oilskins as they sank beneath the waves, half ran, half tumbled along the rail, and, seizing the end of the main-sheet, which

happened to be lying exposed, plunged over the stern without an instant's hesitation and disappeared from sight. The rope ran out for a moment and then stopped. The suspense aboard the boat was awful; what if Jennings should come up—alone? But he did not! A shout burst from six unburdened souls as the waters parted and showed the yellow oilskins safe in Jennings' left arm. He had passed the rope around them both; in spite of the slapping boom, they were speedily pulled aboard.

"Give your orders, Dorsey; I'll help!" shouted Jennings, scrambling forward to the line.

"Untie and bring it astern so her bow will pay off. Up with the jib, Andy! All right; cast off, Jennings! Harden in your sheet, Jack!" Billy howled his orders out of an overflowing heart.

With plenty of ballast, now, upon her weather rail, the *Eskimo* tacked around the *Bounder* and stood for the pier. The *Bounder* hit the rocks before the pier was reached.

Little Jimmy, water-rat that he was, had suffered not at all from his ducking. As he stepped to the wharf behind the boat-house, he was grabbed by the Captain and passed up over the heads of the now hilarious spectators, until he landed in his mother's arms. One by one, his brothers followed, everybody laughing and shouting, except the little mother, who, smiling happily through her tears, tried to gather them all to her heart at once.

An hour later, the "Eskimos" were conversing with the Captain.

"It was the steel centerboard and the baby jib that did it," said Billy. "We never could have made it in time without them."

"Yes; what 's the matter with the *Eskimo*?" said Jack.

"Or the 'Eskimos'?" said the Captain; "but, boys, while you have done a big thing, don't you let it turn your heads. I don't think it will; but if it does, and I catch you posing around here as the only things on the shore, I'll souse you in the lake till you get over it." Though he smiled as he said it, the boys knew he meant it. It was not for nothing that parents considered themselves fortunate when the Fleet Captain took an interest in their children.

The cups of the season were presented to the winners at the Commodore's reception, late in August, by the Commodore himself. The Commodore's cup remained upon the table after the others had been presented. Without touching it, the Commodore faced the company in silence for a few moments.

"In place of coming here to-day," he said presently, "Mr. Jennings has sent me a letter. He

says that the events which terminated in the loss of his boat taught him a lesson. He sees that those acts that grow out of good-will toward others are far worthier than those arising from selfish desires. He contrasts his treatment of our young friends, the 'Eskimos,' with their treatment of him, and finds nothing therein that redounds to his credit. He is grateful to them beyond measure. He admits his violation of the rules, and censures himself for taking the third race by default. He refuses to accept the cup, and hopes it will be given to the *Eskimo*. He hopes that the club will forget his past conduct, and will allow him to race a new boat next year, when he will try to demonstrate that he at last realizes what true sport means.

"I don't know when I have been so pleased. I have no doubt that you will vote with me to accept this letter in the spirit in which it was sent. And now, what has the skipper of the *Eskimo* to say about the cup?"

Billy had been conferring with the Captain, who now arose, smiling.

"The fearless skipper has suddenly become terror-stricken at the idea of addressing this terrible assembly!" he said. "He wishes me to say that he did n't win the cup, and can't accept it; but he would like to race Jennings for it next year."

The club adopted this proposal with enthusiasm.

"And now," continued the Commodore, "a word to the 'Eskimos.' The modesty with which they

have received the attentions of us all has pleased me even more than their courageous rescue of the *Bounder's* crew. It is their sportsmanlike spirit throughout that has caused me to have prepared for them a little token of the club's appreciation."

He unrolled a package and displayed a pennant, beautifully made in the club colors, with the name *Eskimo* in white, upon both sides. There was a burst of applause.

"Now," he said, his kindly face lighting with a smile, "if the modest crew of the gallant sloop *Eskimo* will come forward, I will give myself the pleasure of presenting this pennant to them in behalf of the club."

It was an embarrassing moment for the crew; but they found courage to approach the Commodore, who grasped them each kindly by the hand and presented the pennant to Billy.

"Speech!" cried somebody in the back of the room. "Speech! Speech!" came from all quarters.

Poor Billy! He was ready to sink through the floor; but the Commodore put a hand upon his shoulder, and said:

"Can't you say a word to them, skipper?"

Billy pulled himself together. "All I've got to say is—well—thank you; but if the Captain had n't threatened to duck us if we got the big-head, I don't know as we should have got this pennant."

After which the crew of the *Eskimo* melted into the laughing and applauding assembly.



A SUMMER FANCY: THE GOOD-NATURED SWAN AND THE FROLICHSOME FISH.



# FAIRY-TIME

BY FRANCES W. MARSHALL



WHEN fireflies set their lamps alight,  
And twinkle in the grass;  
When stars come peeping through the sky,  
I see the fairies pass.

You think, at first, a little mist  
Is drifting up the glen,  
But keep as still as any mouse,  
And hide—and watch—and then—

The mist is not a mist at all,  
But fairies dancing by,  
As light as wind-blown thistle-down,  
Their lanterns swinging high.

Some folks may think I make this up,  
But let them come with me  
When fireflies set their lamps alight,  
And hide—and watch—and see!

# ROMPING

BY MARIAN GREENE



When the clouds are fuzzy-wuzzy and go romping in the sky,  
With their yellow edges mussed, like tangled hair,  
And the grass is lying low, for the wind is blowing high.  
There are flying gleams of sparkle everywhere.

When the shadows chase each other over every little hill,  
And the jolly waves run races on the sea,  
Then I simply don't see how anybody can sit still,  
For the wind is whistling tunes to you and me!

# THE LUCKY SIXPENCE

BY EMILIE BENSON KNIPE AND ALDEN ARTHUR KNIPE

## CHAPTER XX

### BROTHER JOHN APPEARS AND DISAPPEARS

UNFORTUNATELY Blundell was right in his suspicions that a trick had been played upon him, for Charley had tucked a chestnut-bur under the saddle-cloth, as he confessed to me. It was a stupid thing to do, and bitterly did we regret it later on, for in Mr. Blundell we had made an enemy who liked nothing better than to pay his private scores under the pretext of subduing "traitors," as he naturally called us. In such instances he was very zealous for his cause.

But once Mr. Blundell was gone, we forgot the incident in our task of caring for those who were quartered on us. The assignment of their apartments troubled Mrs. Mummer.

"T is Master John's room that worries me," she whispered; "we can't have them in there rummaging about. There's no telling what they might find, though I doubt not his papers are safe hidden; still 't would gall me to see the redcoats in that room that was his father's."

"Do you think they would disturb us?" I asked, meaning Peggy and myself, who shared the same bed.

"Nay, they 'd better not!" cried Mrs. Mummer, bristling. "Think you we have no rights in our own house? Mummer says—"

"Then I know what we 'll do," I interrupted. "I 'll move into Brother John's room. We 'll put Peggy in the next one, and you shall have the dressing-closet between. That will give us a place to go when we want to be rid of them."

"Aye, that 's well thought of," she replied. And not being one to waste much time once her mind was made up, she soon had two of the black servants who had remained with us moving the furniture about, while I did my best to make a bachelor's apartment look somewhat feminine, and succeeded enough to befool a man-body, I hoped.

The next few days passed pleasantly as far as we were concerned, for although Mrs. Mummer made great complaint over muddy boots and such-like, those who were quartered on us were English officers and men, and treated us as considerably as the circumstances permitted. They were well housed and well fed, and troubled us as little as they could, so that we went about our daily tasks quite tranquilly.

But one morning, soon after breakfast, our peaceful existence was rudely interrupted.

I was busy in the dining-room, dusting about as was my wont, and beside me little Peg chattered away, while helping to "d-d-dust." Mrs. Mummer was at work in the root-cellar, and most of the officers were lounging in the hall before the fire, for the day was chilly.

I had heard the echo of the hoof beats of a horse being ridden up the long lane to the stables, but this was so frequent an occurrence that I scarce noted it. Then suddenly came a scream of pain, and Charley, the stable-boy, ran panting into the room, with a face nigh white with terror.

"Oh, missy, save me!" he cried, falling at my feet. "Save me from dat Blunder man. He done cotch me in the stables, and he say he 'll beat my black skin off'n me for playin' dat trick. Save me, Miss Bee! He 's mighty angered"; and the boy crouched beside me in terror, clutching at my skirt.

At the same moment Blundell rushed into the room with a stout riding-whip in his hand and made for Charley.

"Out of the way!" he shouted at me; "out of the way, unless you want some of the lash, too! I promised to flog that black rascal, and I 'm going to do it. Out of the way!" and he strode toward me.

"Nay!" I cried, "you shall not beat the boy. Run, Peg, and tell the officers!" I called, and the child went at once.

But Blundell, made half mad by anger, came on, and, gripping me by the shoulder, raised his whip, making a slash at the negro boy cowering at my feet. The stroke, however, never reached its mark, for a hand grasped the man's collar, and he was pulled back violently and flung to the floor. I looked up and saw Brother John standing before me, coolly regarding Blundell with a look of scornful contempt.

"T is a pity, Bee, to have to deal with one of the few base cowards King George has in his army," he said calmly. "I am sorry if he is forced to take such sorry fellows when he should have gentlemen."

Blundell rose to his feet, fairly foaming at the mouth.

"Now you will give me satisfaction for this!" he shouted. But Brother John stepped back and shook his head.

"I fight but with my equals," he replied.

"Or your betters!" the other stormed. "I am Captain Blundell, and you, I take it by your own words, are nothing more than a shabby rebel."



"THERE WAS A RUSH FOR THE STAIRCASE." (SEE NEXT PAGE.)



"And I will fight no blustering coward who bullies defenseless women and children!" cried Brother John, losing some of his coolness. "Say no more, or I will have my servants in to whip you as you deserve."

"Your servants!" shouted Blundell in triumph. "Then you're John Travers, and naught but a spy!"

"Nay, I am no spy. I am within your lines on private business."

"And out of uniform!" sneered Blundell. "A rope will make a fitting ornament for your neck. You deserve no less."

"First you will have to catch me!" Brother John retorted with a smile; but even as he spoke a door opened, and full half a dozen British officers, brought by Peggy, came bustling in upon us. Brother John was trapped. So far as I could see there was no escape, and I grew sick with fear for him.

"Good day to you, gentlemen," he said in a cheery voice; "I'm right glad to see you, though had you come a minute sooner you might have seen this—" he pointed to Blundell—"this fellow raising his whip to a child. 'T is a poor return for such hospitality as this house affords."

A murmur went up from the officers, showing plainly enough what they thought of the matter, and Brother John, seizing a favorable opportunity, slipped toward the door leading into the hall, while I, with a beating heart, ran across and stood beside him.

"Now I meant not to strike the girl!" shouted Blundell, "'t was the knavish black boy I was after. But enough of that. I have been sent back here to take command, and I order you to seize that man! He is John Travers, one-time owner of this house but now a rebel spy within our lines. Seize him, I say! Seize him!"

Brother John, brushing aside one or two outstretched hands, jumped through the door and was in the hall, while I followed close. The officers, thinking that he would strive to leave by the front door, ran to intercept him, drawing their swords; but, to my surprise as well, he made for the stairway leading to the floors above.

There was a pause, and Brother John, a third of the way up, turned to them.

"Gentlemen," he called loudly, so that all could hear him, "I am no spy, but am here on private business connected with my personal affairs."

"Art going to parley with a rebel?" cried Blundell, furiously. "Seize him, for whatever else he may be, he is Allen McLane's right hand."

At this there was a rush for the staircase. I, with the instinct to put myself between the brother I loved and his enemies, tore up before them, and was scarce five steps behind John.

There was a clatter of feet as they pursued, and shouts of "Post the guard!" Then a voice rose above the din:

"Nay, Blundell, do not shoot! You might hit the girl. He is trapped!"

The significance of these remarks was plain enough, and I felt a creepy sensation up my back as I flew on.

On the landing of the second floor John had turned toward his own room, but it was a wide house, so that there was time for all to see him enter, slamming the door behind him.

"We have him now!" they shouted, and indeed I saw no escape for him from there; but I rushed on blindly, and, arriving first at the door, stretched my arms across and stood before it.

"'T is my own room!" I cried hysterically. "You shall not enter!"

They halted for a moment, sure that escape was impossible, and not caring to use a girl roughly; but Blundell had no such scruple and strode forward with a growl.

"Out of the way!" he cried, and, reaching under my arm, seized the knob.

The door opened, and I, realizing the uselessness of further resistance, pressed in with the others. But the room was empty—there was no sign of Brother John!

## CHAPTER XXI

### A MIDNIGHT WARNING

I THINK there never was a more surprised party than we who entered that room. I expected nothing less than to see Brother John standing at bay, ready to fight for his life; and the officers must have had the same thought, for their swords were out and they ran in prepared for a struggle.

Blundell was the first to recover, and he turned angrily on his companions.

"I think the pack of you meant to let him go!" he cried, beside himself with wrath.

"Nay, do not talk like a ninny," answered one.

"Sure the fox knows his own earth," said another. "He's here somewhere, and we have but to search to find a closet."

At this they set to work, turning the room upside down in their hunt; and when they came to the door leading to the dressing-room where Mrs. Mummer slept, they thought for sure Brother John had gone that way; but it was bolted on the inside, showing that he could not have escaped there. The windows also were all closed and fastened, save one that was opened a trifle at the top, so that his disappearance could scarce be accounted for that way.

It was most strange to me as well as to the

others, and when, at last, they gave it up and trooped out of the room, some laughing over the affair while others puzzled their brains for an explanation, they left me secretly affrighted; for, though seemingly Brother John had escaped, his going was so unnatural that I had thoughts of Marlett's tales of witchcraft.

I was about to return to the dining-room to finish my dusting, when Captain Blundell entered alone, a dogged, angry expression still on his face.

"He 's here somewhere—he must be!" he blurted out. "The guards outside saw naught of him, so that he cannot have gone that way. Therefore he must be inside the house. Where is he?" he demanded, suddenly turning upon me.

"There is a great vine without the window," I said, "but indeed I know not!" And I was so plainly puzzled that he troubled me no further, but searched the room again without result.

The rest of the day passed without incident of any particular kind, and after dinner I went upstairs with Peggy, and we played a while at soldiers with our dolls. At length the sleepy miss was ready for bed, but, ere she lay down, she took one of the dolls, dressed as a Continental soldier, and placed him on the broad ledge at the open window.

"'T is our se-se-sentry, Bu-Bu-Bu-Bee. He 'll give war-war-warning if the Bu-Bu-Bu-British come to take us."

"'T is well thought of," I answered, as I tucked her under the covers, and, putting out the light, went through Mrs. Mummer's room into my own. I lighted my candle and was about to undress, for we were all early birds, when my eye caught sight of a paper lying on my dressing-table. I knew it had not been there earlier, and I picked it up with much curiosity.

Upon it were written these words:

Sleep-to-night with Peggy. I am safe. Do not worry about me. J. T.

There was no doubt who had sent this message, but how had it come there? I puzzled my head over it, and was as far as ever from a solution of the matter when I slipped into bed without waking Peggy.

I soon dropped off to sleep, but it seemed that I had scarce done so when I opened my eyes again and saw, in the dim light coming through the window, the figure of a man dressed in a Continental uniform. He bent over me, whispering my name, and I knew him for Brother John.

"Hush!" he warned, speaking so softly that he did not disturb Peggy on the other side of the bed; "hush, and listen carefully! An hour before dawn you must rouse all our household. Take

food enough for a day or two, and go to the cellars till after the battle."

"Will there be a battle?" I whispered in awe.

"Aye," he answered, "over this very ground perhaps. 'T is for that I came to warn you; but tell Mrs. Mummer, and she will keep you safe, I hope."

I had never heard him speak so seriously.

"But what of you?" I questioned; "they have guards everywhere, and—"

"Fear not for me," he said, "your British friends will be gone ere morning. Some malignant Tory has given a warning. That I saw coming here. Would that the British were all we had to fight! But never mind, we 'll whip them yet—and say, Bee, have you a bit of white paper anywhere? I have searched the other room and cannot find a scrap. That piece I wrote the note on was all I could find.

"I have the piece if 't will do," said I, holding it out to him, for unconsciously I had kept it clasped in my hand.

He took it and pinned it in his hat.

"'T is so we 'll know each other in the dark," he explained. "Now I 'm off," and he leaned over the bed to kiss me.

"Are you sure there will be a battle?" I whispered, putting my arms about him.

"Aye," he answered, "Washington's army is on the Skipkack road, and will be in Germantown before the dawn."

"And will you be there?" I faltered, fearing for him.

"Aye, please God!" he whispered, and he was so earnest and solemn that I put no more questions to him, and he disappeared in the darkness.

I was broad awake now, and trembling a little from fear and excitement at what was before me. I rose, and, going to the window with my time-piece, saw that it was midnight, so that I had a good four hours yet to wait.

Back again to bed I went, and must have dozed a while, for I started up with the sound of a shot ringing in my ears. A moment later there came a knocking on the door.

"Who is it?" I called, jumping out of bed.

"Oh, Bee, please let us in," sobbed Polly, brokenly; "we 're so frightened!"

"'T is not locked!" I cried, but I opened the door to admit her and Betty, who entered, shivering in their nightgowns.

"What is it?" I asked.

"Oh, Bee!" exclaimed Polly, "we were awakened by a shot, and I made haste to the window and saw a man running; then there was another shot. Presently, without a sound, all the British

troops came out and silently marched away. Does n't that frighten you?"

Now perhaps if I had not had warning of this very matter, I might have been frightened too, as Polly and Betty were, and I was alarmed now, but not because the British had gone away. I was sure those shots had been fired at Brother John, and, though I knew how light of foot he was, I feared they might have reached their mark.

She was not long gone, however, and when she returned I saw that she was more fearful of what might come to us than she had been when first I told her the news. It struck me that Mummer could scarce have been a courageous counselor.

"You must all dress at once," she commanded. "Mummer says we 're like to be lost unless we hurry to the vaults. He has gone to rouse the servants and Master Barton. 'T is terrible, ter-



"I SAW A MAN IN CONTINENTAL UNIFORM LYING BEFORE THE LONG WINDOW." (SEE PAGE 882.)

"Did the man who was running stop when they fired at him?" I asked a little tremulously.

"Nay, he disappeared into the woods," answered Polly. "But why have the soldiers left us? That is what seems so strange to me. Think you they have gone to battle?"

"Let us not borrow trouble," I replied. "You girls get into bed here. I must speak with Mrs. Mummer"; and I went to her room, thinking it as well that she should know at once what was before us.

She listened to me while I told her of Brother John's visit in the night, and straightway rose and dressed.

"I 'll to Mummer and see what he says," she announced. "Bide you here till I come back."

rible, and I know not what will become of us." And with this she went off, wailing, to gather stores for our forced retreat to the cellars.

Peggy was awake long ere this, and I think was the only unfrightened one of us. Polly and Betty were in tears, vowing that they would be killed, and jumping at each sound. I confess that my fingers trembled so that it was hard work to manage buttons, for it was awesome there in the dark, expecting every minute to hear the roar of cannon.

Somehow or other we finished our dressing, and I led the girls down-stairs, to find Mrs. Mummer in the kitchen.

"Mummer is closing the doors and windows here below," she cried, as soon as she saw us.

"T is true that the British are gone, which is somewhat to be grateful for in these wretched times."

"T is useless to bar the doors and windows," said Polly, plaintively; "they 'll batter them in if they wish."

"That is near word for word what Mummer said," she answered; "but I told him that there was no use inviting them in by leaving everything open."

A few minutes later Mummer entered and spoke to his wife in an undertone. She nodded, and told us that everything was in readiness, and we forthwith descended into the vaults to await the coming battle.

T was a most uncomfortable and dismal place, scarce large enough for all who had to be accommodated, and dark save for a candle which Mummer hid in a corner. We talked little, and I believe I dozed, for I had begun to forget my fear.

Suddenly I remembered that I had not seen Bart, and, when I asked for him, discovered that he had been forgotten.

There was much talk and wailing on the part of Polly and Betty, who were forever quarreling with him, but who now professed profound anxiety for their missing brother.

"Some one must go and see where he is," sobbed Polly. "He 'll be killed, I know."

I said at once that a search should be made, but my own idea of the matter was that he had stayed away of a set purpose, wanting to see the fighting and perhaps take a hand in it. I naturally expected that Mummer would go, but he never stirred, nor did any one else. True, Mrs. Mummer and he consulted in undertone, and at last Mrs. Mummer spoke aloud.

"Mummer says, 'regrets never mended a broken pitcher,' and if he is dead of a shot wound, who will care for the farm?"

"Some one must go," I insisted, getting to my feet; "and if no one else will, I 'll e'en go alone."

"I 'll g-g-go with you, Bu-Bu-Bee," said little Peg; but I shook my head.

"No, no, Miss Bee!" cried Mrs. Mummer. "Mr. John would never look at us again if we let you go."

"Nay, I think he would not be pleased to learn that we had made no effort to bring Bart to safety"; at which I went, though they still tried to persuade me to stop.

There was no particular bravery in this, for truth to tell, there was not the faintest sound about the place except the twittering of the waking birds. Moreover, I was glad to find an excuse to leave that stuffy vault and breathe into my lungs the fresh, sweet air of early morning.

I went up-stairs calling "Bart" as loudly as I could, but there was no answer, and then I tried the bedroom floor, with no better results. In my own room I paused a moment, looking out of the window curiously at the dense gray fog that enveloped everything. There were great hemlocks I knew, not ten paces from that side of the house. I could almost touch the branches from my window, but now I saw nothing of them.

I stood looking out curiously, as I said, when suddenly I heard a man below me shouting, "This way!" and the next instant the silence was shattered by a volley of musket-fire. Ere I shrank back from the window with a cry of terror, I saw little spurts of flame lighting up the fog, and I turned to run. At the attic stair I called frantically for Bart, then, with the noise of the fighting in my ears, I fled in terror to the vaults, and cried that the battle had begun.

For hours we sat trembling with apprehension as the battle of Germantown raged above our heads. The sounds came to us only faintly, but the discharging cannon made the ground shake, and low muffled roars reached us and set us shuddering. Sometimes there came a lull, and we would think it was over. Again it would begin with renewed vigor, and Polly and Betty would scream senselessly, while the negro women, huddled in a corner, set up a wailing cry that the end was upon them, and prayed aloud to be saved.

The hours dragged on fearfully, and we sat cramped in that stifling vault, wondering what had befallen our army.

I said more than one prayer in my heart for my dear brother, who I feared was in the thick of the battle. Mrs. Mummer was now the bravest of us all. The only timid word she uttered was on Master John's account, and while the cannon thundered, she was the one who cheered and comforted us.

As the afternoon drew to a close, I became restive. My head ached, for the air was most foul, and as we had heard no shots for long, I began to clamor to go out. It was no easy matter to gain Mrs. Mummer's consent to this, but, after some teasing, she finally let me have my way, insisting, however, that Mummer should accompany me. He, with much reluctance, agreed; and so, under strict orders to fly back at the first sound, we started to reconnoiter.

With bated breath and beating hearts we ascended the stair, thence through the kitchen and scullery and on to the dining-room, without seeing or hearing ought to alarm us. The gloom was intense, but Mummer had left a night-light in each room, and our eyes, accustomed to the darkness of the cellar, could see quite well.



As we went out into the great hall, Mummer grasped my arm and dragged me back, pointing at the door of a little room.

"What 's wrong?" I whispered.

"'T is shut!"

"Aye," I said, staring through the dusk, "it often is."

"But I opened every door in the house!" returned Mummer.

"Perhaps a draft has blown it to," I suggested.

"The windows are all closed," he retorted. "We 'd best go back, missis."

"Not yet, Mummer," I said decidedly; "we can't stay in the vaults forever. I must know who 's there. Most like 't is Bart, or it may be some of the officers returned."

"But how got they in?" he asked.

"That I know not," I replied; "but you wait here. I 'll go to the door and listen. If any one moves, I 'll slip through the library and join you again at the scullery. Is not that safe?"

"Yes," said Mummer, "unless, belike, there 's some one in the library as well."

"We can go by way of the library and make sure," I agreed. This we did, finding it empty. I tiptoed toward the door and put my eye to the keyhole. At once I saw that the light in there was gray, showing that a shutter must be open. Then I listened, holding my breath, and caught the sound of low moans.

"Mummer," I whispered, "there 's some one in there, and he 's wounded!"

"Then come away, missis," he begged, taking a step; but I grasped him by the arm.

"Nay," I insisted, "I am going in, and you must stay with me, for I may need help."

With that I thrust open the door, and saw a man in Continental uniform lying before the long window, which had been burst open. No one else was in the room, and Mummer taking courage, we crossed together and bent over the prone figure.

One look was enough. I dropped to my knees.

"'T is Master John!" cried Mummer, and from that moment he seemed a changed man, the cowardice he had exhibited before disappearing utterly.

Knowing that there was work for me to do, I summoned all my fortitude.

"Mummer," I exclaimed, "we must get him up-stairs at once!"

"Aye," he agreed; "but first I 'll bar this window, and we 'll have Mrs. Mummer up to attend him. She 's a rare doctor with wounds and such-like."

Brother John was no light load for one man and a girl, but I was strong, so that we managed

somehow; and when he was at last laid on my bed, Mummer hurried away to bring his wife.

She came running, and wasted no time in vain exclamings, but straightway set about cleansing the wound in Brother John's head, which, so far as we could see, was his only hurt.

While she was thus busy, he opened his eyes and recognized us with a tired smile.

"I 'm all right," he whispered, and at once went off into another swoon.

A minute or so later the sound of galloping horses reached us, and we knew from experience that 't was made by a troop of cavalry entering the place.

Mrs. Mummer and I looked at one another in an agony of suspense, each with the same question in her mind.

"Were they friends or foes?"

In answer came a thundering knock on the door, and the summons: "Open in the name of the King!"

## CHAPTER XXII

### BEHIND THE BOOK-SHELF

THERE was no hiding the fact that here was a most perilous situation. While the summons of the British for admission still echoed through the house, Mrs. Mummer and I turned to the bed whereon Brother John lay, unconscious from the wound in his head.

"If it is Captain Blundell we are lost!" I whispered to her, and she nodded her head in silent agreement.

"Run and see!" she suggested, and at her word I sped along the hall and leaned over the balustrade, just as old Sam, the house-servant, shuffled toward the door, grumbling to himself as he went.

As they came trooping in, the sound of voices filled the hallway, and I listened for the first hint that would give a clue as to whom they were.

"Now this place pleases me," I heard one of them say in a high-pitched voice. "'T is like we 'll find food that a man may eat and not be sorry. My life on it, Blundell has been here before seeing that he led us—"

But I waited to hear no more. The dread news that I had half expected was enough to send me back to Mrs. Mummer in a panic.

"'T is he!" I cried, locking the door behind me. "What shall we do?"

Mrs. Mummer, wringing her hands, had no word of help to offer, and for an instant we looked at each other, not knowing where to turn.

"What is the matter?" came a voice from the bed, and we faced about to see Brother John, leaning on his elbow, gazing at us.

"Oh, 't is the British!" I said, running to him. "They are down-stairs and—"

"Now don't get flustered," he replied coolly, and he made an effort to rise; but this he could not do for weakness, and was forced to lie back on the pillow with a faint smile on his face.

"'T was a shrewd blow!" he whispered, "I 'm worse off than I thought." He closed his eyes again as if wearied, and we feared he had swooned once more.

But he was still conscious and a moment later he spoke.

"Mrs. Mummer," he began, looking about the room, "clean out all these bowls of water and bloody rags. There must be no sign to tell them you have a wounded man on your hands."

We both set about it at once, and in a twinkling the water was emptied at the window and the place put to rights.

"Though I like not such sloven tricks," said Mrs. Mummer.

It only remained to take away the telltale linen, and she was about to go with this when Brother John called her back.

"Nay, do not go yet," he said. "I 'll need you both to help me over there," and he pointed to a chair standing on the opposite side of the room against the wall.

"But, Master John," protested Mrs. Mummer, "'t will be the death of you!" And I, too, raised my voice against it, for I could see no reason in the move. But he cut us short.

"Nay, waste no time arguing the matter, for it must be done," he insisted, and rose swaying on the edge of the bed.

We put our arms about him, one on each side, and with our help he tottered to his feet.

"Come now," he said, addressing himself whimsically, "you 're no silly woman, to swoon in a case like this, though your head does buzz a bit"; and he took the first step toward the chair.

Somehow or other we managed to get him there at last, though more than once we thought he would fall, and he sat down with a sigh of relief.

"Now, Mrs. Mummer," he ordered in a faint voice, "burn those rags in the kitchen and have a care they are not seen. Nay, Bee, you stay with me," he went on, as I made a start to help, so I stood still with an arm about him, while Mrs. Mummer gathered the things together and went out through the dressing-room.

"Now, Bee," said Brother John, "you 'll have to do all the rest yourself, for we 're at secrets that none but my father and I have ever known. You will be the third, but you, too, are a Travers, and will have the place if aught goes wrong

with me. Take down the third book of the second row of the book-shelf. You 'll see a nail behind. Do you find it?" Brother John went on, his voice becoming still weaker, "for my head is going round and round."

I searched a moment, and there, sure enough, was a nail so contrived that no one would have noted it. "I have it!" I cried excitedly.

"Then turn—it—twice—to—the—right," he whispered, and to my horror he closed his eyes and slipped gently off the chair to the floor. At the same instant there came a sharp rap on the chamber door.

With my hand on the nail, I stood paralyzed for a second, then I turned it, and the whole book-shelf moved under my hand, showing a small room beyond.

I understood at last, and, summoning all the strength I possessed, I tiptoed to Brother John and began to drag him toward the secret opening.

Oh how I tugged, and with what a beating heart I listened for the next blow on the door, which I was sure would come!

I had dragged Brother John half-way through the little opening when the knock sounded again, and with it the voice of him I dreaded most.

"Mistress Beatrice," he cried, "are you there?" and he turned the knob of the door.

Panting with my efforts as well as the anxiety I felt, I dragged at the dead weight, and, at last, when I thought my strength must fail me, fetched him across the threshold of the secret chamber. Then leaving him, for I dared not delay, I stepped over his outstretched legs.

Sliding shut the panel, I stood panting, with my back to it, my hands pressed to my breast as if to stop the wild beating of my heart.

"Mistress Beatrice," Blundell called, again striking the door heavily; "Mistress Beatrice, are you deaf?"

"Who calls?" I answered, vainly trying to make my voice sound natural.

"'T is Captain Blundell," came the impatient answer; "there is a wounded man—"

"How know you that?" I cried in despair, too overwrought to measure my words.

"Because 't was I who brought him here," he shouted. "But what has that to do with it? The man is here, and needs attention; and though I 've searched for that sour old housekeeper of yours, I can neither find her nor the place she keeps her lint and bandages."

My heart began to beat more naturally again.

"I shall come at once," I answered; "but do not wait for me."

"Nay, then," he returned suspiciously, "I 'll wait till I see you. Belike you 'll move the quicker."

I saw that the man meant to stay, and that the quicker he was pacified the quicker I could return to Brother John; so I went to open the door, though my heart bled to leave my brother lying on the floor of the secret room.

Captain Blundell stepped across the threshold of the room as I faced him, and his eye caught the tumbled bed where John had lain.

"So you were asleep!" he sneered. "I thought I should have to beat down the door to make you hear. 'T is a nice lazy life you have of it. Had I my way 't would not be the king's loyal subjects but the rebels who did the work."

And with that he went out of the room, saying "Come on" in his roughest manner; and I followed thankfully.

The hall below was full of officers who were strangers to me, and they were busy making themselves very much at home when we came down. Captain Blundell asked where the wounded man had been taken, and, receiving an answer, he would have led me on, but at that moment Mrs. Mummer came out of the library and met us.

"For shame to bring the child here!" she cried so loudly that the men about us stopped their talking to listen. "Wounded soldiers are no proper sight for a little maid."

"Hold your tongue, woman!" he answered.

"'T is time you all learned more fitting manners to your betters. I mean this lazy maid shall tend the man. Faith, there 'd be no such pother were it one of your own ragamuffin army! Out of the way! My mind is made up on the matter!"

"Aye, then, so is mine! And in she shall not go!" cried Mrs. Mummer, facing him valiantly. 'T was not so much on my account that she braved the man as for the sake of one lying helpless up-stairs and sorely needing attention.

I know not how that controversy might have ended, for Captain Blundell seemed determined to have his way, and Mrs. Mummer was one not easy to move; but, at that moment, a soldier came up to Captain Blundell, saluting.

"Colonel Taunton's compliments, sir," he said; "an' he wishes you should wait on him at once. He is taking up his quarters in this house."

I saw the captain scowl, for here was one who was his superior; but without another word, he turned and left us.

"And what of Master John?" whispered Mrs. Mummer, coming close to me.

"He is safe," I answered; "but I know not how he fares. He fainted, and I was forced to come away, leaving him lying on the floor."

"Go back," she said; "the wound may have started afresh, and he be like to bleed to death. I go to make him a posset."

(To be continued.)

## A DOMESTIC PIRATE

BY CHARLES F. LESTER

I 'd like to be a pirate  
And sail the ocean blue,  
And capture "Indian traders"  
With my gallant pirate crew.

I 'd glory in the tempests  
And in the thrilling fights;  
But I think I 'd like to fix it  
So I could come home nights!





THERE was once a king who had two beautiful daughters. The eyes of one were gray, and her hair dark and long; she was called Princess Night; while the other, who had blue eyes and hair as golden as the sunbeams, was called Princess Day.

Princess Night wore a crown of diamond stars upon her waving black hair, and her dark blue mantle was embroidered with shining stars and a silver moon.

Princess Day wore a crown of jeweled flowers, her soft, white gown was held in place by a girdle of golden butterflies, and her mantle, which was sky-blue, was embroidered with birds of lovely colors. The two princesses were so fond of each other, and of the king, their father, that all went happily in the palace until one day the king married a woman who was a wicked witch. He did not know how bad she was, but he ought to have guessed, for her eyes were bold and cruel, and her mouth was narrow and ugly. She was a jealous stepmother to the two princesses, and the sweeter they were with her, the more she hated them and tried to do them harm. She was espe-

cially angry when she saw how the people loved them, for they cheered, waved their handkerchiefs, and cried "Hurrah," whenever the princesses passed; signs of love they never showed at the sight of her cruel face. So the witch made up her mind that she must get rid of her stepdaughters, at all costs.

She shut herself up for days in a room in the castle tower, a place with no windows, so that neither light nor sound could enter. She knew that the most wicked of her tricks would not work unless they were planned away from the light of sun and moon, and in a place where no song from man or bird could be heard. So behind the thick, stone walls of the tower room, lighted by the glow of a red lamp, she worked her ghostly incantations. She made a diamond star and a ruby rose that looked like one of the stars and one of the flowers in the princesses' crowns, but, oh, how different they really were!

They were filled with magic, as we shall see.

And all the time the stepmother worked, she kept the goblins and demons who were her slaves working too. She ordered them to build a high,



stone tower, with only one small window near the top to let in air, and to prepare a mist which would hide this tower from all the world. It was a strange mist, which no sound or ray of light could pass through, for the witch knew, as I said before, that a ray of light or a note of music would destroy her wicked charms.

In this tower she planned to imprison the two princesses.

At last her work was done—the star and flower finished, and the tower and mist ready. Then,



THE WITCH IN THE TOWER ROOM.

with a cruel smile, she kissed the princesses, saying she had a present for each of them—an addition to their lovely crowns.

They took the gifts without dreaming of harm, and thanked their stepmother prettily. Princess Night placed the brilliant stone star with the others in her crown, while Princess Day laid the ruby rose beside a shining water-lily.

And then—they fell into a sleep so deep and so long that they never knew when goblins surrounded them, lifted them, and flew with them to the lonely tower hidden in the silent, dreary mist.

When they awoke in the dark, they were terri-

fied, and if they had not remembered they were princesses, I think they would have cried. As it was, they tried to be brave, to wink back their tears, and find a way out of their prison. But the only opening was a tiny window far above their heads, through which came a glimmer of cold, gray mist.

So they held each other's hands, and through the long days which followed, they tried to forget their loneliness in talking of all the beautiful things they had once seen in the world, flowers and birds, stars and sunshine.

The goblins brought them food, so they did not starve, and sometimes they slept, although they never knew when it was day or night. That strange gray mist was never any lighter or any darker as it streamed through the tiny window.

The poor king was miserable when he found his daughters had disappeared, and the witch-queen made believe she was sorry, too. She said she feared they had run away with the two princes, Prince Night-wind and Prince Dawn, who were their dearest friends, and who had hoped sometime to marry them.

So the king sent for the princes, and when he found they had left the country, he was forced to believe that they had run away with his two daughters. He and his people put on black robes, and all the bells were tolled solemnly to show how the whole kingdom mourned the loss of Princess Day and Princess Night.

But, as we know, the princes had not run away with their lady-loves. Instead of that, they were trying their best to find the princesses. They knew what had happened, for the evening star, which twinkles in the sky before any of the other stars open their eyes, had seen the sisters carried away. This star sang a little song to the princes, telling them that far to the north, hidden by a thick mist, stood a tower in which the princesses were shut up. There was only one way to save them, the star said. If the sisters could be made to sing, to answer, perhaps, a song outside their tower, the charm would be broken.

That seemed very simple to the princes. They had often sung songs beneath the palace windows, and the princesses had answered with still sweeter music. So very hopefully the two young men hurried to the north until they reached the magic mist. All day they tried to sing there, but not one whisper could be heard through that grayness. And the light of the lantern they carried went out at once, for no beam could shine there, and the princes lost their way, and struggled back, disappointed and discouraged.

Just as they reached the edge of the fog again, the sun was rising over the world, and hundreds



THE RETURN OF THE PRINCES AND PRINCESSES.

of birds of all colors, and with many different songs, were singing gladly to welcome it.

"I have a splendid plan," exclaimed Prince Dawn. "Let us send two birds to sing to the princesses. They can fly over the mist, and when the maidens hear their song, they themselves will surely sing for joy."

"That is a fine idea!" answered Prince Night-wind. "Let us choose the most beautiful birds here to break the spell which imprisons our beloved princesses."

So they chose a bright blue and a gorgeous orange bird, and quickly they flew away over the mist. But when they reached the little tower window, all their notes had died away. They could sing beautifully in the sunrise light, but in a dark gray fog, they forgot their song, and slowly and sadly they flew back to tell the princes of their failure.

For a moment, Prince Night-wind and Prince Dawn stood silent and puzzled. Then, beside them, a little brown bird, a song-sparrow, twittered: "The darker the day, and the deeper the mist, the sweeter is my song. Do—send—me!" The last words were sung in three long, sweet notes, after which the sparrow gave a trill so gay and bright that even the sunrise itself was not more joyful.

The orange bird and the blue bird flapped their wings scornfully, but the princes were delighted.

"Dear little sparrow!" they cried. "Sing like that to the princesses, and they will surely answer you."

So off over the gray mist and down to the tiny window flew the song-sparrow. On the window-sill it perched, and then, although the mist was grayer and colder than ever, it sang and sang, as if all the glory of the sunrise was around it.

Within the tower the princesses sprang to their feet, listening with shining eyes, and when the last trill died away, they sang in answer:

"O little bird, you sing of light,  
From stars and moon and sun so bright;  
The fragrance of flowers fills your song,  
You bring us the hope for which we long."

As their voices rose, sweet and clear, a queer rumbling sound was heard, and at the last note the tower crumbled and faded away, while the mist lifted,—for the charm was broken!

The wicked queen was driving in the royal coach with the king at that moment; but, being a witch, she knew what had happened, and fearing that when the king found what she had done, he would shut her up in prison, she turned into an ugly old hag, and flew away on a broomstick.

Oh, how surprised the king and all his people were! But an instant later, they had another surprise, and a pleasanter one. For up the street, on a fine, black horse, rode Prince Night-wind with the Princess Night behind him, and beside them, on his white horse, rode Prince Dawn, with the Princess Day.

Then all the bells were rung again, wildly and happily this time, and the people danced in the streets while the king danced in his palace.

For his dear daughters had come home again, more beautiful and loving than ever, and with them had come the princes who had saved them, whom they married that very day.

And what music do you suppose they had for the wedding?

Not an organ, or fiddle, or flute; nothing but a chorus of little, brown song-sparrows; but the folks who were there say that never in all their lives had they heard music so sweet and joyous.





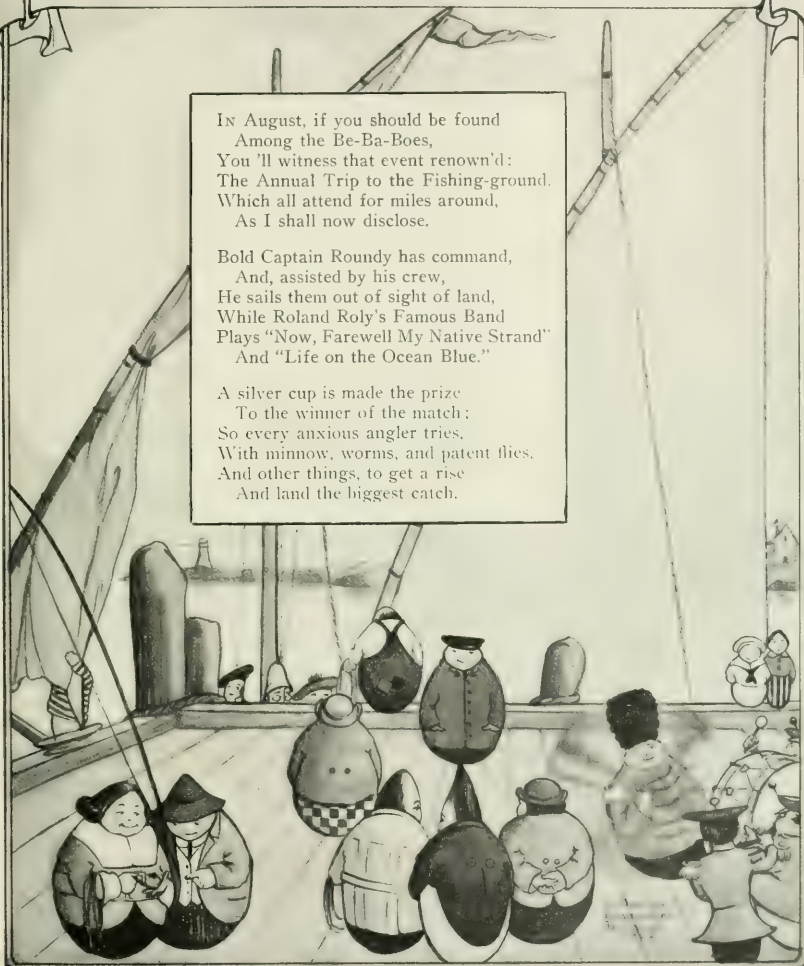
# THE ANNUAL FISHING MATCH

by D.K. Stevens

IN August, if you should be found  
Among the Be-Ba-Boes,  
You 'll witness that event renown'd:  
The Annual Trip to the Fishing-ground.  
Which all attend for miles around,  
As I shall now disclose.

Bold Captain Roundy has command,  
And, assisted by his crew,  
He sails them out of sight of land,  
While Roland Roly's Famous Band  
Plays "Now, Farewell My Native Strand"  
And "Life on the Ocean Blue."

A silver cup is made the prize  
To the winner of the match:  
So every anxious angler tries,  
With minnow, worms, and patent flies,  
And other things, to get a rise  
And land the biggest catch.

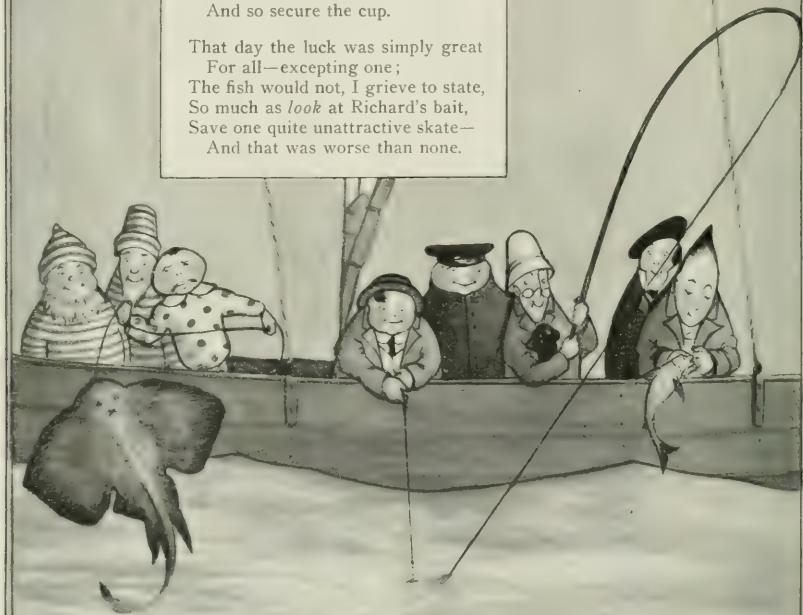


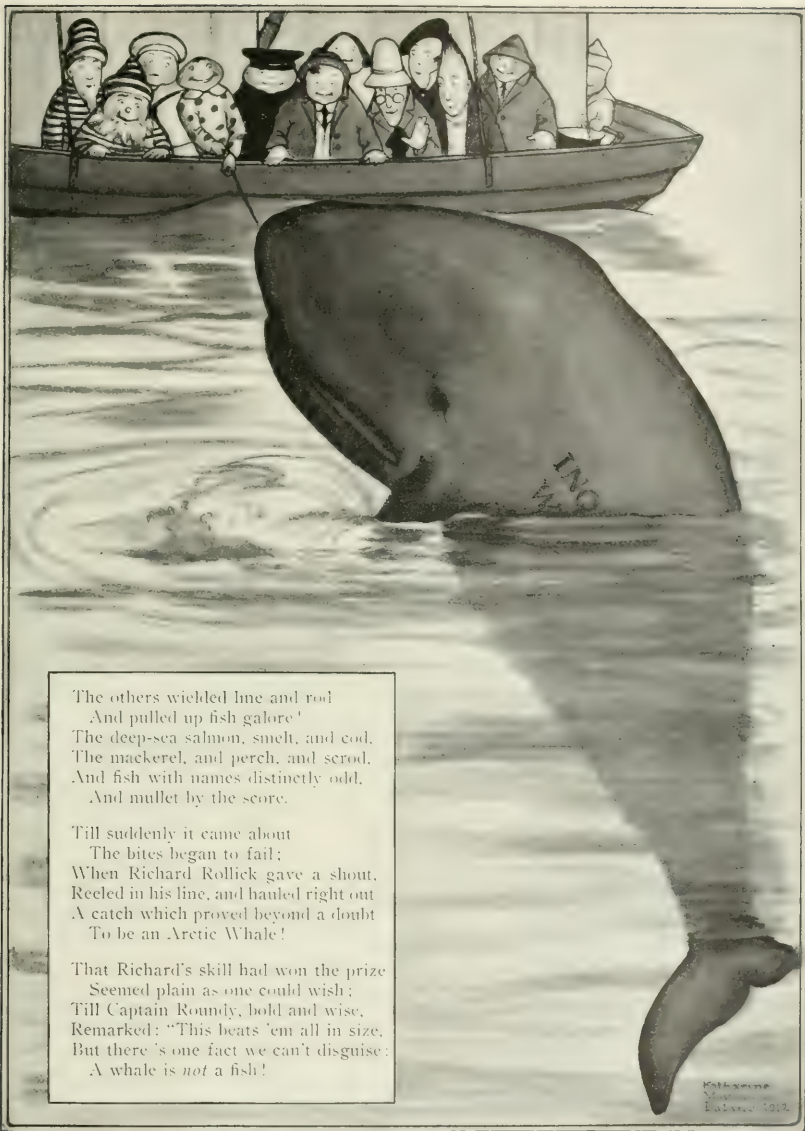


Now Richard Rollick was a lad  
Who studied fishing lore;  
The information that he had  
Concerning haddock, hake, and shad,  
Was quite immense; and, I may add,  
Was never known before.

So on their latest trip he went,  
With hope and courage up;  
His pocket-money he had spent  
On tackle which was plainly meant  
All kinds of fish to circumvent,  
And so secure the cup.

That day the luck was simply great  
For all—excepting one;  
The fish would not, I grieve to state,  
So much as *look* at Richard's bait,  
Save one quite unattractive skate—  
And that was worse than none.





The others wielded line and rod  
 And pulled up fish galore;  
 The deep-sea salmon, smelt, and cod,  
 The mackerel, and perch, and scrod,  
 And fish with names distinctly odd,  
 And mullet by the score.

Till suddenly it came about  
 The bites began to fail;  
 When Richard Rollick gave a shout,  
 Reeled in his line, and hauled right out  
 A catch which proved beyond a doubt  
 To be an Arctic Whale!

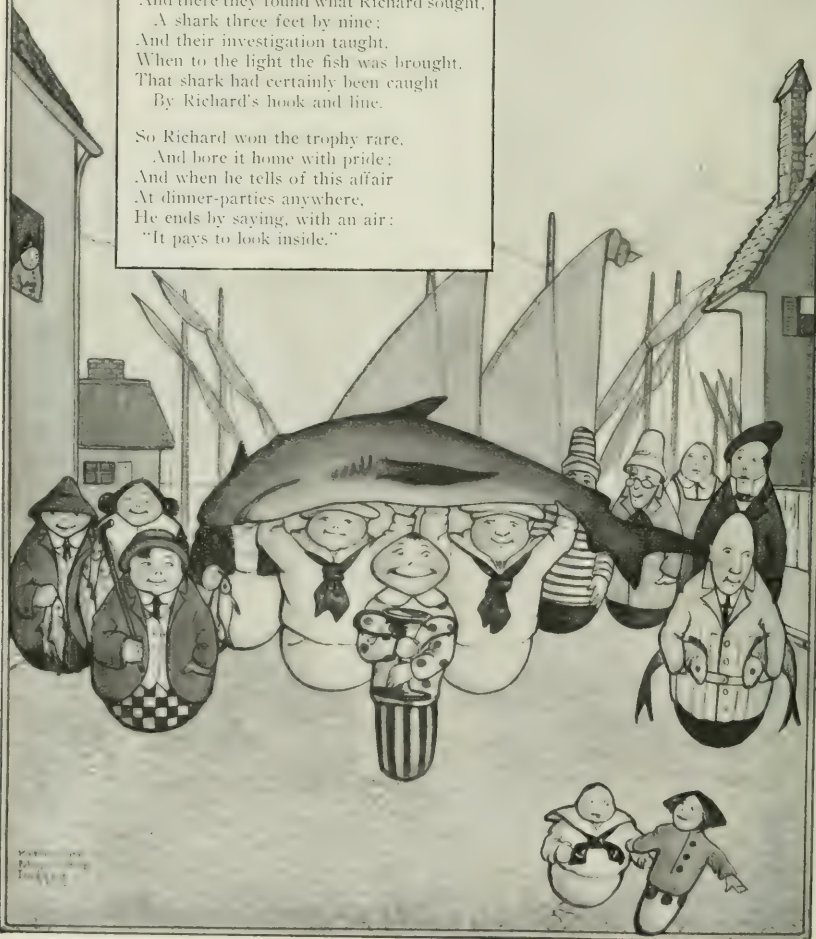
That Richard's skill had won the prize  
 Seemed plain as one could wish;  
 Till Captain Roundy, bold and wise,  
 Remark'd: "This beats 'em all in size,  
 But there 's one fact we can't disguise:  
 A whale is *not* a fish!"

K. L. G. G. G.  
 M. G. G. G.  
 L. G. G. G.

"The rules for 'largest fish' decree,  
 So Richard does n't win."  
 But Richard said, "If you 'll agree  
 This whale shall now dissected be,  
 For on his back this sign we see,  
 Which reads: *Inquire Within!*"

And there they found what Richard sought,  
 A shark three feet by nine;  
 And their investigation taught,  
 When to the light the fish was brought,  
 That shark had certainly been caught  
 By Richard's hook and line.

So Richard won the trophy rare,  
 And bore it home with pride;  
 And when he tells of this affair  
 At dinner-parties anywhere,  
 He ends by saying, with an air:  
 "It pays to look inside."



# PETRONEL'S LIGHT

BY IZOLA FORRESTER

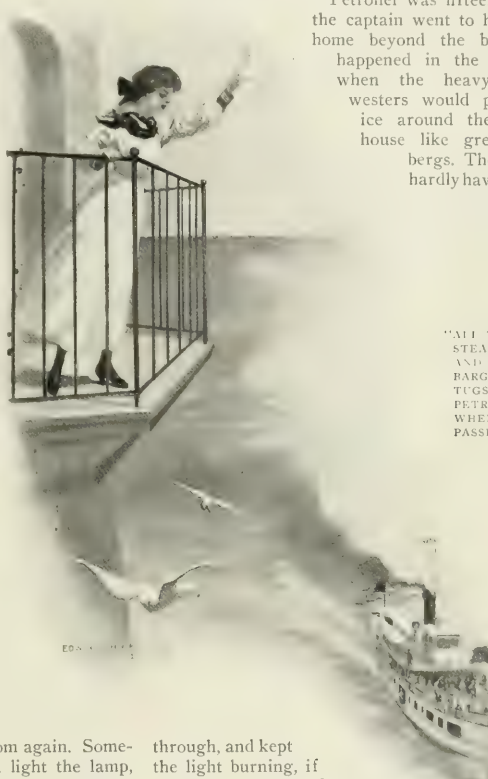
TALL sand-hills guard the harbor at Point au Manitou; great golden cones that catch the sunlight, and form the first glimpse of land to the craft on the lakes, as they pass the straits, and sail southward toward Chicago. But if they travel by night, it is Petronel's light by which they guide their course.

Every one called it Petronel's light after the captain was crippled at the wreck of the *Lucy B.*, from Petoskey. The *Lucy B.* was a big lumber boat, laden with Christmas trees, and she went ashore at the Point one bitter December night. There were Christmas trees along the icy beach for miles, Petronel remembered, and she could remember, as well, how the captain and the life-savers had tried to bring the crew ashore, while she and her mother watched up at the lighthouse window. They had saved some of them, too. The medal on the captain's breast helped him to bear being a cripple for life, and Petronel was always so very proud and glad when the summer visitors came over to the little garden at the lighthouse, and asked to see the captain and his medal.

The only trouble was that, after the wreck, the captain never climbed the long, winding stairs up to the great light-room again. Sometimes Petronel would go up and light the lamp, and sometimes her mother would; but, of course, way off at Washington, the official tender of the light at Point au Manitou was Captain Barty Buteau. Only the people around Manitou Islands and the lakemen knew that the real tender was Petronel. So they would always salute her when they passed. One, and two, and three whistles, the last very long drawn out. That is the way all the steamers, and lumber barges, and tugs saluted Petronel when they passed by day or

night, and I think those long whistles pleased her more than anything that happened in the lonely gray lighthouse far out on the Point.

Petronel was fifteen when the captain went to his long home beyond the bar. It happened in the winter, when the heavy nor'-westers would pile the ice around the lighthouse like great icebergs. They could hardly have pulled



"ALL THE  
STEAMERS,  
AND LUMBER  
BARGES, AND  
TUGS SALUTED  
PETRONEL  
WHEN THEY  
PASSED."

through, and kept the light burning, if it had not been for Hardy, one of the life-saving crew from the Point. Every day he would take the long walk down the shore from the harbor town, and see that Petronel and her mother were warm and had supplies; so that it was no wonder Petronel felt he was their best friend now that the captain was gone.

"I hope we shall always be good friends,



Hardy," she would tell him. "For I shall stay here at the Point all my life, and take care of the light, and you will be at the station all your life, and be a life-saver. I do not think the north shore could get on without us two."

Hardy did not say much. He would just smile, but surely in all the towns that edge the lakes, never was there such a smile as Hardy's, and his eyes were long and deepest blue, and they would almost shut up when he smiled. It was as if he smiled with his eyes too. Sometime, long ago, there had been a wreck, and Hardy had drifted in, like a little bobbing cork, with a life-buoy around his fat, little body, and too much of Lake Michigan in his system for solid comfort. The crew down at the Point station had adopted him for their own, and he had grown up with them, thinking that Captain Barty was the most wonderful sailor in the world, and that Petronel was the most faithful tender a light could have.

So it came as a severe shock and surprise to both when the news circulated around the Point that a new lighthouse tender was to be appointed in place of the captain. It appeared that down at Washington, where these things are arranged, nobody knew that it was Petronel's light, and that she always took care of it, and intended to as long as she lived.

"If you could just see the senator," Hardy told her. "I think he'd understand. He looks sensible. He's got short whiskers like the captain, and he laughs deep. Rathburn is his name."

"Where have you seen him?" Petronel demanded.

"He is at the hotel over Sunday. Why don't you go and talk to him? Why don't you tell him you want the light yourself, and that you and your mother can take care of it always?"

Petronel looked back at the far end of the pier. At the base of the tall gray stone tower was a little house. It leaned up against the tower confidently, and there was a very small, square garden-plot in front of it, where Petronel's sweet-peas and pansies fought for room with white clover and sorrel. It was all very, very dear to her,—gray tower, and little leaning house, and garden-plot. She rose, and unpinned her skirt.

"I will see him and tell him," she said soberly. "I will keep the light, Hardy."

But it was so much easier to say than do. She went over to the hotel that night, after she had rowed out to hang the lanterns on the tall piles that marked the harbor channel. She had made up her mind just what she would say to the man who went to Washington; how she would make him understand just what the light meant to her and her mother; how it almost seemed to belong

to them, they loved it so. But at the hotel they told her, very kindly but flatly, that the senator would see no one. He was resting from a nervous breakdown, and could not be disturbed.

The next day was Saturday and a very lively day at the Point. It was already August. The long winding row of summer cottages along the shore were filled with people from Chicago and smaller towns. The porches of the big hotel between the sand-hills looked like flower-beds, with the gaily hued dresses and parasols. Petronel's eyes followed them now, as she sat on the long pier. She liked to watch the summer people, but she never envied them any more than she envied the wild ducks that flew south in the fall. Rather would she have expected them to envy her, Petronel of the Point light.

On Saturday, Hardy always worked all day, cleaning the life-boat and everything at the station, until every speck of metal shone like gold and silver. And up at the light, Petronel would work too, polishing and cleaning everything, for on Sundays there was always a steady flow of summer visitors to inspect both places. But along toward evening, the clouds settled down over the lake, and the wind boomed up the straits like far-off cannon.

Hardy came on a run down the shore in his oilskins when the storm broke. Petronel was just shutting up for the night when she heard him call out.

"They want to know up at the station if you need help with the light? It's going to be a wild one. I'll stay if you want me."

Petronel backed up against the door, the wind whipping her hair across her face. She could hardly hear him in the gale, but she laughed back, and shook her head.

"We're all right."

"There's an excursion boat coming in from Mackinac," he shouted, making a speaking-trumpet with his hands. There was something else he said besides, but the wind tore down on them, and carried it away. Petronel could guess, though. If there was an excursion boat bound down the lake, laden with women and children, the Point light must watch for them like a mother's eye, and guide them into the harbor.

"We must be up all night, my Pet," Madame Buteau said, calmly, when she heard of it. "We must keep the light very bright, and well trimmed. It is the beginning of the equinox, and we will have the very bad storm, I fear."

All night they sat in the little kitchen, listening to the crashing of the storm, and the roar of the heavy seas sweeping in over the long piers. Running, racing, pounding, they seemed like thou-

sands of feet to Petronel, just as though an army were assaulting the lighthouse, and trying to scale its high, stone walls.

Every half-hour they took turns climbing the

kerchiefs were waved at her, while the captain sent out his long salute to the light.

Somehow, in the darkness on the winding stair, the tears came freely, and she sobbed as



"SHE COULD HARDLY HEAR HIM IN THE GALE

narrow stairs to the light-room, to be sure the big reflectors were working properly, and the great radiant eye was blinking regularly, now red, now white, then red again.

When it was Petronel's turn, her mother would wait for her at the foot of the stairs. It was impossible to catch each other's voices in the noise of the tempest. The thundering of the seas outside was like some mighty cataract, and overhead the real thunder of the sky crashed into it, and blended.

On the way down the stairs, each time, Petronel would stop to look out of the narrow windows, for some sign of the lights on the *Queen of the Straits*. She knew the steamer, and loved it, as one of her passing friends that kept her company. Twice a week it passed the Point, going up and down the lake from the straits to Manistee and Grand Haven. Petronel always watched for her, the slender, white-hulled boat, the decks crowded with pretty, summer-clad girls. She loved to wave back when all the fluttering hand-

she pressed her face to the chill window-pane, watching for the *Queen's* signals.

"Hurry, *cherie*," said the mother, anxiously, down at the foot of the stairs; but all at once there came a great peal of thunder, with a swift, terrible flash of lightning, and all the world seemed to be full of fire.

When Petronel uncovered her ears, and stood up again, she called out, but Madame Buteau was already up the stairs.

"Quickly, child, quickly!" she said in a low, steady tone. "See, the light is out. The tower has been struck! Bring me the lamp from the kitchen."

Just for a moment Petronel hesitated. She had seen a new kind of light out of the window, not the broad, beautiful pathway of clear, luminous radiance like the wake of the moon itself, but a vivid, reddish glow that seemed to make her heart stop its beating. Lightning had surely struck the lighthouse, and it was on fire.

And suddenly, out on the dark lake, there came

three long-drawn whistles. The *Queen* was trying to beat her way to the channel that led to the harbor, and had seen the light go out.

Without a word, Petronel sped down the stairs, through the low, white-washed tunnel that led to the keeper's dwelling. The telephone caught her eye, and she ran to it, and lifted the receiver. It sent thrills of electricity up her arm, and she could hardly hear the answer of the central office, through the strange trackling noises that filled the instrument. But she managed to convey the message that the lighthouse had been struck, and help must be sent at once. Swinging over the long table was the captain's favorite lamp. It had hung in the cabin of his schooner the *Huntress* for years, on long trips up and down the waterways of the great sister lakes. Petronel had always imagined it to be a very plump, motherly sort of thing, with its low, capacious brass bowl and large, spreading tin shade. The captain had laughingly humored the notion, and they had always called the old lamp "Madame," quite as if it understood.

Petronel lifted it from its hanging frame, and bore it carefully back up the winding staircase to the light-room.

"That is well. Hold the lamp high, Pet," her mother ordered. She was working quietly, steadily, deftly, over the great, flat-wick lamp. Outside, the other light showed up in flares of yellow and red against the night. The big reflectors that moved by clock-work were still shifting back and forth, but there was no light to reflect.

"Mother," Petronel said once. "The tower is on fire!"

"So much the better. The ship will see the glow," answered Madame Buteau, cheerily. "It

is all of rock, child! It cannot perish. Only the window casements have caught, and this pelting rain will soon put it out. It is only for the light we must fear."

Again the long, appealing whistles called from



"PETRONEL BORE IT CAREFULLY BACK TO THE LIGHT-ROOM."

the lake, and before they died away, the captain's lamp was placed safely within the reflectors, and out over the dark channel waters shone the beams, showing the safe course to take, and bringing hope and safety to hundreds.

"It will burn now safely," Madame Buteau said. "Can you see the lights on the steamer, *cherie*?"

Petronel tried to peer out of the great lantern around her, but the light was too glaring, and she went down to the window on the stair landing. Pressing her face against the pane, she made out the port lights on the *Queen*, as she turned toward that beckoning path.

"She 's coming in, Mother dear!" she cried.

And as the steamer made the harbor in safety, after threading that narrow channel of peril, Madame Buteau held Petronel close in her arms, and thanked God for the lives that were saved from old Michigan that night.

It was Monday morning when Petronel came down the walk from the hotel, and her face was so smiling that when Hardy saw it, he smiled too, out of sympathy. For out of the many who had faced death on the *Queen of the Straits*, had been Senator Rathburn's own wife and daughter, and all during that night of storm and dread, he had paced the hotel porches and the beach, watching the steady, faithful pathway of guidance that the Point light sent out; and he had sent for Petronel the next day to tell her what he thought of a girl who could stand at her post like that.

"What did he say, Pet?" Hardy asked, as they swung away from the summer crowd, and took the short cut over the sand-hills to the light.

"Did he say you should have a medal like the captain?"

Petronel laughed, and shook her head.

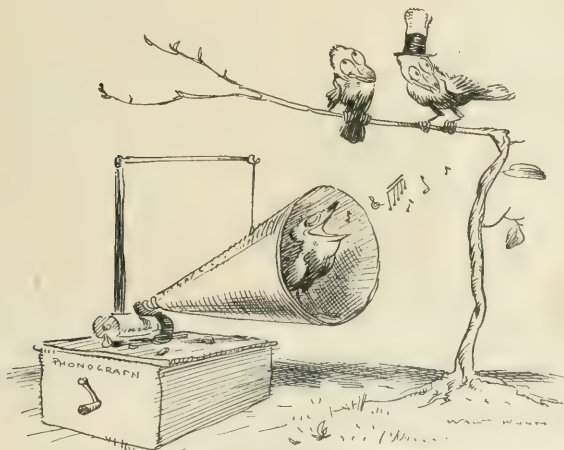
"He did n't say anything like that. He just told me our light was the bravest light along the lakes, and that we could keep it. He is going to tell them in Washington that nobody can tend the Point light so well as Madame Buteau and Petronel Buteau."

"We could have told him that all along!" said Hardy. "It is just because his own folks were on the boat that he knew how precious the light can be."

But Petronel shook her head.

"Mother says that love is the light that burns forever, and if he loved his own folks so, he will thank of the others who were saved too, and thank our light for it."

And it happened just as she said, for only a month later, when the big resort had closed for the season, and the Point began to look bare with the autumn gales, a long, official letter came from Washington, with the appointment in it of Madame Buteau as tender of Point au Manitou lighthouse. So it said, and justly; but everybody among the shore people, and on the boats that saluted as they passed, called it Petronel's light.



ENRAPTURED AUDIENCE: "IT 'S PERFECTLY WONDERFUL HOW NATURAL THIS PHONOGRAPH SOUNDS."



# THE BALEARIC ISLANDS

BY DR. S. J. FORT

If you will take your atlas and look at the map of Spain, you will see three islands of different sizes some distance from the western coast, the largest being called Majorca, the next largest, Minorca, and the smallest, Iviza, the entire group being known as the Balearic Islands. The name "Balearic" is derived from a Greek word meaning "the slingers," and was applied from the remarkable skill shown by the inhabitants in the use of the sling, at one time the only rival of the bow and arrow as a missile weapon.

Perhaps you will remember reading in history that the Spartan boys were early taught to ride, shoot, and tell the truth, the most severe punishments being meted out to delinquents in these foundational principles of education. We are also told that in the early days of the settlement of our own country, the boy who went hunting had his bullets counted. If he failed to bring

back game for each bullet expended, there was an uncomfortable quarter of an hour waiting for him, if the explanation of the missed shot was not satisfactory. Even the nursery jingles tell us that a certain Thomas Tucker was obliged to sing for his supper.

The island "slingers'" plan went even farther than this, for they placed the food of their children on tall poles, and the inexpert marksman went hungry if he failed to bring down a meal with a well-directed stone. These primitive parents did not believe in making hunger a spur to the attainment of skill and then supplying intermediate lunches to the unskilful, so we can well believe that every boy became expert with his weapon, and that the fighting strength of the islanders was thus kept to a high figure of merit, so high, in fact, that the geographical name of the group has preserved it for all time.



MR. MOUSE: "PARDON ME, MR. TOAD, BUT DO I SEE YOU WEEPING?"  
MR. TOAD: "ALAS, YES! I SLEPT IN AN ONION BED LAST NIGHT."

# PLAYING THE GAME

(A sequel to "The Battle of Base-ball")

BY C. H. CLAUDY

## CHAPTER III

### THE FINE ART OF FIELDING

EVERY ball-player has an ambition; every ball-player has to avoid digging a pit for himself. The batter's ambition is a base-hit; the pit he would avoid, being struck out. The pitcher's ambition is a no-hit game; the pits he must not tumble into are wildness, passing batters, and allowing hits with men on bases. The fielder's ambition is to play his game without error or misplay; his pit, a mistake of judgment or "bone-head" play, which is far worse than the making of an error. Errors must happen to the best of fielders, at times.

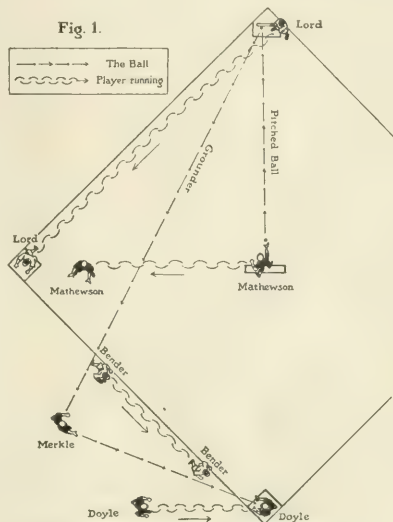
In nothing more does the attaining of ambition show to greater advantage, nor the results of failing to achieve it look uglier, than in the making of any play which results in an "f. c." in the score as an indication of how a certain runner attained a certain base. The "fielder's choice" looks innocent enough. It means that the man who gets the ball has two or more places to which he can throw it with the chance of retiring a runner. He chooses one, and either gets, or does not get, the runner; and the runner, going to the base he did *not* choose, is safe. But while the play may be errorless, it may be a misplay, a mistake, a "bonehead" play, and the game may be lost, then and there.

There was, for instance, a fielder's choice in the last World's Championship game between New York and the Philadelphia Athletics in 1911, which, had the fielder made a mistake, would seriously have affected the score of that game, perhaps even the series. No mistake was made, the fielder having perfect judgment in addition to errorless play; but an inspection of the diagram will easily show "what might have been."

The final score of the first game, played in New York, Mathewson pitching against Bender, was two to one in favor of New York.

With the score one to one in the fifth inning, Bender, at bat, hit to center, reaching first base safely. Lord followed him, and hit a sharp grounder to Merkle, New York's first baseman. Bender had to run for second, to make place for Lord. "Matty," like the fine fielding pitcher he is, covered first base. Merkle could throw either to first or second base and make an errorless play. By throwing to first base, he would get a

sure out, to second base a possible out. But as it was a force play, that is, one in which the ball need only beat the runner and does not have to be "put on him," Merkle took the wise chance, and threw to Doyle, at second. The ball beat Bender, who was thus forced out.



#### HOW MERKLE PLAYED WISELY A "FIELDER'S CHOICE."

Lord is at the bat—Bender on first base. Lord hits a grounder to Merkle. Mathewson covers first base. Bender has to run for second base. Merkle fields the ball. If he throws to Matty at first, Lord is a sure out. If he throws to Doyle, who covers second base, he may get Bender on a force play. It is a fielder's choice. Merkle tries for the force out, and the ball beats the runner.

That is what actually happened; and no one thought anything of it. Yet the game may have hinged on that one play. For Oldring, the next man up, batted for two bases, and Lord went from first to third. *Had Lord previously been put out at first, and Bender (who would thus have been safe) been on second when that two-base hit was made, he must have scored.* That would have made the score two to one in favor of Philadelphia; as New York made a run later, the score would then have been tied, and nobody knows who would have won in the end!

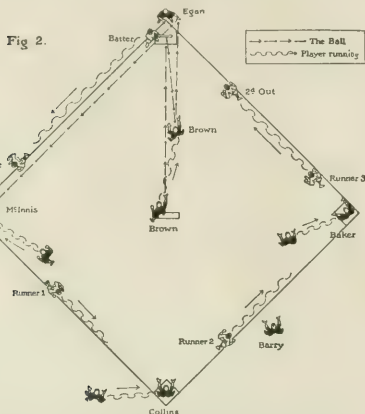
A pretty instance of a fielder's choice, which

resulted in a double play, was seen early in the 1912 season, in a game between the Athletics and the Washington club, American League. Brown, a recruit pitcher of the Athletics, was pitching, and was so unfortunate at one time as to have the bases full and only one out. The batter bunted to the pitcher. Brown fielded the ball, and had the greatest possible number of fielder's choices open to him, since the ball, fielded to any base, would retire a runner. But had it been fielded anywhere else than to home plate, the man coming in from third would have scored, and

choice should always be to get the leading man on the paths. It should—if there is a fair chance to get him! But to try for the leading man when the chances are against you is poor play. The old base-ball truism, "One out is better than none out," applies here very strongly. Play for the leading runner if there is a chance of getting him; but if there is not, play for the runner you can get, even if the other man scores. Very frequently, with a man on first when the batter lays down a sacrifice, you hear the stands crying madly, "Second base! second base!" in a well-meant endeavor to tell the fielder where to throw the ball. Then, when he turns and throws to first base with *seemingly* plenty of time to throw to second, the stands cry "Bonehead" at the player who has made a perfectly correct play. For he saw, perhaps, even if the spectators did not, that he would have to wait an instant for short-stop or second baseman to get in position to take the throw, and rather than take that chance, preferred a sure "out" at first.

You can be very sure that had he thrown to second and the runner beaten the ball, and the fielder at second thrown too late to first base to get the other runner, the cries of "Bonehead" would have been just as loud! It is sad but true that, in the mad desire to see the home team win, the average onlooker has little sense of the possible in base-ball, or consideration for the player who does not do the impossible.

With a man on second base and a sacrifice bunt to be tried, have you ever wondered why the ball is often laid down the *third* base line instead of the first? Putting the ball down the third base line means that the fielder who gets it—probably the pitcher—must run *away* from first base, field the ball, and then take his choice between throwing it to third base to catch the runner coming in from second, or making a long throw to first base. If the former is his choice, the third baseman must not only catch the ball, but touch the runner with it before he touches the bag. As the man on second usually has a long lead, and as fielding a bunt which seems to crawl on the ground is often slow work, the chances are all in the runner's favor, under such circumstances. Consequently, the ball is *usually* fielded to first, because at the initial corner there is no need of touching the runner; the ball merely has to beat him to it to effect a put-out. Hence the need of bunting down the *third* base line instead of the *first* base line; to make the throw as long as possible, and give the runner as much time as may be to beat the ball, thus turning the attempted sacrifice bunt into a hit, and increasing the chances of a subsequent score.



HOW THE ATHLETICS TURNED A FIELDER'S CHOICE INTO A DOUBLE PLAY.

Bases full, one out. Batter bunts to pitcher. Pitcher fields ball, throws to catcher. Runner coming in from third is forced out. Catcher does n't have to tag him, and throws to first baseman, who covers the bag, returning the runner who has just batted. Double play, retires the side; no score. Had pitcher thrown to any other base for a force out, there would have been a score and but one out on the play.

there would have been only one out on that play, or two all together, and a chance for another score should the next batter hit cleanly. But the pitcher, in spite of the big lead of the runner from third, knowing the catcher would not have to touch the runner, threw "home." Egan, the catcher, caught the ball, stepped on the plate, and hurled the ball to McInnis, who had run in and covered first, the ball beating the runner by a hair, completing a double play, and retiring the side without a score, simply on a wise fielder's choice!

Note that the diagram shows Collins and Baker covering their bases, as well as McInnis. They could n't know what Brown was going to do, and they had to be ready for any play he might choose to try to make.

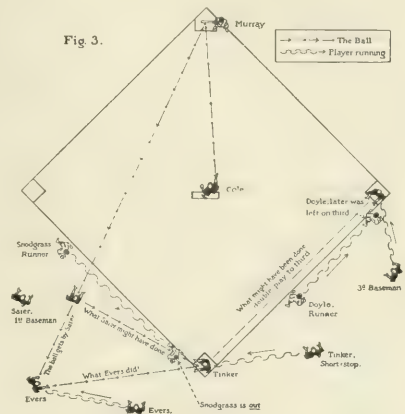
You may argue from this that the fielder's

Lads who play base-ball should make it a rule to think out in their own minds, swiftly but accurately, just what they will do with the ball if it comes to them, and before they do it. But this thinking out should not be to the effect that "If I get the ball, I will throw to first base for the runner," because that is a mental command which may well be obeyed in the excitement of the play, when the best place for the ball may be elsewhere. The making up of one's mind and the mental command should be entirely different: to the effect that "a double play is possible, if the ball is batted so I must run near second to get it," or, "I'll field it to first if it's a bunt I run in on, but if it's a ground ball I have to play back on, I'll send it to second." Leave yourself a fielder's choice" in your mind, but never fail to calculate before each play what it may be possible to do, should the ball come your way; and make these calculations with a full knowledge of the inning, the score, and the "outs." Often, of course, there is but *one* thing to do, in which case the play is easier. Thus, with a man on third and less than two out, almost any *infield* hit should be fielded "home" rather than to first base, because of the more than usual chances of retiring the runner. On the other hand, with two out and a man on third, almost any *infield* hit should, of course, be fielded to first, because the third out is easier made there than anywhere else, the runner not having to be touched by the ball. And if the batter is out at first, the runner on third *cannot* score.

The theory and practice of "backing up" is a part of the game which deserves more serious attention than it usually receives from amateur teams. And it is in young teams, where wild throws, over throws, short throws, and other misplays are more common than in older teams, that such a necessity exists. The writer knows of one team of lads, the average age of whom is twelve years, which cleaned up all the opposing teams they could get to play with them on this one feature. Some one had started their captain on the road to success by convincing him of the necessity of every player backing up his neighbor, and he had made all his team practise the stunt so thoroughly that, although his fielders threw as wildly as their opponents, there was always a player backing up the man to whom the ball was thrown; and instead of opposing runners making two or three bases on a wild throw, they often made but one, and not always even that.

Such things as runs scoring from failure to back up are easy to understand. Consider Fig. 3 as an example, taken from a game played between Chicago and New York last year. There were

runners on first and second bases. Cole put over a good one, and Murray hit it for a sharp drive through fair territory between first and second bases. Saier, first baseman for Chicago, dived over to get the ball. Tinker covered second base. Evers, seeing Saier going for the ball, backed him up. Now, had Saier fielded the ball, he had



HOW EVERS BACKED UP THE FIRST BASEMAN AND  
MADE A PUT-OUT AT SECOND.

Runners on first and second. Batter hits the ball midway between first and second—first baseman goes after ball. Short-stop covers second, third baseman gets on his base. If first baseman fields ball to second, he probably gets a force out, and if short-stop is a good pivot, he *may* make a double play at third. If first baseman misses the ball, one run is certain, unless second baseman fields ball by backing up first baseman, when he *may* get a put-out at second, but, at any rate, he *may* get a hit. He might also get a put-out at first base (not shown here) if the pitcher covered second. If second baseman does not back up first baseman, the ball goes for a hit, and a run is scored—possibly even two runs.

a fielder's choice between three bases, although a throw to third would probably have been foolish. But he had a good chance for a put-out at second, and a possible double to first or third. Saier, however, did not get the ball. It struck his hands and bounded over his head. But it bounded into Evers's hands. Evers threw to second in time to get Snodgrass, the out at second was thus made, and Doyle, on third, did not get a chance to score. Had Evers not backed Saier up, the ball would have rolled to right field, and the chances are that both Snodgrass and Doyle would have scored!

In this play, Evers had nothing else to do. Saier was fielding the ball, which belonged to him; Tinker, the short-stop, was covering second base; and Cole was on the run to first in case the play should be made there. Another player might have said, "Oh, I'll take a chance. Saier is a



good first baseman, a fine fielder. He'll get the ball. I will save my strength." And ninety-eight times out of a hundred, Saier would have fielded the ball cleanly, if once he got his hands on it. But this happened to be one of the other two times. And Evers was right where he belonged, backing Saier up. He fielded the ball which got by Saier, made the out at second, prevented one and perhaps two scores, and held the runner at third. It is plays of this sort that make Evers such a famous second baseman!

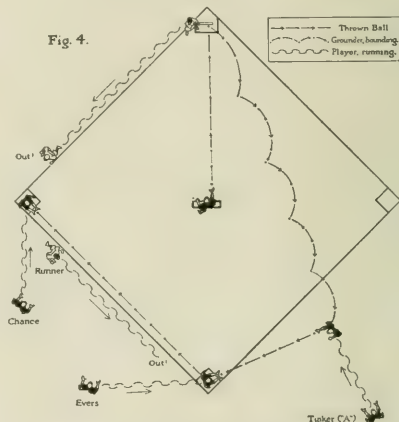
Now, of course, it is not always possible for infielders to back each other up on every fielded ball. The balls come too fast, and there are too many other things to do. It would be foolish, indeed, for one player to back up another when he has work of his own to do in covering a base. But there are nine men playing a defensive game, and it is a rare play which engages more than three or four of them at once (outside of a run-out between bases), so there is usually some one so entirely out of a play he must either stand and watch or put himself in position where, if anything goes wrong, he will be of some use to his team. Perhaps only once in a hundred times will his effort bear fruit, but he has the satisfaction of knowing that he is *playing the game*; and the hundredth time, when he manages to pull off the unexpected happening, he will be more than repaid for the effort he has put into his many correct but unproductive "backing-up plays," by the satisfaction of having played the game as well as it could be played.

Outside of the mere mechanical perfection of the fielder's work—his ability to "scoop up" balls, throw from curiously distorted positions, pick up grounders with unerring accuracy, etc.,—the beauty of playing any infield position lies in its head-work; in a knowledge of how to "play the ball," and what to do with it after you get it. Often the latter knowledge is easier to come by than the former. Many a man who has a quick brain, a fine throwing arm, and a world of ability in handling the ball after he gets it, fails as an infielder because he lets the "ball play him," instead of "playing the ball."

"Playing the ball," not letting the "ball play you," is nothing more than base-ball language for "going after it." There are times, of course, when the fielder is lucky if he is able to get hold of the ball at all. But there are plenty of other times when he has a great choice as to where he will meet the ball, whether he will play back and let the ball come to him on a bound, or run in and scoop it up before it has a chance to bound more than once; and on this decision, occasionally, may rest the game! That, too, is one of the beauties

of base-ball: the entire game, at times a championship even, may depend, though the player knows it not, on *any* play he makes. There never was a close-score game played which could not have gone the other way had some one single play been otherwise accomplished.

Nowhere is this seen more clearly than in the making of double plays, those spectacular performances in which, with the bases full and one out, for instance, a most unfavorable situation is turned to the advantage of the defending team by two men being retired at once; or that equally interesting situation, "two on, none out, and a



HOW TINKER "CUTS IN" ON A BOUNDER AND SAVES A PRECIOUS HALF-SECOND.

"Tinker to Evers to Chance." This famous double play was achieved so often that the phrase in the score has become a byword. One reason why it was so uniformly successful, whether started by Tinker to Evers, or Evers to Tinker, was that both "played the ball"—neither let the ball play him! In the diagram, Tinker runs in on the ball and cuts off two or three bounds. He saves half a second. Had he let the ball "play him," and remained at the position "A," both runners would have been safe. As it was, both were out, simply because Tinker ran in on the ball and saved that half-second of time.

batting rally starting," which is nipped at the beginning by a double play that cuts off the two budding runs!

"Tinker to Evers to Chance," the lilting little line written in the score so many times when the great Chicago Cubs were winning four pennants and three World Championships, was possible, and became famous, for no other reason than that Evers and Tinker—as clever a second baseman and short-stop as ever played the game—are both like wildcats in their quickness, both alert, aggressive, and hungry for work, and both past-masters of the art of "playing the ball."

Consider the diagram in Fig. 4. Devore is on

first, Snodgrass is at bat. The score is a tie, the inning the ninth, one out, and one run wins the game for New York. Snodgrass hits a swift ground ball which goes leaping and bounding over the turf. The infield has been playing deep, expecting a hit-out rather than a bunt. Tinker runs lightly in, but very swiftly, watching the ball, and calculating to a nicety just how many times it will bound, where it will bound, and where he will meet it. He knows that the least "wobble" will mean a man on second or *third*, and still only one out. What he wants is, "no one on and—every one out!"

So he cuts in on the ball and saves, perhaps, half a second. He meets the ball, scoops it up, and whirls it over to Evers, who has lost no time getting on second base. The scooped ball is a little to Evers's right-hand side; Tinker is an artist. It is n't too hard for Evers to meet with both bare hand and glove at once, it is n't so hard a throw as to make a muff probable, yet it is swift—for those precious pieces of seconds that Tinker has saved by "playing the ball" and not waiting for it to "play him," must be utilized. Evers, getting the ball on his right side, has no need to move his arm far; he steps on the bag, turns his body, and the ball flies straight for Chance's mit, for Chance has covered first with the crack of the bat.

Twice the umpire waves a thumb over his shoulder—"Out—out," he calls, mits are unexcitedly thrown on the ground, the Cubs come to bat and have another chance to win, and "Tinker to Evers to Chance" appears in the box score under the heading "double play."

Had Tinker waited at A in the diagram for the ball to come to him, his half-second would have been lost, Devore would have slid in under his throw to Evers, and Evers's throw might well have landed in Chance's mit *after* Snodgrass had crossed the bag; and then there would have been two on and still but one out, and there would have been no "Tinker to Evers to Chance" in the box score!

The great Cub machine is not what it once was. Chance, the "Peerless Leader" has had to retire from active work, head trouble, due to being hit by pitched balls, making it impossible for him to stand the strain and heat of play. Nevertheless, "Tinker to Evers to Saier" appears reasonably often in the box score at that. And the Philadelphia Athletics, with their stars at short and second, are establishing a catch-line of their own. While "Barry to Collins to McInnis" lacks the flitting measure of the older, more famous, line, it is very much to the point—indeed, "Fletcher to Doyle to Merkle" is a frequent score phrase!

But whenever such a phrase appears, some one has "played the ball" instead of letting it "play him." Had the first man to get an assist in the double play waited for the ball, there would have been no double play to tell about. Hence it behooves all young infielders who study this diagram to study also the multitude of plays of which it is a type, and learn to judge the bounding ball, and meet it and play it as soon as it is possible to do so, never forgetting for an instant that every second means at least twenty feet for a tearing base-runner; that a quarter of a second clipped from the time in which the ball is played means five feet.

The time has gone by, and long ago, when an outfielder was merely a human ball-basket and catapult. Mere ability to catch fly balls, gallop over the turf and turn drives into outs, and then line the ball back to the diamond, even, with a strong throwing arm, to the plate, is not enough. Nor does adding a batting record of more than .300 to fielding and throwing ability make a player into a real outfielder—a Cobb, a Wheat, a Speaker, a Magee, a Milan, a Clarke, a Lewis, a Schulte.

It takes more than batting, fielding, and throwing to make a *real* outfielder. It takes a head!

Look at the records of the great outfielders now playing the game, and you will see just what a quick brain means in outfielding. Oh, yes, we must start with Cobb! The player who led the world at the bat, in 1911, and his league, in two-base hits, three-base hits, greatest number of runs, and most stolen bases, can hardly be mentioned second to any other outfielder! Cobb had the greatest number of put-outs of all outfielders in the American League last year. Now there are other outfielders who are just as sure and certain judges of fly balls as Cobb—a number have higher fielding percentages. But Cobb adds to his speed instant judgment, and a splendid knowledge of batters; and he got the put-out record, regardless of the number of games played, solely on those things—judgment (head-work) plus speed.

Murphy, of Philadelphia, had the greatest number of assists: thirty-four for 1911. Incidentally, Murphy is captain of the Athletics this year, the veteran Davis being now manager for Cleveland. It may be stated that Connie Mack does n't pick the *least* brainy of his outfielders for his field captain!

Milan, of Washington, had thirty-three assists for the year, and was second only to Cobb in the number of put-outs he had to his credit—347. But Milan's fielding percentage for the year is the same as that of Cobb, and he was second in his league in the number of stolen bases, getting

a total of fifty-eight, to Cobb's eighty-three. This comparison is no attempt to make Milan seem a rival of Cobb, star player though he is. The figures are given because it shows that the two are not so very far apart when it comes to

grabbed the ball after a bound or so, and turned to throw to hold Cobb at second. But he saw that Cobb had turned second, already taken a lead, and was facing the outfield. Milan knew what was going to happen. Cobb was going to "sprint" for third the instant he, Milan, let the ball go.

So he made a bluff throw. That is, he motioned, but did n't throw. Cobb laughed, and danced back a little toward second. His eye is too quick and his intelligence too keen to be fooled like that. So Milan inched in and toward left field a little, and bluffed again, this time toward second base; and Cobb increased his lead. Four times they went through this performance, Cobb seeming to dare Milan to throw to either base, Milan angling in and toward left field, seeming to dare Cobb to sprint. Of course Milan could have thrown to third at any time and thus have made Cobb retreat to second or try to beat the ball.

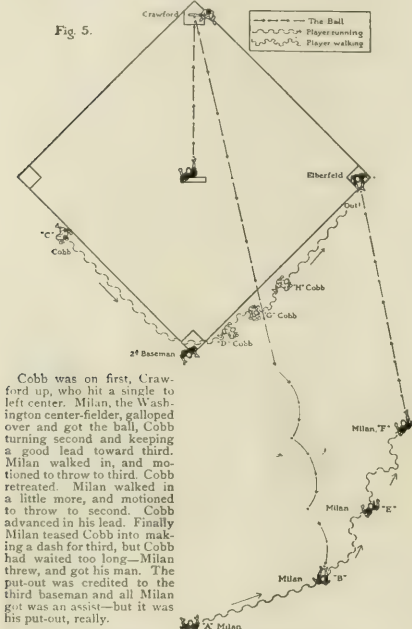
But Milan did n't want to. He is rightly proud of a throwing arm which has few equals, and while acknowledging Cobb as a great player, he did n't exactly feel that his arm should be made a mock of in that style! So he held his throw and angled always in and toward left field. You can see in the diagram how he did it—he started from A with the crack of the bat, went to B and got the ball, then loafed over to E, and finally to F, while Cobb, who had come from C to D with the hit, was increasing his lead toward third, going to G, and finally to H.

And there they stood: the great base-runner almost half-way to third; a great outfielder trying to outguess him. And he did, too! Cobb was a little too daring with the throwing arm that Milan wields. Cobb suddenly started for third, like a shot. But Milan threw, and the ball beat the runner, and in the midst of a cloud of dust, little Kid Elberfeld, at third, was seen jabbing a ball on the ribs of the famous runner! Cobb went to the bench, "out," amid the noisiest demonstration from the stands ever heard in Washington—greater than when a game is won!

It was brains that created that contest; brains which gave Milan thirty-three assists from the outfield in a year, and brains in Cobb which dares so great a chance, and "gets away with it" nine times out of ten. If he *always* got away with it, he would n't be human! That he does it so often makes him the great player he is.

And the "fine points" of playing the outfield—far beyond the mere mechanical ability to run, judge flies, catch them in spite of the handicaps of wind and sun, to throw cleanly, accurately, quickly, and strongly—are found in the brains and the wit, the keenness, of those men whose playing the outfield positions has made them famous.

Fig. 5.



A PRETTY BATTLE OF WITS BETWEEN COBB, AS BASE-RUNNER, AND MILAN, AS FIELDER.

doing the stunts which require heads as well as feet and arms, and to lend a point to the base-ball incident illustrated in Fig. 5. This particular incident, moreover, shows one play in which Cobb was both outguessed and outplayed—and those incidents, it must be stated, happen but rarely to the wonderful player generally conceded to be the equal, if not the superior, of any man who ever played the game.

Cobb was on first base, Crawford at bat, one out. It is a bad combination for the team on the defensive. Crawford has a mighty bat, and mighty arms, and many, many mighty hits are stored in both! The outfielders play deep for him, usually. This particular day he sent a slashing single to left of center. Milan, center-fielder for the Washington team, galloped over and

Not only in outguessing the runner, but in knowledge of the batter and the effect of the pitch, are outfield brains shown. Cobb's 376 put-outs in 1911 came as much from his deep study of every batter—his knowledge of how they would be likely to hit each sort of pitched ball, and where it would most likely be hit—as from his speed and skill. Study the batters who play against you; study your own pitchers and what they pitch; learn which man bats an in-curve to right field and which to left; where he bats out-curves and straight balls; and then, knowing what is to be pitched, place yourself so that the hit, if made, will be but a single, and the seemingly safe line drive one of many unexpected and brilliant outfield put-outs. That, too, is playing the game!

It is not expected that you can emulate all that Cobb, or Milan, or Wheat, or Speaker does in the

outfield. Neither in mechanical ability, in knowledge of the game, or in completeness of knowledge of batters, can you really compete with men who make a business of what to you is play. But you can try steadily to make of your play something besides mere mechanical brilliance—something besides a mere catching of the ball and returning it to the base ahead of the runner. In playing the outfield, strive to outguess the runner, and get as many assists to your credit as you can; and even if most of them result merely because the runner tries to stretch a single into a double, a double into a triple, or a triple into a home run, now and then will come the chance to outguess and outwit the batsman, and then *you* can feel exultant in the thought that you, too, like Milan and Cobb, have played the game with brains and with wit as well as strength and skill.

*(To be continued)*



By permission of C. W. Faulkner & Co., Ltd., London, F. C., England, owners of the copyright

"THE TUG OF WAR." FROM A PAINTING BY FRED MORGAN.



# THE YOUNG HIGHWAYMAN'S SURPRISE



"AHA! HERE'S WHERE I GET SOME CANDY MIGHTY EASY. HEY THERE, YOUNG FELLER!"



"EH—UH—ER—HOW ARE YER?"

## LIMERICKS

BY MINNIE LEONA UPTON

### THE LIMITATIONS OF KNOWLEDGE

A PROFESSOR, both learned and wise,  
Once heaved the profoundest of sighs:  
"I am," confessed he,  
"Absolutely at sea  
On the subject of Gooseberry-Pies!"

### NO TALKING SHOP

A SCHOOLMA'AM of much reputation  
In her steamer chair took up her station,  
And when asked could she tell  
How some word they should spell,  
She said, "Yes, but not during vacation!"

# THE LADY OF THE LANE

BY FREDERICK ORIN BARTLETT

Author of "The Forest Castaways"

## CHAPTER XVII

### "AN OLD-FASHIONED HALLOWE'EN PARTY"

ELIZABETH'S victory over Miss Winthrop was the talk of the school on Monday morning, but, before noon, she had furnished them with another topic for discussion, when she announced that she intended to forfeit her game with Miss Currier, a player very much inferior to Miss Winthrop. To all the questions excitedly asked of her, she only smiled and shook her head. But Nance knew the reason, and heartily disapproved of it. She herself had won her first game easily, and it was conceded that she would have no more difficulty with her next opponent than Elizabeth would have with Miss Currier. This, of course, would bring them into the finals against each other.

"You ought n't to drop out," protested Nance. "It 's like giving me the championship, and there 's no fun getting it that way."

"I can't help it, Nance," Elizabeth answered, determinedly. "I 'd feel just as badly beating you as I would being beaten by you, and that 's all there is to it!"

"I don't think it 's quite sportsmanlike," frowned Nance.

"Perhaps it is n't," Elizabeth agreed readily. "But it 's a fact."

She placed her arm coaxingly around her chum's shoulder.

"Don't be vexed, Nance," she pleaded. "I have n't played much, you know, and so when I play, I play with all my might. It seemed cruel to force Miss Winthrop when she was all tired out. I 'd never forgive myself if I played you that way, and it would n't be tennis any other way, would it?"

"No," admitted Nance.

"Then let 's not talk any more about it."

"All right," agreed Nance with a smile. "We won't."

And she did n't, but, on the following Saturday, she did not appear on the courts, and so lost her own set by forfeit.

"What 's the matter with you two girls, anyway?" demanded Roy, when he next met them.

"Some day we 're going to play off the match in private," answered Elizabeth.

"Oh, I see—and you 'll let me umpire?"

"No, sir!" laughed Elizabeth. "There won't be a single soul to watch us, not even you!"

During the next few weeks the school became about evenly divided between one group, centering around Elizabeth and Nance, and a second group which hovered around the Brookfield girls. Elizabeth herself, however, was far too busy, between her school and home duties, to give much thought to this.

Mrs. Trumbull had feared at first that Elizabeth, once back in her old circle, would lose interest in her home, but the direct contrary seemed to be the fact. The more she was out of the little house by the lane, the keener was her delight in returning to it. She went about her tasks with renewed zeal. Though Mrs. Trumbull, under the circumstances, thought it might be too heavy a burden for Elizabeth to carry, the latter refused to shirk a single duty. She was up as early as usual, and prepared the breakfast. Upon her return from school, Mrs. Trumbull had luncheon ready for her, but Elizabeth insisted upon preparing dinner and on devoting Saturday forenoon to setting the house in order.

"It would n't seem like my home if I did n't," said Elizabeth, when Mrs. Trumbull expressed concern lest the work be too much for her.

"Well, I must say you don't make much fuss about it," Mrs. Trumbull replied resignedly.

So late October came. The trees, after their harlequin carnival of the past few weeks, stood shivering beneath the cold fall blasts. The ground was strewn with leaves which fluttered and rustled about, like whispering children. In the garden a few dry corn-stalks and a clutter of frost-bitten pea-vines were all that were left after the garnering of the crops. Except the golden pumpkins. Those stood out like miniature suns warming the whole desolate tract. But in the cellar of the little house by the lane were full bins and barrels, and shelf upon shelf of tightly sealed jars.

And now, with these harvest tasks completed, Elizabeth was ready to put into effect a plan that had been in her mind ever since school opened.

"I want to give a housewarming," she announced to Mrs. Trumbull. "I think that, for some reason, half the girls are afraid to call here, and so I 'm going to invite them all, and introduce them to my home."

"Who cares whether they come or not?" demanded Mrs. Trumbull.

"Oh," laughed Elizabeth, "I want them. I 'd

like this to be a sort of gathering place for all my friends."

"Well, it would be a good way to find out who are your friends and who are n't, anyway," declared Mrs. Trumbull.

"I don't even care about that," answered Elizabeth. "I 'm friends with all of them, whether they are with me or not. I thought Hallowe'en would be a good time to begin."

"So it would," agreed Mrs. Trumbull. "Your mother always had a party on Hallowe'en."

That afternoon Roy dropped in and Elizabeth told him of her plan.

"Fine!" he exclaimed. "This is just the place for a Hallowe'en party. You can't have a real one in an apartment-house, any more than you can have a real Thanksgiving in the city."

"I may have to call upon you to help me," she hinted.

"I 'd like nothing better," he answered.

"Then I 'll make out a list right away, and perhaps you and Nance can help me address the envelops."

"I don't star as a penman," he answered. "But I 'll stick the stamps for you."

A few days later, Roy, Nance, and Elizabeth were seated at their task in the sitting-room. Elizabeth had included in her list all her boy friends, and many that Roy had suggested, as well as all the girls in school of her own age. As Roy came to the names of the Brookfield girls, he scowled.

"I suppose you had to ask them," he said.

"Yes," she answered with a laugh. "Really, I don't want to quarrel with any one, Roy, and I thought that if they came and had a good time—"

"Supposing they don't come?" he demanded.

"Oh, I 'm sure they 'll come if only to make fun," answered Elizabeth.

"They 've no business to do that," he growled.

"Well, they have n't done it yet," returned Elizabeth, good-naturedly. "We must n't scold them beforehand."

"I 'm afraid of their tricks," said Roy. "They are so clever about such things that you never know what they 'll be up to next."

"I 'm not afraid of them," answered Elizabeth. "And I do hope they will come and have a good time."

"They would n't admit they had a good time if they came," answered Roy.

He would n't have expressed his opinion to any one else, but he was as frank with Elizabeth as with his mother. He had met the two girls only a few days before, and they had suggested that some one ought to arrange a Hallowe'en party. He had hinted then, as broadly as he dared, that

Elizabeth had something of the sort in mind. He had n't liked the expression in Helen's eyes as he told her this. It had left him with the feeling that he would have done better not even to have hinted. With this in mind, he tossed back to Elizabeth the envelop intended for Jane and Helen.

"Will you please address this?" he said briefly.

When he left that afternoon, he took all the invitations with him, and mailed them at the post-office. In the evening Mr. Churchill came over from "The Towers," and Elizabeth told him more fully her plans, of which he had already approved.

"I want to make it just like one of Mother's parties," she confided to him. "So now I want you to tell me everything you two used to do on Hallowe'en."

Elizabeth brought her chair closer to him so that she could rest her head upon his shoulder. He placed his arm about her. Mrs. Trumbull sat sewing on the other side of the fire. The setting was just as it was twenty years before. When he began to speak, it was with the worry of half a dozen business problems still teasing his brain, but as he went on, these were all forgotten. They were forgotten as they used to be in those days when business was always of secondary interest to the house by the lane and the home for which it stood. Then it was life and peace and happiness which counted most, and an event like one of these parties was to be remembered, even in the face of his biggest schemes for the getting of a fortune. So he sat for an hour telling of the decorations and the games and the people, until Elizabeth felt as though she herself had been one of the former guests.

"Oh, Daddy!" she exclaimed when he had finished, "I wish I had been there, too."

He patted her head.

"It does n't do much good to wish for impossibilities," put in Mrs. Trumbull.

"No," agreed Mr. Churchill.

"And I say we ought to be planning for the party to come."

"Right!" nodded Mr. Churchill. "For the party to come will soon be the party that is gone, and we must have pleasant memories of that too."

Elizabeth sat up.

"My party is all planned," she declared. "I 'm going to have everything just as Mother had it."

"Now that is n't a bad idea," said Mrs. Trumbull, looking up from her sewing.

"But I shall need you to help me, Daddy."

"I 'll do what I can," he agreed.

"Then—let me see. To-day is Tuesday, and the thirty-first comes on Saturday. Will you



ELIZABETH'S NOVEL HALLOWEEN PARTY. (SEE PAGE 611.)



come home early, so that I may have you the whole afternoon?"

He hesitated.

"I'm afraid—" he began.

"Daddy," she broke in, "you know I shall need you to hang all the high things."

"There 's Martin," he suggested.

"I shall need you—you and no one but you," she pleaded.

Still he hesitated, for he had at least one important business engagement for that afternoon, but, as he lifted his eyes, he caught in Mrs. Trumbull's glance a worried look that decided him.

"All right!" he submitted, "I'll be here at two o'clock."

Elizabeth sprang to her feet.

"Now," she declared, "I'm sure my party will be a success!"

But the next morning, Elizabeth received in the mail a little square envelop that took away her breath. On the surface it was inoffensive enough, but reading between the lines, it sounded like a declaration of war. It read as follows:

The Misses Brookfield desire the honor of Miss Elizabeth Churchill's company on Hallowe'en, October thirty-first, at eight o'clock.

R. S. W. P.

3 Aphwaite Court.

The Misses Brookfield must have received her own invitation that very morning. To be sure, this conflict might have been accidental, but something made Elizabeth recall Roy's words of warning. And whether accidental or not, this made a very embarrassing situation. There was no doubt but that both had invited about the same people. They had many friends in common, both at Miss Grimshawe's and at Roy's school. The two invitations would reach the same people at the same time, and this would leave them nothing to do but choose.

Elizabeth hurried into the kitchen with the letter and showed it to Mrs. Trumbull. The latter adjusted her steel-bowed spectacles and read it through.

"Well!" she exclaimed. "Of all the mean tricks I ever heard of, this is the worst!"

"But we don't know for sure that it is a trick," Elizabeth protested charitably, though with her heart in her boots.

"Of course it's a trick," answered Mrs. Trumbull, impatiently. "You wait until Roy sees this!"

"I suppose it means that I'd better give up my party," faltered Elizabeth.

"Huh?" demanded Mrs. Trumbull, making herself as straight as a ramrod.

"I suppose—"

"Don't you suppose nothing of the kind," Mrs. Trumbull broke in. "We'll have this party if every one else in the city gives one the same night! We're sure of three, anyway."

"Who?" asked Elizabeth.

"Roy Thornton, Nance, and your dad. They are worth more than all the rest of them put together."

"Perhaps—perhaps Roy won't come," suggested Elizabeth.

"He won't, eh?" exclaimed Mrs. Trumbull. "Well, I'd be willing to stake my life he will!"

That night Elizabeth received five regrets—all from her girl friends. But the next morning she received as many acceptances, and these, oddly enough, were all from boys. On Friday came more regrets and more acceptances, again divided as before. Elizabeth was mystified, but she went on with her preparations with as good a heart as possible. Friday, after school, both she and Mrs. Trumbull were busy in the kitchen, making cake and doughnuts and pumpkin-pies. In addition to this, Elizabeth made fudge and walnut creams. Martin had plenty to do cracking nuts and hollowing out the pumpkins, cutting eyes, noses, and mouths in them, and preparing the candles. From the beginning, Mrs. Trumbull had insisted that if this was to be an old-fashioned Hallowe'en party, everything must be made at home. Mr. Churchill had suggested that the chef be allowed to make some of the pastry, but Mrs. Trumbull would n't listen a minute to that.

"No, siree!" she said. "This is going to be an American party, and my notion of an American party is where you put something of yourself into it."

"If I might make so bold as to say so, that's an English party, too," observed Martin.

Elizabeth had very good luck with her candy. The fudge was smooth and firm, while the creams were every whit as good as any she could have bought in town. So was the cake, for that matter, and the caramel frosting would melt in your mouth.

Elizabeth received a note that day from Roy, saying that, with the foot-ball team and his studies, he would n't be able to come over and help, and that Saturday he was to play.

"I'd ask you to come to the game," he concluded, "but I know you'll be too busy. The whole team is looking forward to the party, and I'm coming over early Saturday evening to help you with the finishing touches. Hooray for you!"

The whole team! Elizabeth was still pretty much confused as to what was going on about the two gatherings. So far, not a girl had accepted,

while every boy she had asked had written his enthusiastic thanks. She was too busy to worry much about this, but it certainly looked queer.

The next afternoon her father, true to his promise, appeared shortly before two o'clock, ready for work. She pinned a blue apron over his business suit, to make him feel that he really had a great deal to do, and then ordered him to sit down while she and Martin festooned the windows with long strips of yellow paper.

"What I want you to do, Daddy," she explained, with an airy wave of her hand, "is to sort of oversee things."

"Look here," he protested, "I want to do more than that!"

"Then," she permitted, "you may hold the hammer and tacks."

But that did not suit him either, and in less than a minute, he was mounting the step-ladder and doing the actual work, while she herself was overseeing the job, and Martin was holding the tacks. They draped the windows with the yellow paper, and ran it all around the room. From this they suspended long strips which reached to the floor. The idea was to produce the color effect of an autumn corn-field, and, to make it more real, Martin brought in several large stacks of the dried corn-stalks, which were placed in the corners. In each of the front windows one of the hollowed out pumpkins was placed ready for the lighted candles. The orchestra contributed by Mr. Churchill as his share was to be half concealed in a recess.

The dining-room was decorated in much the same fashion as the front room, the dishes brought out, and the sandwiches made. Every one was as busy as possible until it was time to dress for the evening. And no one was happier in the work than Mr. Churchill himself.

When Elizabeth came down-stairs, Roy was waiting for her with a box of jonquils. She tucked one of these in her hair, and wore the others at her waist. She looked like a young and very charming goddess of the harvest.

"I came early to see what I could do," said Roy. "And—and—I suppose you know the Brookfield girls are giving a party to-night."

"Yes," answered Elizabeth, with a smile, "I received an invitation."

"So did I. So did all the boys."

"So did all the girls," added Elizabeth.

"I know it. But—well, you wait and see what happens."

"I know one thing that will happen," answered Elizabeth, good-naturedly, "I'm afraid the boys who come here won't have many dance partners."

"So?" grinned Roy. "I'll bet my hat that the girls at the Brookfield party won't either."

"Roy," exclaimed Elizabeth, "I hope you did n't do anything to make the boys come here!"

"Make them?" returned Roy. "You could n't have kept them away!"

Just at this moment, Nance arrived, and fifteen minutes later, promptly at eight o'clock, the door-bell rang, and Martin, proud in his old regalia of "The Towers," swung open the front door. Not one boy, but sixteen, filed in like a well-drilled regiment. In greeting her guests and in presenting them to Nance, Elizabeth found her hands full, and, these preliminaries over, the party ran itself. Never did boys have a better time, and, for that matter, never did Elizabeth. She felt like a queen in the midst of her court. It seemed as though each boy vied with the others in his attentions to Nance and herself. For an hour, all struggled strenuously for the honors of the various Hallow'en contests, and then the floor was cleared for the dance. Seven of the boys bound their arms with handkerchiefs and danced as girls. Roy led the grand march with Elizabeth, Grandon, the little quarter-back, seized Mrs. Trumbull and insisted that she follow as his partner, while Sears came after with Nance. The sport waxed merrier and merrier from that moment on. Two-steps, waltzes, quadrilles, and Virginia reels followed in quick succession. Mrs. Trumbull had not danced so much in thirty years, but no boy would be satisfied until he had had her, as well as Elizabeth and Nance, for a partner. In the midst of the gaiety Mr. Churchill himself appeared, and joined in as though no older than the others.

When it came to the spread, every member of the foot-ball team—and they were there to a man—broke training. Doughnuts, pie, and cake vanished as though by magic; sandwiches appeared only to disappear; and as for Elizabeth's candy, it melted like snowflakes before the sun.

It was eleven o'clock before the merriment ceased, and the boys reluctantly took their departure, vowing they had never had a better time in all their lives. They filed out in a body, and, as the door closed behind them, Elizabeth threw her arms about her father's neck.

"Oh, Daddy!" she cried, "it was a success!"

"Hark!" he answered.

Sharp as the crack of a machine-gun the school yell rang out in the night air, ending with:

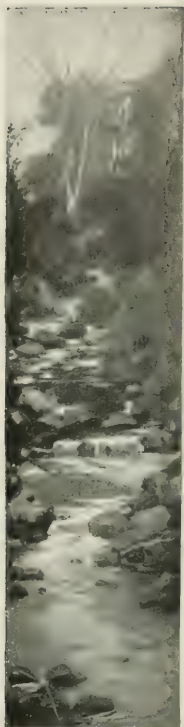
"Miss Churchill! Miss Churchill! Miss Churchill! She's all right!"

"Who's all right?" demanded Grandon.

"Elizabeth Churchill!" came the enthusiastic answer from seventeen strong young throats.

# POINT ROCK

BY FRANK STICK



THE river winds around the base of the cliffs in a big curve that incloses several miles of pine and hard-wood forest in a sort of gigantic horse-shoe. When seen from the foot of a wide-spreading white oak just above Point Rock, it resembles the practical omen of good luck to such an extent that the natives thereabouts have given this particular part of the river the name of Horse-Shoe Bend.

The oak that capped the bluff marked a favorite rendezvous for a boy and a dog I knew in my golden days, who, when tired with rambling over hill and down dale in search of squirrels and other small game, sought a suitable spot at which to enjoy the well-earned luncheon. There was never any regular hour for lunching—no twelve o'clock whistles' or schoolhouse bell to be obeyed. If he was hungry the boy was wont to argue that there

was mighty little chance of a fellow's seeing game during the heat of the day—which might mean almost any hour between 10 A.M. and 4 P.M.

Many times, too, his decision to stop for lunch was due to the boy's thinking he noticed a hungry expression on the face of Bob, the dog. This fancy may have possessed a solid foundation, for beneath the love that existed between boy and dog, there had developed an understanding which is often lost about the time business or college takes the foremost place in a boy's thoughts.

A few rods below the oak, a cold, clear spring bubbles up into a little rock-rimmed basin and from there falls in a succession of tiny cascades to the river. This spring was one of the many attractions of the point, and you may be

sure the boy never neglected to refresh himself with its grateful coolness, ere he dipped into the satisfying substantial contained in the lunch-bag.

He always lingered for a time after eating, lying flat on his back, hands clasped under his head, feasting his eyes in their turn on the loved stretch of country below him. Every curve in the river, every grove and each tiny break in the timber became imprinted on his mind and possessed for him some secret individuality. Many of the rocks and trees were landmarks of events in his excursions in hunting or angling—the lightning-gashed trunk of the beech tree, where, one evening in early autumn, Uncle Lou's coon hounds had treed a lynx; the crooked cedar that marked the dens of those wily old foxes who defied his trapping knowledge for several winters. Almost directly below were Wild Cat Rapids—the head of a pool from which he had enticed many a sizable bass and channel-cat. And some distance down the river Bailey's Falls glinted in the sunlight and sent their many voices up to him, there on the point.

The picture he saw from his perch beneath the oak never grew tiresome, because the tones and colors of it were ever varying. It changed not only with the seasons, which marked a huge difference, of course, but also with the days. There were cloudy days when all the landscape was grayed and simplified. Days of sunlight when the hills and opens seemed to throb and pulsate, and only the shadowed valleys and the point were cool. Sometimes he saw huge cloud-shadows sliding over his picture, and could almost feel them when they enveloped his tree. Now and then it stormed. Dark clouds would hurry up from the horizon, and soon there would come a veil of rain like a heavy gray cloud, pressing down the tree-tops and ruffling the peaceful river as it approached. There were outcropping rocks close at hand which made capital shelters, so the rain bothered him not one whit.

Mostly, though, there was the sun.

It is n't at all strange that the bigness and sweetness of this bit of "God's out-of-doors" should have impressed itself so deeply on his boyish mind that it influenced his grown-up life even to his innermost thoughts, and his days were the happier and his deeds the bigger and better because he had known this influence.

Sometimes I think it were good if every boy might learn the path to a Point Rock.



"AT THE FOOT OF THE WIDE-SPREADING WHITE OAK."



# UNCLE JOHN AND HIS HORSELESS CARRIAGE

BY MARIAN PHELPS



Francis photograph by K. S. Patterson

UNCLE JOHN'S DOG TEAM STOPPING FOR A REST.

THIS old darky and his team of dogs were once a familiar sight to the residents of Nashville, Tennessee, but they never failed to call a crowd of interested spectators. The old fellow was as proud of his horseless carriage as if he were the owner of the finest touring-car in the country, and he paraded the streets with as much joy as the most finished artist in the ranks of the chauffeurs.

He had his faithful dogs in good training, using neither reins nor whip, but guiding them by a word of command. He had only to say "Start!" and off they went at a "dog-trot"; "Stop!" and they came to an immediate halt; a motion of his hand, and they swung around a corner as deftly as the swiftest little runabout. Usually he had eight dogs in harness and three outrunners, but occasionally the whole eleven were in the traces, and a pretty sight they made. Not only did they lend picturesqueness and interest to the streets of Nashville, but the lesson of patience and love and

fidelity taught by this humble old colored man and his cheerful little servants was one that lingered in the hearts of all who knew them. Sometimes they were out on a pleasure trip, as seen in the accompanying photograph, but more often we saw them with a little delivery cart, for Uncle John earned his living with these canine friends of his. Once he was asked if they were not more expensive than one good horse would be, and he replied: "Law, child! dey don' cos' me nuffin'. De man what Ah buys mah p'ovisions f'om, he gives me meat foh de dawgs."

Though Uncle John has emancipated his team of dogs and now drives a mule, several of his canine friends still live and follow him on his daily rounds; while in the hearts of Nashville's young people, and, indeed, of many who are no longer young, lives the memory of the happy, noisy little fellows who barked their joyful greetings in merry opposition to the "Honk, Honk," of the motor horn.

# A TEAM OF OSTRICHES

BY LAWRENCE W. NEFF

FROM the time when the oldest books of the Old Testament were written, and doubtless long before that time, the ostrich and some of its peculiar habits have been more or less familiar to dwellers in those portions of the earth where the human race appears to have had its earliest home. The writer of the Book of Job speaks of the ostrich, and there are several other references in the books of law and prophecy. Even before their era the rich and flowing plumes plucked from the wings of these great birds were in demand for the adornment of the dusky Oriental queens, so that parties of expert hunters went on long and dangerous journeys to the desert to procure them.

It remained for enterprising Americans to bring the ostrich-plumes to our very doors by bringing the ostriches themselves. Thus it came to pass that farms for growing them were established at various places in California and Arizona where climatic conditions were generally similar to those of their native haunts—the great deserts of western Asia and northern Africa. At these ostrich farms there are several thousands of the

adult and young birds, and the proper care of them has been reduced to a science as well as an industry.

None but very fleet horses can overtake the ostrich upon the desert. His strength enables him to carry a man upon his back and yet travel with remarkable speed. Upon a few occasions there have been exhibition races between a horse and an ostrich, each hitched to a racing sulky, and honors were usually divided. Yet it must be confessed that the ostrich is not strictly suitable for driving purposes. His stride at full speed is a trifle over twenty feet, and this is not at all conducive to the comfort of the driver; still less so when two are hitched together and are careless in the matter of keeping step. Of course a special set of harness is required to meet the needs of the case, but, as will be seen, this difficulty was overcome in a satisfactory manner. It is a strange spectacle to witness these gigantic birds, eight feet in height, trotting complacently along the highway and obeying the will of the driver as if they were to the manner born.



# THE TOWNSEND TWINS—CAMP DIRECTORS

BY WARREN L. ELDRED

## CHAPTER XII

### COUSIN WILLIE SEES A GHOST

AFTER the excitement which had attended the first few days at Beaver Camp, the boys were not sorry to have a period of calm, with no sensational developments to interfere with the quiet enjoyment of camp life.

On Sunday evening, they went up to Mrs. Spencer's and had an informal service of song about her piano, Tad and his mandolin joining in with the others.

Monday found them at work on the athletic field. This plot never would be ideal, but each day's efforts made it a little better, and Lefty hoped to commence base-ball practice by the end of the week.

Wednesday was clear and cool, so the boys attacked the athletic field again, and talked hopefully of arranging games with their neighbors.

Wednesday evening brought the first really startling experience of the week. It was Cousin Willie's turn to bring the drinking-water for the camp, so, when the others had gathered about the fire, he set off along the familiar path to the spring.

His courage was stronger than in days past, and he had grown somewhat accustomed to prowling around in the dark, so he took the lantern and pail and started on his way without any conscious shrinking from the unknown perils of the night.

Once within the shadow of the woods, however, he had to acknowledge a feeling of sudden fright. Something in front of him and a little to the right claimed his fascinated attention. It was tall—at least two feet taller than a man—and white. The formless whiteness seemed to slip in and out among the trees in a manner truly spectral, and the boy was sure that the figure drew nearer to him.

He rallied his rapidly waning courage, and tried to persuade himself that it was foolish to believe in the existence of ghosts. He even attempted to convince himself that the terrifying object was only a blanket which one of the campers had hung up in a tree and forgotten to remove. Still his knees trembled uncomfortably, and his teeth chattered. The report that the camp was haunted came freshly to his mind, and this increased his alarm. Had the ghost of Beaver Camp arrived for one of its reported visits?

He turned to retrace his steps, but just then a new and very reasonable idea occurred to him. Perhaps one of the campers, knowing that he must pass along that path after dark, had draped a ghostlike figure and placed it there to test his courage.

Well, he would just convince his companions that he had as much grit as any of them. It required heroic effort to turn about, pick up the pail, and walk resolutely forward, but his will power had been stimulated lately, and he forced himself to continue on to the spring.

He filled the pail with water and started back, a little astonished at his own "nerve," but thankful that every step would bring him nearer the camp-fire. Hurrying as fast as he could with his burden, he reached the clearing beyond the woods, and approached the boys grouped about the big fire.

"There 's a ghost in the woods," he remarked casually, as if such visitors were quite usual.

"A what?"

"A ghost. We heard that the camp was haunted, you know, and it looks as if one of the ghosts had come back to see who 's here."

"It 's probably a stray cow."

"No, it is n't, Eliot. Really! It was about eight feet tall, and white, and it had long arms, sort of stretched out."

"Wow! I 'm glad I did n't meet it, kid! Where was it?"

"Not far from the spring—off in the woods."

In spite of his effort to appear unconcerned, the boys could not help noticing that Cousin Willie had been frightened. They wondered what apparition had confronted him in the dark, silent woods.

"Shall we go forth and dare him to mortal combat?" Tom asked.

"Ghosts are not supposed to be mortal, you know," his brother suggested. "That makes it extremely hard to carry on any kind of combat with one. Of course I am ready to draw my sword in defense of Beaver Camp, but—er—had n't we better wait until the ghost comes out on the beach? There 's so much more space here, and the light 's better, not to say—"

"Oh, look!" gasped Charlie. "There comes the ghost!"

"Two of 'em!" added Jack, excitedly. "What spooky things! They must be fully eight feet tall, just as Bill said!"



"THEY WERE NOT REASSURING OBJECTS TO BEHOLD IN A DARK SPOT."



There could be no doubt about it! The ghosts of Beaver Camp really had arrived. Of course science and sense asserted that such things did not and could not exist. Yet one could not doubt what his eyes actually beheld, philosophical statements to the contrary notwithstanding.

Nor were the boys asleep, and merely imagining, as part of a dream, the existence of the specters. On the contrary, they were unusually wide-awake just now! Too greatly bewildered and startled to talk much, all had risen, and now they stood watching with a sort of hypnotic fascination the slow, impressive progress of the specters.

Each was fully eight feet tall. The heads were invisible except for the eyes, which glowed with a kind of phosphorescent brilliance. The long arms of the ghosts were extended, and occasionally these moved as if beckoning to the boys. Loose white draperies fluttered about the figures, and, taking them altogether, they were not reassuring objects to behold in a dark spot.

"There are only two of 'em!" Lefty muttered. "Let 's rush 'em! Come on! When I count three, all yell like pirates, and run right at 'em. One—two—three!"

A series of war-whoops which would have done credit to a tribe of Comanche Indians smote the stillness of the night. Then the boys rushed forward, Doctor Halsey with them.

The ghosts must have felt alarmed, for they halted, swayed unsteadily for a few seconds, then pitched forward, falling flat upon the ground. Behind each ghost stood a mortal.

This was a surprise to the boys, and their wild rush came to an abrupt stop.

Then one of the mortals addressed the doctor. "Good evening, Doctor. Pleasant evening after a fine day, is n't it?"

"We thought it would be neighborly to call," the other added, "and we brought the family with us."

"Well, of all things!" gasped the astonished Doctor Halsey. "Where did you two fellows drop from?"

"Why, we are boarding with one of your neighbors, Samuelson by name, and it occurred to us that our call might be more impressive if we brought our friends along."

"It surely was impressive, not to say spectacular," laughed the doctor.

Then he explained to the boys that these two young men were classmates of his in the medical school. He had not realized how near together they would be during vacation days, although he had known of their intention to spend the summer vacation along the shores of Lake Champlain.

Tad walked over to Lefty, and said in a low tone: "These are the fellows who eyed us so sharply when we were on our shopping trip. Remember?"

And Lefty nodded vigorously.

The "ghosts" proved to be nothing more than several yards of sheeting draped on poles, with heads rudely formed and features marked on the cloth. The poles were so arranged that the "arms" could be manipulated by one who stood behind them.

The Beaver Campers were duly introduced to the two young men, Franklin Storer and Paul Rutledge by name, and the whole party went back to the camp-fire to improve their acquaintance.

"We called here more than a week ago," Storer explained; "but you had n't arrived."

"So you made yourselves at home, and carried our things out into the woods," the doctor suggested.

"Well, we thought it would be so much healthier and more comfortable for them out-of-doors," Storer explained with an air of guileless innocence. "It seemed very warm and stuffy in your bungalow. We really took a great deal of trouble for your sakes. Some of those things were a trifle weighty."

"We noticed it when we put them back," the doctor observed. "How did you get in?"

"Oh, your kind and obliging neighbor had left the keys under a piece of carpet laid before your hospitable door. Also he had so published the fact that all visitors should know it."

"I suppose you put up the sign of welcome down by the landing!"

"Yes. Rather an artistic effort, we thought. Harmonized well with the scenery. Did n't you think so?"

"Oh, yes! Anything artistic appeals strongly to us. I suppose we must thank you for our feline visitor, too."

"Oh, do not thank us!" Storer begged modestly. "We did not do it for the sake of praise. The wandering minstrel appeared without explanation or excuse upon our porch, and we shared our blessing with you."

"For which we thank you!" Doctor Halsey said, smilingly.

Then, with the assistance of the boys, he told the two visitors of the numerous and varied experiences which had kept their camp life from becoming dull and monotonous.

"Well, I should say your first week had been a trifle strenuous," Rutledge observed. "Don't you feel now like taking the rest cure?"

"It's so restful to get out into the country," said Storer. "The little birds sing blithely—"

"That 's right!" Doctor Halsey agreed with enthusiasm. "The little birds sing so blithely in the trees that you wake up at four o'clock and can't get another wink of sleep. The bees go humming and buzzing around your head until you are driven into frenzy. Hens cackle and roosters crow whenever you want to take a nap. The fleecy clouds, drifting across the sky, suddenly roll around and work up into a thunder-shower when you 're five miles from shelter. The soft summer zephyrs hit you in the back of the neck, and give you a cold that hangs on all winter. The highways are so dusty that you could n't see a wild flower if it did grow. Generally there 's nothing to be seen but burdocks. All kinds of creeping, crawling, flying things assault you, waking or sleeping. Oh, there 's nothing like life in the country—if a person is strong enough to stand it!"

"Pessimist!" Storer howled. "Barbarian! You have n't any poetic imagination."

After a time, the two visitors declared that they must leave, because late hours were not considered fashionable at their summer resort.

The Beaver Campers walked with them part of the way, and, on their return, they decided that the two young men would prove lively and most agreeable neighbors, whose presence and participation would add much to certain plans for the future which already were being discussed.

### CHAPTER XIII

#### BEAVER CAMP VS. NORTH RUTLAND

By the end of the week, Beaver Camp had an athletic field. True, it left much to be desired, but it provided a base-ball diamond, marked out with infinite pains according to official measurements, so the boys felt repaid for their hard work.

Lefty, being a veteran player, was by general consent invited to captain the camp team, and he undertook the difficult and delicate work of getting out of each camper the best playing of which he was capable.

Some of the boys had played on teams at home, others had but little experience and less skill. All were willing to work hard, however, and this was the most encouraging development of the first day's practice.

Franklin Storer and his friend Rutledge walked up and helped Captain Lefty with numerous suggestions and criticisms. Doctor Halsey, too, dropped a valuable hint now and then, although he declared that base-ball was not his specialty, but that if they would play foot-ball, he might help them in a way worth talking about.

Whenever any of the campers visited North

Rutland, he found the natives eager to cross bats with them, so it was arranged, after a little time, that a series of three games should be played: one at North Rutland, one at Beaver Camp, and the deciding game, if one was necessary, at North Rutland.

Storer consented to umpire the contests, and Rutledge agreed to act as official scorekeeper.

One bright, warm Monday afternoon, the Beaver Campers, equipped with all the base-ball supplies that their combined resources could furnish, journeyed over to the village to meet their opponents in the first game of the series.

Before play commenced, Umpire Storer made a speech to the members of the competing teams and the small group of spectators, promising to award a stick of peppermint candy to each member of the team that should win the series. This excited general merriment, and seemed to inspire each player with a desire to secure the prize.

Beaver Camp went to bat, and the North Rutland players took their places. The natives were strong, sunbronzed fellows, who seemed able to give good accounts of themselves in any sort of athletic contest.

"Play ball!" cried the umpire.

The North Rutland pitcher wound himself up like an alarm-clock, and sent over a ball that cut the plate squarely in two. Strike one!

"Some speed!" Tad muttered from the bench. "Wonder if he can last."

"Sure thing!" Edgar replied. "He looks stronger than an elephant."

In the meantime, Charlie had struck out, and Lefty faced the rival pitcher, smiling confidently, but feeling decidedly uncertain as to results. After two strikes had been called, Lefty found the ball for a high in-field fly that was caught easily, and he joined his companions on the bench.

"Good start!" he observed with a cheerful grin. "I see six runs coming to us this inning."

"That 's more than any one else sees," Jack responded, as he picked up his glove. Eliot had been retired, on a grounder to short.

Lefty walked over to the box, and the first batter for North Rutland selected a favorite bat, and faced him with an air of jaunty confidence.

Lefty twisted himself into kinks, then suddenly straightened out and shot the ball over. Almost immediately a sharp crack followed, and the ball sailed out, out, out—some distance beyond the most remote out-fielder. Edgar reached it after it fell, and relayed it back, holding the runner at third. Here he cautiously took a lead toward home, while Lefty watched him, trying, meanwhile, to recover from the shock he had received from the opening number on the program.

The second man fouled twice in his anxiety to bring in a run, ending his performance by striking out. Lefty felt better.

The North Rutland captain had been talking in a low tone to the next batter, and Lefty wondered what sort of plot they were arranging. He tried a wide ball, but the man was not tempted. A strike was called next. Then the batter met the ball fairly, and it went speeding into deep right field.

Jack got under it, catching it as it fell, but threw wide to Tad, who had run out to relay it back, and the man on third went home.

The next man hit a clean single, but was put out trying to steal second, and the inning ended with the score one to nothing, in favor of North Rutland.

The second inning added another run to the score, while Beaver Camp was awarded a second goose-egg.

Lefty improved in the third, and the North Rutland men were unable to hit him safely. In the fourth, fifth, and sixth, also, neither team scored.

In their half of the seventh, it looked as if Beaver Camp would tie the score. Walter reached first on a well-placed drive, and stole second. Jack knocked out a long, swift grounder between first and second, but it was fielded neatly, and Tom, on the coaching line, held Walter at third. Then a wide ball passed the catcher, and Walter came home, with another run.

This ended their scoring, however, for Charlie's bunt put him out at first, Lefty knocked a high foul that was caught, and Eliot struck out.

North Rutland scored again in their half of the seventh, but in the last two innings, the ball did not get beyond second—nor did a runner.

The North Rutland boys cheered their opponents with hearty good-will, and the campers responded with, perhaps, a little less noise, as befitted a cheer that marked no victory but



"THE SECOND BASEMAN ALREADY WAS RUNNING TOWARD THE BARN."

that was merely a complimentary expression of proper spirit from a losing but determined team.

"We had to let them win the first game, you know, just to encourage them," Lefty observed, as they walked back to camp. "It would n't have been polite to wallop 'em the first time. Wait till

they strike our polished diamond. Then you 'll see the sparks fly!"

"The two teams are rather evenly matched, I should say," Storer remarked. "Those fellows have played together longer than you have, and they hit harder. You 'd better have a lot of batting practice before the second game."

The next few days were improved by the campers in developing the batting and fielding skill of the team, while Lefty and Bert spent an hour or more in daily battery practice.

When the North Rutland boys reached the camp diamond, Lefty's team felt able to handle them, though fully conscious of the strength and skill of their opponents, and having sufficient respect for these qualities to prevent over-confidence.

The Beaver Campers found it easier to hit the North Rutland pitcher during the second game. Somehow his delivery was not as puzzling after one became familiar with it, and by the end of the sixth inning, the campers had three runs.

Lefty was steadier than he had been in the first game. During the first six innings, he permitted only two men to walk, and struck out eight. Long drives were not as frequent as they had been before, and the two that went far beyond the infield were fielded perfectly, and came at times when the bases were unoccupied. A hit, a passed ball, a stolen base, and a well-placed sacrifice netted a run for North Rutland in the second, and this was their only tally, to the end of the sixth inning.

"If we can hold 'em down now for three more licks, we 're all right," Lefty said to Tom, as they walked out on the diamond to begin the seventh. "Our fellows certainly are giving me fine support."

"Yes, and they 're hitting better, too," Tom replied. "I hope we can get another run or two. Our lead is n't big enough to make me feel safe."

The weak end of the batting list came up now, and Lefty struck out the first two men, while the third put up a little fly that Tom caught without undue exertion.

In the second half, Bert got a single, and Tom attempted a sacrifice which third fumbled clumsily in picking up. Tom, by a narrow margin, was safe on first, with Bert on second, and none out.

The pitcher eyed them sharply as they took cautious leads, but Charlie at bat and Eliot on deck were in stick work, and he decided to get rid of them before he did anything else.

As he swung around to deliver the ball, Bert and Tom both started down the base line, running as if the Forty Thieves were after them. At the same time, Charlie swung viciously at the ball,

and the best the catcher could do was to smother it on the ground. He picked it up with all speed, and threw it to third, but Bert already was sliding, and reached the base an instant before the ball touched the baseman's glove.

Charlie struck out, but Eliot, without trying for such a result, managed to send the ball tearing along the ground just beyond the reach of first, who sprang to the right and stooped quickly to stop it.

Tom was almost to third by the time the ball struck the ground, and he quickly followed Bert across the plate.

A snappy double play ended the scoring, but five to one was not a bad lead, and hope reigned among the champions of Beaver Camp.

North Rutland scored again in the eighth, and had two men on bases in the ninth, when the last man went out on strikes. Beaver Camp added nothing to its tally, so the final score was five to two, in favor of the campers. Perhaps this is the reason why the cheers of the camp team were so much louder and more enthusiastic than they had been after the previous game.

"I feel more cheerful about my prospects of getting that peppermint stick," Tad remarked complacently, "but there are one or two weak spots that we 'll have to brace up before the final game."

Bert nodded, and mentioned several points where the team appeared to need greater strength.

Hard work and plenty of enthusiasm marked the interval before the final game, and Beaver Camp fared forth to North Rutland on the day appointed, prepared alike to battle for victory or to resist defeat, if such an outcome threatened.

Lefty was in his best form, and the team gave him splendid support. Likewise, the North Rutland pitcher seemed almost invincible, and flawless fielding kept the bases clear. At the end of the seventh inning, not a run had been scored by either team.

Edgar opened the eighth with one of the best hits of the game—a long, hard drive over center's head. This brought him to second.

Jack followed with a hot grounder that slipped between second's legs as he ducked to stop it, and Edgar went on to third.

Just as Tad stepped into the batter's box, the second baseman cried out in alarm, and pointed across the diamond.

The games at North Rutland were played on a level field just outside the village. Less than a hundred yards behind third base was a large red barn. Other buildings were grouped about it, but the barn itself was nearest the diamond.

Now, as the boys looked in the direction indi-



cated, they were startled to see a thin column of smoke rising from the building.

The second baseman already was running toward the barn, and the others quickly followed. Edgar and Jack hesitated until Storer beckoned for them to come. Then they, too, rushed to the rescue of the property.

The soft south breeze blowing through the rear windows forced the smoke out of the wide open doors. One side of the barn was almost completely filled with a great pile of hay, the top of which reached nearly to the roof timbers. The other side was empty, save for a small pile of old hay left from the previous summer. This was stacked on the floor, and now it was smoking and smoldering in a manner most alarming.

The campers feared that it might break into a blaze at any moment and set fire to the great pile of new, dry hay. In this case, nothing could save the barn.

"Smother the fire!" one of the natives cried. "Don't spread the hay out and let the air get in, or the whole place 'll be afire!"

The boys crowded about and began to beat the hay with bats and anything else near at hand, while two of the natives ran across to the stable for blankets.

Fortunately, a trough filled with water was in the barn-yard, and it required but a few minutes to find two heavy blankets, saturate them with water, and return to the fire.

These wet blankets were thrown upon the pile of smoking hay, and, thus protected, the boys dragged it out into the barn-yard, using the pitchforks and rakes which stood in a corner of the barn.

Once well outside the building, they could breathe more freely, for all danger was now past. They were careful to beat out the flames whenever a burning wisp fell from the pile, and some of the boys remained on guard within the barn to watch for signs of fire breaking out elsewhere, while the others scattered the hay around the yard, where the fire quickly burned itself out.

In the midst of the excitement, the owner of the premises drove up with another load of hay. He was almost overcome when he found the volunteer fire-fighters at work, and learned of the loss which he so narrowly had escaped.

He rushed inside the barn to assure himself of its safety, but, except for the smell of smoke and the charred floor timbers, there was no evidence of the danger which had menaced the building.

He explained to them, after he had somewhat recovered from the shock, that the old hay had been taken out of the mow that afternoon and stacked in the rear of the barn, in order that the

new crop might be stored. In some way which he could not explain, a fire must have started inside the pile.

Of course he appreciated the valuable aid which the boys had rendered, and assured them many times of his earnest gratitude.

There was nothing more to be done, so the boys went back to the interrupted game. By mutual consent, Edgar and Jack resumed their places on third and on first bases, respectively, Tad went to bat, and the first half of the eighth inning was continued, with none out.

The pitcher had not recovered from his excitement, so he gave Tad his base on balls, and then each base was filled.

Bert's long fly was caught, but Edgar dashed home, sliding to the plate in a cloud of dust just as the ball landed in the catcher's mit.

"Safe!" cried the umpire, who had run in to see the play at close range.

Jack went on to third during the excitement, but seemed likely to stay there, for Lefty's attempted sacrifice was snapped up so quickly that he was driven back to third. Lefty was out at first, making the second out.

Things brightened when Tom brought Jack home with a well-placed single, but here the scoring ended, for the next man struck out.

Lefty allowed but two hits when North Rutland went to bat, and neither produced a run, so the ninth inning opened with a score of two to nothing, in favor of Beaver Camp.

The final round proved rather tame. The boys were tired, hot, and excited, not only as a result of the game, but partly on account of the unexpected interruption.

Beaver Camp failed to hit the ball safely in the final round, and was forced to be content with a total of two runs for the game.

This proved sufficiently large, however, for one of their opponents struck out, another hit to second, and the third went out on a short grounder.

The two teams separated, with the friendliest feelings, after a complimentary exchange of cheers.

## CHAPTER XIV

### THE CIRCUS COMES TO TOWN

"THAT man ought to be thankful we played today," Tom remarked, looking over toward the red barn. "If no one had been on the field, his barn would be ashes now."

"And nearly an entire crop of hay, too," Eliot added. "I'm glad we could save it. The loss would be as bad for him as a store with a stock of goods for a man in that kind of business."

"I wonder what set it afire," Walter suggested.

"Spontaneous combustion, most likely," Lefty explained glibly.

"How did it spontaneously combust, Professor Lefty?" Tad asked respectfully.

"Well, the hay had been stored in a cool, dark corner, and when it was moved, naturally the motion made it warm. The hay that was put down first had all the rest piled on top of it, and you know how hot that would be. By and by it was so hot that it commenced to blaze, but the hay near it was all in a perspiration, and this moisture kept the fire from spreading."

"Fine!" Tad murmured. "Science is a wonderful thing!"

"Mr. Farmer had a pipe in his pocket," Storer remarked. "I don't suppose he actually smoked in the barn, but he may have dropped a match in the hay or knocked the hot ashes from his pipe on the floor, and piled the hay on top."

"He 'll be more careful in the future, I 'm thinking," Jack ventured. "A barn is worth a good bit more than a smoke."

Then they discussed the game just ended, happy in the fact that victory had perched upon their banners, and feeling satisfied that they had fairly earned it.

The next morning, Tad visited North Rutland and came back in a state of mild excitement.

"Great doings!" he announced exultantly. "The circus is coming to town!"

"Hooray!" Jack cried. "We 'll all have to go—just to take Cousin Willie. He 'll want to see the circus, most likely, and it won't do for him to go alone. The rest of us simply will have to sacrifice ourselves for his sake, whether we want to or not!"

"When is it coming, Tad, and where?" Tom inquired.

"A week from Friday it 'll be over at Westport."

"That is well! We also will be over at Westport a week from Friday."

"I 've never been to a circus in the country," Edgar remarked. "It must be great!"

"If it 's half as wonderful as the posters make out, it 's worth going miles to see. They have trained elephants, tight-rope walkers, chariot

racers like the one in 'Ben Hur,' trapeze performers who stand on their heads and wave a flag in mid-air—"

"I suppose there 'll be a parade," Bert interrupted.

Tad nodded. "About ten miles long, I should judge from the pictures. Elephants, camels, wild animals in cages, all kinds of chariots and band wagons, Columbia and Uncle Sam on a float, brave men and be-oo-tiful ladies mounted on prancing steeds, dressed in bright red coats—"

"What? Prancing steeds in bright red coats? How odd!"

"Yes, and silk hats," Tad went on, unmindful of the interruption. "Clowns on donkeys, clowns in pony carts, clowns in disguise, and clowns in the parade—oh, it 's going to be a wonderful show!"

"Well, that 's something to look forward to," Jack laughed. "It 'll be a lot of fun to go to a circus up here. There 's so much that you would n't get in the city."

The Beaver Campers talked much of the circus during the days that intervened. Mrs. Spencer yielded to the persuasions of her daughters and nieces, and agreed to go with them, while Storer and Rutledge immediately declared their intention of joining the party. Others from North Rutland were planning to be present. The circus spirit pervaded the atmosphere, and it became apparent as the days passed that farmers would leave their crops, and storekeepers their merchandise; that busy housewives would forsake cooking, mending, and all domestic cares in order to enjoy the "colossal aggregation of unparalleled wonders."

The Beaver Campers were making plans for a picnic luncheon, at which Mrs. Spencer and the girls would be their guests, as would Storer and Rutledge. Indeed, it had become quite the usual thing to include these jolly student friends of Doctor Halsey's whenever anything of especial interest was being planned.

They expected to leave camp in the middle of the forenoon, cross the lake, see the parade, eat luncheon in some pleasant spot, and have a long afternoon in which to enjoy the circus performance.

*(To be continued )*

## THE LADY-BIRD—A FOLK CHARM

LADY-BIRD of scarlet gown,  
Fly away to Lanark town!  
Over mountain, moor, and fell,  
Over pool and running well,

Over corn and over lea,  
Over river, lake, and sea,  
Fly you East or fly you West,  
Fly to him that loves me best!

*Arthur Guiterman.*

# POLLY'S INHERITANCE

BY EDNA PAYSON BRETT

"THAT 's your great-grandmother, Polly, that you were named for," said Uncle Eben, a few days after Polly's arrival at the farm for her summer vacation, and he pointed to a quaint old portrait hanging on the parlor wall. "Mary Lee Pritchard," he continued, "a beautiful name and a great inheritance. What makes folks call you Polly, I wonder?"

Polly stood gazing, fascinated by the bright face of Great-grandmother in her pretty ball dress, as she had looked before she became a pioneer missionary's wife. Many a thrilling tale had she heard of Mary Pritchard and her encounters with the Indians, but never before had Polly beheld her likeness.

Uncle Eben was looking intently from Polly to the portrait. "I believe, Mother," he said, turning to Aunt Eliza, "that Polly favors Grandmother Pritchard; and what 's more, I think she is going to *be* like her, too."

Polly's eyes shone, but only for a moment. Alas! Uncle Eben did not know what a coward she was, or he 'd never talk like that. How could she ever be like Mary Pritchard when she was scared to death just at the dark!

But Uncle Eben went right on: "Only give Polly a chance, I say, and she will prove herself worthy of her noble name." And from Polly's heart went up a prayer that this prophecy might some day come true.

A few days later, Uncle Eben received a letter announcing the death of an aged aunt.

"The funeral 's to-morrow, Eliza," he said; "we must certainly go, but what about Polly?"

Aunt Eliza shook her head. "It 's altogether too much of a journey for her. Martha 's coming to iron to-morrow at noon, and she could stay until we get home. I fear it will be pretty dull, though, for our little city girl."

"Oh, no," cried Polly, cheerfully, "I don't mind staying with Martha at all!" And so it was arranged.

The next morning, promptly at eleven o'clock, Uncle Eben drove the buggy to the door.

"Now, Polly," admonished Aunt Eliza in parting, "Martha 'll be along directly. Remember, child, you 're not to touch a lamp. If anything happens that we don't get home before dark, Martha will light up for you; and oh, one thing more: I left my best lilac dress by the attic chamber window to get the smell of camphor out before the minister's reception. If a shower should

come up, be sure, dear, that the window is closed," she concluded, giving Polly a farewell kiss.

"All right, I won't forget," answered Polly, as they drove away.

Polly turned quickly into the house. "I 'm going to wash the dishes myself," she said gleefully; and donning one of Aunt Eliza's big aprons, set to work at the cups and saucers left from the hurried lunch. When these were done, she looked at the clock.

"Ten minutes of twelve; most time for Martha! I 'll go out and meet her."

But no Martha was in sight. Polly climbed the stone wall inclosing the adjacent orchard and peered in both directions. The noon whistles sounded faintly from the distance.

"Queer!" mused Polly, after a while; "she must have stayed for dinner. I guess I 'd better stop watching and go to doing something. Let me see, I 'll work on Clarabel's dress first."

Down to the apple-tree Polly carried the pink muslin and Clarabel, and was soon busy at doll dressmaking.

By and by, a ragged little black boy came shuffling into the yard.

"Ma ain't coming," he announced solemnly; "baby 's sick." And turning on his heels, he was off again.

Polly stared after him helplessly. Martha not coming! The house could not be left, and no one would come near her until Hiram brought home the cows!

"Whatever shall I do, Clarabel!" and Polly sat down to think it over.

"I know!" she cried at length. "I 'll play I am Great-grandmother, and, Clarabel, you are little Miranda that I am sewing for while Great-grandfather is away." So Polly hemmed and stitched, and before she knew it, the dress was done.

"Now I will read my fairy tales," she said, "and I can pretend they 're 'Pilgrim's Progress.'" And Polly became so absorbed that she forgot to look up again until Hiram came in with the cows. She welcomed him joyously, and followed him about as he did the chores.

"Folks will be along pretty quick, I reckon," he said cheerfully, when he was about to go. "Are n't scared, are you?"

"N-no," answered Polly, trying hard to be brave and honest at the same time, but she had to fight to keep back the tears as she saw Hiram go down the road in the direction of his home.

Then she gave herself a little slap— "Polly Pritchard! have you forgotten who you are?" and she stole into the house straight to the parlor to Great-grandmother's portrait. With hands clasped tight behind her, Polly looked beseechingly at the beautiful face on the wall.



—Blanche Fisher Wright—

"OH, DEAR GREAT-GRANDMOTHER," SHE WHISPERED,  
"I'M AWFULLY LONESOME."

"Oh, dear Great-grandmother," she whispered, "I'm awfully lonesome, and they may not get home before dark; but I am trying to be brave like you!" Then Polly felt better and started for the kitchen, saying: "I'll set the table now, so everything will be ready when they come."

The dishes all on, Polly went out on the steps to wait. No signs of the buggy yet! Gradually the sun sank behind the hills and the twilight deepened. No stars appeared, but gloomy black clouds began to spread over the sky.

"Oh," shuddered Polly, "it's getting dreadfully dark! why don't they come!" But she tried to keep up her spirits by saying over all the pieces she had learned at school, and the Bible verses Mother had taught her.

Darker and darker it grew. Suddenly a rain-drop fell splash on Polly's nose; then another. Polly started. "Oh," she groaned, "Aunt Eliza's lilac dress in the attic chamber! and I promised if it rained, I'd shut the window. But I can't! I can't go up into the dark attic alone. I just can't!" she wailed.

She strained her ears for the sound of the approaching wheels, but in vain. The raindrops were coming in earnest now. Polly rose resolutely to her feet.

"Polly Pritchard," she said, addressing herself sternly, "were n't you hoping for a chance to be brave? And now it's come!"

"Ye-es," said her timid self, "but I did n't mean this kind of a chance; I did n't mean the dark!"

"Do you suppose Mary Pritchard prayed for Indians?" again spoke the other self. "But when they came, you know what she did."

"But I promised not to light the lamps, and how can I go in the dark?"

"You can, Polly Pritchard, and you must!"

With a prayer for strength, Polly went quickly into the house and fumbled for the stairway.

Half-way up the first flight she faltered. "Perhaps if I should sing, I would n't hear the boards creak so," she thought. She opened her mouth, but at first no sound came; and when it did, it was so faint and shaky that it frightened her more than the creak. But Polly persisted, and by the time she reached the dreaded attic, the tune came out victorious.

It was but a step to the front chamber now. She dared not stop to think, or to pause in her singing, but, entering the open door, she groped her way across to the window. She was just in time, the rain was beating against the sill. It was but a moment's work to find the spring, and down came the window with a bang that resounded like a cannon through the still house.

Polly turned. She longed to run, but, steadying herself, she continued her singing with renewed vigor, and began to feel her way downstairs again.

"WHAT can be the matter? Where is Polly?" at that very moment cried Aunt Eliza, in alarm,



as Uncle Eben drove into the yard and they saw no lights. Jumping from the buggy, they ran into the dark kitchen. Uncle Eben struck a match. "No Polly here!" he exclaimed in dismay—"but what 's that?"

From somewhere aloft came a childish voice singing, at first faint in the distance, but as it grew nearer, swelling out triumphantly:

"Onward Christian soldiers,  
Marching as to war."

"It 's Polly!" gasped Uncle Eben.

Polly's singing suddenly ceased. She had recognized the familiar voices, and, with a cry of

joy, rushed to Aunt Eliza, who exclaimed: "Polly, Polly, what is the matter?"

"Oh, Aunt Eliza, Martha did n't come! and I promised to shut the attic window, and not to touch the lamps, and I prayed for a chance to be brave, so I had to do it; but oh, it was awfully dark! and—" Polly's overstrained nerves gave way, and she began to sob.

"Poor little girl!" cried Aunt Eliza, "I would n't have had you do it for all I possess!"

"Plucky little woman, I say!" exclaimed Uncle Eben, "and I am proud of you! Mother, this is Polly no longer, but brave Mary Lee Pritchard, from this time forth."



"This is Polly no longer, but brave  
Mary Lee Pritchard."

—Theodor F. Zerkow—



THE OLD CITY OF KHARTOUM

## CHARLES GEORGE GORDON

*(A biographical sketch for older boys and girls<sup>1</sup>)*

BY HAMILTON FISH ARMSTRONG

TWENTY-SEVEN years ago, Charles Gordon disappeared into the waste Sudan. To-day his monument in St. Paul's in London is still covered the year round with the bunches of flowers left there by his admirers. From a purely material standpoint, Gordon accomplished practically nothing; and yet it is on his monument that the flowers are laid, and not on the near-by tomb of the victor of Waterloo. What is the reason of this? Why is Gordon held in such high honor? It must be what he was, rather than what he did, that appeals to his countrymen.

The Gordons are an old Scotch race whose name crops up on nearly every page of England's troubled history. We see Gordons leading in the front rank of war, from the earliest, misty ages, down to the times of the latest and most illustrious representative of the race—Charles George Gordon, who was born January 28, 1833. He was the son of William Gordon, a lieutenant-general in the British army, who was himself the veteran of many wars.

We know little of the early life of Gordon, for unless a man early become famous, his boyhood is soon forgotten; and Gordon was almost unknown in his own land till after middle life.

After training in an academy at Woolwich, he first put on Her Majesty's uniform in 1852, when he obtained his commission as second lieutenant of engineers. Two years later, young Gordon was twenty-one years of age, and truly it was a good time for a young soldier to be beginning life. The long-smoldering embers of war had at last broken into flame, and Great Britain and her allies were driven into a conflict with Russia.

In December of that year, Gordon was ordered off to the Crimea on his first active service. During the ensuing months, we see him lying day after day in the trenches before Sebastopol, while the long siege went on. When the war had dragged itself to an end, he hurried home for a short rest, but was soon ordered off again, this time to China.

This empire seemed then to be the most hermetically sealed of all countries against any outside influences, but here it was that Gordon laid the foundations for fame. Within the sphere of his influence he stamped out, as best he could alone, the opium trade, that curse of the East, all the time thwarted on every hand by the English government itself, which derived too much revenue from this drug to have the traffic in it forbidden. After England's affairs were settled, Gordon, now a major, applied for leave of absence. This was willingly granted, for the officials were worried by the stand for justice and humanity that the young army officer had taken.

However, Gordon did not go home for his well-earned holiday. The Emperor of China gave him command of all his troops. These, by skilful maneuvering and undaunted zeal, he led to victory over the savage Tai-ping hordes, which, sweeping down from Mongolia, threatened momentarily to overwhelm the whole of China. And he won for himself the name of "Chinese Gordon," by which he is so widely known. Some say that Gordon saved this great empire. This is, perhaps, exaggerated, for the huge Empire of China is not lost or saved in a day. What he did do was to show the few who noticed, that he was,

<sup>1</sup> (See Editorial Notes, page 958.)

indeed, a leader among men, a master hand; but, above all, a gentleman, and one well worthy to bear the name of Gordon, which means, in the Celtic tongue, a "spear."

As far as promotion goes, he had done well enough in these four years of service. His own army advanced him until he held the rank of lieutenant-colonel, and he left China after indignantly refusing a large sum of money offered by the emperor. He only accepted a massive gold medal, which was presented in return for his brilliant work in suppressing the Tai-ping rebellion. This same medal he anonymously gave to charity when he arrived home.

Looking at Gordon in this light of his absolute indifference to material gain, and his faith in God, is it a wonder that the Chinese regarded him as a hero? But on the strength of these very characteristics, some of his countrymen branded him as a madman!

When he got back to England, he was appointed to a post at Gravesend. Here he had much time to himself, which he devoted to lightening the misery that he saw around him. He worked simply and quietly for the poor, helping here a starving widow, and there starting some street-urchin on a new path as a sailor. As was said by Sir William Butler: "Absolutely without parallel in our modern life, Gordon stands out the foremost man of action of our time. No gloomy faith, no exalted sense of self-confidence—but a faith which was a living, moving, genial reality, growing as the years rolled on."

In February, 1874, Gordon accepted the office of Governor-General of the Equatorial Provinces in Africa.

This was a difficult post. For one thousand one hundred miles straight south from Cairo, the continent is naught but red, hazy desert and dead, rainless wastes, broken only by occasional gray sandstone hills, and the narrow belt of the Nile. Then the character of the country changes. A dark, damp vegetation succeeds the ever-shifting sands. This is the true Sudan, the Province of the Equator, the land of the blacks and of slave-dealers, of meandering rivers fringed with papyrus reeds, the land of unconquered pestilence and fever. As the ivory is almost all gone, only one export remains—slaves; and this is a never-ceasing source of revenue.

Slavery in Africa is due to two causes: the external demand in the Mohammedan countries, which is now happily decreasing, and the natural state of savage warfare among the negroes of the dark interior. It is good in only one light: where there is a slave trade, the captives are sold; where there is no trade, they are always slain.

Gordon arrived at Khartum, on the Upper Nile, in March, the hottest season of the year. But he did not delay there. With his usual celerity, he hurried off to Gondokoro, the capital of his province. During these days of travel, the misery of the land and the immensity of his task became apparent to him.

When at last he established himself at Gondokoro, the real work began: "learning the customs of the blacks; getting wind of the slave-dealers; organizing the so-called soldiers; establishing forts"; and, in addition, helping, as best he could, the miserable creatures with whom he came in contact. Seven eighths of the population are slaves. Imagine the intrepidity of the man that could write from the depths of this forsaken land: "I have a conviction that, God willing, I shall do much for this country. The main point is to be just and straightforward, to fear no one and no one's saying, to avoid all twisting, even if you lose by it, and be hard to all if they do not obey you."

Gordon moved like a whirlwind all over the land, now striking at slavery in Shaka, and a week later relieving the famine in far-distant Zeila, on the shores of the Red Sea.

But the old Mohammedan kingdom of Darfur was the chief seat of slavery, one of the bases of supply, and thither Gordon soon turned the head of his swift camel. The desert tracts over which he had to travel were almost always strewn with human skulls. Here, indeed, was a tangible evidence of incalculable misery. They were all the skulls of slaves who had perished while being driven to some Turkish market. It was always easier for the robbers to let a few of their slave-captives die off than to feed them properly. Gordon covered the country from end to end, continually fighting. At last he arranged to meet the chief slave-kings at Dara. Here he arrived, entirely alone, after an eighty-five-mile ride across the desert. The escort was far behind. "Imagine to yourself," he says, "a single, dirty, red-faced man on a camel, ornamented with flies, arriving in the divan all of a sudden." The chiefs were amazed at his daring, and, after much arguing, they were made to disband their followers and return home. It is a striking fact that Gordon never carried any arms whatsoever, except a light bamboo cane; but that cane became a power in Africa.

Now, what was all this labor for? What was the result of Gordon's untiring zeal? It is only too true to say that it was of no use! One man could not reform in a day the life of a continent. Gordon is like a star falling across the sky of Africa. The darkness of slavery, revolt, brigandage, and massacre closes in sullenly behind.

For some time, Gordon had fully made up his mind to leave the equator, and his resignation was finally accepted by the khedive with evident regret. When he resigned, there was no one left to carry on the work he had so well begun, and the vast region he had so nearly wrested from the slave-robbers was once more allowed to fall within their grasp.

When he was back at Cairo, the intrigues and petty double-dealings of the authorities were evident to Gordon. His just and impartial rule had

although outwardly rebuffing him, would not let him resign.

Gordon soon tired of inaction, and was prevailed upon to accept the position of confidential secretary to Lord Ripon, the new governor of India. But again he was so disgusted with the way things were managed there, that he resigned, and hastened to China, in response to an imperative telegram from the emperor. China was on the verge of war with Russia. Gordon, with his usual far-sightedness, showed them the folly of attempting to fight, and persuaded them to settle the matter peaceably. Here General Gordon shows his good sense, for China was entirely unprepared for war, and Russia would probably have made short work with her. After serving in Mauritius and as commandant-general of the Cape Government, Gordon took a short rest. Where did he go? He carried out a long-cherished desire to visit the Holy Land.

In 1883, England's influence was in a precarious position in Egypt. Her troops had been defeated, her allies were in open revolt, her prestige was gone, and the country was bankrupt. All the Arab sheiks had rallied around the standard of a false prophet, who claimed to be the Mahdi, or Messiah, foretold of old by Mohammed. He announced that it was his mission to free Islam from all her foreign enemies, and to once more establish the primitive faith. This was the condition into which the Sudan had drifted during Gordon's absence. It was due to deliberate neglect of his warnings. Gordon had repeatedly said that a suppression of the slave trade, unaccompanied by a firm system of government, must lead to future troubles.

And it did!

At this crisis, the British Cabinet decided to call upon the one man in the whole Empire of England who had the Sudan at his finger-tips. Late, indeed, it was to think of Gordon, but, putting aside all his personal feelings, he accepted the difficult rôle for which he had been cast. He was to withdraw the Egyptian garrisons, sever the Sudan from Egypt, and set up some sort of strong native rule among the wild dervish allies. In a word, he was to evacuate the country absolutely without bloodshed, almost single-handed, and practically without support from home!

The ministers began by giving Gordon the fullest authority and freedom to do as he saw fit. This was really the only way of accomplishing their plans. But this was too simple for those statesmen! As usual, he was hampered by the self-confidence of the meddling officials, who, instead of allowing him a free hand, began to issue fresh orders before he was half-way to Egypt.



From *Life of Lord Charles Gordon*, 1889.  
By permission of George Routledge & Sons.  
GENERAL CHARLES GEORGE GORDON.

been disconcerting to the corrupt officials of Egypt, and they were glad to get rid of him. He was despondent over the wrongs he could not right. Thwarted on all sides by his enemies, he wrote: "Every one laughs at me, but I do not care. I am much worn, and I wish I had my rest; but it will not come till I have done His work. I am at war with every one in Cairo—and my crest is a thistle."

At London his reception was worse than cold. His telegrams were distorted and cut, and then, with their new meaning, put in the papers. Only abroad was his ability recognized. The king of the Belgians offered him immense inducements to enter his service, but his own government,



At the time of Gordon's departure, a prominent magistrate in Pembrokeshire was heard to remark: "I see the government have just sent a

to the people, "to redress the evils of this land. I will not fight with any weapons but justice." His promise had hardly become known ere he proved his sincerity. To all who had complaints he gave a hearing. He flung open the doors of the jail, where the condition of the prisoners was terrible. Many of them were merely the political enemies of some native official; others, immured for years, had been only charged with crime, but never convicted.

By the middle of March, he had succeeded in sending almost three thousand people down the Nile into safety. But the Mahdi was daily growing stronger, and Gordon soon discovered that he could expect no assistance from without.

On the sixteenth of April, he despatched his last telegram before the wires were cut. The rebels hemmed in the city; the toil of the siege had begun!

Gordon's resources were small, his troops ripe for revolt, and he had only four Europeans to

Chinaman to the Sudan." This gentleman's idea of the foremost soldier of his time was that he was a Chinaman, wearing the regulation pigtail!

When Gordon arrived at Khartum in February, he did not hesitate. He openly proclaimed his



FROM "THE SUDAN" BY THE LATE MR. GORDON.  
A SAND-STORM SWEEPING OVER KHARTUM.



A SAND-STORM IN THE DESERT.

course, and started to send away as many women and children and extra troops as possible. "I came without soldiers," he said in his first address

stand by him. He still had it in his power to leave with his friends who went down the Nile, but he did not feel that he could abandon the peo-

ple of Khartum. For if it were heard that Gordon, who was the moving spirit of the siege, had left, the city would soon have fallen before the assaults of the Mahdi.

Day after day during the weary summer months, they (or should we say he?) defended the post, while the enemy pushed their works closer and closer.

Toward the end of September, the river was at

alone maintained that city for over four months after the sailing of the *Abbas*! He seemed verily to *make* supplies. He crushed the conspirators, and reformed the remnants of the miserable "army." There he stood—alert by night, ceaselessly toiling by day. Then came the news that the *Abbas* was lost, and nearly all aboard massacred. This was, indeed, the last straw!

But let us for a moment tear ourselves away



GLOOM AND GLEAM IN THE DESERT

its height. Now was the time, if any attempt was to be made, to communicate with the outside world. So on the night of September 9, the little paddle-boat *Abbas* stole off down-stream, with Colonel Stewart, a few foreigners, and some fifty soldiers, besides correspondence, journals of the siege, and state papers.

Gordon now remained alone in the great palace at Khartum. The knowledge of treachery within, the anxiety of ceaseless watch, the wear and tear of the siege—all this was now to be borne alone, while those "statesmen" who had brought down on him this famine and misery were working out intricate and conflicting political problems at home, and wondering why he did not come away. He desert his post? He abandon his people, and let his duty to God and country go to the winds? Never such a thought entered his head! He was there, and there he would stay. The enemy was at the very gates. Treachery was at work. The ammunition was running short. His troops were deserting. Food was daily growing scarcer. Yet in the face of these seemingly insurmountable difficulties, he

from Khartum, and gaze across many miles of weary desert, to where the relief expedition, which had been finally started by the "statesmen," is toiling to reach in time the lone prisoner far up the river. What has been done at home during the summer months while Gordon was "sticking like iron" to his post? The executives had each expounded rival theories as to the proper plan of action, while red tape tied up the whole affair. But at last, in August, aroused by the protests of the people, the officials awoke and sanctioned the expedition which now, in October, was forcing its way up the cataracts of the Nile.

As December advanced, a foreboding silence settled over Khartum, and no news reached the expedition from the beleaguered city.

There are many slightly conflicting accounts of the memorable last few days at Khartum, but that told by Gordon's body-servant seems most accurate.

Before daybreak on January 26, 1885, the Arabs made a desperate assault. Treachery was at work, for Gordon was not even told of the attack. The Arabs forced the walls, which were but

feebly defended by the starved troops, and entered the lost city.

Gordon was roused from a short rest by the shrieks of the inhabitants and the flare of the burning houses in the city below, which was still

A couple of weeks later, when the relief expedition arrived, not a trace remained of Gordon's body. No grave contains what was mortal of one of the world's greatest heroes. For somewhere out in the vast waste, the field of his



STATUE OF CHARLES GEORGE GORDON. BY ONSLOW FORD.

The memorial erected by the Corps of Royal Engineers at the School of Military Engineering, Chatham, England  
A copy of this statue stands in the Gordon Gardens at Khartoum

hid in the early morning mist. Taking a small party of servants, he moved toward the Austrian Mission Church, which served as the arsenal. The mysterious dawn of the East was breaking as Gordon's small party took their way through the streets. As they reached the head of the steps leading down to the mission, they came face to face with a band of Arabs. There flared out a quick musketry volley, and Gordon fell dead.

devotion, his dust lies covered by the ever-shifting sand.

Fifteen years earlier, Ruskin had prayed that a leader among men might arise who should "teach us how to live and how to die." Had not this prayer been fully answered?

"And He buried him . . . but no man knoweth of his sepulchre unto this day."

# THE CHEERFUL LITTLE GIRL AND HER CHEERFUL LITTLE DOLL

(A "To-be-continued" story for Middle-Aged Little Folks)

BY CAROLINE STETSON ALLEN

## CHAPTER V

### THE DOLL GOES A-MAYING

You were to guess, you remember, if Mama was pleased with Elizabeth and Alice.

She was! She said the doll was a blessing in the house. Think of that!

One bright May morning, Elizabeth awoke earlier than usual. She almost always slept soundly until seven o'clock, but on this morning she awoke at seventeen minutes past six.

First she leaned over and reached to Alice's crib, which stood close to her own little cot bed, and she lifted the doll up beside her. Susie Jane was there, too. Then Elizabeth propped Alice on her arm, and taught her to play:

Bean porridge hot,  
Bean porridge cold;

Bean porridge in the pot,  
Nine days old!

And just then, who should come softly tiptoeing into the room but Cousin Eleanor.

"Oh, Cousin Eleanor, you look so *sweet*!" whispered Elizabeth.

Cousin Eleanor's thick black hair fell in two braids over her shoulders. Her primrose-colored kimono was strewn with white cornel blossoms, and on her softly treading feet were primrose bed-slippers, tied with white ribbon. She stepped lightly over to her little cousin's cot, and lay down beside her.

"Do you want to hear a secret? And would Alice and Susie Jane like to hear, too?" she whispered.

Elizabeth's answer was a regular bear's hug.

"Well, then! But keep as quiet as mice, all three of you, while I tell you. By and by, when you 've had your bath and dressed and eaten breakfast, we 're all going a-Maying!"

Elizabeth bounced up and down on the bed, and pressed her lips tightly together to keep from shouting.

"Mr. Tom Gray has invited the whole family, and Teddy Hallowell's family, too, and we 're to go in a barge, which, you know, is a big wagon.

"We 're going to Hadley's Meadows," went on Cousin Eleanor, "though why it 's called 'Meadows' I don't know, for it 's almost all woods, except where parts have been burned over. Uncle Nathaniel says he 'll drive, and Sophie and I are to put up the lunch."

"May I help, dear Cousin Eleanor?" asked Elizabeth.

"Oh, how kind of you! I 'd be *very* glad of your help," said Cousin Eleanor. And then she looked at her watch, and said they need n't whisper any more, for it was time for everybody to get up.

Elizabeth, now that she was seven years old, could dress herself entirely, except some of the back buttons. Sophie buttoned those for her, and Elizabeth in turn helped little Charlotte, who was five.

After breakfast, Hannah brought into the dining-room several loaves of bread, some pats of butter, and a large roast chicken. Cousin Eleanor did the slicing, Sophie spread the butter, and Elizabeth laid the half slices neatly together with chicken in between. When the sandwiches were all made and packed with the sponge cookies, Cousin Eleanor, who was hunting high and low for the lemon-squeezer, said: "Oh, here 's the most fascinating little tin box! What can we put in it?"

"Let *me* have it, please, for Alice's lunch," said Elizabeth, eagerly. So the box was given to her; and first Elizabeth cut a nice piece of white paper to go inside. She then put in the box two tiny sandwiches (one of chicken and one of lettuce), two oyster crackers, a radish the size of a strawberry, an olive, a raisin, a freshly baked ginger-snap, and a little bottle of milk. Uncle Nathaniel said he should know where to come if he had n't enough to eat.

Promptly as the old hall clock struck nine, Mr. Tom Gray drove up to the front gate with the barge. He jumped down to help the ladies into the barge, while Uncle Nathaniel climbed up to the driver's seat and took the reins. Big Brother Bob got up beside him. All the rest were soon seated inside.

Along one side sat Jack (who liked to be near the horses), Mama, Charlotte, Elizabeth, Alice, Cousin Eleanor, and Mr. Tom Gray. And, facing them, in another long row, were Papa, Teddy Hallowell, Sophie, and four other Hallowells.

Elizabeth held Alice up to see everything they passed. At a cottage door, at the first turn of the road, a little yellow-haired girl of about Elizabeth's own age spied the doll in the barge,





Cousin Eleanor and Elizabeth in  
"Hadley's Meadows."

and held up her own rag doll, and waved her hand. Quick as a flash, Alice took out a little handkerchief from her jacket pocket, and waved it to the doll in return.

By and by they came to a brook, and the barge was stopped that the horses might drink. The horses' names were "Arithmetic" and "Geography," but they were called Mettie and Jog, for short. Alice was thirsty, too, so Elizabeth jumped out of the barge with her, and filled an acorn cup with the cool, clear water, and held it to the doll's lips.

Alice wore a pink dimity frock, and a cunning little sunbonnet to match. Over the frock she wore a white knitted jacket with pink buttons.

After about two hours of driving merrily along pleasant country roads, they came to Hadley's Meadows. Then every one got out of the barge, and Mettie and Jog were hitched to a tree, patted, and given each a lump of sugar and an apple. Most of the picnickers ran, while a few walked, into the woods, and Elizabeth and Alice so longed to see and smell the waxy, fragrant May-flowers, that they ran fastest of all. The flowers were so cunningly hidden away that many a grown-up might easily pass them by. But not so Alice! down she went on her knees, peeping here and there under the trees. How soft the mosses were on which she knelt! Her blue eyes were so bright that she soon spied the dainty blossoms. Trailing arbutus is one of their names, and epigaea is another; but *we* will call them "May-flowers," as did Elizabeth and Alice.

How could the May-flowers be afraid of Alice? She was very small, and clothed in their own color. She did n't pull roughly at their roots, so the May-flowers seemed to peer out at her from their secret places, and did n't at all mind being drawn gently from the moist ground, and put into the green nest of her basket. This basket, when heaped full, was emptied into Elizabeth's larger one.

Guess how many times Alice filled her basket before the sun sank low and every one had to leave the spicy-smelling woods. Guess—and I will tell you the answer in the next chapter.

## CHAPTER VI

### THE DOLL AT THE SEA-SHORE

ALICE filled her basket seventeen times. Would you believe it!

That summer, Mrs. Dale went away for a long visit. She stayed two days. Oh, it was a weary while! On the day before she came back, every one flew about, putting the house in apple-pie order, and Elizabeth and Alice were very busy.

Well, the afternoon that Elizabeth's mama came home from Lexington, and to celebrate her glad arrival, all the family went, next morning, to pass a day at the sea-shore. This time breakfast had to be very early indeed, so they might catch the morning boat from Boston.

Now you are eager to know what Alice had on that day. It was an unusually warm one, even for the middle of July, and she wore a thin white muslin frock, her white piqué hat, and carried the blue-and-white parasol. On her feet she wore short blue socks and ankle-tie slippers. The white frock was her Sunday one, to be sure, but then, one did n't go to the sea-shore every day. In a snug little parcel tied to the tin box was the doll's bathing-suit.

The trip began with a ride in the train to Boston. I am sorry to say that, for a while, neither Elizabeth nor Alice behaved very well. They tried to push Jack away from his place by the window. Jack had got there first, and I think if Alice had not been cross, and not said, "Get away!" and had not thumped him so hard (with Elizabeth's hand over her own), Jack would have given her the place she wanted. As it was, he did n't move, but grew red in the face, and thumped back.

But Cousin Eleanor was a peacemaker. She asked Jack if she herself might have his place next the window awhile, and she took the doll in her lap. She said Elizabeth and Jack should take turns, and while one sat beside her, the other should sit with Mama.

"Alice is going to count all the dogs we pass on this side of the train," said Cousin Eleanor, "and you, Jack, count all you see from your side."

Within fifteen minutes Alice had seen 'six and Jack eight dogs.

When Jack's face was no longer scarlet, Cousin Eleanor told the two children how grieved she felt when they quarreled.

"A journey on a hot day can be uncomfortable if we think only of how hot it is, and of what we want; or it can be a pleasant journey if we get interested in helping somebody else. Let's each think of something kind that Alice can do."

"She can give me her seat," said Jack.

"She can take your shawl, and fix it for a pillow under your head, dear Cousin Eleanor," said Elizabeth, helping Alice to so arrange the shawl.

Jack looked ashamed. He felt that his wish had been a selfish one, but he did not know how to say so. Cousin Eleanor knew what he was thinking. She softly patted his hand, while she thanked Elizabeth.

"Jack may sit by the window now," she said.

"Charlotte can," said Jack. And he ran to



"ALICE FILLED HER BASKET SEVENTEEN TIMES."

where Charlotte was sitting with Grandmama, a few seats ahead of them, and said: "Charlotte, Cousin Eleanor wants you, please."

He slipped into the seat beside Grandmama, and Charlotte trotted gladly down the aisle.

By and by the train drew into Boston. In the city they drove to the wharf. Then, oh, how happy the children were, as they sniffed the salt air, and found themselves on a steamboat!

Alice stood on the railing, and saw many other boats, some with flags. Behind their own boat streamed a broad white ribbon of foam; and there, in the steamer's wake, the waves were bigger, and a fisherman's dory bobbed up and down upon them in such a jolly way, that Jack quite burned to be in it.

Baby liked the fresh salt breeze in his face, and smiled to see Mama's bonnet ribbons flutter so prettily. He stretched out his arms toward the sea-gulls that made wonderful sweeping curves in their flight and dipped into the blue sea.

It was a long sail, so long that luncheon was unpacked and eaten before they left the boat. They had egg sandwiches, lamb sandwiches, great black cherries in plenty, and plum buns. Besides her own "special sandwiches," Alice found in her lunch-box two cherries, and a little bottle of lemonade which Elizabeth had thoughtfully provided, knowing how refreshing it would be.

"This is too bad!" said Uncle Nathaniel; "I

and Mama and Baby Hugh, in the shade of a great gray rock. Sophie, Elizabeth, Jack, and Charlotte at once pulled off their shoes and stockings, and waded to their knees in the refreshing water. Elizabeth thought she would teach Alice to swim. A fruit basket turned on its side made a good bath-house, and she took off the doll's clothes and placed them in the basket. Then the little white bathing-suit, trimmed with light green

braid, was brought forth, and popped over Alice's head.

"Won't her hair get wet?" asked Sophie.

"Oh, dear!" said Elizabeth.

"See if this will fit her," said Cousin Eleanor.

She had foreseen that Alice would be aching for a salt bath, and so she had brought, and now handed to Elizabeth, a tiny bathing-cap made of oiled silk. It exactly fitted the doll's head; and all Alice's pretty brown hair was snugly tucked inside, and not one curl allowed to escape from under the elastic.

"Thank you, darling Cousin Eleanor! You always think of everything!" said Elizabeth.

Alice was now all ready to go into the water. But what was the matter? She put both hands to her eyes,



"WOULD N'T YOU LIKE TO BE A LITTLE MERMAIDEN?"

think, when we are on the ocean, *somebody* might feel just a little, *little* seasick."

"Alice does," said Elizabeth.

"Oh, *do* let me see if her cheeks are pale!" said Uncle Nathaniel.

"No, but she has to go in the cabin and lie down," said Elizabeth. And she ran inside, and placed the doll on a soft cushion. When she came out, she found Jack and Charlotte fishing for brown and green seaweed, with bent hair-pins fastened to long lines of strong twine. Jack fixed a line for Elizabeth, and the three children fished until the boat touched the landing.

On reaching the shore, the family walked along the beach till they came to a quiet part where the sand was very fine and white. Here the children and the little curling waves ran to meet each other until the water *almost* touched their toes.

Papa found a nice, shady place for Grandmama

and looked as if she were about to cry.

Then Elizabeth took Alice in her arms, and said: "Why, you should n't be frightened, deary! See Bobby Shafto floating on his back out there. *He* does n't cry." Bobby Shafto was Charlotte's boy doll.

"Of course *he* floats! He's *rubber*," said Jack.

"Don't say that to her, Jack," pleaded Elizabeth, and Jack, thinking how queer girls were, plunged in yet deeper after his toy schooner.

"If Susie Jane sees that you are afraid, it will make *her* so, too," went on Elizabeth. "Put this shell to your ear. Is n't that a wonderful sound? More shells like that are under the water. It is whispering to us to come in and see the baby shells and the pretty pebbles. I see them all shining underneath the waves. Would n't you like to be a little mermaiden? Would n't you like to make friends with the beautiful, sparkling sea?"

So, then, Alice went bravely into the water, and soon splashed Susie Jane, and Susie Jane splashed back! And Bobby Shafto gave both dolls a ride on his back.

"Alice just *loves* swimming!" cried Sophie.

"I thought she would!" said Elizabeth.

Later, everybody, except Grandmama, Mama, and Baby, went in bathing. Papa and Uncle Nathaniel were very jolly, and gave the children a glorious time.

Guess how many of them fell sound asleep in the train going home, and I will tell you the answer in the next chapter.

## CHAPTER VII

### THE DOLL LEARNS TRUE POLITENESS

EVERY blessed one of them! Even Papa wakened only just in time to say, "Preserve us! Ours is the next station!"

As soon as the Dales got home, they ate a hot supper which Hannah had ready for them, and then the children were glad to go to bed.

The next day was still hotter, and Cousin Eleanor, who always felt the heat very much, lay upon a lounge, for she had a terrible headache. The sun streamed broadly through her south window, but she felt so ill that she dreaded even to get up to fix the shade.

"In just a *minute* I will," she said to herself, and closed her eyes. "If only that water-pitcher were nearer!" she thought.

She lay there for a little while with her eyes shut; and then Elizabeth came into the room with her doll in her arms. She stopped just inside the door, with her finger on her lip, looking toward Cousin Eleanor; and then, what do you think she did? First, she stepped, so softly that it was like a kitten stepping, over to the south window, and pulled the green shade slowly down until the sun was hidden, and cool shadows played over the floor.

You remember that, at the christening, Elizabeth said that she wanted her doll to grow up to be like Aunt Alice, down in Yarmouthport, who was always careful about being kind? So now

she considered what Alice could do. Presently she wound a soft handkerchief around and around the doll's hand, and arm, and tied it firmly. Next, she turned some cold water into the basin, and brought the basin, with great care, onto a chair beside the bed.

Cousin Eleanor did n't open her eyes. She thought, "I don't know what the child is doing, but I won't send her out if she likes to be here. She was such a darling to shut out that horrid sun. Oh, how my head *does* ache!"

Just then she felt something deliciously cool and soft and wet drawn lightly across her forehead. *You* know what it was. Again it came, and again. Never had anything felt so good to Cousin Eleanor! She said not a word. Alice, too, was so well-bred that she knew it was not a time to speak.

But by and by, Cousin Eleanor opened her eyes, smiled brightly at Elizabeth, and said: "I really believe the headache is going away!" And she sat up, and kissed Elizabeth, and then Alice.

So, now, the doll had learned another way to help.

"Thank you very much," said Cousin Eleanor. "It seems to me that Alice is growing to be a very well-bred doll. How thoughtful she was to bathe my forehead."

Elizabeth looked at Alice more happily.

"Who taught Aunt Alice to be polite?" she asked.

"Why, I think she was taught a great deal by her own kind heart," answered Cousin Eleanor.

"Her mother died when she was a little baby. But I really believe Aunt Alice could not be happy a moment if she felt some one near her was uncomfortable. She puts her own wishes last. And now, honey, it 's growing cooler outside, so let 's take our pails and go out into the pasture and pick some huckleberries. If we get enough, I 'll make a roly-poly pudding for our dinner, and you shall make a little one exactly like it for Alice and Susie Jane."

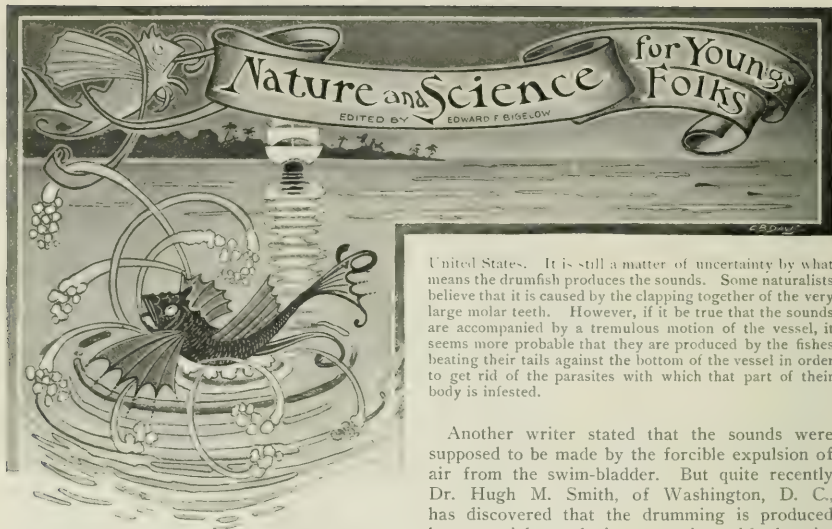
Guess what it was that made Cousin Eleanor's own manners so good, and I will tell you in the next chapter.

(To be continued)



WHEN THE DAY IS OVER.





#### SOME ODDITIES OF THE FISH WORLD

For many years it has been known that certain fish make sounds known as drumming, and that others make noises that are somewhat musical and not unlike the croaking of a big bullfrog. Though the cause of these sounds could have been easily investigated, as such fish are widely found, this was not done until recently, although a number of suggestions were made by various writers as to the means by which the sounds



THE CLIMBING FISH.

Travels on land and even climbs trees

were produced. In 1880, Gunther, a careful student, wrote as follows:

These drumming sounds are frequently noticed by persons in vessels lying at anchor on the coasts of the

United States. It is still a matter of uncertainty by what means the drumfish produces the sounds. Some naturalists believe that it is caused by the clapping together of the very large molar teeth. However, if it be true that the sounds are accompanied by a tremulous motion of the vessel, it seems more probable that they are produced by the fishes beating their tails against the bottom of the vessel in order to get rid of the parasites with which that part of their body is infested.

Another writer stated that the sounds were supposed to be made by the forcible expulsion of air from the swim-bladder. But quite recently Dr. Hugh M. Smith, of Washington, D. C., has discovered that the drumming is produced by a special muscle in connection with the air-bladder, which acts as a sounding-board. The drumfish is found along the Atlantic coast from Massachusetts to Florida.

It is said that more than fifty species of fish are known to make sounds of some kind. The mud sunfish utters a deep grunting sound; the mullet, the catfish, and even the eel are known to be sound producers.

In Siam, a variety of sole, known as dog's-tongue (*Cynoglossus*), attaches itself to the bottom of boats and makes a sonorous sound which is more musical when several are attached to the same boat and act in concert. This sound is "something like that of a jew's-harp struck slowly, though sometimes it increases in loudness so as to resemble the full tones and sound of an organ."

The sea-robin gives a short, high-pitched grunt—whence its name of "pigfish," given to it in some places.

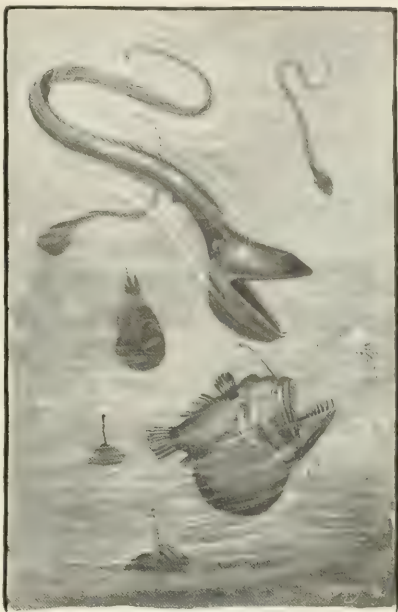
Darwin tells of a catfish "which is remarkable for a harsh, grating noise when caught by hook and line. This noise can be distinctly heard even when the fish is beneath the water."

In this connection it will doubtless be of interest to our young people to have their attention called to certain fish of peculiar form. One of the strangest is known by scientists as *Melanocetus*. Another is the *Eurypharynx*, also known as the pelican-fish. These are here pictured by

our artist. They are deep-sea fishes, living over a mile below the surface. It is believed that the *Melanocetus* buries itself in the mud, and when the "feeler" is touched, suddenly opens its huge mouth and draws in its food.

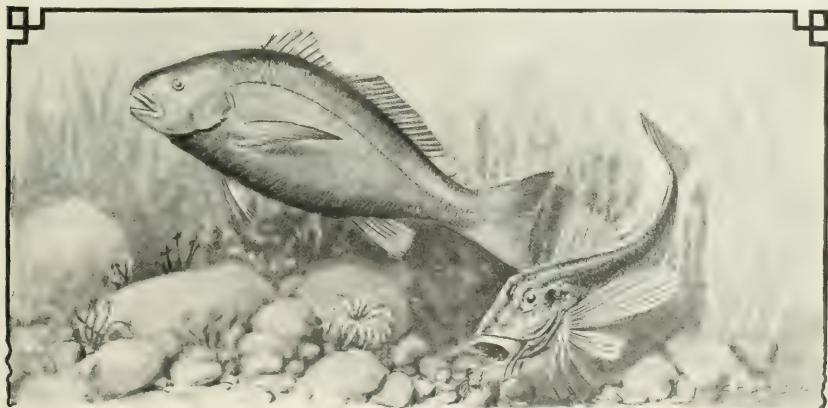
Among the most interesting fresh-water fish that are sometimes kept in household aquaria is the stickleback, which builds a nest. Some build these homes in the bottom of the streams, hiding the nest among the weeds and water-plants; others build on submerged boughs, or on stones or projecting ledges. All kinds of material are collected, and are matted together to form the bottom of the nest, being held in place by sand, small pebbles, leaves, stems, or twigs, all of which are glued together by an adhesive secretion of the fish. After the base has been formed, the sides and roof are made, with a circular opening at or near the top. In the fresh waters of Guiana, a beautiful, green-brown fish, the *Callichthys*, builds a nest of grass blades, straw, and leaves, not in the water, but in a muddy hole at the edge, and just above the surface. When the water dries away, the fish, by means of its fins, creeps to other wet or marshy places. It is said to live for twenty-four hours out of water.

Our common sunfish are nest-builders. Every country boy with observing eyes has noticed, at the edge of the pond, the clean appearance of certain spots from which all vegetable material, mud, and pebbles have been removed. This has been done by the sunfish, whose swaying body and moving fins and tail make currents in the water, that wash the spot and leave only the clean sand. Sometimes the pebbles and other unde-



QUAKER FISH—THE "TILIPAN," AND  
THE "DEEP-SEA ANGLER."

sirable objects are carried away in the fish's mouth. The stems of the surrounding plants are



THE NOISY "SALT-WATER DRUM" (AT LEFT) AND THE "SEA ROBIN."

at times trained above the cleaned depression and form a perfect bower.

But of all strange nests, the one that has pleased me most is that of the Indian paradise-fish, kept in an ordinary house aquarium. This fish is novel, not only on account of its brilliant markings, but it also breathes air, and does not, like other fish, depend for its oxygen on that set free in the water by aquatic plants. But the most remarkable thing about it is its method of building a nest. These amazing nests not only float, but are formed of air bubbles. With its mouth the fish blows the little bubbles, and coats them with an adhesive or mucilaginous substance, so that they adhere together and form a floating, fairy-like mass, in which the eggs are laid, and in which the young are hatched. Occasionally a young fish will slip out, or apparently tumble out, of his home of bubbles, and circle away, finally falling to the bottom of the aquarium. Then one of the parents, in serious alarm at what has happened to the youngster, swims quickly to the bottom, draws the little one into its mouth, swims back to the delicate bubble mass, and literally "blows him up," because he was so careless as to fall out of bed.

#### A "SHOCKING" FISH

The electric ray (*Narcine brasiliensis*) has a broad body covered with smooth skin, and is



THIS FISH CAN GIVE A STARTLING "ELECTRIC" SHOCK.

provided with an organ, consisting largely of a jelly-like fluid, which enables the animal to give

shocks similar in effect to that produced by a galvanic battery. The shocks delivered by these creatures are very startling, and barefoot fishermen have been known to be knocked down by accidentally stepping on them in shallow water.

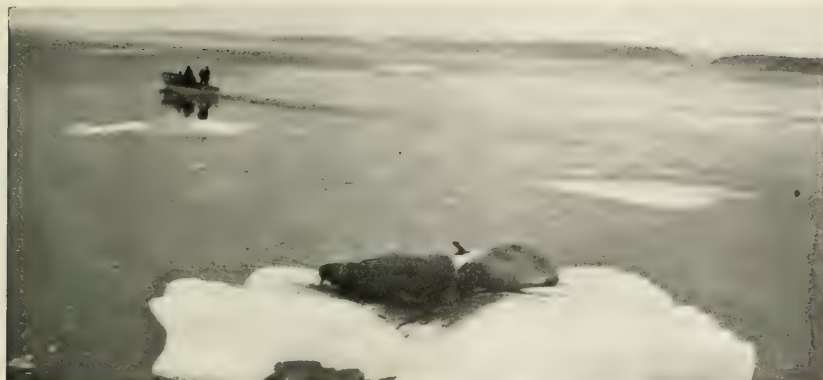
The specimen here pictured was captured in the Gulf of Mexico near Veteran, Florida, and taken alive to the laboratory of Mr. A. G. Reynolds. The National Museum has specimens of *Narcine brasiliensis* from Cape Lookout, North Carolina, and from several localities in Florida, as well as from Cozumel Island and Jamaica. This ray is very small when compared with the common electric ray (*Tetronarce*), which reaches a weight of two hundred pounds.

B. A. BEAN, Smithsonian Institution.

#### THE WALKING-STICK INSECT



A RAMBLER in the forest is often surprised to find what seems to be a twig alive. This is the walking-stick insect. It has many relatives in the insect world, the family name being *Phasmatidae*, from a Greek word meaning an apparition, a name that fits it well, for indeed it looks like the ghost of a twig. The accompanying photograph of this insect on a real twig was sent to ST. NICHOLAS by John Boyd, Sarnia, Ontario, Canada.



WALRUS ON FLOATING ICE IN THE ARCTIC REGIONS

### WALRUS AT HOME

THROUGH the courtesy of Mr. Harry Whitney, we here present an extremely interesting photograph of walrus on a cake of ice in the arctic regions. A young walrus from the Whitney Exhibition is now at the New York Zoölogical Park. It will be recalled by our readers that we published on page 841 of "Nature and Science" for July, 1911, an account of the young walrus from the Whitney Exhibition now at the park.

### "MEMORY ROOT," AND WHY

"Do you know the memory root?" inquired one boy of another, during a ramble in the woods.

"No; what is it, and why is it called that?"

"Come here and look at it, and I will tell you why," said boy number one, showing his companion a root of the Indian turnip; and, as they bent over it, he continued:

"I once dug up one of these plants, and, being young and foolish, I tasted it, taking a very little piece to be sure. Just at first it seemed all right, but in a moment—phew! I thought I had tried to eat red-hot needles. I found out later that it is really full of tiny, needle-like prickers. One is n't likely to forget such an experience, so we call it the memory root."

Many plants are so placed by nature that they must protect themselves from the attacks of insects and of larger animals, in order that they may thrive and increase. Some have thorns to prevent the cattle from eating their leaves. Some have spines or prickles around the blossoms to exclude undesirable visitors. Many others have peculiar means of obtaining similar protection.

The jack-in-the-pulpit, or our "memory plant," has its weapons in the underground bulb, and these consist of minute needles of crystal, about one five-hundredths of an inch in length, invisible to the naked eye, but a few sticking to the lips or tongue will make themselves painfully known, for they burn and sting like fire. Birds may safely eat the cluster of red berries that "jack"



A MAGNIFIED VIEW OF A SMALL PIECE OF "MEMORY ROOT."

lifts every autumn on the top of a long stem. But no boy or other animal will more than once molest the bulb, and our young folks should never eat the berries.

The picture shows a magnified bit of the root



of the memory plant, and, scattered over the dark surface, are many long needle-like objects. These are the sharp spicules, or needles of crystal, that pierce the tongue and cause the terrible burning sensation when a portion of the bulb is taken into the mouth. Jack's root is harmless in appearance, but it is well protected, and the microscope shows how.

The plant is also known as Indian turnip, because the Indians are said to have used it for food, first boiling the bulb, and this way, it is said, destroying the needles, or the spicules, as the botanist calls them.—CLEMENT B. DAVIS.

### TWO ODD NESTING PLACES

THE first illustration shows a humming-bird's nest, that I took last summer on the porch of a friend's house. The electric light hung a little too low, so a knot was tied in the cord to raise it. That left a loop about two inches long, and the little hummers built their nest on it. The light was turned off and on every night and morning,



A HUMMING-BIRD'S NEST ON AN ELECTRIC WIRE LOOP.

but that did not disturb them in the least. The picture shows the heads of the young birds just a few days before they left their nest.

The second illustration shows an old horseshoe, which a friend of mine hung up in his wagon house to hold the buggy pole, and to keep it up out of the way. Early in the summer, a pair of humming-birds appropriated it for their own use. I hung the horseshoe in a tree to take the picture.

LEO C. THORNE.



THE HUMMING-BIRD'S NEST ON A HORSESHOE.

### THE LARGEST APPLE ON RECORD

THE gigantic apple shown in the picture was grown by F. L. Post and Sons, of Chelan, State of Washington. It measures seventeen and one eighth inches in circumference, and weighs more than forty-one ounces. It grew on an eight-year-old tree on sub-irrigated land. The tree received ordinary cultivation, and the apple had no extra care except that it was inclosed in thin netting and tied to the tree to prevent it from falling to the ground. The apple is of the variety known as "Spokane Beauty." These apples grow to great size, are good to eat raw, and for cooking, and not specially coarse in grain. The flavor is sub-acid. In color they are a light pink with darker stripes. The tree which bore this apple grew on the shore of Lake Chelan, about two miles from the town of Chelan, within a stone's throw of the water.

The owner of the apple-tree which bore this wonderful fruit writes to St. NICHOLAS:

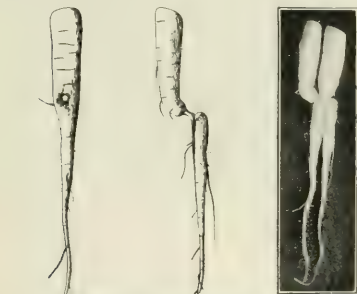


THE BIG APPLE IN COMPARISON WITH ONE OF ORDINARY SIZE.

"I sent the largest apple grown on that tree to the Canadian National Apple Show, where it carried off the great prize for the largest apple in the world—a hundred-dollar gold medal. Later, apples were sent to other shows and won the first prize. In one lot fifty of the largest apples weighed together eighty-five pounds."

#### A ROOT PUNCTURED A ROOT

SOME years ago, a gardener sent me the two radishes shown in the photograph. They were about six or seven inches long, and, as you see, one of them ran directly through the other. In the sec-



By courtesy of "The American Botanist," Chester, Illinois.

DIAGRAMS TO SHOW THE SMOOTH, ROUND HOLE IN ONE ROOT, MADE BY CONTRACTED PORTION OF THE OTHER ROOT.

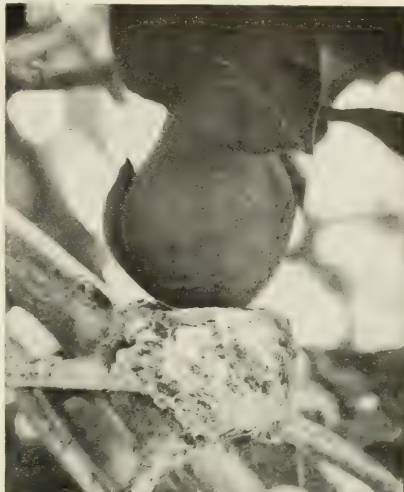
PHOTOGRAPH OF TWO RADISHES, ONE OF WHICH HAD GROWN THROUGH THE OTHER.

ond picture the two roots are shown after separation, and, as shown, the hole is quite small, while the root that ran through it grew to about normal size after emerging on the other side. The hole showed no signs of decay or injury. I do not know how one root managed to puncture the other in this case. The sharp-eyed readers of *ST. NICHOLAS* should be on the lookout for cases of this kind.

CHARLES E. BESSEY.

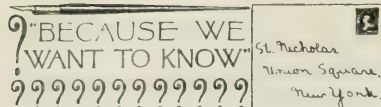
#### ONE OF NATURE'S TRAGEDIES

FOR several days, my brother and I had been searching the big pear-tree for the humming-bird's nest that we felt sure was there. Every time we came near the tree, the old bird left it with a loud hum, so we were trying to see where she came from. At last we located the nest on a limb well out from the body of the tree, where it blended perfectly with its surroundings, and looked like an old, rough knot. It contained two snow-white eggs, about the size and shape of



THE PEAR THAT KILLED THE YOUNG HUMMING-BIRDS.

small navy beans. Just a few days after the discovery, the young birds burst their white prison and appeared as two dark objects—long-billed, homely, wiggling. They grew with amazing rapidity, and then we noticed a pear, on the end of a slender twig just above the nest, which also was growing very fast. We intended to watch it closely and pick it if it got too close to the nest. Then we had to make a trip to another farm fifteen miles away on Green River, and, in the hurry and preparation for the trip, we forgot all about the little birds and their impending fate. When we came home after a week's absence, the pear had so grown, and its increased weight had so bent the twig, that it rested squarely on top of the nest, and had killed both the birds, which were nearly full-grown. The accompanying photograph shows the tragedy. LEO C. THORNE.



## DOES THE OSTRICH BURY ITS HEAD?

NEW ROCHELLE, N. Y.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I would like to know why an ostrich buries its head in the dirt when he sees anybody coming.

Your loving and interested reader,  
MARION F. HUSTEAD (age 9).

Some naturalists refer to this widely known tale as a "foolish story," while others think it is possible, though not probable, that the ostrich does hide its head when frightened. Professor William T. Hornaday, Director of the New York Zoological Park, says, in reply to the question:

"I really do not know. I do not know any one who knows. To me the story is marked, 'Not proven.'"

## A CAT CLOSES ITS EYES WHILE LAPPING MILK

PALO ALTO, CAL.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: My cat always closes his eyes when he laps milk. Could you please tell me why he does that? He is pure black and not full-grown, but I like to play with him.

I remain

Your affectionate reader,  
ANNA FRANKLIN (age 11).

I think that the cat closes his eyes while lapping milk as an evidence of extreme satisfaction and pleasure while so occupied. I notice my own cat has that trick when he considers himself especially happy, and it gives him such an expression of bliss—no "smaller" word expresses it—that it often makes me wish I could stand in his paws (I could n't stand in his shoes, of course), and see for myself how he feels!—JANE R. CATHCART.

## THE VERY OLD GAME OF JACKSTONES

CEDAR RAPIDS, IA.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I was playing a game of "jacks" to-day, and I was wondering where the game first originated, and when and by whom it was first played.

I think it a very interesting game, because it requires practice and patience to do it well.

Your inquisitive reader,  
LEONORA PARKER.

Nothing is known of the origin of the game of jackstones. It existed in classical antiquity, it is known in the Orient, and by children generally. The materials differ, but the rules of the game, as far as they are known, are everywhere about the same. Of certain games—chess, playing cards, dice—the line of descent may be traced, if not their precise origin. As far as I know, however,

there is no clue to the origin of jackstones. And the same is true of tops, bats and balls, and most children's games.—STEWART CULIN, Brooklyn Institute Museum, Brooklyn, New York.

## HOW LONG CAN A GOLDFISH LIVE?

ST. JOHN, N. B., CANADA.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: How long can a goldfish live? I used to have three, but two of them died. The one I have now is well enough, but I should like to know how long it can live.

Your interested reader,  
ANGELA MAGEE.

I knew of a very highly developed goldfish that lived for twelve years. This was the scaled



From "Goldfish Breeds." By permission of Jones & Sons, Philadelphia.

## A TWELVE-YEAR-OLD FRINGETAIL GOLDFISH.

fringetail used as an illustration in Wolf's book on goldfish. I know of a person who claimed sixteen years for a moon telescope-fish. My mother raised some common fish twenty years ago. We had one of them for fifteen years, and then gave it to a relative, who kept it alive under very poor conditions for three years more. During these three years a number of younger fish died in the same aquarium. Under proper conditions I am sure it would have lived for twenty years, and I believe that such a fish can be kept alive for a quarter of a century. Highly developed fish, if they live to become six months of age, will usually then live from two to four years.—WILLIAM T. INNES, Philadelphia, Pennsylvania.



AN ODD-SHAPED OAK \*

SANTA ROSA, CAL.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: The accompanying photograph is of an odd-shaped oak-tree. The trunk has turned over until it somewhat resembles a horseshoe, and in between them a limb has grown uniting them firmly together, as shown in the photograph. The tree measures about one foot in diameter.

PETER KIRCH.

## A LONG WORD IN CHEMISTRY

WHEELING, W. VA.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I have just found in a history of chemistry, written by William Allen Hamor, Research Chemist of The College of the City of New York, a word containing forty-nine letters. I won't ask what it means, but is "pentamethyldiamidodithiodiphenylamindiodomethylate" surpassed in length by any word at all?

Hoping this will interest you as it has interested me, I remain,

Very truly yours,

ROBT. C. DARRAH, JR.

There is hardly any limit to the length of such words, and, if it were worth while, much longer words than the one given could be used to describe known or imaginary organic compounds.

Such chemical words are really compounds of a number of words. Sometimes hyphens are put in to separate some of the parts, but, following the German usage, according to which words of any length may be compounded, the hyphens are often not used by English-writing chemists.

I should insist that such chemical words do not belong to the English language at all, but to a

VOL. XXXIX.—119.

Germanized-English chemical language, and should bar them out from consideration as long words on the ground that they are compound-words used without hyphens.—H. L. WELLS.

The comment of Professor Wells is perfectly correct, and I am heartily in accord with the opinion expressed in the last paragraph of his discussion. The word referred to by Mr. Darrah, Jr., is only given in my "History of Chemistry" ("Science-History of the Universe," 1909, Vol. IV, p. 2) to instance the chemical baptisms of our German co-workers, in this case Dr. Albert Maasen. W. A. HAMOR.

## A FLORAL TERRESTRIAL GLOBE

(From one of our green up-landers.)

ST. LOUIS, MO.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I send you by this mail a photograph of a beautiful floral globe. It was at least fifteen feet in diameter, and was made of a framework with receptacles for potted plants. The coleus plants of which it was made were placed very close together, and the pots were invisible. The plants were watered from the inside as well as the outside. The "countries" were made of dark red plants, and the "oceans" were made of very light green



A GLOBE MADE OF LIVING PLANTS

plants, with white and pale yellow variegations. The bed at the base of the globe was made of the same colors. I do not think there is any black-and-white picture that could ever do it justice.

Respectfully,

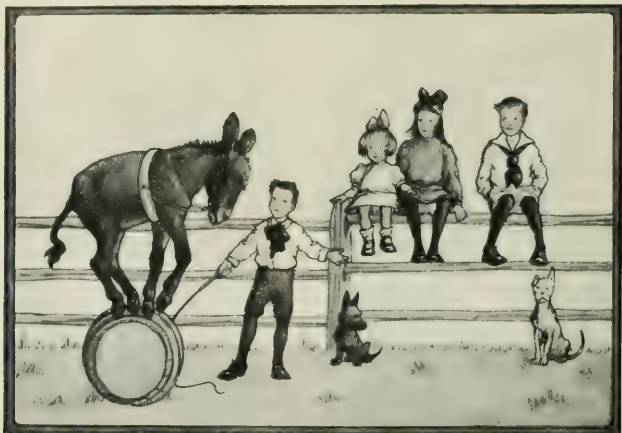
RUBY BUTLER.



# JACK AND JANE AND BETSY ANNE

"JACK'S CIRCUS"

RYHMES AND PICTURES



JACK thought he 'd have a circus,  
(Having taught some tricks to Ned;)  
Billy, Jane, and Betsy Anne  
Could n't stay away, they said.



Ned began upon a barrel  
All his smart tricks to display,  
Till the barrel smashed completely—  
Then Jack's circus ran away!

# JACK AND JANE AND BETSY ANNE

FOR VERY LITTLE FOLK

"BESIDE THE SEA"



By the sea, where sparkling waves  
Ever leap and play,  
Jack, and Jane, and Betsy Anne  
Spend a happy day.



There they build a splendid fort,  
Made of silver sand ;  
Till the tide comes creeping up  
And cuts it off from land !

# ST. NICHOLAS LEAGUE



"THROUGH FIELDS AND LANES." BY HORACE GRAF, AGE 17. (GOLD BADGE)

THE verses printed in the following pages, under the title "In Meadows Green," are as fresh and as full of the spirit of summer as if written yesterday, and give no hint that they were composed in mid-April—four long months ago—when, in our Northern latitudes at least, the meadows showed only the first faint promise of their present glory.

Our thanks are due to the young photographers, also, for a set of very beautiful summer pictures, as shown by the League heading this month and the photographs on page 951. And the story-writers and artists have sent us a list of contributions quite up to their usual high standard. As for scores and scores of other League competitors, we

send this special message to each and every one: if your name is missing from this month's Roll of Honor, we assure you that the name *was* there, nevertheless, along with some three hundred others. For *all* these, after being put into type, were crowded out at the last moment. Unfortunately, the spaces of the printed page will not budge an inch—and so it is often a question of "either—or." If *this* goes in, *that* must come out! But there is always the consolation for our young contributors that there will be other chances, other competitions, and other months in which to "try, try again," and sooner or later to win every prize the League can offer!

---

## PRIZE-WINNERS, COMPETITION NO. 150

In making the awards, contributors' ages are considered.

**PROSE.** Gold badge, **Merrill T. B. Spalding** (age 14), Brookline, Mass.

Silver badges, **Frederick R. Schmidt** (age 14), Chicago, Ill.; **Carolyn Moneypenny** (age 12), Ridgewood, N. J.; **Julia R. Melcher** (age 12), Winnetka, Ill.; **Granville B. Smith** (age 10), Searboro, N. Y.; **Clarence Hatch** (age 15), Plymouth, N. H.

**VERSE.** Gold badges, **Bernice L. Kenyon** (age 14), Smithtown Branch, L. I.; **Albert Reynolds Eckel** (age 16), St. Joseph, Mo.

Silver badges, **Winifred M. Dodge** (age 13), Newton Center, Mass.; **Katherine Baker** (age 12), Norfolk, Va.; **Charles B. Moore** (age 15), New York City; **Gwynne A. Abbott** (age 12), Groton, Mass.

**DRAWINGS.** Gold badge, **Harry Till** (age 16), Philadelphia, Pa.

Silver badges, **Anna Lee Haynes** (age 15), Columbia, S. C.; **Vida Grimble** (age 15), Buckhurst Hill, Eng.; **Margaret Conty** (age 16), New York City.

**PHOTOGRAPHS.** Gold badge, **Horace Graf** (age 17), St. Louis, Mo.

Silver badges, **Franklin H. Jerauld** (age 12), Ft. Thomas, Ky.; **Margaret Leathes** (age 11), Toronto, Can.; **Willard Vander Veer** (age 17), New York City; **Fanny Ellsworth** (age 11), Bronxville, N. Y.

**PUZZLE-MAKING.** Gold badge, **Philip Franklin** (age 13), Williamsbridge, N. Y.

**PUZZLE ANSWERS.** Silver badges, **Mary O'Connor** (age 15), Brooklyn, N. Y.; **Elsie K. Reid** (age 15), Peacedale, R. I.; **Lois R. Fowler** (age 15), Summit, N. J.; **Ernest S. Crosby** (age 14), Buffalo, N. Y.; **Arnold Guyot Cameron, Jr.** (age 9), Princeton, N. J.

---

## IN MEADOWS GREEN

(A Sonnet)

BY BERNICE LESBIA KENYON (AGE 14)

(Gold Badge)

In meadows green, where time so quickly goes,  
 And what seem minutes there are really hours,  
 There I could stay for days among the flowers,  
 And try to learn the secrets no one knows;  
 Learn from the brook its music as it flows;  
 Learn from each unseen sprite his magic powers,  
 That they might not be his alone but ours—  
 Would I could watch each green thing as it grows!

Oh, what a world is this we call our own!  
 Each breeze that stirs the leaves brings joy anew,  
 And every fragrant flower-cup that 's seen  
 Seems laughing, as if sorrow ne'er was known;  
 And every blade of grass is hung with dew—  
 Oh, what bright places are the meadows green!

## AN UNUSUAL EXPERIENCE

BY MERRILL T. B. SPALDING (AGE 14)

(Gold Badge)

It was while camping one summer that I went through one of the most unusual and exciting experiences of my life. There were five of us: Bob Graham, Laurence Porter, Philip Gordon, Dick Hunter, and myself. Near our camp there was an old "haunted house," which was the cause of the experience I am about to relate.

One day Philip suggested that we visit this house, and, as every one was willing, we set out that evening, planning to spend the night there. Arriving, we stationed ourselves in a room on the first floor, and commenced our vigil. Somehow, hard as I tried, I could not keep awake, and soon fell a victim to the sandman.

I awoke to find Bob gripping my shoulder. He was beside me, his hair nearly on end, and beyond him, no less frightened, crouched Philip and Dick. Laurence, they whispered to me, had felt so nervous that he had gone back. They also said that they had heard groans

by my shoulder. With a last desperate effort I clutched at it, and then—I pulled away a sheet, and before us, nearly convulsed with laughter, stood Laurence! We four went back feeling rather foolish. Laurence had determined to play a joke on us when we had decided to visit the "haunted house," and he had certainly been successful.

Although there was no real ghost, I have since avoided all "haunted houses," keeping in remembrance this unusual experience and its anxious moments.



"AT THE GATE" BY MARGARET CONY, AGE 16 (SILVER BADGE)

## MY FAVORITE RECREATION—AND WHY

BY CLARENCE HATCH (AGE 15)

(Silver Badge)

THE work is done, and now for a tramp in the woods! For a beginning, I start through the alder swamp.

There is not a bird in sight, but I stand still and whistle two high, clear notes, "Phee-bee." Soon I am answered by a few tiny whistles, or a plainer "tsic a dee dee." Then the bird appears, curious to see who is calling him, but determined to keep on eating, for all that. "Phee-bee," I whistle again, and more chickadees appear, one of them "Phee-bees," and in a few minutes a whole flock is around me, whistling earnestly and sweetly, till they or I get tired of it.

Leaving the chickadees, I go through the swamp and up the hill. Thump! thump! A rabbit jumps from under a hemlock, stands staring at me for a moment with his bright, frightened eyes, and lopes out of sight.

Farther on, I reach a great, irregular pile of boulders that form an ideal den for a family of porcupines, whose well-beaten path leads on up to their feeding-ground, a hemlock grove.

If I sit still here for a while, a little house-wren comes hopping around with his tail in the air, looking me over critically; a red squirrel, another tenant in the porcupines' mansion, yelps and chirrs impudently; a blue-jay catches sight of me, and with his comical, impish face peering through the branches, works up within a few feet of me. Then, away he rushes, as if to make up for lost time.

Next, perhaps, a new bird-call must be followed till



"AT WORK" BY DUKSON GREEN, AGE 15 (HONOR MEMBER)

issuing from an upper room. Just at that moment a scream resounded throughout the house. Terror-stricken, we huddled closer together. Then we heard some one descending the stairs, and a white figure appeared holding a bloody knife in one hand. It slowly advanced toward us, and raising its knife, grasped me



its author is learned; and wherever I go, something new is seen or heard.

And this, wandering through the woods with eyes and ears open, is, in summer or winter, my favorite recreation. Why? Because I love Nature and am interested in all her ways. Could I have a better reason?



# AUGUST



"A HEADING FOR AUGUST" BY HARRY TILL, AGE 16 (GOLD BADGE)

## IN MEADOWS GREEN

(A Sonnet)

BY ALBERT REYNOLDS ECKEL (AGE 16)

(Gold Badge)

In meadows green, knotted and mullen grow,  
And dandelion, flower of brightest gold.

Ten thousand humming, buzzing insects hold  
Gay carnival, while to each bloom they go.

As balmy summer breezes softly blow,

Shy meadow-larks and noisy blackbirds, bold,

Trill ceaselessly their joyous songs, world old,

Yet ever new; and lazy cattle low.

On meadow grass, thro' warm sunshiny days

In sultry summer, do I love to lie,

And dream, or read, or merely rest and gaze

Into the fair blue sky, where clouds sail by;

A peaceful, calm, yet ever-shifting scene.

So would I spend my days—in meadows green.

## AN UNUSUAL ADVENTURE

BY JULIA RICHMOND MELCHER (AGE 12)

(Silver Badge)

Our train was going at fifty-five miles an hour on a high but very good stretch of track. We were eating dinner in my father's private car with two visitors. The dining-room was at one end of the car, and was furnished with eight heavy chairs and one table, besides china, glass, and silverware. At one end there was a sideboard and a writing-desk.

All of a sudden there was a great crash and rumble, and the car slid down the bank and turned over on its side. The next thing I knew, I was pulled up by one of the guests, and saw my father take a chair and smash the door. This was the only way we could get out.

We were all extremely surprised, and thankful to find no one was killed.

After getting my mother out, we went up the track to a farm-house, where we had our few cuts bandaged.

The last three cars had also gone off the track, and had turned over into the ditch, but no one was seriously hurt.

Our belongings were soon gathered from the wreck, and we were again on our way in a few hours.

## IN MEADOWS GREEN

BY BRUCE L. SIMMONS (AGE 16)

(Honor Member)

In meadows green the Queen Anne's lace  
Uplifts its head with royal grace;

Above, with wings of blue and gold,

A swarm of butterflies, gay and bold,

In eddying circles wheel and race.

Come, seek with me a little place

Where Nature's hand we still may trace,

Where Beauty still has kept her hold,

In meadows green!

Forgetting there Life's maddening pace,

Far from all evil things and base,

Far from the world, so great and cold,

We shall, at last, find bliss untold,

Thus, hand in hand, and face to face,

In meadows green!

## AN UNUSUAL EXPERIENCE

BY KENNETH HERSHEY (AGE 9)

It all happened a few days before Christmas, at one of the big stores of Walla Walla. I went there to see Santa Claus. They were also to give away Lincoln pennies at a certain time. I ran up onto the balcony where the pennies were to be given out.

A big crowd was already there. Suddenly, with a crash, the balcony broke down. I landed in a big pile of tin pans, and everything was falling all around me. Luckily I was not hurt a bit, though some of the children were. I got up and ran out the back way, as they had locked the front doors, and was soon safe with my mother, none the worse for my unusual experience.

## AN UNUSUAL EXPERIENCE

BY WINIFRED SACKVILLE STONER, JR. (AGE 9)

(Honor Member)



One beautiful day, last October, when we were living in California, I went to spend the day at Cawston Ostrich Farm. This is a lovely spot where tropical flowers and trees grow, so if ostriches appreciate nature's beauties, they may feast their eyes on every side.

I became acquainted with the guide during my many visits to this ostrich-haven, and when I arrived, he gave me a hearty welcome and allowed me to feed "Colonel" and "Mrs. Roosevelt." The Colonel was a veritable gourmand, and it was fun to

watch whole oranges sticking in his long neck and working slowly down to where they dropped into his stomach.

As a great favor, the good guide also allowed me to ride a gentlemanly ostrich named "Uncle Sam." At first I had trouble sitting on his sloping back, but, by grasping his wings, I found I could ride him easily.



BY MARJORIE PHIMAN, AGE 14



BY CATHARINE TARR, AGE 14.



BY FRANKLIN H. JERAULD, AGE 12. (SILVER BADGE.)



BY FANNY ELLSWORTH, AGE 11. (SILVER BADGE.)



BY BETTY COMSTOCK, AGE 14.



BY PAUL JACOB, AGE 17.

"THROUGH FIELDS AND LANES."

After a while, the guide went to a storehouse for more oranges, and while he was gone, I forgot my promise never to go near "St. Paul," a crusty old bachelor.

I was standing near this crabbed fellow's corral, when suddenly my hat was jerked from my head. A moment later I saw St. Paul picking out the rhinestones from its buckle. As you know, ostriches like to eat bright stones.

When the guide returned, I begged him to rescue my hat. This he did with some trouble, as St. Paul always tried to kick any one entering his corral, and an ostrich kick is worse than a mule kick.

When my hat was returned to me, I felt sad to see its one-time shining buckle sans brilliants, but the guide said I should be thankful I had not lost my eyes.



"AT WORK" BY MARGARET LEATHES, AGE 11. (SILVER BADGE.)

### IN MEADOWS GREEN

BY KATHERINE BAKER (AGE 12)  
(Silver Badge)

In meadows green the lark lirts high,  
Soft summer clouds are floating by,  
And shy wild flowers lurk unseen  
In meadows green.

Bright dragon-flies are overhead;  
Dame Nature's lavish hand hath spread  
The beauties of the summer queen  
In meadows green.

The hairy spiders' work is done,  
And shining in the summer sun  
Are soft gray webs of silver sheen  
In meadows green.

For they, when strung with dewdrops bright,  
That sparkle with a diamond's light,  
Are fit to robe the fairy queen  
In meadows green.

### AN UNUSUAL EXPERIENCE

BY GRANNVILLE B. SMITH (AGE 16)  
(Silver Badge)

WHILE I was on a ranch in California a few years ago, I had several exciting experiences; but the most unusual one was with a mountain-lion. These marauding animals have often been known to steal poultry and sometimes cattle, but very seldom to attack a man, except when protecting their young.

My brother, sister, and I started out for a picnic lunch in a grove of large oaks near our ranch. We were about to unpack the basket of good things, when, to our

great surprise, a baby mountain-lion came bounding out of a near-by thicket. As it was perfectly tame, we had no trouble in catching it, and it did not mind our caresses in the least. We were just trying to decide what we should do with it, when we heard a dreadful roar close at hand, and, on turning around, we beheld a large lioness approaching us in big leaps. We dropped the cub as if it had been a lighted bomb, and it did not take us long to climb up a near-by tree.

The lioness made several futile leaps at us, but we had climbed beyond her reach. Then she commenced to walk around the tree, uttering fierce growls, and every now and then tearing the bark off the tree with her sharp claws. Finally, there was a roar, which was repeated three times, far up the mountain-side. At first the lioness paid no attention to the call of her mate; but she answered the third call, and at the fourth, to our great relief, she bounded off with her little cub scampering at her heels.

When we were assured of her departure, we climbed down, and, picking up the basket, we set off for home, for we did not want to stay in such a dangerous vicinity any longer.

### TO-DAY AND—TO-MORROW

BY CHARLES B. MOORE (AGE 15)  
(Silver Badge)

THANKSGIVING has arrived at last.  
There 's been prepared a grand feast.  
'T is just this one day in the year  
That Mother does not interfere.  
So oysters, turtle soup, and fish,  
Along with all that we could wish,  
Of turkey, salad, and ice-cream,  
We eat in quantities extreme,  
And on the top of this we take  
Plum-pudding with rich chocolate cake.  
So we are most extremely gay,  
And *this is our Thanksgiving Day.*



"AT WORK" BY WILLARD VANDER VEER, AGE 17.  
(SILVER BADGE.)

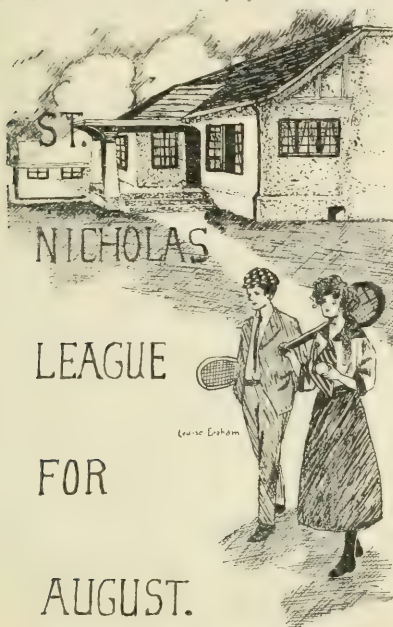
To-morrow dawns, and we awake,  
And, oh! how our poor heads do ache!  
It seems as though some unseem hand  
Is pressing on a white-hot brand;  
But this is not the only place  
Where yesterday has left its trace,  
For from our feet up to our head,  
We feel as if we 'd soon be dead;  
And since we are so awfully sick,  
Our mother calls the doctor quick.  
So then it 's his turn to be gay,  
And *this is his Thanksgiving Day.*

## MY FAVORITE RECREATION—AND WHY

BY FREDERICK REHM SCHMIDT (AGE 14)

(Silver Badge)

THE little ball of hard rubber is a few feet from the goal, a cup neatly nestling in the almost perfectly level turf which extends for many paces around it. The player carefully scans the distance from the ball to the hole. See! the little sphere is deftly hit by the player with his putter. But look! the ball strikes a small twig in its course and misses the cup by a few scant inches.



"A HEADING FOR AUGUST." BY LOUISE GRAHAM, AGE 13

Now the true spirit of the man who has missed the shot is clearly revealed. If he has the slightest trace of self-control and good-breeding, the player undoubtedly remains silent and does not expostulate. But if, on the other hand, he has neither, his opponent very soon sees an exhibition of his temper. In countless other instances the character of the individual may be easily ascertained.

All things considered, I personally think that golf is the greatest outdoor game. Primarily it insures a healthy mind and body, but develops as well one's reasoning power, good manners, and sometimes, if the player has been correctly instructed as a beginner, even develops character. Again, another strong point in its favor is its universal appeal, for golf can be played from early youth to old age. Name any other outdoor game that has all these advantages, including the one last named! Therefore, considering the pleasure and physical benefits derived from the game, golf is my favorite recreation and pastime—a subtle and fascinating sport.

VOL. XXXIX.—120.

## TO-DAY AND—TO-MORROW

BY WINTERED M. DODGE (AGE 13)

(Silver Badge)

TO-DAY

A LITTLE child is playing on the lawn;  
The sky above her is a deep, rich blue,  
With just a tint of rose far in the east,  
While on the grass there lingers sparkling dew.

The child is smiling, gazing overhead,  
Laughing with pleasure at the lovely sight;  
The pretty flowers, nodding their fair heads;  
The sun just rising, a huge ball of light,

Which makes the dewdrops change to flashing gems;  
They seem like playthings to the child so fair;  
She plucks a blade of grass and shakes them off;  
Once more her merry laughter fills the air.

TO-MORROW

A WOMAN, old and gray, with sorrow bent,  
Yet with a face serenely pure and calm.  
Sits by the window, dreaming, pensive-eyed,  
Of a dear long ago that seems to charm.

The sun is setting, casting a last glow  
On her sweet face, which once was very fair;  
It lingers lovingly, as if to kiss  
And lay a blessing on her silv'ry hair.

Which is the fairer? Long ago, or now?  
For she was the sweet child, the laughing girl.  
The first is like to crystal, clear and pure;  
The other of rich gold, inwrought with pearl.

## AN UNUSUAL EXPERIENCE

BY CAROLYN MONTEPenny (AGE 12)

(Silver Badge)

WE were all asleep in the house, on a warm summer night, dreaming perhaps very peaceably, when suddenly

"SOMETHING FUNNY." BY ALVA SUMMER, AGE 12  
(SILVER BADGE)

I was awakened by our door-bell ringing. I jumped out of bed quickly, went down-stairs like an amateur heroine, and opened the front door. No one greeted me except the stars, which blinked down at me. The bell seemed to have no intention of stopping, and rang on as though somebody's finger was laying on it.



I ran up-stairs again, and Father came down, half dressed and very tired, as it was just one o'clock. He went to the back door, but saw no one. It was certainly a mystery, but soon the policeman, seeing our lights lit at that unearthly hour, came and inquired what was wrong.

Father told him, and they went on another hunt; down the cellar, out in the barn, all over the yard, and finally came back to the house, unable to give any reason for the ringing, as they had found no trace of any man.

We were all being deafened up-stairs, and were wishing it would stop ringing; but it kept right on, not paus-

But as for my companions here, they laugh me quite to scorn:

"You never will a hero be when dawn to-morrow's morn!"

But yet, although they say I will not be a great, good man,

I never say, "I cannot," but I try to think I can.

I can if I do what is right, and always leave the wrong; I can if I try hard enough, and my desire is strong;

And all through life's long struggle, I shall try to be a man,

And never say, "I cannot," when I think, perhaps, I can.

Except in times of evil, when to good we are not true, In times when we are so perplexed we don't know what to do;

Then, when I'm asked to do some wrong, I'll answer like a man,

And always say, "I cannot," even though I think I can.

So I shall base to-morrow on the ground I base to-day, And always I'll be careful in whate'er I do or say.

And when I'm asked to do some good, I'll answer, like a man,

I'll never say, "I cannot," when there is one chance I can.



"AT THE GATE." BY MARGARET FOSTER, AGE 17.  
(HONOR MEMBER)

ing to rest. In about half an hour the policeman chuckled and called Father into the kitchen. He pointed to the battery, and showed him where one part had been bent, and so caused the bell to ring. They fixed the bent part, and the ringing ceased. Joy to us up-stairs!

To think that they hunted all over the house and yard for a tramp or intruder, and never thought that the battery could be the cause of it; but, men are men!

#### TO-DAY AND TO-MORROW

BY GWYNNE A. ABBOTT (AGE 12)

(Silver Badge)

To-day I'm just a little boy. I always go to school; I try to do my very best, and never break the rule. But what I am most proud of is, that, acting like a man, I never say, "I cannot," but I try to think I can.

To-morrow will be dawning soon. To manhood I'll be grown;

I want to be a hero with a name that will be known Through all the world. I wish to be a brave and great, good man,

To never say, "I cannot," but to think, perhaps, I can.



"AT THE GATE." BY ANNA LEE HAYNES, AGE 15. (SILVER BADGE.)

#### THE ROLL OF HONOR

##### PROSE

Arthur Nethercot  
Vida Bloede  
William W. Ladd  
Willie E. Money  
Catharine Pittman  
Thelma G. Williams  
Vivian E. Hall  
Harold Harris  
Julien H. Bryan  
Elizabeth Phillips  
Ethel Mary Feuerlicht  
Pauline Cozard

Frances D. Pennypacker  
Kathryn K. Dowdney  
Cornelia S. Jackson  
Edith Stein  
Dorothy Hallett  
Frances M. Ross  
Edgar Gibbs  
Herman M. Hoffman  
Adelaide Hibbard  
Hester R. Hoffman  
Muriel W. Avery  
James K. Angell  
Charles G. Edwards

Fredrika W. Hertel  
Wilma Varelman  
Mary E. Levey  
Mary M. Seymour  
Helen Creighton  
Margaret Cundill  
Janet G. Banks  
Ethel N. Pendleton  
Knowles Hair  
Elizabeth Turner  
Carmen McKercher  
Katharine Thomas  
Hilda F. Gaunt  
Edith L. Crounse

L. Adrienne Evans  
Sarah Davison  
Edna L. Clay  
Ruth Genzberger  
Ellen C. Gary  
L. Butler Wright, Jr.  
Phoebe S. Lambie  
Mildred H. Luthardt  
Dorothy H. De Witt  
Myrtle Doppmann  
Fennie Mustapher  
Katharine Keyes  
Elizabeth Roberts  
Naomi Lauchheimer  
Anna Oleson  
Anna L. Porter  
Margaret E. Graham  
Katharine Biggs  
Marion Norman  
Charlotte L. Bixby  
Paulina M. Collis  
Rebecca H. Wilder  
Marjorie Trotter  
Henry Van Fleet  
Elsie Stevens  
Ruth M. Morris  
Marion C. White  
Arthur N. Moore  
Ethel London  
Nancy A. Fleming  
Margaret C. Bland  
Olga van S. Owens  
Elsie Terhune  
Beatrice Wormser  
Mary Van Fossen  
Anna Rimington  
Louise Stockbridge  
Mildred Bishop  
Caroline Jeffress  
Helen B. Bennett  
Elizabeth Engster  
Estelle M. Perham  
Marie Kilbourn  
John M. Kleberg  
Dorothy M. Rogers  
Ruth E. McClive  
Virginia Sledge  
Eleanor S. Cooper  
Nervia King  
Wm. B. Douglass, Jr.  
Jean E. Freeman  
Eleanor H. Fish  
Katharine B. Nesmith  
Jessie Soderstrom  
Helen Sheehan  
Janet T. Tremaine  
Juliet H. Rogers  
Marian L. Ansbacher  
Flora MacLaine  
Cora Kane  
Mary McRae

## VERSE

Susan B. Sturgis  
Edith Sturgis  
Lucile H. Quarry  
Doris R. Wilder  
Bertha E. Walker  
Eleanor M. Sicksels  
Nellie Adams  
Thomas H. Joyce  
Helen A. Monsell  
F. Cleary Hanighen  
Elise M. Mirick  
Madeline Schreiber  
Claire H. Roesch  
Forest Hopping  
Frank H. Stuerem  
Helen R. Tolles  
Constance Bowles  
Lillie G. Menary  
Eleanor Johnson  
Emily Goetzmann  
Eugenia B. Sheppard  
Charlotte MacDougall  
Alice M. Hamlet  
George M. Enos  
Lois Hopkins  
Kathryn Hulbert  
Frances E. Burr  
Brothera Cronin  
Harriett Peasley  
Jean Knight  
Virginia Job

Marion E. Stark  
Marjorie Skiff  
Stanley B. Reid  
Marion F. Hayden  
Bernard J. Snyder  
Ellen L. Hoffman  
Elizabeth MacLennan  
Marguerite S. Pearson  
Hazel M. Chapman  
Ruth V. Hyde  
Leonard Oliver  
Ruth Stromme  
Helen Clark  
Alice Emge  
Winifred Wood  
Lucile Mayne  
Mary Thayer  
Frances C. Duggar  
Mary V. Farrer  
Fannie H. MacFadden  
Vera B. Hall  
Marian Shaler  
Osie B. Loveless  
Effie C. Ross  
John Cregan  
Sophie E. Woods  
Elizabeth Waddell

## DRAWINGS

Dorothy Hughes  
Dorothy Calkins  
Frank Leary  
Rosella M. Hartmann  
Jessie E. Alison  
Geo. P. Lindberg  
Reina Keefer  
Jos. Leventhal  
Marion C. Dinsmore  
Ruth S. Strong  
Walter K. Frame  
Corydon Wheat  
Rolf W. Lund  
E. Theodore Nelson  
Katharine Reynolds  
Frances Thomas  
Margaret R. Bennett  
Doris Grimbie  
Doris L. Todd  
Victor Child  
Dorothy Seligman  
Elizabeth E. Sherman  
Madeleine Urd  
Hazel K. Reud  
Frank Paulus  
Goldie Zucker  
Harry Zidler  
Terrence Gallagher  
Earl A. Garard  
Miriam Lathe  
Fred Malkmus  
Eleanor W. Atkinson  
Clarisse S. De Bost  
Helen A. Baker  
Welthea B. Thoday  
Constance Andrus  
Paul Detefsen  
Henrietta H. Henning  
Margaret E. Hancock  
Vincent B. Logue, Jr.  
Howard R. Sherman  
John B. Hyatt, Jr.  
Arline A. Beecher  
Homer Wallace  
Agnes Smith  
Raphael Blumenthal  
Leo Peter Gusto  
Margaret L. Duggar  
Henry Greenberg  
Ethel W. Warren Kidder  
Caleb D. Elliott  
Cornelia Bird  
Kedma Dupont  
Marie Smola  
Jane Abbott  
Mildred Johnson  
Kenneth Rickett  
Gertrude Praster  
Florence Stevenson  
Mary Laufer  
George W. Wintermute  
John Lamey  
Roy L. Olson  
Catharine L. Clark

## PHOTOGRAPHS

Charlotte White  
Fisher C. Lanman  
Josephine Sturgis  
Betsy V. Tyson  
Rosamond Sherwood  
Robert Burgess  
Gwendolen Hampson  
Faith Morse  
Russell Jones  
Helen G. Farrell  
Eleanor O. Doremus  
Margaret Kohn  
Earle W. Paylor  
Dorothy Fischer  
Helen M. Kingman  
Alice Parker  
Hazel Whalen  
G. A. Lintner  
Lois W. Kellogg  
Virginia Nirdlinger  
Robert Banks  
Emeline A. W. Kellogg  
Alice W. Hall  
Katharine E. Beatty  
Kathleen L. Guy  
Martha Robinson  
Lavinia K. Sherman  
Caroline Aber  
Marion Pomeroy  
Dorothy P. Richardson  
Perry B. Jenkins  
Marion Roos  
Elizabeth C. Carter  
Charles Bartow  
Ruth Hacy  
Caroline F. Ware  
M. Josephine Boyd  
Herbert Weidenthal  
F. A. Stenback  
Elizabeth Cains  
Elizabeth Hayes  
Stuart W. Kellogg  
Rachel Talbot  
Esther L. Faulhaber  
Dorothy von Olker  
Dorothy Peabody  
Elsie M. Barry  
Margaret Pratt  
Kenneth Smith  
Margaret Kew  
Josephine G. Taylor  
Robert Keud  
Anne Ashley  
Eric Henry Marks  
Gladys E. Livermore  
Esther R. Harrington  
Marjorie Roberts  
Marion H. Barbour  
Grace Freese  
Marion Henshaw  
Elizabeth W. Reynolds  
Junior Scruton  
Elizabeth Dudley  
J. A. Mathews  
Stewart Kurtz  
Robert Clark  
Mary De Witt  
Betty Humphreys  
Margaret Hart  
Jeannette C. Owens  
Ruth Marshall  
Edna Hauselt  
Alberta Apple  
Helen Jackson  
James Moody  
Katharine Eldred  
Leigh Stook  
Elsie Nichols  
Elizabeth G. Schwarz  
William B. Bacon  
John L. Loomis  
Marie Rupp  
Warren Dodge  
Elwood H. Gallien  
Timothy E. Holden

## PUZZLES

Duncan Scarborough  
Frederick W. Fues, Jr.  
Carl Muckenhaupt  
Le Roy A. MacColl  
Edna F. Kaufmann

Helen Westfall  
Jessie Wolf  
Douglas C. Phelps  
Robert U. Whitney  
Katharine Jaeger  
Brayton Blake  
Beatrice S. Hecht  
Margaret P. Hall

Ruth K. Gaylord  
Rosemary Clarke  
Verne Blankner  
Ruth A. Ehrich  
Edith Sloan  
Nellie Adams  
Hilda V. Libby  
Fred. Klein

Doris R. Ulmann  
Norman Howell  
Hobart Goewey  
S. Chernoff  
Louisa G. Wells  
Harold Hawes  
Elizabeth Wemple  
Catharine M. Weaver

## PRIZE COMPETITION NO. 154

THE ST. NICHOLAS League awards gold and silver badges each month for the best *original* poems, stories, drawings, photographs, puzzles, and puzzle answers. Also, occasionally, cash prizes of five dollars each to gold-badge winners who shall, from time to time, again win first place.

**Competition No. 154** will close **August 10** (for foreign members **August 15**). Prize announcements will be made and the selected contributions published in ST. NICHOLAS for December.

**Verse.** To contain not more than twenty-four lines. Subject, "The Best Month of All."

**Prose.** Essay or story of not more than three hundred words. Title to contain the word "Christmas."

**Photograph.** Any size, mounted or unmounted; no blue prints or negatives. Subject, "On the Road," or, "A Good Listener."

**Drawing.** India ink, very black writing-ink, or wash. Subject, "My Favorite Subject; or, What I Like Best to Draw," or a Heading for December.

**Puzzle.** Any sort, but must be accompanied by the answer in full, and must be indorsed.

**Puzzle Answers.** Best, neatest, and most complete set of answers to puzzles in this issue of ST. NICHOLAS. Must be indorsed and must be addressed as explained on the first page of the "Riddle-box."

**Wild Creature Photography.** To encourage the pursuing of game with a camera instead of with a gun. The prizes in the "Wild Creature Photography" competition shall be in four classes, as follows: *Prize, Class A*, a gold badge and three dollars. *Prize, Class B*, a gold badge and one dollar. *Prize, Class C*, a gold badge. *Prize, Class D*, a silver badge. But prize-winners in this competition (as in all the other competitions) will not receive a second gold or silver badge. Photographs must not be of "protected" game, as in zoological gardens or game reservations. Contributors must state in a few words where and under what circumstances the photograph was taken.

**Special Notice.** No unused contribution can be returned by us unless it is accompanied by a self-addressed and stamped envelop of the proper size to hold the manuscript, drawing, or photograph.

## RULES

ANY reader of ST. NICHOLAS, whether a subscriber or not, is entitled to League membership, and a League badge and leaflet, which will be sent free. No League member who has reached the age of eighteen years may compete.

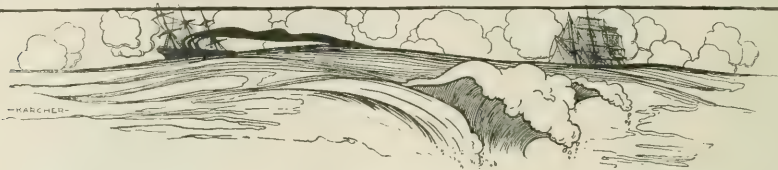
Every contribution, of whatever kind, must bear the name, age, and address of the sender, and be indorsed as "original" by parent, teacher, or guardian, who must be convinced beyond doubt that the contribution is not copied, but wholly the work and idea of the sender. If prose, the number of words should also be added. These notes must not be on a separate sheet, but on the contribution itself—if manuscript, on the upper margin; if a picture, on the margin or back. Write or draw on one side of the paper only. A contributor may send but one contribution a month—not one of each kind, but one only.

Address:

The St. Nicholas League,  
Union Square, New York.

## BOOKS AND READING

BY HILDEGARDE HAWTHORNE



### THE SEA

AUGUST is here again, and the call of the sea comes home to most of us. It is hard to tell whether being in or on or beside it is the more attractive. The best way is to manage to do all three of these delectable things, and to do them over and over again, right through the month. What health and vigor, what freshness and strength, the ocean has, and how generously it bestows them on its lovers. A summer without the sea is only half a summer, or so all of us who have ever come to know it believe; the very smell of a tarry rope or a bit of seaweed will set our hearts to thumping if we are far inshore, and all the witchery of lake and river and mountain can never entirely satisfy the children of the sea.

Since the beginning of time, too, the sea has been associated with romance and adventure. It has been a mystery, a danger, a lure. Mighty battles have been fought upon it, and all the most daring voyages have been across it or around it. Pirates have plied their terrible but picturesque trade all over its vast surface and among its lonely islands. Wrecks have gone down in it, and it has rocked open boats under the stars and sun for agonizing weeks, mocking the dying crew with the glitter of its deadly water, fencing them from succor with the unbroken line of its horizon.

In ancient days, men fared forth upon the sea in cockle-shell boats propelled by oars and sails, getting along somehow, discovering new shores, and meeting countless perils. Once home again, they told great tales of their adventures, and were looked upon with admiration as a brave and hardy lot, whom nothing ashore could terrify; for they had faced the immeasurably more fearful perils of the high seas, which only the strongest and most courageous could survive. Men gathered about to hear what they had to tell, and women gazed admiringly upon them as they rolled along the street with a step that seemed

still to feel the monstrous heave of mighty waves. As for the lads, not one of them but longed for a sailor's life, and thought a ship's deck the finest thing in the world.

Ever since those old times, sea-faring men have told stories, or had stories told about them. And some of these sea tales are the best there are, with a swing and a go to them that set the pulses flying. Even to-day there is a world of romance and wonder left to the sea, and the life lived on it is very different from life on land, however adventurous that may be. Good books there are that tell the stories for us now, since few of us know a sailor who will spin a yarn at our request, more 's the pity! And I thought I would choose this hot month to speak of a few of these books. And as the murmur of the waves haunts the curved interior of a shell, so some of the coolness and sweetness of the great ocean may haunt my pages, put there by yourselves, however, as you read or listen, thinking of the long fall of the waves on the beach, and the white fury of the foam in a storm.

### THE OCEAN'S STORY

A SPLENDID book to begin with is Ernest Ingersoll's "Book of the Ocean," for it tells the story of the sea itself; of its caverns and measureless depths, its currents and tides; of the plants and strange creatures who live in it—fish and animals, and the storms that fall upon it. Not only does this book tell of the sea's own life, but also of the many kinds of boats and ships men have used to go forth on it, from the early galleys and pinnaces and galleons through all the history of the "hearts of oak," to the steamers and turbines of our age of steel and iron. It is a most absorbing story, told by a man who loves his subject, and therefore well told. Few of us really know anything definite of the sea and its history, and I think all of you will be surprised to see how much

interesting and various information Mr. Ingersoll has collected into this delightful volume.

#### SOME OLD STORIES

I've already spoken, in other articles, of such fine old sea stories as those by Whyte-Melville, "Moby Dick" and "White Jacket," and Dana's "Two Years Before the Mast." Then there is Captain Marryat's splendid "Masterman Ready," which none of you should miss. It is one of the best sea and wreck stories in the world. Full of fun and adventure, full of the true sea life of that day, with characters who will be your friends through life, you will laugh and be thrilled all the way out to that Pacific island where the ship was wrecked, and until you and young Ready and his companions are safe back once more.

Another excellent story by Marryat is "Mr. Midshipman Easy." This was written for older readers, but it is a favorite boys' book nowadays. There are some delightful scenes and amusing adventures in the West Indies in this book, besides the life of the ship, and never were there two merrier youngsters than Easy and his chum. In the time when Marryat wrote, Cuba and Jamaica were at the height of their prosperity, and the planters lived on their plantations like veritable princes. Both these books are rollicking and jolly as Jack himself, and though there is some moralizing, as was the old-fashioned manner, there is not enough to spoil excellent stories, such as these are.

Other old sea yarns are those by James Fenimore Cooper, his "Sea Tales," and I pity the boy or girl who misses reading them. They are n't so well known as his Indian stories, yet several of them are better. There was a lot of privateering, and America was a great sea-power in Cooper's day, and these stories are full of vivid pictures and exciting adventures that show us that past time in a romantic, stirring light, such as Cooper loved.

A sea tale that is not exactly a story is Coleridge's wonderful "Ancient Mariner." In this poem there is something of the mystery and magic and terror of the ocean. You feel its immensity, its loneliness, its power and cruelty, as well as its beauty, while you read. A queer tale it is, to be sure, ghostly and eerie, but the ghosts are sea-ghosts, as the Albatross of which the Mariner tells is a sea-bird; and we all have to listen to the end, like the Wedding Guest, while the Mariner has his will with us.

#### SOME NEW STORIES

BUT there are as good stories in the sea as ever came out of it, and this is proved by the stories

that are being told to-day. There are Frank T. Bullen's, for instance, and Joseph Conrad's. I've told you before of Bullen's "Cruise of the Cachelot." That is a book you must certainly read, but it is n't the only one. Bullen is a sailor, and he knows how to write—which is true of Conrad, too. Sailors always were yarn-spinners, and it's the same to-day. You cannot get a better yarn than Bullen's "Frank Brown: Sea Apprentice," and its sequel, "The Call of the Deep." There is another of this writer's stories that goes well with these, "The Compleat Sea Cook," which contains sketches of real seamen at work on ship or at play, sometimes, unluckily, in trouble, ashore. The first two books are specially written for you youngsters, however, and you will become sailors while you read them; you simply can't help it, they are so vivid, so fascinating; they put the sea and the ship so clearly before you; take you voyaging, in fact, for you get launched in these books precisely as you might in a brig or a schooner. Oh, but it's adventurous and rough and sane and healthy, this life of the sea, as Mr. Bullen tells of it; hard, too, but manly, and cramful of "doing things."

Mr. Conrad's books are, perhaps, too old for you just now, and had better be kept to enjoy later. There is a story of his called "Typhoon" which you will read some day, however, and never forget it, it gives such a marvelous impression of the actual occurrence. Both these sailor writers have an extraordinary power for getting the things they've seen and experienced into words, and so making their readers live the very happenings with them; and reading their books is an adventure in itself.

Then there is another writer of the sea whom I've spoken of before, Howard Pyle. He was an artist, and had precious little to do with the sea himself, but he loved it, and he loved the many stories of pirates which lie buried in old musty manuscripts and records. He dipped his pen into the very brine of old ocean when he wrote of them; his pages almost smell of the sea. And what splendid adventures he tells us! There is his "Stolen Treasure." It is full of turbulent buccaneers, who are up to mischief every minute, if you can call their wild deeds by so mild a term. Then there is "Jack Ballister's Fortune," a magnificent mixture of sea and pirate and the Colonies, of kidnapping and England, brave acts and wicked ones. Read it, and you'll have a week of glorious fun, and won't mind the hottest weather August can manufacture, you'll be so busy following Jack.

Frank Stockton wrote a good book about the sea, "Buccaneers and Pirates of Our Coast,"



which will fit in finely with Pyle's. All the more famous sea rovers are included in this delicious book. You get some notion of how the pirates themselves considered their "profession," for it was a real business in its way. Kept within certain bounds, people regarded it as excusable, if not precisely respectable. More than one pirate retired on his fortune, and became a stout, kindly old gentleman in his declining years.

Akin to the more law-abiding pirates, according to the law of those wild days, were the privateers, and there is a book on them by Jessie Peabody Frothingham, called "Sea Fighters from Drake to Farragut." Of course many of the men she writes of belonged to the regular Navy, but whoever they were, all the stories are good, and the roll-call of both men and ships in the volume is a noble one. They were men it is good to hear about, those old fighters of the sea, and the time you spend in their society will be well spent. It is not only the danger, and the daring and judgment they show, it is something fine and simple in their characters, that makes them lovable as well as admirable; though a few were grim enough, and fierce enough, more eager to meet a foe than a friend.

One great sailor you ought to know about is Captain Cook, and there is a story about his wonderful voyages written by a naval man, Lieu-

tenant Charles R. Low. Three times he sailed around the world, quite a feat a century ago, and it is nearly that. The ports he stopped at were some of them entirely unused to seeing a European ship, and many were his adventures with foreign potentates and savage chiefs. He was a very interesting man, and Lieutenant Low has not missed any of the romance of the tale.

Charles Ledyard Norton is another sea-story writer, mingling history with story, and most of you are sure to enjoy his three books, "Jack Benson's Log," "The Medal of Honor Man," and "Midshipman Jack." They are set in Civil War days, and give an excellent notion of the sea-fights and seaways of that time, of the gallantry of the men in the service, and the hardships they experienced.

So here you are, with quite a shelfful of sea tales to choose from. An old sailor I knew, and a writer as well, Charles Warren Stoddard, who had run away to sea when he was a boy, and gone to the islands of the Pacific, where he lived for a time with the savages, once told me no book could ever describe the sea as it was to the man who lived upon it. Perhaps not; but I believe these books I've been telling you about come pretty close to doing it—at any rate, they are among the best reading on earth, and that is a good deal.

## EDITORIAL NOTES

WE print this month a biographical sketch of a unique historical character, Charles George Gordon, that strange combination of the dreamer and the man of action whose brilliant career held much of grandeur and came to such a tragic, solitary close when Khartum was captured by the desert tribes, in 1885. The article will appeal strongly to our older readers, and it has a double interest for young and old because it was written by a boy of sixteen—Hamilton Fish Armstrong, son of Mr. D. Maitland Armstrong, the well-known artist.

AMONG the many responses received from League members this month were two "storiettes" which we cannot forbear giving to our readers, both because they are so quaintly told, and because they came from two little St. NICHOLAS readers in far-off Russia.

### AN UNUSUAL EXPERIENCE

BY ELIZABETH LEONTIEFF (AGE 8)

I WANTED to make an Easter present for my mother, so I took a picture of one of Raphael's angels and glued it on a round piece of cardboard. Around the edge of the cardboard, I glued coffee-beans, and filled the other

space with millet. Then I gilded the coffee-beans and the millet, and put the picture on top of a cupboard where Mother could n't see it.

I took it down to look at it the next day, and I found, to my great astonishment, that the angel had a mustache. At first I did n't know where it came from, but then I saw that it had come from the gold, which had run over the angel's face. Of course I was sorry the picture was spoiled, but it looked so funny that I could n't help laughing.

If I ever see the real painting the angel was copied from, I shall surely laugh very much, because I shall remember how the angel looked with a mustache.

### AN UNUSUAL EXPERIENCE

BY NICOLAS LEONTIEFF (AGE 9)

WHEN I was a little chap five years old, my mother, my aunt, my brothers and sisters and I, went to the zoological garden to see the animals. We went all around the zoo, and sat down in front of the bears.

Suddenly a bear began to climb over the iron fence. When we saw that, we were very frightened, and got up and ran away as fast as we could. While we were running away, a very hard rain began to fall. Luckily we were near the house where butterflies were kept, so we waited there for the carriage to come and take us home.

I don't know whether the bear really got out or not, for I never heard any more about him.



# ANSWERS TO PUZZLES IN THE JULY NUMBER

**GEOGRAPHICAL ANAGRAM. E Pluribus Unum.** Cross-words: 1. England. 2. Persia. 3. Labrador. 4. United States. 5. Roumania. 6. Italy. 7. Belgium. 8. Uruguay. 9. Serbia. 10. United States. 11. Norway. 12. United States. 13. Monaco.

**ST. ANDREW'S CROSS.** I. 1. C. 2. Sad. 3. Solar. 4. Caldron. 5. Paric. 6. Roe. 7. N. II. 1. N. 2. Set. 3. Stead. 4. Needles. 5. Talon. 6. Den. 7. S. III. 1. N. 2. Cat. 3. Cited. 4. Natures. 5. Terse. 6. Dee. 7. S. IV. 1. N. 2. Net. 3. Nomad. 4. Nemesis. 5. Taste. 6. Die. 7. S. V. 1. S. 2. Eon. 3. Eclat. 4. Solicit. 5. Nacre. 6. Tie. 7. T.

**DOUBLE ZIGZAG.** Constitution. Old Ironsides. Cross-words: 1. Crup. 2. Cool. 3. Node. 4. Asti. 5. Tire. 6. Fido. 7. Lune. 8. Puns. 9. Tuil. 10. Tied. 11. Obey. 12. Ants.

**FRACTIONAL CAPITALS.** Montgomery, Alabama. Sacramento, Phoenix, Baton Rouge, Olympia, Salem, Denver, Cheyenne.

**MUSICAL ZIGZAG.** Giuseppe Verdi. I-II, II Trovatore; 12-17, Ernani; 18-26, Rigoletto; 27-30, Aida; 31-37, Macbeth; 38-48, Luisa Miller; 49-54, Nabucco; 55-63, Don Carlos; 64-71, Falstaff. Cross-words: 1. Georgia. 2. Riddler. 3. Unusual. 4. Consort. 5. Salient.

**TO OUR PUZZLERS:** Answers to be acknowledged in the magazine must be received not later than the 10th of each month, and should be addressed to ST. NICHOLAS RIDDLE-BOX, care of THE CENTURY CO., 33 East Seventeenth Street, New York City.

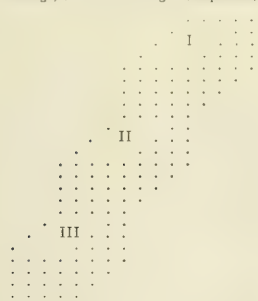
**ANSWERS TO ALL THE PUZZLES IN THE MAY NUMBER** were received before May 10 from Elizabeth Goldbeck—Farris Neave—Arnold Guyot Cameron—Harry Guthmann—Theodore H. Ames—Elsie K. Reid—"Queenscourt"—Catherine G. Ames—Thankful Bickmore—Mary O'Connor—"Marcapain"—Judith Ames Marsland—Lois R. Fowler—Ernest S. Crosby—Helen Wouters—William D. Woodcock.

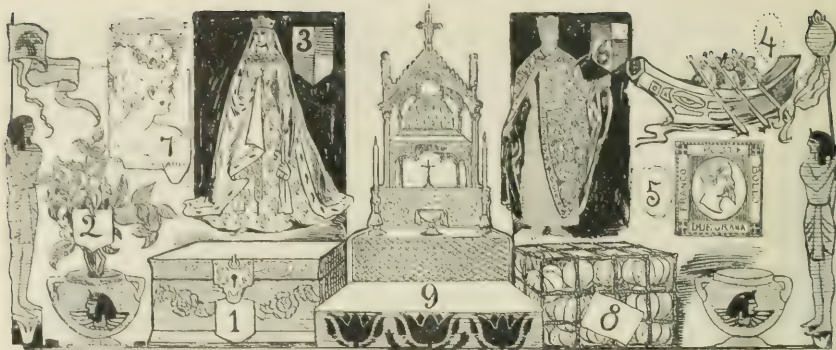
**ANSWERS TO PUZZLES IN THE MAY NUMBER** were received before May 10 from Claire Hepner, 9—"Philip Franklin, 9—"Claire and Jean," 9—Alexander C. Bartley, 9—Dorothea Morelock, 9—Harmon B. James O., and Glen T. Vedder, 9—Margaret B. Silver, 9—"Dixie Slope," 9—Edith H. Baumann, 9—Marion L. Hussey, 9—Vivian Sauvage, 9—Frances D. Elbridge, 9—Blanche Baumgardner, 9—Eugene S. Cattaneo, 9—Frederick W. Van Horne, 9—Guy R. Turner, 9—Gladys S. Conrad, 9—Marjorie A. Ward, 9—Henry Seligson, 9—Edward C. Heyman, 9—Horace B. Davis, 9—Eleanor O'Leary, 9—Kate Menendez, 9—Ruth Dorchester, 9—Leonard Kimball, 9—Helena Braun, 9.

**ANSWERS TO ONE PUZZLE** were received from P. R. B.—A. M. B.—K. G. C.—C. O.—M. M.—E. M. P.—B. L. B.—A. M. P.—N. B.—E. C.—C. H. S., Jr.

## STEP PUZZLE

(Gold Badge, St. Nicholas League Competition)





### A ROYAL ZIGZAG

Each of the nine pictured objects may be described by a word of five letters. When written one below the other, the zigzag, beginning with the first letter of the first word, will spell the name of a famous queen.

### GEOGRAPHICAL NOVEL ACROSTIC

All the words described contain the same number of letters. When rightly guessed and written one below another, one row of letters, reading downward, will spell the name of a modern explorer, and the primals will spell the name of his most famous discovery.

CROSS-WORDS: 1. A city of ancient Greece. 2. A city of Canada. 3. An island and bay southwest of Alaska. 4. A former tributary of the Thames. 5. A large island off the coast of China. 6. A range of mountains in Greece. 7. A seaport of Russia. 8. A town in Beira, Portugal. 9. A town in the Department of Saône-et-Loire, France.

DOROTHY B. GOLDSMITH (age 14), *League Member*.

### DOUBLE BEHEADINGS

EXAMPLE: Doubly behead a musical drama, and leave a period of time. Answer, Op-era.

In the same way doubly behead: 1. Figures of speech, and leave uncloses. 2. To involve, and leave part of a bird. 3. A garment fabric, and leave a natural covering. 4. To deliver a sermon, and leave every one. 5. To enroll, and leave slant to one side. 6. Comfort, and leave a kind of trimming. 7. The finding of anything, and leave above.

All the words described contain the same number of letters. When rightly guessed and written in order one below another, the primals of each set of words will spell the name of a famous play.

LUCIENE SCOTT (age 14), *Honor Member*.

### WORD-SQUARE

1. Small craft. 2. Made of a kind of meal. 3. To expiate. 4. Strained. 5. An unlovely thing.

NEEDLE ADAMS (age 13), *League Member*.

### NUMERICAL ENIGMA

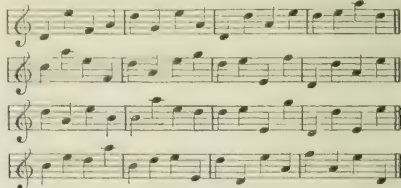
I AM composed of fifty-three letters and form a quotation from "Macbeth."

My 11-13-17-21-25-29 is a planet. My 23-6-30-28-38-24-50 is reflection. My 35-2-52-18 is to wander.

My 15-10-37-32-46 is what many wish to be. My 41-48-30-22 is a crowd. My 17-1-42 comes in winter. My 9-27-16 is a kind of bed. My 26-12-20-8-34-19-29 grows in Scotland. My 11-53-33-39 is a fable. My 13-4-14-51-44-5 is a tract of low land.

HELENA A. IRVINE (age 12), *League Member*.

### MUSICAL CONNECTED WORD-SQUARES



EACH of the above lines forms a four-letter word-square, each measure containing a word. The four word-squares thus formed can be united as shown in the diagram.

EDITH PIERPONT STICKNEY  
(age 13), *Honor Member*.

### PI

Heh sheleuekyon yb eth thope si estew,  
Nad siyon eseh nigwe on form lobom ot omolh,  
Lufl hotal ot vaele, orf onedry nislwde etha,  
Eht hdeas dan slscone fo teh trafganr mogol.

### PRIMAL ACROSTIC AND ZIGZAG

EACH of the words described contains five letters. When rightly guessed and written one below another, the primals, and the zigzag through columns five and four will each spell the name of a character in Tennyson's poems.

CROSS-WORDS: 1. To sneak. 2. An architectural order. 3. A product of turpentine. 4. A measure. 5. A Greek letter. 6. To acquire knowledge. 7. To turn aside. 8. An English town on the Strait of Dover. 9. A good-by. 10. A marriage portion.

HELENA MOULTON (age 15), *League Member*.







Copyright © 1917 by Percival Rosseau.

**"IN THE FOREST."**

FROM A PAINTING BY PERCIVAL ROSSEAU, IN THE POSSESSION OF EDMUND BLANC.

(SEE PAGE 97.)

# ST. NICHOLAS

VOL. XXXIX

SEPTEMBER, 1912

No. 11

## AN ARTIST AND HIS DOGS

BY FRANCES W. MARSHALL

ILLUSTRATED FROM PAINTINGS BY COURTESY OF MESSRS. KNOEDLER & CO.

ON a Louisiana plantation, some years ago, a boy lived who wanted to paint pictures. In this home, with its wide-spreading acres, his ancestors had dwelt for many years—ever since they came from France—but, while offering everything in the way of comfort and pleasure that one could reasonably want, it lacked the one thing that this boy longed for above everything else—the opportunity of learning to draw and paint. If he could but go to Paris, he thought, where so many great artists worked and taught, instead of being sent to college! But the tradition of the family required that her sons should be college-bred, so there the lad went.

Throughout his student years, however, pencil and color-box were always at hand, and he sketched and painted in his leisure time. But college life over, and after several years of camping, cattle-driving, hunting, and fishing in Texas, Percival Rosseau finally sailed for France, where he began his chosen career under famous masters, full of the joy of doing the work he loved so well, and growing steadily in skill and reputation as a painter of figures and landscapes.

Several years ago, he chose Diana and her dogs as the subject for a picture. He painted the figure of the huntress with the utmost care, but the dogs were put on the canvas with such ease, that they seemed to paint themselves; for the artist

had been an enthusiastic hunter all his life, and his dogs had been almost his only companions for months at a time. Thus, it was not surprising that he should read dog-nature as if it were an open book, and should show his intimate knowledge in every stroke of the brush. When finished, the picture was hung in the great annual picture exhibition in Paris, and the keen-eyed critics at once saw that, while others painted huntresses as successfully, here was an artist whose dogs few could equal.

This suddenly opened Mr. Rosseau's eyes to the value to him as an artist of his wealth of experience as a sportsman, and ever since he has devoted himself to depicting "our friend, the dog." He has revisited America several times, giving exhibitions of his pictures—real dog-shows, but with never a bark or yelp to startle the throng of visitors.

At his home, not far from Paris, he keeps twenty or thirty dogs, and hunts with them during the fall and winter, making sketches and notes for pictures which he paints during the spring and summer. Imagine what a fortunate person this artist is, for, in order to do his work, he must first play, or, rather, his work for half the year is play!

The dogs not only hunt in the season, but when at home they are brought into the studio and

taught to pose, though not in the exact positions they take in the field. A dog, if not running or walking, sits or lies down, but Mr. Rosseau's dogs have learned to stand on a table while he paints them. Usually at the end of twenty or thirty minutes, they are allowed to rest, but sometimes the artist becomes so absorbed that an hour slips away before he knows it; yet the model remains patiently posing until his master speaks. After three or four hours' work, however, the dogs tire, and sit down without permission, as a hint that they have done enough.

One day, one of the most intelligent of them, who had been posing for his portrait for several mornings, was off duty and lying quietly in the studio, when a dog needed for another picture was brought in and placed on the table. The former model rose deliberately from the floor, looked the new-comer over disdainfully, and, jumping upon the table, placed himself in front of the intruder, quietly but firmly shouldering him into the background, as if to say, "Don't meddle with things you don't understand. If a model is needed, I'm

"cloudy sky" that "proclaims it a hunting morning." Jack is English born, and when two or three years old was brought to France. One sad day he got in the way of a French racing automobile and was badly hurt. He was a poor suffering dog for many weeks, and his master had given up the hope that he would ever be well again, when the family physician was called in to attend one of the children of the household. As he was leaving, he saw Jack lying miserably on his cushion, and, with the quick sympathy of the good physician, bent over him and tried to find out his troubles. With as much care and thought as if Jack had been a human being, he then wrote a prescription for him. Jack took his medicine with exemplary patience and regularity, and shortly began to improve. In a few weeks he was about again, and before many months he was in the hunting field once more, as good as new.

Diane, his companion in the picture, is a rather accomplished individual, with charmingly well-bred manners. Her deportment in the dining-room, when she is admitted to the honor of attending the family there, does credit to her bringing up. She has peculiar notions of her own, the oddest being that she must not take anything from the left hand, no matter how much she longs for it. If a titbit is offered to her in this way, she regards it sadly for a moment, then turns her head away, as if to put the temptation out of sight. Offer the morsel with the right hand, however, and she accepts it as eagerly as her sense of propriety will allow. Her master has owned her for six years, but she never forgets this trick, although sometimes a year is allowed to elapse between the trials. Another more useful trick is her ability to find lost articles. Her master need only say, quietly, in his ordinary voice, "Diane, I've lost something," and she immediately turns back over the way they have come, sometimes going several miles, but always returning with the missing object.

"Cocker Spaniels in the Brush" shows two youngsters, Dick and Jim, about eighteen months old, in the full enjoyment of their first hunting



"COCKER SPANIELS IN THE BRUSH"—DICK AND JIM.

the dog that 's wanted." This is only one of the many interesting anecdotes which the painter tells. Every picture and every dog has his own story.

The picture "October" shows the setter, Jack, and the French spaniel, Diane, "standing" the game, a beautiful landscape behind them, and the



"OCTOBER"—JACK AND DIANE.

season, their clumsy puppyhood not quite outgrown. They are the clowns among the bird-hunting dogs, for their lively imaginations and enthusiastic dispositions lead them into all sorts of absurd antics. Instead of showing by their attitudes where a quail is hidden, they consider the matter for a moment, and then plunge into the thicket, forcing their way through tangled thorns and briers and incredibly small spaces. The bird, who thought herself secure behind her green ramparts, does n't wait the arrival of her unwelcome visitors, but leaves so promptly that, as Mr. Rosseau says, it is as if a feathered cannon-ball hurled itself through the air, for a quail travels with marvelous rapidity when in full flight. A bird, by slipping along from cover to cover, can often lead a running dog for miles and tire him out at last; but the sledge-hammer methods of a cocker spaniel put such bird tactics out of the question. But with it all, these dogs are the most expressive, amiable, and affectionate of the hunting-dogs.

In "Pointing Pheasants," Diane, with her brown head and long silky ears, appears again,

but with another companion, "Tom," called a "Lemon setter," from his yellow markings. Tom's experience has been rather an unusual one in dog history, for he began life under a cloud. He came of a fine hunting family, but seemed quite unworthy of his eminent ancestors, for, though he went into training at the proper age and great things were expected of him, he seemed to have been born without the instincts of his race—he was absolutely indifferent to hunting and simply bored by the efforts of his trainers in trying to educate him in the family profession. His first master had no use for a dog that could n't or would n't hunt, and one day said to a friend that a no-account dog like Tom was n't worth his keep. But he had what young story-writers call the fatal gift of beauty, only, in his case, it was not fatal, but quite the reverse, for his master's friend saw that he would be a wonderfully fine dog in a picture, where his defects as a hunting-dog would not appear, and he would certainly be worth his keep to an artist he knew. So Tom left the parent kennel, and was shipped, properly tagged, to Mr. Rosseau, his new master. For a



year, he lived a placid life with the other dogs, going out for an occasional walk, having his picture painted, and making himself companionable; hunting was never mentioned in his presence—he had been given up as a bad job. But one warm

he can at least retrieve it," so, whistling to Tom, he started off. They had gone only a short distance, when Tom suddenly took the pose of the hunting-dog who scents game. His master looked at him disgustedly, and thought what a fool dog

he was. Just then, however, a good distance ahead, a bird whirled up from the ground. "That's queer!" thought the hunter; "quite a coincidence that a bird should happen to be in there." And he tramped along. But Tom began to range over the ground in the most approved style. In a few moments, he stood again, and another bird flew up; but this time the hunter was ready for it. Again and again this was repeated. Never before had that particular hunter shot over a dog who made him work so hard. Tom, the no-account dog, had come into his own, and from that day took his rightful place at the head of the kennel.

"Tom," his master says, "is always just right. His judgment is perfect. He never makes a mistake; he never does the foolish things that other dogs do." When driven birds are shot from behind a cover, he crouches near his master, never showing himself except when he puts his head out to watch the shots and count the birds that fall. For Tom seems to have a kind of dog-arithmetic that never fails him. He always remembers the exact number of birds he is to fetch, and



"POINTING PHEASANTS" TOM AND DEANE.

September day, the hunting season having begun, his master started out with the other dogs. The heat was so unusual that before the morning was over the dogs were completely fagged out, and the hunter saw a wasted afternoon in prospect, when his eye fell on Tom. "Not much use in taking him," he thought, "but if I get anything,

goes back and forth unbidden until all have been brought in. On one occasion one of the beaters, in passing a dead bird, picked it up and carried it to Tom's master, so when Tom arrived at the spot, the bird was not there. Much perplexed, he circled around the place, then made a wider circle, and it was only when his master finally went

and dragged him away, that he gave up searching for that seventh bird.

Tom's sworn friend in the kennel is Jack, and when business separates them, they part sadly from each other; but their meeting is a joyful affair, and they rub noses in greeting like two Eskimos. Tom would be in a fair way to be spoiled if his master were less wise, for every one wishes to pet this handsome, clever fellow; but Mr. Rosseau finds that a dog who is made too much of by his human friends, gradually loses the keenness of his natural instincts, acquires a taste for the easy things of life, and no longer lives up to the best that is in him. And that, we all know, is a bad thing to happen to a dog or any one else.

When the hunting season opens, the birds soon learn that men and dogs are to be given a wide berth, so they leave the fields and open ground and seek shelter in the woods. Here, hidden in the thick underbrush, they are safe from the dogs—except the cocker spaniels, as we have seen—so men called "beaters" are ranged in a line at one side of the woods, while the hunters wait in a parallel line on the other. The beaters then advance, and the birds, driven from their retreat, rise and fly toward the open with amazing swiftness, passing high over the line of hunters, who must be quick and skilful, indeed, to secure any of them.

Beyond the woods, the birds scatter and settle down in the open ground, where the dogs, which have been tied during the "beating up" of the forest—the *battue*, as it is called in France—can be set to work. The frontispiece, "In the Forest," shows such a group waiting in the cool shade of the trees till their master shall need them. The three setters are our friends Jack, Diane, and Tom, while the two pointers are new acquaintances—Belle and Mirelle. This beautiful picture won a gold medal for the painter in the Paris exhibition.

"Early Morning" introduces us to the pointers, Rex and Leda, beginning their day's work. Rex, by his faithfulness, has won his master's warm regard; Leda's only peculiarity is her extreme timidity. If a stranger approaches, she retires to

a safe distance and lies down with an eye on the intruder till he withdraws.

A dog with a romance!—such is the orange-and-white pointer, Drack of St. Germain. A high-sounding name, is it not, as if the possessor came of noble family? But while Drack *may* have the bluest blood to be found in canine circles, we can only guess it, for it is impossible to trace his pedigree. His romance began when he was of a very tender age, for he was stolen from



"EARLY MORNING."—REX AND LEDA.

his home—the nice warm basket which he shared with a large family of baby brothers and sisters—before he had really opened his eyes on the world. His first master was a poacher, as a game-thief is called, and he trained poor Drack in his own dark ways, for he taught him to help him in gaining his dishonest living of stealing birds, rabbits, and even small deer, in the forest of St. Germain, about ten miles from Paris, in whose markets game always brings a good price. This fine forest is owned by the state, and large sums are paid for the privilege of hunting in it, while gamekeepers are placed in charge of it to see that only those who have the right to do so shall hunt there.

Poachers, like other thieves, are usually wicked and desperate men who do not hesitate at any crime if they are in danger of being caught; but they prefer to avoid an encounter with the gamekeepers, and so go stealthily about their work, hiding when any one approaches, and snaring their game, or taking it, as far as possible, without noise. A poacher's dog, therefore, must un-

derstand his master's business, and learn to be quiet and watchful, slipping out of sight when a stranger appears, and remaining motionless till he is out of sight and hearing.

Then, again, the first rule of conduct for an honest hunting-dog is to respect the game; he must show his master where it is to be found, and fetch it to him after it has been brought down; but catch it? Never! The poacher, however, has but one object in hunting—to capture his prey—so Drack was taught to steal upon and seize a rabbit lying quietly in his hollow among the brown leaves and grasses, or, with wonderful skill and quickness, to pounce upon a bird and bring it to his master.

But one lucky day, a sportsman in the forest, himself unseen, had the chance to observe Drack at work, and was so struck by his remarkable intelligence that, meeting his owner as if by chance, he offered to buy the dog, and the poacher parted with him readily enough for the sum offered.

So was Drack rescued from the bad company into which his misfortune had thrown him, and a new life began. It was a rather trying experience at first, for he had to unlearn all the many wrong habits to which he had been brought up, and to learn all those that would fit him to move in the society of well-trained hunting-dogs in which he now found himself. But one good habit he

had already acquired—absolute obedience, and so, though he doubtless became a little discouraged sometimes, and found it difficult to overcome the ways of his unfortunate past, he finally conquered them with the help of a wise and patient trainer. Then, too, the instincts which he had doubtless inherited from a long line of honest, well-bred ancestors, stood him in good stead, and, finally, he so far justified his new master's first opinion of him, that he was entered in the great national dog-show.

And then what happened? Why, Drack, the poacher's dog, the pointer with no pedigree, was awarded the first prize on his merits, over all the high-born dogs in the competition! This occurred for three successive years, and he also led in the field trials.

All this took place sometime ago, and Drack is beginning to grow old; but he still hunts for a couple of hours in the morning, probably to give the younger dogs an opportunity to observe his methods and profit by his example; but at the end of this time, he looks up at his master as if to say, "The excursion has really been very agreeable, but it has lasted long enough for to-day," and he trots back home. There he takes his ease, or, what he likes even better, poses on the table in the big studio while his master paints his picture—the portrait that shall win friends on both sides of the Atlantic for Drack of St. Germain.



"DRACK OF ST. GERMAIN."

# BY THE SHORE

BY MRS. SCHUYLER VAN RENSSELAER



WHEN tired of building forts and walls and ditching them about,  
I sit upon the sand and watch the tide flow in or out;

And always at the edge are waves, always, though there may be  
No ripples on the water near, no tossing out at sea.

They may be little, little waves, perhaps an inch in height,  
Yet they can rise and curl and fall and splash as big ones might.

Just as one dies another comes, and always more and more,  
And ever runs their whispering voice along the quiet shore.

At night, when all is hid away in darkness, still I know  
They curl and break, and up and down their little distance go.

And even in winter, I am sure, when I am far away,  
There 's surf upon the beach, or else my tiny waves at play.







## "SURFMAN No. 7"

BY GEORGE C. LANE

THE establishment of a volunteer life-saving service at Brenton Beach was Carl Allyn's idea, inspired by a visit to the United States Life-Saving Station at Wood's Point the previous summer. He had been much impressed with what he had seen at the station, and had decided then and there that, as soon as the other boys of his acquaintance arrived at Brenton's the following summer, he would put his idea into practice. He had not only written to them about his plans, but had succeeded in persuading his father, Commander Allyn of the United States Navy, to procure for the service an old metallic life-boat, which had been used on a government revenue cutter, and had lately been replaced by one of more modern design.

An old shed on the edge of the beach, which, in past years, had been used for storing marsh hay, had been appropriated for housing the life-boat, and, in imitation of the life-saving station, a double row of planks, reaching from the shed to the water, had been installed, in lieu of truck and rails, for the purpose of launching the craft. The boat was equipped with life-preservers, and lengths of rope were neatly coiled at bow and stern. The life-boat was propelled by three sets of oars, and there was an extra rowlock in the stern for the accommodation of the steering oar.

The rather too businesslike monotony of beach patrol had been dispensed with early in the season, as being irksome; but the boys had made it a rule that at least three of them should be on the beach daily during the swimming hour. Six boys comprised the crew at Brenton Beach Station, and Carl, as captain, was always on hand to

direct the daily beach practice, when the life-boat was run out of the shed and shoved into the breakers. By the middle of the season, the crew had become quite expert in the business of launching, so that, even when a high surf was running, they were equal to the task of getting out past the breakers without shipping water. This had not been accomplished, however, without more than one ducking, when the boys had failed to take full advantage of the back-wash between combers.

Carl's sister, Marjorie, two years his junior, had arrived at the beach the last of July to spend the rest of the summer. She had become interested at once in the life-saving service, and had applied to Captain Carl for a place in the crew.

"What use would a girl be in a life-boat, if there was ever any call for real work?" Carl had asked, laughing.

"Just as much use as any of you boys, perhaps," Marjorie had answered warmly. "You know that when it comes to swimming, I can beat any of you."

"Well, that may all be," Carl admitted reluctantly; "but there 's something to the business beside swimming. You 'd be all right in a canoe up there on Lake Placid, but I 'll bet you could n't handle a pair of our oars."

Marjorie realized that she was a rather poor oarsman, but would not give up her ambition to join the crew.

"Well, let me steer, then. I guess I 'm equal to doing that," she persevered.

After a great deal of coaxing, Captain Carl finally decided to give his sister a trial at the



are nowadays, was delayed all the morning waiting for a breeze that did not come.

There was the usual noontime crowd of bathers on the beach, and among them Marjorie, her brother Carl, and two of the other boys of the volunteer life-saving crew.

Naturally enough, Marjorie's thoughts were with Angèle, off there on the *Cécile*, and naturally, too, Marjorie's gaze was fixed frequently in that direction. There was not a sign of life aboard the yacht for some time, and then, finally, she saw Angèle come out on deck in her red bathing-suit and cap. Evidently she intended to have one last dip before sailing, Marjorie thought. An unaccountable feeling of uneasiness came over her that she could not shake off.

In her anxiety for Angèle, she ran to the pavilion and borrowed the keeper's binoculars. She could watch her plainly with the aid of the glasses. Instead of diving overboard, as Marjorie had expected her to do, Angèle went over the side and down the ladder, letting herself slowly into the water. Without looking back at the yacht, Angèle started out at once for the beach.

It was over a half-mile swim straightaway, but, with the tide that was setting past, one would be obliged to swim nearly twice the distance, and would be carried considerably beyond the raft and toward the rocks at the point. Marjorie's foreboding was followed by a feeling of genuine alarm, as she noticed how the tide was steadily bearing the swimmer down toward the point.

Shaking off the state of inaction, which dread and fright at Angèle's predicament had produced, Marjorie called out to Carl and the other two boys, explaining what she had seen.

"You don't suppose she's going to try to swim all the way inshore, do you?" Carl asked.

"What else is there for her to do?" asked Marjorie. "She could n't swim back to the yacht against the current, I'm sure."

"Well, come on, boys!" said Carl, without stopping to ask further questions.

Marjorie jumped into the life-boat and took her place in the stern, and the boys ran it down the smooth planks and into the surf with a rush that attracted the attention of the bathers and the other people on the beach. A little red spot, which showed up occasionally on the swells, in the line of direction taken by the life-boat, told them the object of the expedition, and every one was soon eagerly watching its progress.

Meanwhile, six strong, young arms were forcing the little life-boat through the water as fast as they could make it go. Straight on its course Marjorie guided the craft. Tears blurred the sight of that little red cap ahead of her, but the

distance between boat and swimmer was perceptibly lessening.

"That's it! keep it up, boys! We'll soon—"

Carl was interrupted by Marjorie's anxious tone and entreaty: "Oh, faster, Carl! Faster, boys! She's—she's gone—down!"

A little brown arm had stuck up out of the water for a second, as though waving a greeting, and then, just as Marjorie was about to wave in reply, arm, cap, and all disappeared!

Carl, who was rowing stroke, responded with renewed energy to Marjorie's appeal for haste, and with so hard a pull at the oars that—crack! his right oar was snapped off just above the blade, with a suddenness that nearly unseated him.

"Here, quick!" said Marjorie, and in a second she had replaced the useless shaft by her own steering oar. A few seconds later, Angèle came to the surface, struggling bravely.

"A little stronger on your left—there, two more strokes, then stop!" said Marjorie, coolly.

What then happened took place so quickly that the boys, looking on as they gripped their oars, could hardly believe their eyes. Quickly as her keen wits prompted the impulse, Marjorie, tying a slip-knot in the end of the coil of rope in the stern, slipped it over her shoulders, drawing it snugly under her arms, and, as the boat reached the spot where Angèle gradually, though fighting desperately, had disappeared, Marjorie plunged headlong!

The rope unwound in quick, even spirals from the flat, mat-like coil in the stern. Carl held his breath, as did the others, in fear and wonder.

Beneath, and considerably ahead of her, Marjorie could dimly make out Angèle's struggling figure, carried down and on by the tide. Straining every nerve and muscle, Marjorie swam desperately, with all her strength.

It seemed impossible to force herself farther down, but she could not, she would not, give up, with her Angèle almost within arm's-reach. The time had come to use the last resort. Expelling the full breath that she had naturally taken in before diving, she became less buoyant, and her progress downward was thus made easier.

If only she could hold out a little longer! The firm, strong beating of her heart exaggerated the passing of the time since her plunge, which could still be measured in seconds under a minute, although to her it was almost unendurably long and painful. She wanted air. It seemed as though her arms could not make another stroke.

"I must not—I must not give up now!" she told herself, and then—her strong, slender fingers clutched Angèle's shoulder. Her arms were

about Angèle's waist in the next instant, and with her remaining strength she drew her close. Then came a tug of the rope about her chest!

"There, I dare not wait longer!" Carl was saying. "Row ahead a stroke, while I pull in on the line!" he faltered.

A few seconds later, the two girls were being drawn into the boat. "Row with all your might for the yacht! Faster—faster!" Carl urged.

On the deck of the *Cécile*, Angèle was soon revived. With a pitiful little sigh she opened her eyes. Marjorie, tearful now, and the yacht's captain, were bending over her.

"Ah, at last! Our little Angèle has come back to us!" said the captain, and he murmured a reverent "Thank God."

Half an hour later, Carl was telling the story

to Angèle's father, who had just been rowed out from shore, and Angèle was explaining how she had intended to swim ashore to say good-by again to Marjorie, when a cramp had seized her, and had made her powerless to swim. Her father could not say enough in praise of the boys, and in gratitude to the volunteer life-saving crew. And as for Marjorie, it made them all happy again to see the way he hugged and patted her, in his enthusiastic manner, and called her, "Mon leetle Surfman Numbaire Seven!"

Nor was this quite all. The following summer, before the season had fairly opened, a stanch little life-boat of the best design, self-righting, self-bailing, non-sinkable, and non-cap-sizable, arrived from a grateful father for the Volunteer Life-Saving Station at Brenton Beach.



In the possession of Isaac C. Bates, Esq.

"SUMMER." FROM THE PAINTING BY FRANK W. BENSON.



# THE AGRICULTURAL FAIR

By D. K. Stevens

WHEN the time comes round for Cattle-Shows -

In the fall, as you 're aware—  
When the harvest season nears its close,  
The great event of the Be-Ba-Boes  
(Who cultivate everything that grows,)  
Is the Agricultural Fair.

But the Be-Ba-Boes, at this annual meet,  
Have a system all their own:  
Instead of a prize for the largest wheat,  
The largest corn, and the largest beet,  
They urge all farmers to compete  
With the *littlest* ever grown.

The particular fair we now review,  
I never shall quite forget;  
Such tiny turnips never grew;  
Such *scrubbley* squash you never knew—  
Of small things I have seen a few,  
But these were the smallest yet!



Published by  
Hogarth Press  
London 1912.

The live-stock, too; it was properly fat,  
 But the breed was extremely rare:  
 For the winning sheep was the size of a rat,  
 The pig was a pygmy—small at that,  
 And the yearling calf you could put in your hat  
 And never know he was there.

The principal prize for the Gardening trade  
 Was a glittering Bag of Gold,  
 For the smallest Pumplekin there displayed;  
 And, of course, the deepest plans were laid  
 By all who owned a garden spade,  
 That dazzling prize to hold.

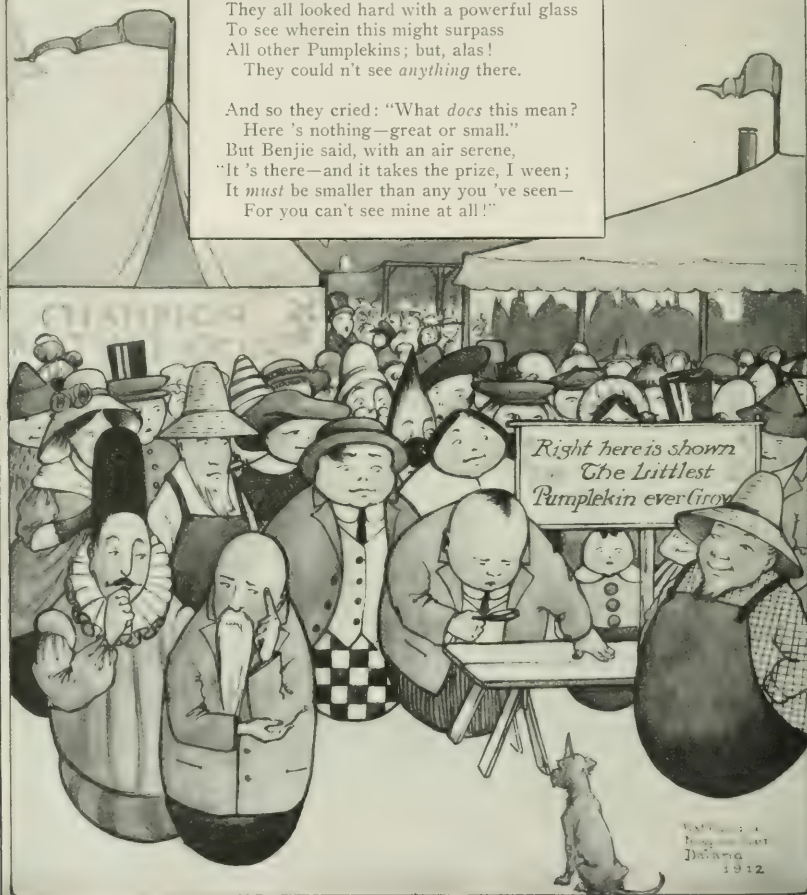
That you have anywhere ever seen  
 Such Pumplekins, I deny.  
 In sizes ranging all between  
 A bantam's egg and a butter-bean—  
 'T would take nine hundred and seventeen  
 To make a Pumplekin-pie!



Now, Benjamin Bobster stood alone  
 By the side of a gorgeous sign  
 Which plainly read: "Right Here is Shown  
 The Littlest Pucklekin Ever Grown";  
 And Benjie claimed, in a truculent tone,  
 "That prize is certainly mine!"

When the judges came to the Pucklekin Class,  
 They examined his claim with care;  
 They all looked hard with a powerful glass  
 To see wherein this might surpass  
 All other Pucklekins; but, alas!  
 They could n't see *anything* there.

And so they cried: "What *does* this mean?  
 Here 's nothing—great or small."  
 But Benjie said, with an air serene,  
 "It 's there—and it takes the prize, I ween;  
 It *must* be smaller than any you 've seen—  
 For you can't see mine at all!"



"T was a logical view and bound to tell;  
The judges they hemmed and hawed.  
They said, "Mm-mm!" and they said, "Well,  
well!"

This case had never a parallel;  
But since he loudly claims to excel,  
The prize we 'll have to award."

So they said to him: "We are glad to show  
Esteem for the Gardener bold;  
To you this useful Bag must go—  
There is nothing in it, because, you know,  
For Invisible Pumplekins we bestow  
A bag of Invisible Gold!"

Poor Benjie quailed—could n't utter a sound,  
For that was the bitterest blow.  
And I've often thought, going over the ground,  
If they had looked harder, they might have found  
That Littlest Pumplekin somewhere round—  
It *may* have been there, you know.



*Right here is shown  
The Littlest  
Pumplekin ever*

For name  
No. 1000  
D. and  
C. 1000





# THE LADY of the LANE

*By Frederick Orin Bartlett*

*Author of "The Forest Castaways"*

## CHAPTER XVIII ELIZABETH'S DREAMS COME TRUE

THOUGH Elizabeth made no mention of the party at school on Monday, it was clear that, among the other girls, the two affairs were being discussed in whispers. Some of them talked freely with Nance, and she did not hesitate to paint in glowing colors the success of the party in the house by the lane. On the whole, however, most of the girls appeared rather sheepish, and avoided the subject.

That afternoon Elizabeth was very much surprised to receive a call from Miss Winthrop.

"Elizabeth," the latter began abruptly, "I've come to apologize."

"For what?" asked Elizabeth.

"For joining in Helen's plan, which was meant to hurt you," she answered without mincing matters. "Helen admits her party was a failure. Do you know there was n't a single boy there except two relatives?" Elizabeth smiled.

"Do you know there was n't a single girl at my party except Nance and myself?" she asked.

"Yes," Miss Winthrop confessed. "We ought every one of us to be ashamed!"

"You need n't be," answered Elizabeth. "I was sorry you did n't come, for I wanted you all there; but, of course, Helen wanted you, too."

"But she did n't," Miss Winthrop replied. "She just wanted to spoil your party. She says so herself, and—and she wanted me to tell you so, and to say she is sorry."

"Helen wanted you to say that!" exclaimed Elizabeth.

"We all talked it over at recess, and decided it was the only thing to do. She ought to have come herself, but you know how hard that would be for her."

"It would n't be so hard as she thinks," answered Elizabeth. "I would have understood and forgiven her, and I *do* forgive her as it is."

Miss Winthrop's eyes grew moist.

"How dear and good and generous you are!" she exclaimed impulsively.

"I don't deserve that praise," answered Elizabeth. "But I don't have time to quarrel any more. You see, I have so much to do here."

Miss Winthrop glanced around the pretty room. "You're certainly lucky," she answered. "I wish the rest of us had a chance to learn what you are learning here."

Elizabeth leaned forward and placed her hand on Miss Winthrop's knee.

"Do you, honestly?" she asked.

"Honestly!"

"Then listen," she began breathlessly. "I've been thinking over something ever since school opened. It may sound foolish to you, and if it does, I want you to say so right out. Will you?"

"I guess we'd be better off all the time if we always said things right out," agreed Miss Winthrop.

"That's Mrs. Trumbull's way, anyhow," smiled Elizabeth. "And, oh, I do want you and the other girls to know her! I did n't like her at first, but now—well, she's made me see everything differently. She herself is so different from us; she knows how to do the things women used to do. She knows how to cook, and to sew, and to keep house, and put up preserves, and—oh, I could n't begin to tell you all the things she knows. My mother was like that. She knew about such things, too."

"I don't think my mother did," confessed Miss Winthrop.

"I guess a lot of mothers to-day don't," mused Elizabeth. "That's probably why we girls don't learn."

"But I'd like to know," broke in Miss Winthrop.

"You're better than I was," admitted Elizabeth, with a short laugh. "I did n't even want to learn. I—I thought it was n't ladylike. Think of it!"

"You're no worse than the rest of us," laughed

Miss Winthrop. "We 'd think so now, if it was n't for you."

"And you don't think so now?" asked Elizabeth.

"I 'd be ashamed to look you in the face and say so," answered Miss Winthrop.

"I know you might be ashamed to say so, but do you *think* so?"

"Honestly I don't. I can't say I 'm crazy to learn to cook, but I know I *ought* to learn."

"Oh, you 'd like it after a little. Why now—I even like to get breakfast."

"Ugh! I don't believe I 'd ever get that far!"

"Yes, you would!" exclaimed Elizabeth. "You 'd get to like to do things for yourself, no matter what. It makes you feel so independent."

Elizabeth's face reflected her enthusiasm. Her eyes were bright and her cheeks flushed. She had never talked so earnestly with any one about anything. She meant every word she said.

"But we have n't such nice little houses to learn in," answered Miss Winthrop. "It would n't be so much fun in an apartment."

"Then," exclaimed Elizabeth, "why don't you come down here and learn?"

"Why, Beth, what do you mean?"

"That you start a cooking class to meet here one afternoon a week; and a sewing class to meet another afternoon. I 'd love to share this house with you—with all my friends."

"Beth!" exclaimed Miss Winthrop.

"And Mrs. Trumbull says she 'll help us and—oh, do you want to do it?"

"Why, I think it would be great! We might make a club. We might call ourselves the Old-Fashioned Girls."

"Good!" agreed Elizabeth, her quick brain developing the idea. "And whatever we did we could do in an old-fashioned way. We could have dances and not allow any girl to come who had n't made her own dress; we could have spreads, but every girl must bring some of her own cooking. Each girl could make some one thing; I would make the butter, you could make the bread—"

"I make the bread?" chuckled Miss Winthrop. "I guess that would end the party."

"No, you can learn. Why, Mr. Harden can make biscuits, and Roy—"

"Can make doughnuts," Miss Winthrop finished for her. "Brother Dick says he 's prouder of that than being captain of the base-ball team."

"Well, it is something to be proud of," Elizabeth laughed, and Miss Winthrop rose to go.

"I 'll see Helen and Jane this afternoon," she declared. "I wish we could hold our meeting next Saturday."

"We can," agreed Elizabeth. "You talk with

all the girls, and then we 'll make out a list and ask them here to tea. But I only want those who honestly wish to learn."

"I think about ten of us will be enough to start with," nodded Miss Winthrop. "I 'll see you again, and we 'll decide whom we 'll take in as charter members. Then perhaps later we can make it larger."

But Elizabeth still had one thing at heart, more vital than her ambitions for the Old-Fashioned Girls. As November passed, and December came and Christmas began to loom up, and still her father lived his lonely and solitary life at "The Towers," she seemed to have failed in the one big undertaking which had furnished her with the spirit to enter upon her new life with such good grace. Apparently she had not yet made her home attractive enough to draw him to it. She had succeeded in making herself proud of it, in making her friends proud of it, but without her father it was not, after all, really and truly her home.

One day Elizabeth surprised Mrs. Trumbull by announcing:

"I 'm going to move into the spare room."

"What are you going to do that for?" demanded Mrs. Trumbull. "The front room is the sunniest and best in the house."

"That," declared Elizabeth, "is where Daddy is going to live."

"Where—do you mean to tell me your father has come round at last?" asked Mrs. Trumbull, excitedly.

"Not yet," answered Elizabeth. "But I expect him to live here after Christmas."

"What makes you expect that?" persisted Mrs. Trumbull.

Elizabeth only laughed.

"You wait and see," she answered.

Elizabeth transferred into the spare room all her own personal belongings. They were not many, and she had to buy a few simple things, because everything that was her mother's she left behind.

"Now," she said, after she had done that, "I want you to tell me, as nearly as you can remember, just how Mother's room used to look."

"It did n't look very different from the way it looks now," said Mrs. Trumbull. "A few of her things may have been packed away in her trunks, but almost everything is here."

"Then we must look through the trunks," explained Elizabeth. "There is one of them we have not opened yet."

"But what are you planning to do?" questioned Mrs. Trumbull, regarding Elizabeth with a smile.

"I want to make her room look exactly as it did when she was here," said Elizabeth. "Perhaps then, if I bring Daddy up here on Christmas Day, and he sees things just as they used to be, he'll want to come back and live the way he used to live. And then—"

Her voice broke. She clung impulsively to Mrs. Trumbull.

"Oh!" she cried, "I do so want my daddy here! Don't you see, I can't really be the Lady of the Lane without him!"

"There, dear, there," whispered Mrs. Trumbull, tenderly. "I guess—well, I guess he'll come home on Christmas Day."

They ransacked the attic and found many things which they had not noticed before. Elizabeth drew from a corner two of her mother's favorite chairs which had been put away because they were slightly broken; but Martin mended them, and they were as good as ever. Then there were some yellowed muslin curtains.

"Land sakes!" exclaimed Mrs. Trumbull, "I do believe these are the very ones she had when she first came down here!"

Washing and bluing and bleaching made them white and fresh again, and these Elizabeth herself hung in place.

There were also some old pictures, and Elizabeth dusted these, cleaned the frames, and hung them where, as well as Mrs. Trumbull could remember, they had been before. But the rarest treasure of all was a miniature portrait of her mother, which Elizabeth found tucked away in the bottom of a trunk. Mrs. Churchill had had it painted in her wedding-dress. Mrs. Trumbull put on her spectacles and stared at it until her own eyes grew misty. Then she handed it to Elizabeth.

"There!" she exclaimed, "if you want to see how you look to-day, look at this!"

"How I wish I were half so lovely!" said Elizabeth, her lips trembling.

"I don't believe in flattering girls, but you're her living image!" answered Mrs. Trumbull, trying to wipe her eyes with her apron without being seen. "I declare! it seems almost as though she was going to speak to you."

Reverently Elizabeth pressed the picture to her lips.

"Dear mother!" she faltered.

"And if that does n't bring your father back here, nothing will," added Mrs. Trumbull.

"I shall put it on the little table by the bed," said Elizabeth, "and I shall bank it all up with holly and evergreen."

"You won't need the evergreen," declared Mrs. Trumbull. "I don't believe your father knows

about this picture. It will be almost like seeing her again."

A week before Christmas, Mr. Churchill came down one evening with an invitation for them both to spend that day with him at "The Towers." But Elizabeth shook her head.

"No, Daddy," she said breathlessly. "You must come down here on that day."

"But I thought—"

"Not another word, Daddy," answered Elizabeth, placing her fingers over his lips.

To her relief he did not insist.

"The chef will never forgive me if I'm not there for Christmas dinner," he laughed.

"You tell the chef that he'd better spend the day with his family," broke in Mrs. Trumbull.

"That's the place for folks on Christmas!"

"All right," agreed Mr. Churchill.

The next six days were busy ones in the little house by the lane. Wreaths of holly, tied with scarlet ribbons, appeared in every window. In the front room, and the dining-room, and "Daddy's room," as she now called the upper front chamber, Elizabeth also hung long festoons of green and scarlet. She quite exhausted two weeks' allowance in these purchases, which Mrs. Trumbull considered extravagant.

"First thing you know, you won't have enough to buy your Christmas dinner," protested the good lady.

"It is n't the dinner that's going to count," declared Elizabeth, "it's having the house bright and cheerful and homelike and Christmasy."

"Maybe you're right," nodded Mrs. Trumbull.

On Christmas morning, it began to snow, and this emphasized still more the bright colors within. As early as ten o'clock, Elizabeth lighted the open fire in the front room.

"I wish I could light the candles, too," she hesitated.

"Sakes alive, child!" exclaimed Mrs. Trumbull, "you don't need anything more than that picture up-stairs. I feel as though your mother's presence were lighting the whole house."

"You do?" asked Elizabeth, eagerly. "And so do I. But Daddy—"

"Don't you worry about him. I've kind of felt all this week he must have known that was up there. He's been more like his old self than I've seen him in ten years."

"Oh, I wish the day would hurry to one o'clock," Elizabeth exclaimed impatiently.

She went up-stairs to dress, and by the time she had finished, she had no more than time to hurry down and take a look at all the good things in the kitchen, before there was a knock at the front door. She herself opened it to admit her father.

"Merry Christmas, Daddy!" she cried.

"And to you, my dear," he answered.

She took his hat and coat from him and hung them up. Then as he stepped toward the front room, she seized his hand.

"Come with me, Daddy," she whispered.

In some wonder, he followed her up the stairs. Before opening the door, she paused and kissed him once again. Then, without a word, she led him in. His eyes fell at once upon the picture by the bed. With something almost like a cry he crossed to it, seized it, and held it before him with a trembling hand.

"Where—where did you get this?" he asked.

"It was here all the time—waiting for you, Daddy," answered Elizabeth.

He looked around the familiar room.

"It seems as though—it seems as though she *must* be here," he murmured.

Trembling, half between sobs and laughter, Elizabeth waited. There was so much she wanted to say that she could n't say! And yet she felt as though the picture was saying to him all that was dumb on her own lips.

"She *must* be here!" he repeated.

Then he turned to the girl. His tense mouth relaxed. He drew his daughter into his arms.

"Why, she *is* here!" he cried. "Dear little Lady of the Lane!"

"And you, Daddy, won't you stay here, too?" whispered Elizabeth.

"Yes," he answered. "This is the place for me—here in this little house with you."

FROM below there was the sound of a loud rap on the kitchen door, and a moment later they both heard Roy's voice in the hall, calling:

"Merry Christmas, everybody! where are you?"

"Merry Christmas, Roy!" answered Elizabeth.

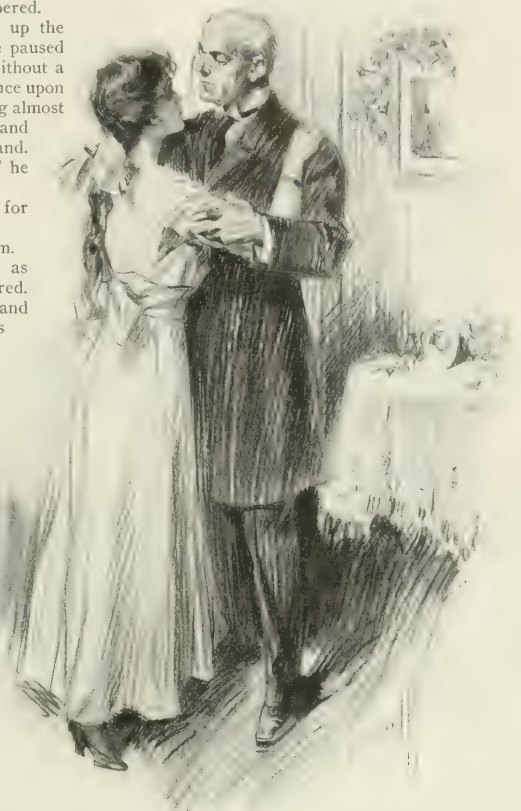
"Can you come down a moment?" he shouted back.

Holding her father's hand, Elizabeth led him down into the little sitting-room. Roy was carrying in his arms a box as tall as he was.

"From the fellows," he said as he presented it.

"To the little Lady of the Lane, with a Merry Christmas."

With trembling fingers, she undid the string, and found seventeen beautiful long-stemmed roses.



"WHY, SHE IS HERE!" HE CRIED. "DEAR LITTLE LADY OF THE LANE!"

"Oh, Roy! How beautiful!" she faltered, her voice breaking, and her eyes growing moist.

But she did n't have time to say more before there was another rap at the door, and the expressman presented a second box which Elizabeth eagerly opened. It contained a beautiful tennis racket from the Old-Fashioned Girls, with the very best wishes for a Merry Christmas.





AN ANTOINETTE MONOPLANE IN FLIGHT.

## THE AÉROPLANE

BY HAROLD S. LYNN

LESS than eight years ago, the *aéroplane* was unknown except to a few men who were conducting experiments in secluded parts of the country. The *aéroplane* is an American product, having been demonstrated as practicable by the Wright brothers, when others were just awakening to the possibilities of such machines. The Frenchmen have taken hold of this new invention in their usual way, and have progressed so rapidly in the art and science of mechanical flight, that they are several years in advance of us at present.

There are three different types of flying-machines, the ornithopter, the helicopter, and the *aéroplane*. The ornithopter is a type modeled after the birds, and was designed to fly by flapping or beating wings. Numerous inventors have tried this theory, but failed to accomplish anything of importance. The helicopter was designed to lift vertically into the air by means of propellers. There is a strong belief that the principle of the helicopter is correct, but, up to the present time, nothing has been achieved in that

direction, the *aéroplane* being the only type that has been successful as yet.

Under the general name *aéroplane*, we have the monoplane, the biplane, the triplane, and the multiplane. The monoplane consists of one set of planes, or wings, and resembles the bird in shape and design, while the biplane follows the lines of the old box-kite, and is made up of two planes, or curved surfaces, placed one above the other. Adding another plane above the biplane, we have a triplane. A machine consisting of more than three planes arranged in this way, we call a multiplane, as shown on page 984. Machines of the triplane and multiplane types have flown, but have proved very unsatisfactory and difficult to control while in the air.

An *aéroplane* consists of one or more curved surfaces so placed as to obtain the greatest amount of entering edge, a body, or frame-work, a vertical and horizontal rudder, ailerons, or wing-warping devices for maintaining lateral balance, and last, but not least, the vital part, the motor and propeller, which drives or pulls it

on its course. The motor is usually placed in the forward part of a monoplane, so that the propeller pulls the machine through the air; while in the biplane it is set in the rear, where the propeller pushes the machine. An aéroplane is made of wood, bamboo, steel tubing, wire, cloth, and light metal castings and fastenings. The planes are made of curved ribs, braced and held together by wooden beams and fine cable. These planes, or wings, are then covered on one or both sides with silk or canvas especially prepared or treated with rubber or a similar substance. All wires or cables are fitted with small turnbuckles to enable a person to wire the machine "true" and hold it rigid in that position. Cut or loosen the wires in an aéroplane, and it would be useless, so you can appreciate the value of this small item.

America has produced two successful aéroplanes—the Wright and the Curtiss—both of which are biplanes. France is apparently partial to the monoplane, having produced numerous types that have met with brilliant success. Foremost of her airmen was Bleriot, who, in 1909, was the first to succeed in making an aéroplane crossing of the English Channel, a distance of twenty-two miles. He used a monoplane of his own



A WRIGHT BIPLANE IN FLIGHT (NEW TYPE).  
Showing the vertical and horizontal rudder in the rear.

much steadier flier than the biplane, owing to its decreased head-resistance. Many aviators also claim that the former is easier to handle and control during flight.

Designers and builders are constantly making changes in their measurements, and placement of controls, so that it is difficult to keep pace with



LATEST TYPE OF CURTISS BIPLANE. LIEUTENANT WALKER U. S. A. ABOUT TO START

make. This feat was considered wonderful at that time, although it has been repeated frequently since. The monoplane is very speedy, and is a

them. The rudder used for steering the biplane up or down (a horizontal rudder) was originally placed forward of the main planes, but builders

are gradually doing away with this, and placing it in the rear, together with the vertical rudder.

so that when he desires to turn to right or left, during flight, all that is necessary is to turn the wheel in the required direction.

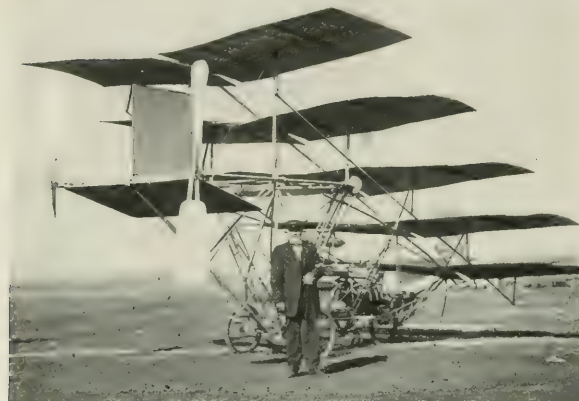
You will note in the illustration that a steel frame fits about the aviator's shoulders and is fastened to the seat. This is what we term the aileron control for maintaining lateral stability. These ailerons, two in number, are about the same shape and size as the front elevator, or rudder; and they are hinged, one at each end, to the rear outer upright or post. They are wired to the shoulder control in such a way that when the man leans to one side or the other, they work in the opposite direction. "Lateral stability" means keeping the machine from tipping sidewise, and in even balance.

When the machine is ready for flight, the engine is cranked by pulling down the propeller, which also acts as a fly-wheel. This propeller turns

A machine without forward controls is termed a headless-flier. The Curtiss machine embodies the simplest and yet most natural control that has been produced.

The latest Curtiss machine, such as is furnished the United States Army, is small, compact, and swift. It weighs less than seven hundred pounds complete. The planes are double surface, that is, they are covered on both sides, whereas the old type was covered on top only, thus exposing the ribs and beams, and causing more resistance. The operator's seat is placed just forward of the lower plane, and, in front of this, is a vertical steering-post and wheel. A short bamboo pole connects the wheel with the front elevator (horizontal rudder), and by pulling this wheel backward or pushing it forward, the operator may ascend or descend. A small cable fits in a groove around the wheel and runs back to the vertical rudder at the rear,

cranked by pulling down the propeller, which also acts as a fly-wheel. This propeller turns



A MULTIPLANE.  
This machine was unsuccessful



A WRIGHT BIPLANE, (OLD TYPE).  
Showing the controlling levers, and position of the motor, radiator, and propellers.

from 1800 to 2000 revolutions per minute, and pushes against the air just as a small propeller on a boat pushes against the water. This mo-



FIGURE 11. H. A. H. H. H.

GLEN H. CURTISS FLYING OVER LAKE KUCKA, NEAR HAMMONDSPORT, NEW YORK

tion first propels the machine over the ground, and when it has attained a speed of twenty-five or thirty miles an hour, the operator pulls the wheel toward him, thus elevating the front rudder, and the machine gradually sails upward. When he has climbed to a suitable height, he slowly pushes the wheel from him, until the machine acquires a horizontal line of flight. If struck by a slight air-current on the side, it will cause the machine to tilt in a dangerous manner. To overcome this, the aviator leans in the opposite direction from that in which the machine is tipping, this action arranging the ailerons so that the one on the low side tilts up, causing that side to rise, and the one on the high side tilts down, causing that side to lower.

When he is ready to descend, he pushes the wheel away from him, tilting the elevator downward, and the machine then swoops earthward. When within several feet of the ground, he brings it back level by elevating the front control, and shuts off his motor. This causes the machine to gradually skim over the ground until stopped by the wheel-brake—and the flight is over.

We now come to the Wright machine, but as we have found out the principal parts, its description will not take so much space. The Wright machine, unlike any other, uses two propellers turning in opposite directions, which make only

four hundred revolutions per minute. They are, however, capable of driving this machine (which is considerably larger than the Curtiss) through the air at the rate of forty-five miles per hour. The planes are double surface, and heavier and thicker than those of the Curtiss machine. You will note in one of the illustrations that the controls differ considerably from that of the Curtiss. In place of a steering-post and wheel, they use two levers. The machine is equipped with three levers, but the two outer ones are duplicates, one being used when instructing pupils to fly.

The Wrights were the originators of a most novel and effective control. The lever shown in the center performs a compound duty,—first, that of warping the wing-tips at the rear edge in opposite directions (like the ailerons on the Curtiss machine), which is accomplished by pushing or pulling the lever back and forth; second, that of vertical steering, which is done by turning the handle at the top of this lever to right or left. The outer levers operate the horizontal rudder in the rear (formerly placed in front). These levers work in the same way as the steering-post on the Curtiss flier.

On many of the foreign machines, vertical steering is accomplished by using the feet in much the same manner as that with which boys steer a bob-sled when coasting downhill.

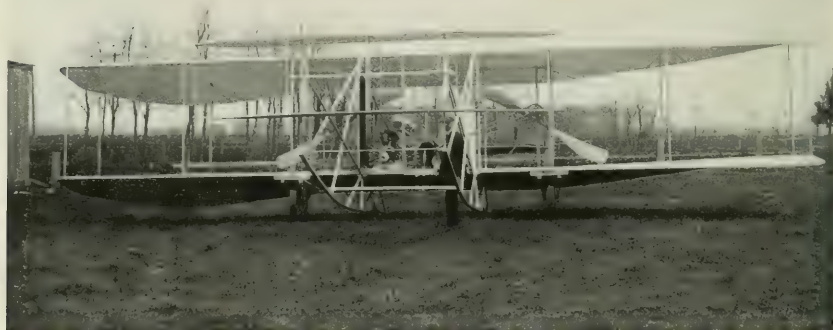


Progress in aviation during the past two years has been due to the improvement of the aeronautical gasoline motor. The designs and principles of the *aéroplane* as first produced by Bleriot, the Wrights, Curtiss, and Farman, are practically unchanged. Minor changes have been made in construction and in the placing of control rudders, but to the uninitiated they appear very much the same as they were two years ago. The cost of constructing a machine like the Curtiss is about \$400. An equipment, including motor, propeller, radiator, etc., will cost from \$1500 to \$2000, al-

It is possible, however, that some one will discover some new means of navigating the *airlanes*, and so do away with the modern *aéroplane*.

The value of the *aéroplane* in time of war is unquestionable, and the various governments, realizing this fact, have taken up the matter seriously, and are training men in the use of them. The United States Army and Navy have both been supplied with machines, and are constantly adding new ones to their equipment.

Recent experiments have been carried out to determine the possibility of carrying mail by



A WRIGHT BIPLANE (OLD TYPE).

Note the way in which the wings are worked to prevent the machine from turning over when in flight.

though not actually worth over \$500, so that the actual cost of an *aéroplane* is less than \$1000, and yet the price of a first-class machine, complete, ranges from \$3000 to \$10,000.

Commercially, the *aéroplane* is useless in its present state. It cannot carry any great weight, it will not stand any extra strain, and is unable to fly unless the weather be almost perfect. Automatic stability is still in an imperfect stage, and the motors are not altogether reliable. Last, but not least, it is a very expensive machine, both in its first cost and in the outlay necessary to keep it in proper condition.

These faults, as well as many others, must be overcome before we have a practical flying-machine. Danger must be eliminated to a greater degree, and to do this, it is necessary to produce a machine that will automatically balance itself. A thoroughly reliable motor and a machine capable of standing any extra strain suddenly placed upon it are other requirements of the future *aéroplane*.

*aéroplane*. It has proven to be a great novelty, but beyond that it is of no consequence. I believe that eventually it will be possible to transport mail by such means, but that it will be some time before such routes are permanently established.

In spite of the many fatalities of the past year, women as well as men are constantly taking up the study of flight, some as a means of making a living, while others follow it for the sport and pleasure they derive from it; and it is not unlikely that this will continue until the welkin is full of various aircrafts both public and private. Many predict that ten years from now the world will cease to wonder at the man who goes tearing along overhead at the rate of one hundred miles or more an hour, or the midnight air-riders who come sailing over the roofs of the sky-scrapers to settle on some hotel's landing-stage to partake of an evening luncheon. And probably we cannot even imagine, as yet, the great possibilities of the *aéroplane* of the future.



James  
Gutter



THE SEA-SERPENT.  
(AN ILLUSION.)  
DRAWN BY JAMES GUTTER.



# THE LUCKY SIXPENCE

BY EMILIE BENSON KNIPE AND ALDEN ARTHUR KNIPE

## CHAPTER XXIII

### SLY PUSS PEGGY

I HURRIED back to Brother John as Mrs. Mummer bade me, and I noted on the way that the arrival of Colonel Taunton had had a decided effect upon the British officers. They had stopped their loud talking and laughing, and, instead of lounging about the hall as they had when I came down-stairs, they stood in groups, speaking in low tones and with an air of alertness about them. Evidently the new commander did not tolerate the lax ways of Blundell and his like.

This I thought might help us.

"At any rate, we won't be entirely at the mercy of Captain Blundell," I said to myself as I hurried back to my room.

Locking the door behind me, I hastened to the book-shelf, and in a moment had opened the panel letting me into the secret chamber. I had expected to find Brother John still lying as I had left him, but, much to my surprise and delight, he was stretched on the small bed in one corner of the room, and smiled brightly as he saw me.

"Oh, I'm so glad you are better," I exclaimed; for, though he was still pale and weak, he seemed more like himself.

"I'll be fit in no time," he answered; "but I played you a scurvy trick to swoon like a silly woman, and you alone! How did you manage to drag me in here?"

I told him just what had happened, and at the end he praised me for a brave girl, vowing that surely I had saved his life.

"For, Bee," he explained, "that man Blundell will not have forgotten that I was here once before, and he'd bring the charge of spy against me if I were taken, be sure of that. But he won't catch me now, Bee, though I'd like to catch him."

We talked a little further, and he told me what I had already guessed, that it was into this secret room he had disappeared so mysteriously once before. Soon, however, I saw that he was too weak to talk much, and remembering the posset, I went to fetch it.

Thinking it best to leave my chamber door locked, I passed through the dressing-room into the one where Peggy slept, and there found the girls on the bed. The long hours of anxiety in the vaults during the battle had worn them out. I, too, felt the strain of it, and would have

been glad of a rest, but I had other things to think of.

I tiptoed to the door, but some sound waked Peggy, who sat up in bed and called me.

"Oh, Bu-Bu-Bu-Bee," she cried, "did you know he's de-de-dead?"

"Dead, Peggy?" I said, alarmed, for the thought of her brother Bart popped into my head. "Who is dead?"

She got off the bed, and, picking up something in her arms, came running to me.

"He was sh-sh-shotted," she murmured, her voice breaking, and she held out to me the soldier doll we had posted at the window, and there, sure enough, was a bullet hole through his body.

"Poor fellow!" I said; "but we must remember that he was a brave soldier who died at his post, fighting for his country."

"Ye-ye-yes," answered Peggy, "and to-to-morrow we must bu-bu-bury him."

"Bury him?" called Polly from the bed, having waked at our talk. "Nonsense, child! Dolls cost good, hard money which is not easy come by. I'll mend the hole for you and put a sash over it, and he'll be as good as ever he was."

"Nay, you shall do no su-su-such thing!" retorted Peg, vehemently. "He di-di-died for his c-c-country, and he sh-shall never again b-b-be the s-s-sport of idle children."

It was a very grown-up idea for so little a maid, yet I sympathized with it fully.

"Yes, Peg dear, we will bury him as a soldier should be buried"; and telling her to hop back into bed, I went off for the posset.

It was quite dark by this time, and I had little fear that I should be seen carrying the bowl. Nor was I; and when I put it into Brother John's hands, I was overjoyed to see the hearty way he sipped it. Afterward he felt much better, and said he was strong enough to get into bed without help, and that I had better go for a rest. So I kissed him good night and went out with the empty bowl, closing the panel behind me.

I wanted, of course, to be rid of the dish, for having it about our sleeping-rooms would create suspicion if it was seen; so I thought the best plan was to run at once to the kitchen with it.

The hall was dark, except where the lights on the floor below shone against the walls, and I started along without dread of danger; but scarce had I gone ten feet, when a figure stepped out of the shadow and gripped my arm, dragging



"SHE TOOK FROM UNDER HER APRON OUR POOR WOUNDED DOLL." (SEE PAGE 693.)

me to the top of the stairs, where the light from the lower hall made all plain.

"What have you there?" asked Captain Blundell, pointing to the bowl.

"'T is naught but an empty dish," I said as coolly as I was able.

"And who have you been feeding out of it?" was his next question, and I was put in a quandary, for I ever hated a lie. "Nay, do not think to fool me with some trumped-up story," he sneered, noting my hesitation; "out with the truth of it."

"If I told you," I began, "that I had been feeding the cat, you would not believe me, so I shall say nothing." And I closed my lips tightly, fearing lest they should tremble and betray the terror that had seized me at sight of him.

He looked at me suspiciously, and would have pressed the matter further but that there came the sound of gentle mewings from the room within, which surprised me even more than it did him, for he evidently believed what I had in-

tended he should, and fearing, no doubt, to make himself ridiculous, released me and went down the stairs.

I turned to the door, which was open a crack, and Peg's little head stuck out.

"'T is well I do—don't stu-stu-stutter when I mew," she said, with a sly laugh.

## CHAPTER XXIV

### I APPEAL TO THE COLONEL

THAT meeting in the hall with Captain Blundell was the first of many, for thereafter he kept up his spying so persistently, that for a time we were well nigh in a panic. What had prompted his suspicion I knew not, but that he had it there was no doubt, for at the most unexpected times and places he would appear with the demand of what my errand might be. He was not so bold nor so rough as he had been before Colonel Taunton came, for I think he feared to use openly brutal tactics; but he evidently remem-



bered how Brother John had given him the slip before, and meant to discover the secret of it if he could.

This, of course, made it most difficult for me to carry food to Brother John, and there were times when he had to wait throughout the entire day with but dry bread. I early brought a kitten to our rooms to give color to my previous suggestion, and it still served as an excuse in case of need; but the quantity and kind of food suited to so small an animal was hardly enough to sustain a large man, who, as he regained his strength and needed building up after his wound, developed a huge hunger that craved not victuals in bowls of kitten's size, but good dishes of roast beef.

Brother John fumed, and Mrs. Mummer was beside herself, but to show annoyance at this constant watching would be a confession that there were grounds for suspicion.

We were forced, then, to watch Captain Blundell as carefully as he watched us, and whenever he rode away on some errand, Brother John feasted royally; but this was seldom, because the British were very inactive, and seemed satisfied to occupy Philadelphia and the country near at hand.

But, even with Captain Blundell gone, our way was not always open, for there were soldiers about the kitchen, and Mrs. Mummer was forced to storm them out of it in order to prepare those dainties she considered needful for the invalid up-stairs.

Polly and Betty had no idea that Brother John was in the house, but of Peggy I could not be so sure. She was so little, and so devoted to me, that she was constantly at hand, and there were many times when Mrs. Mummer and I forgot her presence entirely. But she never hinted by word of mouth that she guessed the secret, though she would give me a glance now and then, as if to say, "I know."

Matters had been this way for some days when, one evening, I saw Captain Blundell ride down the drive leading out of Denewood. The other officers were just gone in to dinner, and it occurred to me that here was a splendid chance to get a good meal to Brother John, and at the same time to take away a huge pile of dishes that had been accumulating in his room; for taking his food to him was but half the risk.

I ran to the kitchen and whispered my news to Mrs. Mummer, and she, instantly seizing the opportunity, drove out the lounging privates, and filled a large platter for Brother John. I hurried with it to the secret room, and he fell upon it ravenously, for I think it was the first warm

bite he had had that day. When I told him that Blundell was gone, he agreed with me that it was too auspicious a moment to be missed, so I started back with a pile of empty dishes, planning to make two trips of it.

Peg was in her room when I went through, but, though she opened wide her eyes, she said nothing, and I stepped into the hall.

Hardly had I done so, when Captain Blundell stood before me.

"Ah, ha!" he cried triumphantly, "you thought I had gone, did n't you? Well, I came back—and just in time, too! 'T is a vastly hungry kitten you harbor," he went on, with a mocking sneer. "Art sure 't is not a tiger cub?"

"Think you no one eats here but yourselves, sir?" I retorted, determined to put a bold front on the matter, though far from feeling courageous.

"Nay!" he said, with a laugh. "Nay, I see quite plainly that there are others. One other at least," he added significantly.

"Now speak out what you want to do," I said desperately. I felt our position was most serious, for, though Brother John was well hidden, too strict a search might reveal the existence of the secret room. "What is it you want?" I went on. "You have dogged my steps day and night, till I cannot turn without running into you and listening to your hints. What is it that you wish?"

I think he was a little taken aback at my bluntness, but he felt sure of himself, and answered promptly:

"'T is in my mind, miss, that you have some one concealed in your room, and I mean to have it searched."

I set down the pile of dishes on the floor, resolved to do a desperate thing. I felt that a search would have to be made, but I meant to disarm suspicion if I could.

"That," I retorted, "you shall not do!"

"Vastly brave!" he taunted. "Will you prevent it?"

"Aye," was my answer, "for I shall ask for a search myself!" and I moved toward the stairs.

"I 'm go-go-going with you, Bu-Bu-Bu-Bee," said Peggy, who, having heard my talk with the captain, had come into the hall. So, hand in hand, we ran down the steps and entered the dining-room.

Now, although he had been there for some days, I had never come into direct contact with Colonel Taunton. First of all, because he was busy in the library, which he had made his own quarters, and, next, because I had little to say to any of the officers, though with two or three

of the younger men I had exchanged civilities, for the great majority had treated us with every consideration.

So it was not with fear for myself, or dread of how I should be received, that I trembled as I entered, but because of the desperateness of the step I was about to take.

As Peg and I stood in the doorway, there was a moment's silence, and Colonel Taunton, at the head of the table, saw us.

"Whom have we here?" he asked.

"'T is Mistress Beatrice Travers, who is chate-laine of this estate, sir," answered one of the younger officers who had always been polite to us. "And the younger miss is little Peggy Travers, her cousin."

Colonel Taunton, like the courteous gentleman he was, rose to his feet and made us so grand a bow, that I thought at first he must be mocking us; but I was mistaken.

"Pray be seated," he said, "and let me thank you for this opportunity to express our appreciation of your hospitality."

"Nay, I will stand," I replied; "my errand is soon told. I come to beg a favor."

"Now," said Colonel Taunton, heartily, "this is kind of you! Then will we feel less in your debt. What is it, and 't is done?"

"I would beg you, sir," I answered, "to have my chamber thoroughly searched, and then to relieve me of the spying of this—this—gentleman"; and I pointed to Blundell, who, rather red in the face, stood in the doorway.

"Have your room searched?" cried Colonel Taunton, in surprise.

"Nay, believe me, it is necessary!" I said. "I cannot even feed the cat but he must be after me, insisting that I have some one concealed there."

"You were not feeding a cat with a stack of dishes as high as your chin!" put in Blundell, sullenly.

I controlled a desire to drop that chin a little, for at the moment it was very high indeed.

"You have our dining-room—and you are quite welcome," I added to forestall polite protests; "but we must eat somewhere."

"Aye, to be sure!" said Colonel Taunton, catching the meaning I wished to imply. "I regret that matters are in such a state that it is needful for us to discommode you."

"Colonel Taunton," Blundell broke in desperately, "I am as certain as that I am alive that there is some one concealed in that girl's room, and I think it is a wounded man, from the posset I have seen carried there. She makes a plausible story of it, but I am sure she is lying to you."

"Nay now, Blundell, you go too far!" exclaimed one of the young officers, half rising.

"Gentlemen, silence!" said Colonel Taunton, sternly; "you forget where you are. Captain Blundell, you will be more careful of your speech."

"If you will but search the room, 't will end the matter," I said boldly.

"Nay, it goes against me to reward your hospitality in such a fashion," the colonel demurred. "What are these suspicions founded upon, Captain Blundell? Weightier reasons, I hope, than a few soiled dishes."

"Sir," Blundell began, "this girl is an arrant rebel, and, to be plain, in this house we are in a nest of them. Her brother, John Travers, is Allan McLane's right-hand man, and a pestiferous nuisance to boot. The last time I was quartered here the impudent rascal had the hardihood to enter the house and tell a dozen of us to our faces that we were to treat his sister somewhat differently; and when we went to take him, he vanished from this very room there now is talk of. I beg you take her at her word, for I think she is not so desirous of having a search as she would have us believe."

"Sir!" I broke in, "I was as ignorant of where my brother went as Captain Blundell himself, but he is mistaken when he says I do not wish the room searched. I should like the matter determined so that I shall not be constantly dogged with his attentions."

Colonel Taunton shook his head thoughtfully. I hoped he would agree to the search and perhaps go himself, and, taking a casual glance about the room, retire satisfied; but I saw plainly that he did not like the business, for he was a gentleman.

He lifted his head presently and beckoned Peggy.

"Come hither, little maid," he said. "I 've a babe about your age at home." It was evident that he was fond of children, for, when Peg went up to him, he picked her up and set her on his knee, caressing her in a manner showing that he was used to little folk.

Peggy perched there for a moment, regarding the colonel gravely, then she spoke:

"I 'm the youngest, bu-bu-but I 'm no ba-ba-babe."

"Nay, to be sure!" cried the colonel, starting back in pretended surprise. "I see that now, and I think you are old enough to tell a true tale."

"Aye," answered Peg, "I 'll tell no o-ther."

"Gentlemen," Colonel Taunton proposed, speaking to the table at large, "let us make this the test of the matter. 'Out of the mouths of babes,'



"'FRIENDS, I GIVE YE GREETING!'" (SEE PAGE 96)

you know. Now tell me," he went on kindly to Peggy, "have you seen a wounded Continental soldier here?"

"Ye-ye-yes, sir," said Peg, and I feared we were lost.

"What did I tell you!" cried Blundell, in triumph.

"And is he very ill?" asked the colonel.

A hush settled over the room while all waited for her answer.

"Oh!" said Peg, "wo-wo-worse than that. He 's de-de-dead!"

"What!" exclaimed the colonel, "dead! where is he?"

"Ri-ri-right he-here," said Peg, and she took from under her apron our poor wounded doll.

A shout of laughter went up that shook the roof. Colonel Taunton wiped the tears from his eyes to discover that little Peggy was in real tears, for she thought they were laughing at her, and did not like it.

"I think there is no need of a search, Mistress Travers," he said, "and I will be your guarantee against annoyance in the future." Then he sought a gift for Peg, but could find nothing but a tiny gold snuff-box.

"T will do for patches," he said, dusting out the snuff and offering it to her.

But she demurred.

"C-can I ta-take it, Bub-Bee, from a real B-B-B-Britisher?" she asked.

She was so innocent of offense that Colonel Taunton laughed as heartily as any one over this sally. And Peggy thanked him very prettily, and even offered him a kiss, when I said that she might keep the box.

"And how was the soldier shot?" asked Colonel Taunton, who was evidently loath to let Peg go.

"In the discharge of his du-du-duty," said Peg, gravely.

"Then," said the colonel, "he must be buried with all the honors of war, and, as his comrades are not here, we must do it for them."

And so it came about that, next day, Colonel Taunton directed the funeral, and one unknown private of the Continental army was buried with most unusual honors.

Thus, for the time being, we were no longer troubled by Captain Blundell; but he was a bitter enemy, and the hour came when he returned to take such a revenge that even now I tremble to think of it.

## CHAPTER XXV

### AN UNEXPECTED VISITOR

My direct appeal to Colonel Taunton had the effect we desired, and I had the satisfaction of see-

ing Captain Blundell ride off to Philadelphia the next morning, and heard from Lieutenant Rollins, the young officer who had spoken for me at the table, that he had changed his command, and that we were rid of him for a while at least.

Our chief worry now was the fate of Bart, for we had had no news of him; but we consoled ourselves with the thought that bad news travels apace, and hoped that "no news was good news," as the saying is.

In the next two or three days, Brother John improved wonderfully, and was wild to be gone. He fumed around the little secret room, vowing that there was work for him to do, and that he must be about it. But Colonel Taunton was too good a soldier to suit our purposes. The lax discipline that had prevailed heretofore was now amended, and, had it been a fort they guarded, the regulations could not have been more strictly enforced.

The question how he was to get free of the house and grounds was most perplexing, and Brother John puzzled over it day and night.

"That crack on the head stole away my brains!" he grumbled. "My wits are added! Faith, were Allan here, he would have a thousand plans for playing with these British officers."

"Nay," I answered, for I wished to keep him, and feared to have him run any risks; "nay, Captain McLane, nor any other man, could come through their lines!"

"Bee, you don't know McLane!" exclaimed Brother John, his eyes lighting with enthusiasm. "There is none like him. He goes straight to his point, caring little what may be between. 'T is boldness does the trick, Bee, and no lion is bolder than Allan McLane. I give myself two days more to get back the strength in my legs, and then I 'll break for it, come what may!"

It was that very same afternoon that I heard voices in Peggy's room, and, knowing that Polly and Betty were in the great hall with certain of the British officers, I wondered greatly who could be there, and straightway went in to see. In the dim light I could distinguish the figure of a man, and caught my breath anxiously.

"John!" I exclaimed, for I thought, of course, that it was he, "how can you take such risks?"

The man turned a smiling face to me, and Peggy giggled, whereat I saw that I was mistaken, for, though the stranger wore much the same uniform as Brother John, he was at least ten years older.

"'T is Mistress Bee!" he said, bowing. "Faith, I 'd know you anywhere by John's description. I 'm Allan McLane, very much at your service," and he bowed again, advancing a few paces.



I curtsyed, yet here was another danger added, and already I seemed to have enough to do to hide one Continental soldier in a house full of the British.

"But what brought you here?" I asked, "and how did you get in?"

"I came for news of John, and I entered through the front door," he answered calmly.

"Through the front door?" I gasped. "Then they know you 're here, for the place is full of them!"

"Nay, they know naught!" he chuckled. "Though 't is true enough that there were many of them. Had there been less, I might have had to go out again, but one lone Continental among all those redcoats was never noticed. So I came in, without ostentation I may say, and seeing Peggy's black head at the top of the stair, I made for her. John told me she was never far from your side."

"And I bu-bu-brought him he-here," Peggy put in seriously. "It was qu-qu-quieter."

"Don't worry your head about me, Mistress Bee," Captain McLane said, reassuringly. "And now tell me of John? We have been most anxious on his account. We found no trace of him after the battle nor any news of his capture; so, thinking he might be trapped here at home, I came in to see. Peggy tells me I am right, and that he is here."

"Now, how did you know that?" I demanded of Peggy, and she, with a most injured air, replied:

"Well, I knowed it was n't a ki-ki-kitty, c-c-cause you would n't act like a he-hen with one du-du-duck for any one else but C-C-Cousin J-J-John."

There was a laugh, of course, but I was too troubled to forget my anxieties for long.

"And now take me to John," said Captain McLane, "for I am anxious to set eyes on him."

As he spoke a great doubt gripped me, and the thought of Captain Blundell popped into my mind. Was this a trick to gain my secret?

"Nay!" I answered. "I shall not take you to John until I know who you are. I have naught but your word, and your coming in so easily scarce seems credible."

"'T is a little late to think of that, Mistress Beatrice," he answered evenly; "but take me to John, and you will be well assured."

"Assured of what?" I demanded, now thoroughly aroused. "Nay, though you have trapped me into admitting he is here, 't is another matter to find him; but 't is a scurvy trick to play upon a child, if it is true you are a British officer disguised in the uniform of our Continentals."

"Nay, do not torture yourself so," he said most gently. "Truly I am Allan McLane."

"Oh, Bub-Bub-Bee," said Peggy, giggling again, "don't be a ni-ni-nizzy! Sure 't is Captain McLane. I've seen him at ho-home with Fa-Fa-Father."

"Are you sure?" I asked anxiously, and she nodded her small head positively.

"In that case I can only ask your pardon, Captain McLane," I begged; "but I am so put to it at times that I scarce know how I stand."

"Nay, child, you are quite right," he returned; "and now let 's to John."

"If you will wait a moment," I said, "I will speak to him," and, leaving them, I locked the outer door and went in, setting the panel open as I sometimes did to freshen the air. But instead of telling Brother John, as I had first thought to do, it struck me as fun to surprise him, so I returned without a word.

Leaving Peg with instructions to call me if she heard any unusual sounds in the hall, I took Captain McLane in, and if there had been any lingering doubt in my mind, it was at once put away when I saw them meet.

"Allan!" cried Brother John, in a voice of surprised delight. "'T is impossible 't is you!" and he grasped the outstretched hand eagerly.

Captain McLane seemed equally affected, though he began at once to jest.

"You look like a plucked fowl, man!" he cried, standing off and regarding Brother John critically. "I knew there were short commons in the British camp, but had I known they were starving you in your own house, I would have driven in a herd of beeves with my compliments."

"Nay, I am stronger than I look!" John replied, "and had it not been for this tyrant here, I should have made a dash for it long since."

"And have been shot for your pains," I put in, "or taken prisoner, which is almost as bad."

"Aye, you 're right there!" John agreed, and with that Peg called me softly, and I went out, leaving the men together.

"What is it?" I asked, for I saw by Peggy's face that she had news of some sort.

"They are ta-ta-talking of Allan McLane do-do-down there," she whispered.

I hurried to the top of the stairs to listen, and, sure enough, Peg was right.

"Faith!" we heard Mr. Rollins say, "I love the man! I wish we had a few such in our army. A dozen troopers, you say? And he knocked them all about him and came through? Faith, 't is fine!"

"Of whom are you speaking, Mr. Rollins?" I heard Colonel Taunton demand sharply.

"Of Allan McLane, sir," the former replied unabashed. "Word has just come that he is within our lines, having bested a little matter of a dozen troopers."

"And you applaud him? Are you, then, a rebel sympathizer?"

"Nay, sir, I applaud him not as a rebel but as a brave man and a ready. I say had we more such, we would be better off."

"I cannot gainsay you," answered Colonel Taunton, "and I know well that, notwithstanding your admiration, you will not let McLane slip through your fingers if he comes within your grasp. As for me, I only wish he would make Germantown his goal! I'd like to see him! I think our British troopers might end by teaching him a lesson."

"But, sir," some one broke in, "did you not understand that he was seen coming into Germantown less than an hour ago?"

"Is that a fact!" cried the colonel. "Then we will have him within the next hour. You will see that the guards are doubled, Mr. Rollins, and we will issue further orders for the apprehension of this pestiferous rebel!"

Thereupon he sent out commands right and left, many of which I remembered and hastened to tell Brother John and Captain McLane.

"Nay, by my faith!" said Captain McLane, thoughtfully, "this gentleman would like to see me, I am thinking. Sure 't would be discourteous to disappoint him, for 't is in my mind to ask his help to pass the lines into Philadelphia."

"Nay, that you cannot do!" said Brother John. "Howe guards the city as a treasure. What mad idea have you in your mind?"

"Naught that is mad," answered Captain McLane, reproachfully, as one unjustly accused. "I think I will dine with Colonel Taunton and his officers to-night, that 's all. And to do it, I shall have to leave you now."

"But you cannot get out of here," Brother John demurred.

"Oh, can't I?" returned Captain McLane. "You leave that to Peggy and me. We talked that over the first thing. But ere I leave you, I must tell you that Bart won through the battle safely. I caught him, and I vow I thought the young rascal an Indian till I saw his light eyes."

"'T is good news!" cried John. "We have been much worried about him, and I suppose I should have put a collar and chain on him; but I confess I love his spirit."

"He is well and much puffed up with pride," Captain McLane went on. "He is inclined to think that if the war were but carried on under his orders, 't would soon be over. I sent him to

headquarters, where his advice will be appreciated, and incidentally he will see his father there and get the trouncing he stands in need of."

"That 's good of you," said John, warmly.

"No thanks," interrupted Captain McLane. "I must be off. You have my orders to remain here for three days more. Nay, do not grumble at your superior officer." Then he turned to Peggy. "Now, little lady, whenever you are ready."

Peggy, looking very important, left the room for a moment, and upon her return began to issue orders.

"You stay he-here, Bub-Bub-Bee, and listen for un-un-unusual n-n-noises, and, Allan McLane, yo-yo c-c-come with m-me."

He lingered a moment to bid me adieu and to assure me that John would soon be right; but Peg stamped her foot.

"Did you n-n-not hear me say 'c-c-come'?" she demanded.

Captain McLane straightened, gravely saluting.

"At your command, General!" he said, and Peg, disdaining to reply, led him away.

Much to our surprise, she returned very shortly.

"Is he gone?" I asked. "How did he get out?"

"Th-th-through the mo-mo-mouse's hole," said Peg, with a wise smile.

"A mouse's hole for that great man!" I cried. "What nonsense!"

"Nay, yð-you have your se-se-secrets, and I have m-m-mine," and that was all she would say of the matter.

## CHAPTER XXVI

### FRIEND WALN STEPS IN

THAT same day, when I took up Brother John's evening meal, I asked about Captain McLane's proposal to dine with the British officers.

"You don't think he really meant to do it?" I questioned, for it seemed wholly impossible to me, unless he wished to be captured.

"Aye, he meant it," replied Brother John; "and what 's more, he 'll do it!"

"I should love to see him catch them napping!" I cried: "but if he should be taken—"

"He won't be," Brother John interrupted confidently. "He goes about as if he had a charmed life, though often enough the charms are shrewd blows, as many a British trooper knows to his cost. He 'll be there, Bee, I promise you, and come away with some information. If you want to see him, 't will be easy to sit in the pantry behind the panel. I would I could be with you, for 't is like to be amusing."

So then and there I made up my mind to play eavesdropper at the officers' dinner that night.

We of the family held to our quiet country ways, but the officers dined, as we thought, very late, and often sat long over their wine, so it was well into the night ere they rose from the table.

On this evening, I took my way to the pantry, knowing that from there I could watch all that went on, and remain unobserved.

The way of this was very simple. In the fat days before the war, when the great roast which was then known as "a baron of beef" was served to the first table, to have a slice or two cut from it, and then go back for the servants, such barons were too large for easy handling, so slides had been made in the paneling through which they could be passed directly to a serving-table in the dining-room. Now, when Mrs. Mummer was put to it to make a little go a long way, the slides remained closed, but upon opening them a crack, I could see all that went on, while I remained unobserved. So I settled myself for a long evening.

When the officers came in, I was, of course, disappointed, for somehow I had expected Captain McLane to appear with them, though how he was to manage it I could not guess. However, the officers seated themselves and their dinner began.

They were at their soup when a loud knocking sounded at the door, and, as visitors after night-fall were rare, the conversation ceased while Mummer went to answer the summons.

Soon a fretful voice was heard demanding food and rest, after which, the visitor said, he would pass on.

Mummer replied that the family had finished their meal, but that if the gentleman would step into the library, he would send a boy to attend to his wants. The British officers were at meat in the dining-room, he explained.

"The Society of Friends has ever been on the side of lawful authority," came the querulous voice.

"That it has, the trimmers!" murmured one of the younger men.

"If thou wilt go and tell the officers who waits without, I think they will admit me to their table," the visitor insisted.

"Who shall I say?" asked Mummer, frostily, for he liked not Tories.

"Hast never heard of Joshua Waln?" asked the man, his tone showing surprise, and Mummer returned to the dining-room.

Then all could hear the man without giving directions for the care of his animal. "Feed the jennet well. A warm mash would not go amiss. A merciful man is merciful to his beast. Harry her not, and speak gently, nor meddle not with

the saddle-bags. There 's naught there for thee!" Within, Colonel Taunton spoke to his officers in an undertone.

"The Quakers are well affected. 'T is not our policy to offend them. Bid the gentleman enter, Mummer!" he went on, raising his voice, "and set a place for him upon my right."

I watched with interest as an oldish man, clad in the plain garb of the members of the Society of Friends, entered. He glanced around under lowered lids, and, with a rather pinched mouth, spoke:

"Friends, I give ye greeting!"

Then, as he was shown to his seat, he said, with a great show of humility, "I asked but a place at the foot of thy table." And again, as he helped himself to enormous quantities of the dishes Mummer presented to him, "We are of the lowly on earth. A piece of bread and a few herbs will suffice for me."

"Nay, now," said Colonel Taunton, "'t is well known that the Quakers are an influential and wealthy people, Mr. Waln."

"Call me not that!" said the guest with a pained look. "We hold not with vain titles. 'Friend' is a word I would liefer hear."

"Friend Waln, then!" said the colonel, a trifle impatiently. "And now may I ask you where you come from and whither you mean to go?"

"I came from Philadelphia this morning, having business in Whitmarsh, and to-night I return to Philadelphia. Had I not fallen in with some of Allan McLane's rabble, I had passed here long since and entered the city before night-fall."

"But why should they detain you? I thought 't was well understood that the Quakers were non-combatants."

"They took me for other than I am; for one of those who are known as fighting Quakers in fact," he explained. "I hold that a man who fights, aye, even one who resists oppression, is no longer a member of our society, for *they* seek in this world naught but peace and truth and righteousness, with equal rights for all men."

At this I heard a murmur among the younger men that they had not bargained for a "sermon," but Lieutenant Rollins leaned forward.

"Then," said he, "you have no servants among you?"

"Surely!" replied Friend Waln, with a great show of surprise.

"And call you that equal rights?" demanded Mr. Rollins, triumphantly.

"Aye," answered the Quaker, with a twinkle in his eye, "for to serve is a privilege. It is their right not to live out if they prefer to starve!"

"Nay," said Rollins, with a laugh, "you are too good a lawyer for a rough soldier!"

"Pray tell us," said Colonel Taunton, "what thought you of the American forces you saw?"

"They seemed an unregenerate body," said Friend Waln. "I fear they are lost to the beauty of spiritual things. They are a prey to worldly desires."

With that he pushed back his chair and rose.

"I must be on my way, for I know not how I will enter the city at so late an hour."

"That you can hardly do without a pass," said Colonel Taunton. "General Howe is very strict since the late battle. Moreover, there is a strong watch within the city."

"Now what dost thou tell me!" cried Friend Waln, in great distress. "My Deborah will be beside herself! This is much worse than before the British came—and we hoped for so much from their occupation."

"Nay," exclaimed the colonel, "say not so! I can give you a pass that will enable you to go where you will without trouble."

"If thou dost that, I will remember it in thy favor," said the Quaker, with much show of gratitude; "and I will see to it that our meeting shall be open to thee if thou shouldst come to Philadelphia."

"We shall soon be in Philadelphia," answered the colonel, "and, though 't is a confidence I am giving you, I feel certain 't will not be betrayed. I but await final orders to withdraw our troops within the city."

"Thee interests me vastly!" said Friend Waln.

"But I should be on my way, for Deborah will be anxious."

Colonel Taunton hurried to draw up a pass, and, with rather cool thanks for his entertainment, Friend Waln took his leave.

By this time I had given up all hope of Captain McLane, and began to grow sleepy, but there was no way for me to escape from the pantry without being seen, except through the kitchen slide, and I did not care to go the way of a baron of beef before the soldiers and servants there, so, perforce, I waited.

Dinner was long over, and the officers sat at dessert, when again there came a loud knocking at the front door.

"Now who will be our visitor this time," said Colonel Taunton, just as Mummer entered with a basket of wine.

"'T was a country bumpkin brought this, and said it was to be delivered to you," he said, holding it out to the colonel.

Around the neck of one of the bottles was a string, to which was tied the knave of clubs, with some writing upon it.

"Rollins, cut off the card and read the message!" said the colonel. "'T is most polite of some one, and no doubt is a gift from a loyal subject of the king."

"For Colonel Taunton," read the lieutenant. "To drink the success of the good cause and the health of his friend the enemy, Allan McLane, late Joshua Waln of the Society of Friends."

"My faith! Done!" cried Rollins. "But 't is worth it to have dined with a man like that!"

(To be continued.)

## COMING HOME AGAIN

(*"Simple Thoughts on Great Subjects"*)

BY GEORGE LAWRENCE PARKER

TWICE since boyhood I have had that eager feeling of wanting to throw my hat in the air and cry out, "Hurrah!" or "Hallo!" or some other good old boyish expression of wonder and delight. The first time was when I saw the ocean. I was nineteen years old, and had lived inland until I came east to enter college. My greatest "entrance exam" was when, in the very first week, I made my way by foot and trolley down to Morris Cove, and at a turn in the road, there it was! The Atlantic Ocean! I wonder if the people on that common, every-day trolley knew

what an uncommon occurrence was taking place in the mind and heart of one fellow-passenger. I had to keep my hands in my pockets, for the impulse to fling up my hat was almost too strong to resist. To see the great body of water that had no visible other side to it was a hat-lifting event.

The second time this same emotion seized me was when I returned, after three years abroad, to the shores of our country, and from the deck of the *Deutschland* watched the statue of Liberty loom up in New York harbor, and saw the Singer



Building and its smaller sky-scraping neighbors make that jagged line called the sky-line of New York City. It is about this second impulse that I want to tell you, for it has a great deal to do with what we all ought to feel when we remember that we are American citizens. And I want to do it because so many have written about their sensations in "going abroad," but so few about their sensations on coming home. And surely the best thing about going to Europe, and Asia, and Africa, as I had almost done, is in coming back to America.

We Americans are not thoughtless, yet sometimes when we talk of patriotism, we shout and "make the Eagle scream," instead of doing some honest thinking.

As the *Deutschland* swung her big black form up the bay, my first thought was, "Home again!" Here was my own land, people of my own speech, the green shores of the vast country, peopled by ninety millions, and stretching unbroken from New York Bay to San Francisco's Golden Gate — this great land that was "mine," for we all "own" the country of our birth.

But, that morning, as the statue of Liberty lifted her hand to me, I felt more than this. I had been living in Russia, and had seen how small are the chances there for a man ever being a man in the same degree that he can be so here. Many things are said of Russia that are not true. There are many splendid things after all in that great country. But still it is true that, coming straight home from living two years in that empire, I realized afresh how wonderful America is in the chance that she gives to her sons to be really men, to work out their own natures, and to be themselves. It suddenly dawned upon me how few hindrances and obstacles my country had ever put in my way. I saw for the first time that from my birth everything in my country's methods had been planned for my good, and to help me, or at least to help me to help myself. To be sure, there are some unfair laws, and some evils in our government, but its general trend since the first has been to help each man, and not to hinder him.

As I stood on deck that morning, one of hundreds of passengers, I understood, and my heart seemed to beat faster as I did so, that my country is really a challenge to me to be a superior quality of a man. I saw then that if I just looked around me, at our schools, our free institutions, all of which have been at my disposal since I knew how to use them, I would see enough to invite me to do my level best to rise above mean and low things, and to grow worthy of my country.

In St. Paul's Cathedral in London, over one of the doorways, is a stone in memory of the archi-

tect, Sir Christopher Wren, which says, "Reader, if you would behold his monument, look around you." So did my country call on me as I stood on the *Deutschland's* deck, "If you would see your reasons for gratitude, for good living, for being a man in the largest sense, look around you!"

Our country is so big that we may sometimes feel that we cannot "take it all in." Well, that's just where the opportunity and the challenge lies. I must be large-hearted if I am going to measure up to my country, for, in that old oratorical phrase, she reaches from the Atlantic to the Pacific, and from Canada to the Gulf of Mexico. To be a base-hearted man in America is worse than to be evil in any other country, and to throw away chances here is more unworthy than anywhere else in the world. It was a new call to me as I came back home from continents cut up like checker-boards to a continent spread out like a wheat-field. I did not love Europe less, but I did love America more; and I think I had the right to do so. For it seemed to me at that moment as if I owed to my land everything in me that could be called big, or noble, or fair, or decent, or worth while.

New York, I suppose, is not often thought of as a particularly homelike city. It has never been my own home. Yet that morning I felt toward it as if it were as small and lovable as my native village; while at the same time it was representative of my whole great country. As I stood on the deck of the *Deutschland*, I understood, as never before, the old story of the three brothers. They were told that the one of the three who, on returning home, should be the first to kiss their mother, should be king. As soon as they landed, two of them ran off home as fast as they could to embrace their mother, but the third fell down on the shore, put his lips to the soil of his native land, and kissed the earth. That was his true mother. And he was the king. Every American is a king the moment he realizes what he owes to his country, and only so can he be that true modern king—a good citizen.

Many immigrants were on the *Deutschland* with me that day, seeing the goddess of Liberty for the first time. None of them saw her with gladder eyes than I did. They were being born to this great land, I was being born again. They were coming to a new liberty, I was coming back to an old liberty which I had known but not appreciated before. As all this came to me, like something new yet old and dear, I did really this time take off my hat, as I had not done when I first saw the ocean. I did not shout, "Hurrah!" but I said, almost with tears: "Henceforth I will try to live up to the bigness of my country."

# THE MAGNETISM OF THE FISHING-ROD



I.



II.



III.



IV.



V

Hy-  
mayer

VI.



# PLAYING THE GAME

(A sequel to "The Battle of Base-ball")

BY C. H. CLAUDY

## CHAPTER IV

### SOME POINTS OF STRATEGY

THERE are things in a ball game not mentioned in the rules. A team made up of players who had never seen nor read of a game, and had never had any instruction outside of the rules, would have no hit-and-run plays; no squeeze plays; probably no men caught "flat-footed" off base; no double steals; no delayed steals; no shifting of the infield according to the runners on, the score, and the "outs"; no signaling; no signal-stealing; no hidden-ball tricks; no "stalling" tricks, by which a player is led to think a ball is fielded in one place when it is really fielded elsewhere—in fact, the very heart and soul of base-ball would be missing. The batter would hit or walk and patiently wait for his successor to hit or walk to advance him. Runs would be in exact proportion to hits, and outs would be made only in the stereotyped ways, and—nobody would care either to play or to see the game!

So it might be said, without much fear of contradiction, that the *strategy* of the game, the part played by brains and wits, is more to base-ball than athletic ability to run, hit, field, or throw, spectacular and exciting as plays made only by strength, muscle, and skill must always be.

In spite of the fact that many professional players complain that "there are no new plays," while it is true that much of the strategy of base-ball has become so usual as to be, in many of its special turns, well known, there is always a chance to invent something new, to "pull off something different." Indeed, this is one of the charms of the game. And if you sit down with a pencil, a piece of paper, a dozen small buttons for players, and work out some strategy of your own, you will only be doing what many a manager and player do in the effort to catch sight of a new angle of the game, and effect a play not generally known to base-balldom.

Perhaps the easiest and most effective way to play base-ball on a sheet of paper, is to take up some play or some situation, in a game you have seen, and try to figure out, from what actually did happen, what *might* have happened had the strategy of the play been different. For instance, Fig. 1 shows an incident of a game played last year between Philadelphia and Brooklyn. In the fifth inning, this is the situation: there is one

out, a man on second, and the batter (Number 8 in the batting order) bunts. The catcher fields the bunt midway down the path to the pitcher. A throw to third or first will get a man—if it is in time!

"Therefore," argues this catcher, "as I am equally distant from first and third, and want by all means to get the leading man, I will throw to third."

He does so, the runner slides around the third baseman, the other runner is safe on the "fielder's choice," and the game goes merrily on—two men on, and only one out.

The next batter, of course, bunts also, and with the bunt, the bunt-and-run play (or "squeeze") is tried; the runner from third scores with a slide, the batter being put out at first base, making two out. But this brings the top of the batting order up again, the leading man hits a sharp single to right, the man on second scores, and the batting team gains a lead of two runs, which finally wins the game.

Now, let us suppose that the catcher who started all this trouble had been a strategist as well as a stereotyped ball-player and thinker. His mental processes would then have run something like this:

"I am equally distant from first and third. I can throw to third without turning. But the man from second has a long, long lead. I *may* not catch him. I am *sure* to catch the runner going to first. And that brings the opponents' pitcher to the bat, and there will be two out. He can't afford to bunt, he must hit. He is a weak batter. He has struck out twice already. It is much better to have the sure out, two out, a man on third, a weak hitter up, than two on, one out, a weaker hitter who can, however, bunt (with only one out), and a leader of the batting list on deck!" (Fig. 2).

The two diagrams show this simple little bit of strategy very clearly, and the boy who worked this out on a piece of paper, after seeing this particular catcher lose a game, himself shut off a winning rally the very next afternoon with just the play here suggested—which might be called "taking the *safe* chance."

Perhaps the simplest, best-known piece of base-ball strategy is the "hit-and-run." With a runner on first, the signal is flashed that the batter will hit, say, the third pitched ball (if he can).

The base-runner gets as long a lead as he dares, and the instant the pitcher draws back his arm for the pitch, is off for second. If the batter misses the ball (as when the catcher has guessed the play and called for a pitch-out), the runner is making a straight steal; with perfect handling, he should be out at second by six feet or more. If the batter hits the ball, he may hit into a double play; he may simply "force" the man going to second; he may hit a plain sacrifice; or he may send the ball through the second baseman's position (second baseman having covered the bag to take the throw, as he sees the runner on first start), with the result that this runner careers on to third—which is really the whole object of the play (Fig. 3).

Base-ball generals have lain awake nights devising ways to stop this play. Some of them are quite wonderfully conceived, indeed! A small lad I know came to me recently with a diagram and many smiles.

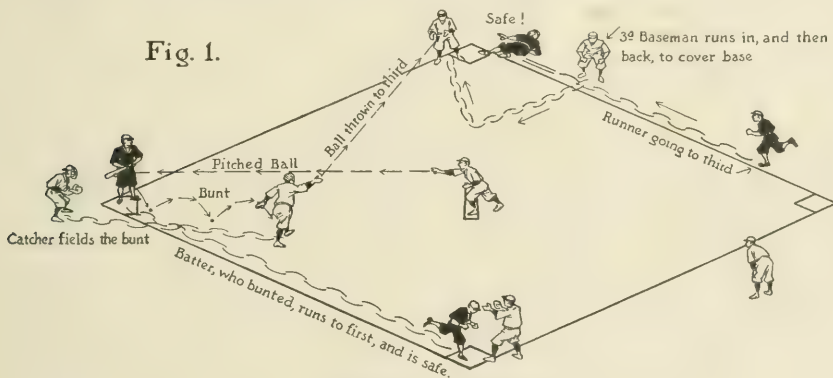
"Why won't this stop it?" he wanted to know. "When the runner on first starts to steal, the second baseman covers second and the first baseman runs to the second baseman's position in the field.

And my little friend retired, crestfallen, to think up a better scheme. If the batter did hit over first base, with the first baseman drawn away to cover the second baseman's territory, the *probable* result would be an exciting play at the plate, and a man on third,—and all resulting from what should only have been, normally, a sure out, or, at most, a short single.

Generally speaking, the "antidote" for the hit-and-run is the "pitch-out." A careful attention to the outs, the inning, the score, the desperation of the attacking side, the character of the man at bat (that is, what he has done before, that day), and, if possible, a reading of the hit-and-run signal, will tell the expert catcher when the hit-and-run is to be tried, and enable him to call for the pitch-out, which will give him a chance to nail the runner at second (Fig. 4).

Base-runners, as they run well or ill, have much to do with the successful work of pitchers. The more runs the nine wins, the more easily the pitcher can work; the less "lead" the nine gives the pitcher, the more he must "put on the ball." Similarly, with a close game, the least wobble in base-running tactics may mean the game—get-

Fig. 1.



THE PLAY AS IT WAS PLAYED.

Pitcher pitches, ball is bunted, catcher runs in and fields bunt, has an F. C., and elects to throw to third. Third baseman runs in on the bunt, sees catcher is fielding it, scuttles back to third. Runner on second with long lead beats the throw, hook-slides around third baseman, and is safe, since he was not tagged, and baseman had to touch him. Meanwhile bunter gets safe at first. Next batter also bunts, a run is scored, man now on first goes to second, and the following batter (top of batting order) hits a single, when man then on second scores, making two runs, which win game.

Then the ball, if hit toward the second baseman's field position, is stopped by the first baseman. And if there is no hit, there is some one on second to take the throw!"

And that was all right as far as it went. But I asked the lad this question:

"Suppose the batter hits directly over or just inside first base. Who is to field the ball then?"

ting caught off the sacks may not necessarily mean bad base-ball, but it is certainly an example of strategy gone wrong!

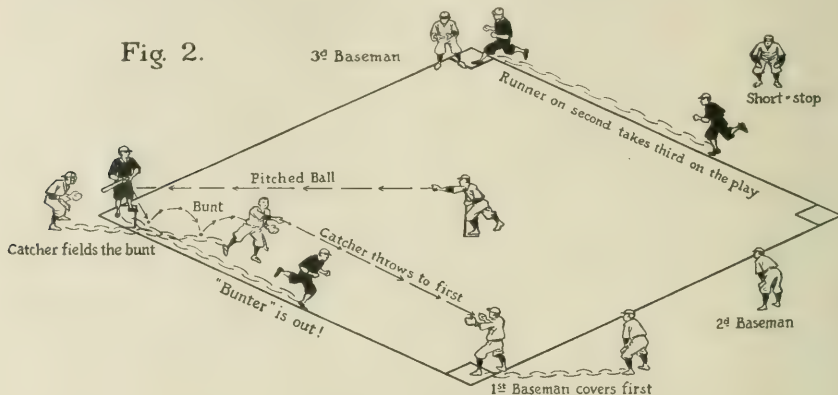
You remember, of course, the time Snodgrass, of the Giants, spiked Baker, of the Athletics, and there was such a howl raised about the New York player and his methods? Some one was anxious to stir up trouble, for, as every player

knows, with the score a tie in the tenth inning, and the chance to score in sight, no player is bothering about another, or laying plans to hurt him. What the runner wants to do is to score!

Snodgrass was on second. Lapp was catching. He was letting the Giant base-runner take a long lead, and he was getting pitch-outs, too, to catch him if he stole. He wanted him to try to steal. And Snodgrass wanted to steal. But he was afraid—afraid with the anxiety which must come to him who knows that on his shoulders

to Snodgrass, had permitted him long leads, and then had frightened him with wide pitch-outs, which Snodgrass was in the best position to see. So he had Snodgrass "going back" with the pitch—and that is not the way to steal bases!

Probably in no place in a game is the strategic brain of the captain or manager worked harder than with the "acute situation" to deal with. The acute situation, as every one knows, consists in having a man on third and one on first. It is acute with none out, more acute with one out,



THE PLAY AS IT SHOULD HAVE BEEN MADE.

Pitcher pitches, ball is bunted, catcher runs in and fields bunt, has an F. C., and elects first base. First baseman runs in, covers bag, receives throw, and runner who bunted is out by yards. Runner on second is easily safe at third base. But there are now two out, and the pitcher, a weak hitter, up. There being two out, he cannot bunt with any prospect of the play being successful. A hit is the only thing which will help. Being a weak hitter, he strikes out, and the side retires with no runs over. Compare with result as in other diagram.

Note for both diagrams: To avoid confusion, only the movements of players who take part in the play are shown. Of course every fielder starts in on an expected bunt, and, once the man who is to field it is clearly seen by the rest, the basemen all cover their bags. These movements are omitted in all diagrams for the sake of plainness.

rests, for the time being, not only the game, but perhaps a World's Championship. Finally Lapp had a passed ball. It may have been an intentional one—no one knows but Lapp. At any rate, it was short. But Snodgrass was not in position to take advantage of it—Lapp's evident alertness and those pitch-outs had made him nervous, and with every pitch he had started back a little toward second. He did so this time, then saw the passed ball, sprinted for third, crashed feet first into Baker, spiking him, was called out, and the Giants' chances went glimmering! Whether the passed ball was intentional or not, whether Lapp let the ball roll a few feet from him in an attempt to tease Snodgrass into trying for third, or whether it was an incident of the game, matters not. The strategy of the Athletics' catcher had caught Snodgrass just as surely, for he had had his pitcher pay no attention

and most acute with two out, from the standpoint of the running side. Of course, to the defense, the more men out, the easier the play seems!

The situation is acute because there are so many ways of dealing with it, and so many different angles of the play. Thus, the man on first steals second madly, the catcher throws to second to catch the thief, the runner on third scores. Lovely! Only it is almost never worked that way in the Big Leagues. Generally, it is like this: the man on first starts to steal second, the catcher throws, the man on third starts home, the throw goes to short-stop or second baseman, who has come in to take the throw, the ball is returned, and the run is cut off at the plate (Fig. 5). But this short-throw play had not been worked more than a dozen times before managers began to go about the offense differently. Instead of starting for second like a sprinter doing

the hundred-yard dash, the runner on first proceeded to jog, sometimes even to walk to second base! This was awful, indeed! Think of a club which permitted a base-runner to *walk* to second base! Yet the quick throw to the short-stop coming in and his return to the plate did not do a bit of good against the runner who tried to steal second base *slowly*. He merely kept on jogging and laughed, and, of course, the man on third, seeing the man going to second so slowly, watched for the fielder coming in and made his run back to third instead of to home. Meanwhile, the minute the short-stop let the ball fly to catcher, the man going to first woke up and ran in earnest, and with his lead of half the distance, no catcher could catch him. Result, one stolen base—a hit now means *two* runs!

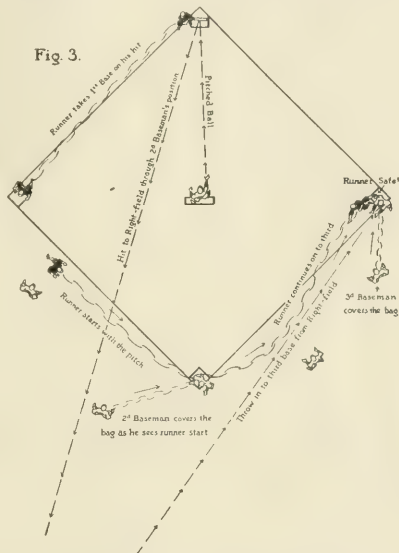
It took a little time for strategists to figure this out. But they did it. And the defense to the slow or "delayed" steal of second with a man on third, sometimes results in one of the prettiest plays in all base-ball. It consists simply in the short-stop, who runs in to take the short throw, holding the ball and making a motion to throw to third, which chases the runner back to third. Meanwhile, the short-stop is dancing over toward second base. Finally he throws the ball to second base, and the runner from first starts back to first again. He is either allowed to get back to first safely, or is run down, each fielder keeping a watchful eye on the man on third, and the instant he makes a break for the plate, leaving the man between first and second alone, and sending the ball home. Properly executed, this series of plays becomes spectacular in the highest degree, and it takes a cool hand, and an old one with the score book, to get all the "assists," "steals," "outs," and "put-outs" properly credited. Although it is too complicated to diagram, it shows beautifully on the record, and on the field it illustrates base-ball strategy (as contrasted with straight-hitting and straight-running base-ball) in the highest degree.

Have you ever sat in the stand and berated the pitcher for turning and throwing to first to keep an over-anxious base-runner glued to his sack, and scolded him for not, apparently, making any real effort to get the runner? And then have you cheered mightily when the catcher threw to the first baseman, who caught the runner off with neatness and despatch?

"Oh," you may have said, "that *catcher* knows his business, at any rate! Nothing weak about his throwing down to first! The pitcher could have done it a dozen times! He must be lazy. But, my! how that catcher did line that ball down! He's playing some ball, all right!"

Of course you have! And, in so doing, you may have shown that you do not always recognize strategy and generalship when you see it, and have demonstrated one of the reasons a ball-player cares so little for either the cheers or the jeers of the stands. He knows they cheer only at the obvious, and jeer when there is nothing to jeer at—so he just "does n't care."

What actually happened may have been something like this: the batter gets a short single—perhaps the first his side has had in four or five



THE HIT-AND-RUN, WHEN IT WORKS.

Pitcher delivers ball—runner on first starts with the throw. Second baseman, seeing runner start, covers second base. But batter hits the ball through second baseman's position. He would field it if he was there, but he is covering second to take the catcher's throw in case batter fails to hit. As batter does make base-hit, runner, with flying start, continues to third, beats the throw in from outfield by a slide, and takes two bases on a single. Batter, of course, is safe at first.

Note: If short-stop covers bag, of course second baseman would field ball. But, then, if batter hits through short-stop's position, the same conditions obtain.

innings. The coacher seems crazy. The manager is elated. The stands cheer. The pitcher and catcher approach each other.

"Tell him all about it now," yell the fans.

"Tease him a bit,—he's anxious," is what the catcher says.

So the pitcher pretends to be very watchful indeed, but throws rather lazily to first. The first baseman, who knows what those lazy throws mean, makes a great pretense of jabbing around



with the ball, trying to reach an elusive leg as it comes sliding back. Perhaps he even pretends to be a little lazy himself.

"You're too quick for me," he says with a grin, as the runner dances away, just a little farther. Then, when the pitcher, apparently disgusted at the violent yells from the stands to "Play ball!" "Go on with the game," etc., *does* pitch, he pitches wide, the first baseman darts back to the bag with the pitch, the catcher, waiting, turns and hurls the ball down to first, and the runner, having been teased and excited into taking a long lead, is caught "flat-footed." That is base-ball strategy, and the pitcher's lazy throws were as much a part of it as anything else, since they were designed to give the base-runner the idea that he could take liberties, get a little farther off, in his lead, every time, until finally, flushed with success and his agility in eluding being touched out, he dares just a bit too much, and then—zing! goes the ball *from the catcher*, and the runner is out!

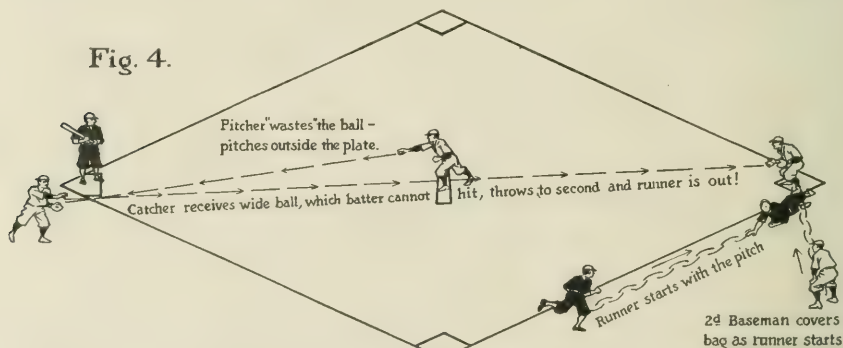
But even when "catching him flat-footed" is not possible, or, if tried, is unsuccessful, the lazy

poised on tiptoe, arms swinging; every muscle straining, first toward second, then back toward first; watching the pitcher like a hawk, and keeping an eye on the catcher, the first baseman, and his own coacher,—all this is tiring to a base-runner. And half a dozen slides back to first will "take the edge" off any runner for the time being. It may slow him up but a quarter of a second in his run for second base when he does make it—but a quarter of a second means three feet!

On the other hand, the oftener the pitcher can be made to throw to first, particularly if he can be teased into throwing hard, the more he "throws out of his arm," and the less effective he is going to be later in the game. Which is another reason for a pitcher's not hurling down to first too hard, not to mention that always possible error in which an overthrow "throws away the game."

It is a curious thing, how much base-ball so many base-ball fans don't understand! Of course, nobody knows all of base-ball; not even the players, or the managers, or the captains, know it all. Every now and then you will hear

Fig. 4.



HOW THE HIT-AND-RUN IS STOPPED.

Catcher guesses the play, and calls for a waste ball. Pitcher pitches outside the plate; batter cannot hit it. Runner on first starts with the pitch. Second baseman covers bag. Catcher gets ball, throws to second baseman covering bag, and runner is easily tagged out. Compare with Fig. 3 and see what happens when batter hits—this diagram shows exactly why second baseman (or short-stop, as case may be) must cover bag whenever runner is seen to start with the pitch.

throws from the pitcher have their use. With none out, a man on first and the game young, a steal is not apt to be tried at once.

"Wait and see if we can't hit a little," is generally the order.

But with *two* out, the man on first is going down to second if he possibly can; hence the greater alertness of the pitcher and catcher at that stage of the inning.

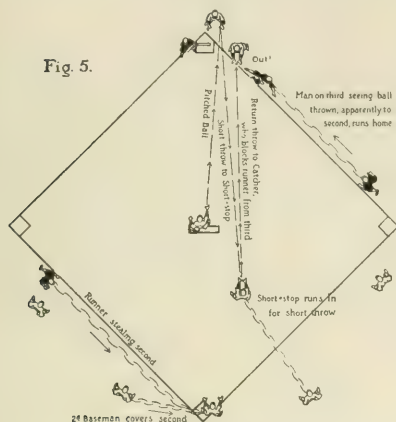
Now, standing eight or ten feet from the bag,

one of them say, "Well, I've been playing ball all my life, but that was a new one to me," referring to something that happened during the day's play. But the fan who shouts advice and condemnation, more often than not, does not really know anything about the real play of the game at all. He can appreciate a strike-out, or a three-base hit, or a neat bit of fielding, and probably knows why, with one out, the score a tie, and a man on third, the left-fielder lets a long foul

drop at his feet without making any effort to catch it; but there he stops.

"Why does not the infield play in for the runner on third to-day, when they played, oh, way in,

Fig. 5.



THE "ACUTE SITUATION."

Man on first and on third. Man on first starts to steal second. Catcher gets ball from pitcher and throws toward second. Runner on third, seeing ball thrown apparently to second, and second baseman running to cover the bag, starts home. Short-stop runs in, snatches the ball on the "short throw" long before it gets to second, and returns it to catcher at plate, who blocks runner and touches him out. While runner has time to score from third if ball really goes to second, he has not time if the throw is shortened. But the play has complications when the runner on first steals second very slowly—since the temptation is then to play for him, and the man on third won't try to score while the delayed steal is being tried until he sees the play is being made for the runner from first.

yesterday, in *exactly* the same circumstances? They don't play base-ball—they just stand round and fool with the ball," exclaims a spectator.

But let us look at our score book. Yesterday there was a man on third in the fifth inning, with only one out. The score was a tie. The infield played way in, expecting a bunt. If the bunt got to any one's hands in time, the play would be at the plate, and the run cut off. If the batter hit it out and it went through the fielders, the run would score. But the run would score on a hit, no matter where the infield played. And if they played for a hit, of course there would be a bunt. So they had to play in for the bunt (Fig. 6).

But, to-day, the inning is the ninth, there is one out, a man on third, and the score five to one in favor of the team in the field. They don't play in, because they intend to *let* the man on third score, if, by so doing, they can get a good chance at the man going to first. What do they care whether the final score is five to one or five to four, so long as it is five to *something* in their

favor? Whereas, if they play in and *don't* field that bunt home in time, there will be a run in and still only one out, and so much more chance to prolong the game. And when you are ahead, it is a base-ball rule that the quicker the game ends, the better it is for you! The spectators forget, but the players don't forget, that there is always a chance of a hard throw home being fumbled, of the man sliding through or around the catcher, or the ball being dropped by the catcher in the *mêlée* at the plate. But the play to first base involves none of these risks—if the ball gets there first, that's all there is to it.

While strategic plays are often arranged by managers or captains, and result in plays involving half the infield, more often the strategic point which wins a game or cuts off a run is the result of some one individual's quick thinking or quick acting. An instance which illustrates the point came in the fourth inning of the first game in the last World's Championship Series; and as the score was two to one in favor of New York, it can fairly be said to have saved the day. Snodgrass received a base on balls—a welcome gift, as the hitting done against Bender that day was very light indeed. Murray sacrificed Snodgrass along, being retired at first, Collins to Davis. Merkle, crazy for a hit which would bring Snodgrass home, was over-anxious, and Bender struck him out, amid a demonstration of cheers from the crowded stands. Then Herzog was up, and he "came across" with a stinging grounder to Collins. Snodgrass raced for third as the ball was hit. Collins, ordinarily a sure fielder of grounders, fumbled; either the ball was too hard hit to handle, or he was over-nervous. Devlin, coaching at third, took a chance, and showed that his wise old base-ball head had learned much of strategy in its many years of guiding a crack player's body. He sent Snodgrass home! It was a chance, of course, and many a coacher would have hesitated to take it. But Devlin saw a mental picture and acted on it. He acted in the wink of an eye; yet what must have raced through his brain was this: "A fumble—rather short throw—ought to be accurate to catch Snodgrass—but Snodgrass has a flying start—is still running—Collins won't expect him to go home—will straighten up with the ball—then, suddenly seeing Snodgrass still going, he will throw—maybe a *wild* throw—*Go it, old boy!*" and his waving arms also told Snodgrass to scoot for home. The runner, of course, had no idea where the ball was, but the stands' uproar and a downward wave of Devlin's arm as he passed, told him the play would be close. So he slid at the plate—and slid safely, for Collins did exactly as Devlin had fig-

ured he would be apt to do—he sent home a throw which, though a fine one considering his position and the haste with which it was made, was yet anything but perfect, and by the time the ball was caught off to one side of the plate, Snodgrass was home! That was Devlin's run, if Snodgrass did make it, and it showed a baseball strategic mind of a high order to think all that out and send the runner home in the tiny fraction of a second in which it had to be accomplished.

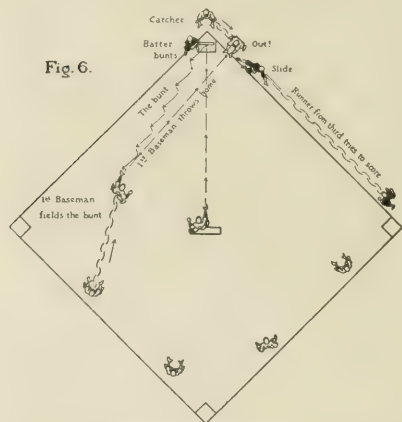
McGraw, king of strategists, says that base-stealing is "the gentle art of taking first a lead, and then a chance." Strategy then can surely be called "risking the opportunity!"

Not to be outdone, Myers, the great Giant catcher, showed his head-work as on a par with his arm. Ordinarily a man, when on first, does not steal second from a hit which has opened an inning. The chances are too good for a pass which will advance him automatically; or a hit-and-run, perhaps; or a hit or "sacrifice" which

and Baker could hit a single, the game would be won right there. Whereas, if he stayed on first and Baker singled, he might be held on second or third, and Murphy, who followed, had been helpless before Mathewson. So Myers watched his chance, and signaled to Mathewson for a "pitch-out" as Collins started for second; and Collins was easily retired with an accurate throw, as in Fig. 4, and the Athletics were never dangerous again. Later, the Giants batted out a clean run, and won the game strictly on their merits, for while Collins's fumble gave them their first run, it was Devlin's brains and judgment which made it possible, and it was Myers who cut off Collins from the chance of a score. True, Baker did not follow with a hit, but with Collins on second, there is no telling what he might have done. Indeed, later in the series, he demonstrated with two home runs and seven other hits, what he could do!

Before the "infield fly" rule was decreed, double plays in which runners had no chance at all, were occasionally made. With first base and second base occupied, for instance, the batter would send a little fly toward second base. The short-stop would let it fall—"trap it," in other words—thus making it a hit. The two men on the bases would then *have to advance*. Short-stop would pick up the ball, touch the man running from second to third (who had not dared to start until he saw whether the ball was caught or not), then toss the ball to second, thus retiring the runner from first by a force-out, and perhaps there might still be even a chance to get the runner coming down to first, by a quick throw. If so, it would complete a triple play. Now, however, with less than two out and first and second occupied, the umpire calls "infield fly" as soon as such a ball is hit, and the batter is automatically out, whether the ball be caught or dropped.

Nevertheless, a play on the "trap" order is not quite extinct, though managed in another way. A splendid example of it occurred in a game between Chicago and New York, in 1908, which finally ended two to one in favor of Chicago. With New York runners on second and third, and no one out in the seventh, things looked blue for Chicago. They looked worse when Seymour hit a high, short fly to right—a "Texas Leaguer." For Evers stood still; he made no move for the ball. Chance was too far off to field it. The man on third, seeing this, scuttled for home, and the man on second hurried for third, while Seymour tore down to first. But Evers was taking a chance. Once the runners were started, he made a wild dash, just managed to reach the ball,



PLAYING IN FOR A BUNT.

A man on third, one out, fifth inning, score a tie. The run at the plate must be cut off if possible. If a hit results, or a hard-hit ball which could be fielded to first (but not to home), the run scores anyhow. If they play back for a ball like this, a bunt is sure. So they play in for a bunt, the first baseman fields it, and the run is cut off.

But in the ninth inning and the fielding side far ahead, with one out, they play back, knowing that they can run in for a bunt in time to get the man at first, which will prevent the long continuance of the game, even if the runner on third scores, and sure they can also field the hard-hit ball to first.

may result in a fumble, thus giving two men a base instead of one. But Myers figured it all out that with the score a tie in the sixth inning, Collins would try to steal. Baker followed Collins, and Collins knew that if he was on second



SCENE DURING A GAME AT WASHINGTON PARK, BROOKLYN—THE HOME GROUNDS OF THE BROOKLYN CLUB, NATIONAL LEAGUE

caught and clung to it; then, with the peculiar throw which he seems able to manage from any position, no matter how contorted he may be, he threw to the plate. Every runner immediately scuttled back to base! And Kling, seeing this, ran in on the throw, caught it, and doubled the runner at second base—and there were two out and *no score!* That ended *that* rally! Note that Evers did not try to double Seymour at first—he *first* cut off the run—then let Kling and Tinker do the double! Had Evers done as he could well

have done, trotted back and caught the little fly with ease, there would have been no attempt to run by any one; and there would have been but one out. But he tricked the runners into thinking the ball would fall safe—that he had lost its direction in the sun—and so he got a double play and no score. And that is *another* of the plays which Evers thinks up and displays on the instant—another evidence of the lightning-quick brain which so well directs the lightning-quick body. Thus skill *plus* strategy makes the star!

(*Let be continued*)

## THE PANTRY GHOSTS

BY FREDERIC RICHARDSON

LAST night I had a horrid dream—  
I cannot tell you why—  
Huge pies and cakes of chocolate cream  
And doughnuts passing by.

They looked at me with wicked joy.  
I thought I heard them say,  
"By night we haunt the foolish boy  
That haunts our shelf by day.

VOL. XXXIX.—127.

"Behind us comes a nightmare grim—  
You 'd better hide your head!—  
And then some Things, all pale and dim;  
So crawl down in your bed.

"We never mind a little slice,—  
A bite or two,—but when  
You eat *too much*, it is n't nice,  
And we shall come again!"



# IN THE MOUTH OF A CANNON

(A True Story)

BY MARY RICHARDS BERRY

"I SEE a star! Oh, I say, Father, is n't it 'most time to set off the rockets now?"

"Be quiet, you youngsters! Of course Father is n't going to let you set off the rockets when it's still as light as day. Anyhow, the sooner you set them off the sooner you will have to go to bed. Don't you know that?" And Dave effectually quieted his younger brothers with his words.

It was a very trying hour for these restless boys, as the last fire-cracker had burned their fingers, and there was not even a stray cap to be found on the lawn which had not been exploded in the toy pistols. The lemonade had been consumed, and the ice-cream, except the one dish apiece which Mother was saving until after the evening fireworks.

Father always let them have a few rockets, candles, pinwheels, and red fire, but this year they had treble the quantity, due to Uncle Jack's generosity, for he was spending his summer vacation with them, and declared that he wanted "a real patriotic Fourth."

Would the sun *never* go down, the younger children wondered, while the older boys lounged about on the veranda, trying, with the superiority of their years, to enter into the conversation of their elders; but nevertheless they were as anxious as the youngsters to begin the fun.

Presently Uncle Jack came to the rescue, saying:

"Suppose I tell you a Fourth of July story; something that happened to me when I was a lad about your size, Ned."

"Hurrah! Uncle Jack is going to tell us a story! Here, don't push so, you fellows; you need n't think you can have the whole step!"

Finally, after some good-natured disputing, the boys were all attention, and Uncle Jack began:

"As I said, I was about the size of Ned, and had just passed my twelfth birthday. We were living in Brooklyn at the time, and we boys often went fishing at Fort Hamilton, which was a good four-mile walk from our home. But we never minded the walk, thinking all the time of the fun we would have when we reached the water-front.



"WITHOUT FURTHER WARNING HE PICKED ME UP."

"One day a chum of mine, Hal Wilson, and I decided to go fishing, so, with poles over our shoulders and a bait-can in our hands, we were

soon on our way. A new pier had been recently built by the government, and, as it was longer than the others, we decided to try our luck off the end of it. We sat just beneath a new sixteen-inch-bore gun which overlooked the harbor, and cast in our hooks for bass, bluefish, or anything else that came our way.

"The fishing was good enough, but the trouble was with the *catching*! We had caught only a few small ones and were dangling our lines in a listless sort of way, when I was startled to hear a gruff voice just behind me. I looked up and saw a couple of men. By his hat I knew one of them was a soldier, though, by the way he stood, a cloak hid his uniform. They were both chunky fellows. One had a dark beard and smoked a big black cigar. The other was just the same build, but his hair and mustache were somewhat gray. As we lived so near the fort, I was accustomed to seeing soldiers, and should have paid no further attention to these men, had it not been for what they said and did to me.

"Hello, sonny!" said the man who was not smoking. 'How'd you like to have me put you in the cannon and shoot you out?'

"I should n't like it, sir, for it would probably kill me," I answered.

"Then I saw him wink at the other man, the one with the cigar, and, without further warning, he grabbed me, picked me up, and made as if to squeeze me into the mouth of that cannon, head first!

"Oh, you would n't have laughed, boys, if you had been in my place, for I was about the scariest lad you ever saw,—except Hal. He was so scared he took to his heels as soon as he saw the man pick me up.

"I struggled and kicked and yelled, certain sure that they were going to put me into the cannon's mouth, head and shoulders, in spite of all my squirming. This tussle did not last more than a few seconds, but it seemed almost hours before they stood me on my feet once more. I grabbed my precious string of fish and started to follow Hal's example, when each of the men drew a dime from his pocket and, handing them to me, smilingly assured me that I was not in the least harmed and had no cause for fear.

"I accepted their dimes, but, still fearing they might wish to repeat their performance, I started to skedaddle along the pier toward shore.

"I had gone only a short distance when I was stopped by another military man. He was tall and slim, and had a sad face. Evidently he had seen my late adventure, for he said to me:

"My boy, don't you know who that man is who spoke to you—the man with the cigar?"

"No, sir," I answered, 'I don't.'

"Why, it is President Grant!" said he. 'And don't you know who that other man is that put you into the cannon?'



"AND WHO ARE YOU, SIR?"

"Again I confessed my ignorance, and he replied:

"Why that is General Phil Sheridan!"

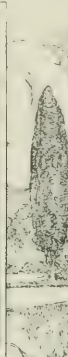
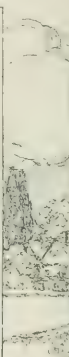
"I was pretty well overawed at hearing all this, but still had courage to say:

"And who are you, sir?"

"I remember the sad-looking face relaxed into a smile, as he answered:

"Oh, I am General Sherman. The three of us have been inspecting these new guns and are now waiting down here at the pier for the cutter which is to take us to Jersey City. There it comes now, so good-by, my lad!"

"I ran home as fast as I could to tell my wonderful story to my mother and to show her my dimes. And if you will turn on the electric light," concluded Uncle Jack, "I will let you see them, too, for I have carried them ever since; only we must hurry, for here comes your father with the biggest bundle of fireworks I ever saw!"



From photographs, by permission of T. B. den Boer, Middelburg, Holland.  
SUMMER DAYS ON THE ISLAND OF WALCHEREN, HOLLAND.

# THE TOWNSEND TWINS—CAMP DIRECTORS

BY WARREN L. ELDRED

## CHAPTER XV

### AN EXCITING DAY

OWNERS of launches and small steamers were driving a brisk trade carrying passengers across the lake to points near the circus grounds. About ten o'clock, the boys were ready to start. They had arranged with the owner of a launch to call for Mrs. Spencer and the girls, then stop at the camp landing for them, and continue on to Mr. Samuelson's dock, where Storer and Rutledge were to be picked up.

They ran up the signal on a little flagpole at the end of the landing, and awaited the coming of the launch.

"I wonder what 's happened," Bert said, looking up and down the lake. "He was to call at Mrs. Spencer's before ten o'clock, then come right down here. I don't see a sign of his old scow, and it 's ten after ten now."

"Well, let 's hang around awhile and see if he appears," Edgar suggested. "He may show up a little later, and we still have twenty minutes or so to spare."

So they waited. They fretted and waited some more. They grew increasingly impatient, but still they waited. They kept on waiting. Then they grew desperate, and decided to cease waiting.

Lefty volunteered to row up to Mrs. Spencer's landing and see the guests safely embarked on any craft that could be hailed. This done, he was to return to camp, and the boys would get across any way they could.

After a time, Lefty was observed in the distance, returning with all speed.

"Well, did you get 'em started?" Tom called.

Lefty shook his head.

"What 's up? Are n't they going?"

Lefty rested on his oars, and the boat floated in near the landing.

"No one was around the place," he reported.

"House all closed up?"

"Yes. House closed, and not a sign of anybody on the premises."

There was a moment of silence, while the campers reviewed the situation.

"Well," Tom announced finally, "I think they 're across the lake waiting for us. Maybe the old skipper got mixed up and took 'em over before he called for us. There comes a little launch. Let 's hail it! There 's no one on board,

and we can just about squeeze in. We can't take Storer and Rutledge, though. They 'll surely think we 're lost! We promised to call for them, you remember."

"Oh, well, when they find that we 're not coming, they 'll make up their minds that something 's happened, and get across some other way," Eliot assured them. "Come on! Yell, or the boat 'll go past!"

They raised a united shout, and a shrill toot from the whistle of the diminutive craft told them that their signal was heard. The bow swung around and pointed toward the landing, and the boys prepared to embark.

"There hardly will be room enough on board for all of us," the doctor declared, looking doubtfully at the approaching boat. "Perhaps the man will tow one of our boats behind. Then we can put our luncheon in it, with two or three of us to keep it from escaping."

The skipper of the small craft good-naturedly agreed (for a consideration) to tow the larger of the camp boats, so it was made fast to the stern of the launch, and the campers accepted his invitation to "pile in."

Lefty, Tom, and Tad sat in the rowboat. The others crowded on board the launch, and slowly it chugged across the lake, reaching the eastern shore at about half-past eleven.

Roads were thronged with vehicles of many varieties, and people fairly swarmed in the direction of the circus tents.

"If Mrs. Spencer and the girls are here, how shall we find them?" Jack asked in a perplexed tone. "There 's such a mob, it 'll be hard work."

"Just keep moving and looking," Tad responded. "We 're pretty sure to run across them."

About fifteen minutes later, they were walking along a road that led back toward the circus grounds. Suddenly a familiar voice hailed them from a shady retreat, and, quickly looking upward, they discovered Mrs. Spencer and the four girls sitting upon a light shawl spread on the grass. With them, as calm and cool (well, perhaps not cool, considering the temperature, but untroubled, certainly), as if the original arrangements had been exactly carried out, sat Storer and Rutledge.

"Greetings!" cried Storer. "Salutations and a cordial welcome! We 've been waiting for you to bring the lunch."

"Well, you do beat all!" gasped the doctor.



"How did you get here, and how long have you been waiting?"

"How did we get here? Why, your old friend Charon, the boatman, called for us just as we arranged yesterday."

"He did?"

"He was very prompt," Mrs. Spencer added. "He called at our landing at half-past nine. Fortunately, we were all ready. There were a number of passengers on board, and we wondered where all you Beaver Campers would find room. The launch did not stop at your landing, however, and we supposed that you would be called for later. We kept right on down the lake until Mr. Samuelson's dock was reached, and there Mr. Storer and Mr. Rutledge came on board. After that, we were taken straight across the lake, and here we have been since, waiting in this cool, quiet nook which Mr. Rutledge discovered for us."

"Well, would n't that jar you?" Lefty asked. "The ancient mariner never came near us."

Then they drew graphic word-pictures of their anxious waiting and final disappointment. Mrs. Spencer and the girls, however, expressed such hearty sympathy that they were soon comforted.

The land on one side of the road sloped upward rather abruptly for eight or ten feet, being level on top of the rise, and well shaded. Here the party arranged itself comfortably. In the distance could be seen the white tents of the circus, and as the parade would soon pass along the road below on its way to town, they decided to eat luncheon, and await there the "grand, glittering display of public pageantry."

"Ah!" Storer cried suddenly, pausing with a sandwich midway to its destruction. "Sounds of martial music smite my ears! The monster street parade must have started."

Sure enough, a procession of red wagons, gaily ornamented with gold-leaf, was rolling out of the big tent. The band rode in the first chariot, and certainly worked hard in an effort to let people know that the procession had started. Onward it moved, nearer and nearer to the party under the trees.

Storer rose, assumed the manner of a ring-master, and began to explain the features of the procession for the benefit of his audience.

"First, we have a bewildering bit of bewitching band. Next, you will kindly observe the gorgeous galaxy of glittering glory, gregariously grouped. Now approaches the ponderous procession of prepossessing pachyderms. Next in line, we discover a dismal drove of dilapidated dromedaries, together with a colossal class of celebrated camels. We now see some savage

specimens of untamed animals. Keep your seats, ladies. There is no danger! Here we have a terrifying, tempestuous tiger. Now a wild, wilful wolf. Next, a languorous, lacerating lion. There, a huge, haughty hippopotamus. In the next cage, a ravenous, raging rhinoceros. Finally, a gigantic, garrulous giraffe.

"Now the brave riders and fair rideresses enter upon the scene. Behold the prancing steeds! Observe the ease and grace with which they are controlled! Notice the spirited picture which is here presented.

"Here come the clowns—joy of youth, solace of age! Comical, curious, clever, charming, captivating!

"Ah! Here is the familiar tail-end of the procession! Our shrinking little warbler the callopie! Well, that's all of the parade! Had n't we better amble along toward the tents?"

The others were willing, even eager, to start, so the party walked leisurely along toward the circus grounds. Already dark clouds were rolling together in the west, and the wind was rising.

"We're going to have a storm before long, I'm afraid," Doctor Halsey said, rather anxiously. "I wonder if that tent is put up strongly enough to be safe."

"They must strike storms once in a while," Tom remarked. "If there's any way of making a tent storm-proof, I dare say the circus folks know all about it."

"We'll be careful to sit under a spot that does n't leak," Jack added. "It diverts your interest to have water splashing down on your head."

They reached the circus grounds after a short walk, and secured the bits of cardboard that entitled them to the unspeakable bliss of a circus performance. Already people were gravitating toward the ticket wagon, going thence into the menagerie, and on to the main tent.

"Most of the animals are out helping to lengthen the parade," Eliot observed, looking around the almost deserted tent.

They procured programs and found their seats, and before long sounds of stirring music were heard outside. Nearer and nearer they came. Finally, with a crash of cymbals and a vigorous thumping of drums, the parade returned from its invasion of the town, and the performance began. The three rings at once became the centers of interest. Event followed event in rapid succession. Clowns performed all manner of droll antics. Horses danced gracefully to the music of waltzes and two-steps. Trapeze artists exhibited such skill and daring, that more than one spectator gasped apprehensively. Races of several varie-



STORER ROSE AND BEGAN TO EXPLAIN THE FEATURES OF THE PROCESSION.

ties thrilled the excited watchers, and animals, more or less wild, gave convincing demonstrations of man's power over the brute creation.

Suddenly, a long rumble of thunder made itself heard above the varied noises of the circus.

Sharp flashes of lightning could be seen through the canvas, and the wind blew with increasing violence, whirling loose papers and even small objects around in the confusion that precedes a storm.

The performance continued as if the hot July sun still shone. A vague restlessness, however, appeared among the spectators. A few made their way toward the exits. Others looked about them with undisguised apprehension. Attention was diverted from the rings.

"Shall we stay here, Mrs. Spencer, or seek some safer shelter?" the doctor inquired.

"I think we are quite safe," she replied quietly. "If we go outside, we may be exposed to the full force of the storm. It is probably only a thunder-shower. Perhaps the sun will be shining again when the performance is over."

The thunder rolled nearer and louder. The lightning flashes followed one another in rapid succession, and the wind gathered increasing strength. Now the rain came pattering and splashing down about the tent.

All at once came a blinding flash of lightning, followed almost immediately by a tremendous clap of thunder. At the same time, the flaming lights in the middle of the tent suddenly went out.

Women screamed in terror, and some of the spectators hastily fled toward the exits. Fortunately, the lights at either end of the tent still burned brightly, and nothing like a panic resulted, though many were visibly nervous and alarmed.

The Beaver Campers hastened to reassure Mrs.

Spencer and the girls, who were outwardly calm in spite of any misgivings which they may have felt.

Soon after the accident, the performance concluded abruptly, but most of the spectators kept



"HE APPROACHED THE MAN, WHO STEPPED BACKWARD IN ALARM."  
(SEE PAGE 1019)

their seats, choosing to remain under shelter. The mishap marked the climax of the storm. Presently the thunder was rolling faintly in the distance, the lightning flashes came more rarely, and the rain was falling less heavily.

"Well, this has been a great day!" Storer remarked cheerfully. "Who ever heard before of

a circus that presented acts not advertised nor entered on the program?"

"That was a real storm!" Rutledge added. "I'm afraid even the best of scenic artists would have failed to produce anything quite so realistic."

"We had everything but a blizzard with the hero and the shero lost in it," Lefty observed with a little laugh. "That would have been real drama."

"It's not raining much now," Tom announced a little later, "and people are moving out. Shall we swell the ranks?"

They should and did. They joined the slowly moving throng, and by the time they had gained the outer world, the rain had ceased, and sunshine was putting the dark clouds to rout.

There was some delay about getting across to the opposite shore, owing to the large number of people who desired to cross and the comparatively few boats at their disposal, but they reached Beaver Camp before sunset. Mrs. Spencer and the girls remained on the launch and continued up the lake a short distance to their landing, parting from the boys at the camp dock with cordial assurances of their pleasure and appreciation.

As they walked up the path, Lefty broke in upon the animated conversation with an exclamation of dismay.

"What's the matter, Lefty?" the doctor asked. "Only that we'll have to sleep standing up to-night," he groaned dismally. "All our cots have been out there on the piazza during the storm, and I see their finish!"

And the others, without any difficulty, saw the same thing.

## CHAPTER XVI

### AN HISTORICAL PILGRIMAGE

"I WONDER if we can't take a little trip while we're up in this region," Bert said one evening, as the Beaver Campers sat around the camp-fire.

"Easiest thing in the catalogue," Lefty assured him. "Tie a string about six inches from the ground across that path from the landing, and somebody will surely take a little trip."

"I believe it would be a good thing for several reasons," the doctor declared heartily.

"It would, undoubtedly," Lefty responded with equal heartiness. "For instance, it would illustrate the force of gravitation—"

"No, no! I was talking of the trip."

"Well, that's what I was talking of!"

"Where could we go?" Tom interposed hastily, fearing that the word-play might draw attention away from the original subject and that Bert's promising idea would be side-tracked.

"There is such a variety of possible trips that it is hard to make a selection," Doctor Halsey said slowly. "We can go back into the mountains of Vermont, or up north to St. Albans Bay—even farther, if you feel so disposed—with a side trip to Ausable Chasm. If you like, we can travel back from Westport to Keene Valley, and get up into the Adirondacks, or we can go south through country wonderfully rich in historical interest. North—south—east—west—the world is ours."

"It sounds like winter to talk of going south," Jack observed. "That trip up the lake, stopping at Ausable Chasm, sounds good to me."

"Yes, I'd like to see that while we're in this section," Tom said eagerly. "It must be great! All kinds of rocks, and waterfalls, and natural bridges, and rapids where you go shooting along in a boat—"

"What is there to see down the lake?" Jack interrupted.

"Well, there are the ruins of two forts—"

"There is a monument at Schuylerville worth going miles to see.

"Also there is the famous Revolutionary battlefield of Saratoga."

"You can keep right on going, if you start south," Bert observed. "There's nothing to stop you. Just sail down the lake, down the Champlain Canal, into the Hudson, and so on, into the ocean and the Gulf of Mexico."

"It's all very well to talk of taking trips," Edgar objected, "but where is the money coming from? It costs a heap to go gallivanting around the country."

"Well, if it's going to cost much, I see where this chicken stays in his own barn-yard," Lefty declared. "My income, gentlemen, is limited only by the size of my pocket-book."

"You have n't any pocket-book," Tom chuckled.

"Nor any income, either!"

"It ought not to cost so much," Eliot said thoughtfully. "There are certain things we have to buy every day, and I should n't think it would matter much whether we pay for them here or somewhere else."

"I suppose not—as long as we pay," Tom responded. "We've done well so far. I went over our accounts with the doctor a few days ago, and found that we had enough money left to carry us through the season, with a balance for emergencies."

"That comes to me," Lefty informed them. "I lost my balance yesterday."

"Even if we had boats, you would n't want to row so far, would you?" asked Cousin Willie.



"No, that 's too much of a pull," Bert declared. "We might do it in canoes if we had enough of them."

"I saw a dandy gasoline-launch for rent the other day," Tom announced. "The owner wants five dollars a day for it, though."

"People don't always get what they want," Tad reminded him. "If we bid twenty-five a week, I think we stand a very good show of getting it."

"Yes, but if you get it, who 's going to be engineer?" Jack wanted to know. "Can any fellow here run the engine or steer the thing?"

"Storer can," the doctor announced. "He knows all about engines and gasoline-launches and such things. He 's cruised around quite a bit."

"I see where he is asked to come with us, then!" Jack observed. "Most likely we 'd have wanted him and Rutledge in the crowd, anyhow. They spend about as much time here as they do down where they 're boarding. However, he 's sure now of a special invitation."

"He won't need much urging," Doctor Halsey assured them. "He and Rutledge will be glad to go, I am very sure."

"That 's settled then," Jack remarked, with evident satisfaction. "We have a boat and some one to run it. Now where 'll we go?"

"There 's reasons why I think we 'd better postpone our trip north until later," the doctor responded. "We 'll see Ausable Chasm and the northern part of the lake before we go home, but not just now."

"Hist! a mystery!" Tad muttered.

"That trip south is all right," Tom assured them. "Let 's see, we sail right down the lake into the Champlain Canal, don't we?"

The doctor nodded. "Yes, and then as far down as we care to go. How long a trip do you fellows want to take?"

"Let 's hire the boat for a week, if we can get a special rate that way," Tom suggested. "Then we can start on Monday, and come back when we feel like it."

After considerable discussion, they arranged a plan for the proposed trip, "subject to change without notice," like a time-table.

Tom, with Tad and Jack, were to find the man who desired to rent his boat, and see what terms could be made with him. The doctor agreed to consult Storer and Rutledge, map out their course, and discuss transportation items. Bert, Lefty, and Cousin Willie were to inspect the supplies which the commissary department had on hand, and make a list of things needed. The others were instructed to gather as much infor-

mation as possible concerning points of historic interest in the country through which they would pass.

The rest of the week was spent in preparation. They secured the use of the launch for six days at a cost of twenty-five dollars, and planned to leave camp Monday morning, returning Saturday night.

Storer and Rutledge were enthusiastic over the proposed trip, and suggested that they travel as far south as Albany, stopping on the way down to examine any point of interest. Supplies were purchased and the hour of departure was impatiently awaited.

Monday morning dawned fair and warm. The launch was lying at the camp landing, and the boys' first duty was to convey supplies on board. They worked busily, and before ten o'clock everything was in readiness for a start.

Mrs. Spencer and the four girls came down to witness their departure, and to wish them a pleasant trip.

When each had taken his place in the launch, Storer busied himself with wheels and levers, the whistle tooted a shrill farewell, parting words were exchanged with those on shore, and the *Rainbow* moved away from the landing, and started down the lake.

Rutledge was steering, with Lefty and Eliot watching him carefully and learning how to handle the wheel. Bert and the doctor were listening to Storer's explanation of the engine, and the uses of various levers, wheels, and mechanical devices.

"It looks simple," Bert remarked.

"Why, yes," Storer assured him. "It 's just a matter of doing the right thing at the right time. Try it awhile, Bert! Nothing like practice, you know. She 's running all right now, and we have a clear stretch ahead."

Bert settled himself to watch the engine, while Storer wiped his hands on some cotton waste and walked forward. He faced the boys, assuming the manner of a lecturer, and commenced:

"Gentlemen and fellow-*Rainbow*-chasers! I desire to call your attention to the beautiful and interesting country through which we are passing. On your left, you see Vermont, with the Green Mountains in the distance. Here it is that the famous green cheese is prepared, from which the moon is made: Vermont is celebrated for many things, among which are quarries, maple-sugar, and Beaver Camp.

"On your right, you see the State of New York, with the Adirondacks standing out in bold relief against the—er—the cerulean blue. Adirondacks is an Indian word, meaning 'high.'"

"The guide-book says that Adirondacks is a name the Iroquois gave the Algonquins," Eliot remarked. "It means, 'he eats bark.'"

"Speaking of eating reminds me that it is almost time for lunch," Charlie ventured.

"Sure! That 's what I say!" Tad agreed. "There's a good shady spot over yonder."

Rutledge took the wheel and guided the boat close to the high bank. The campers had no difficulty in going ashore, and soon made themselves at home.

Their first meal consisted largely of peanut-butter sandwiches, crackers, and apples which were furnished by a neighboring tree.

In the midst of their feast, sounds of rapidly approaching footsteps reached their ears, and presently two men, one short, stout, and red-faced, the other tall, awkward, and raw-boned, appeared on the scene.

"What 'r' ye doin' here?" cried one of them. "Can't ye read the signs I put up, warning trespassers to keep off?"

As the men drew nearer, Storer sprang to his feet with every appearance of alarm, and waved the pair back with warning gestures.

"Don't come any closer if you value your welfare!" he cried. "We 're doctors, in charge of these boys. And you don't want to catch what they 've got!"

The men stopped. "What is it?" asked the raw-boned one.

"I don't want to frighten the whole neighborhood, but I warn you to keep away!"

The thin man retreated at least ten feet, but the other held his ground.

"I don't believe a word of it! and I 'll have the law on ye!" he declared. "You watch 'em, Hiram! Don't let 'em get into that boat. I 'll go and get the constable. I vowed I 'd make 'n example of the next ones that trespassed on these 'ere premises."

He strode off, leaving the lanky Hiram to detain the invaders.

"If you stay on guard, Hiram, I 'd advise you to be vaccinated," Storer went on.

He approached the man, who stepped backward in alarm.

"Go 'way from me!" he cried in terror.

The campers hastily scrambled on board the *Rainbow*, Storer ran down and leaped in after them, and they soon left Hiram far behind, and hastened steadily southward, stopping at Crown Point and Fort Ticonderoga, and recalling, as they wandered over the historic ground, the scenes which the crumbling walls had witnessed.

The fort at Ticonderoga has been restored to a condition as nearly as possible like that of Revolutionary days, and the boys spent considerable time in exploring the interesting building.

They camped that night along the shore near the south end of the lake, continuing their journey the next morning after an early swim in the cool water.

The second day of their cruise found them at Schuylerville, where they stopped to inspect the impressive Saratoga Battle Monument, climbing to its very top and studying as they went the bronze tablets depicting Revolutionary scenes. They felt well repaid for their toilsome climb by the magnificent panorama spread out below. North—south—east—west—every direction revealed a picture of surpassing beauty. Here they lingered nearly two hours.

Bemis Heights and the Saratoga battle-field were explored next. Aided by monuments which mark important spots, and by the unusually clear and interesting report of this battle which they recently had read in Lossing's "Field Book of the Revolution," the Beaver Campers were able to live over again in imagination this stirring and important campaign.

Wednesday morning was cloudy, with heavy showers at intervals, so they took refuge in Stillwater and held a council of war.

"I think it 'll clear up this afternoon," the doctor announced. "Then we can resume our cruise."

The doctor's cheerful prediction was fulfilled. The sun shone brightly by one o'clock, and soon they were on their way.

Wednesday night found them in Troy, and most of Thursday was spent in exploring that city and Albany.

Friday morning, they started back toward camp, "all well, all happy, and all broke," as Lefty cheerfully reminded them.

"Yes, we 've spent all our surplus," Tom observed, "but we 've seen a lot of things that we 'll never forget. It was worth all we blew in!"

Saturday brought them back to Beaver Camp, and Storer agreed to convey the launch across to its owner.

The campers waited on the landing until he was almost out of sight.

"That 's the way all rainbows fade," Tad remarked. "They 're beautiful for a while, then they go away, and you have only memories."

"That 's right!" Lefty agreed. "Memories and appetites! I wonder if there 's anything in the bungalow to eat."

And they hurried up to investigate.

(To be continued)



# OLE DADDY DO-FUNNY'S WISDOM JINGLES

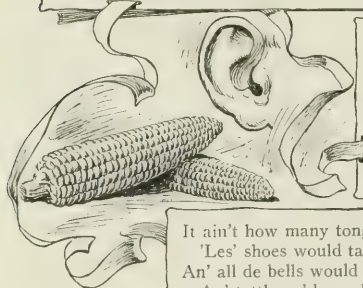
BY RUTH McENERY STUART

DAT 'S DE WAY MY LADY 'LL DO

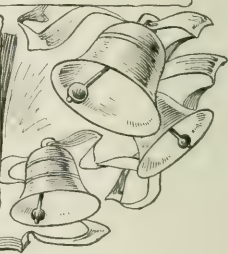
It ain't how many eyes you got,  
'Les' needles could see an' potatoes, too;  
An' "hookin' a' eye," as like as not,  
Would be classed as a sin dat no lady 'd do.  
But it 's keepin' yo' eyes turned to'des de  
right,  
An' to'des de wrong jes' shettin' 'em tight—  
Lookin' out for ways to be polite—  
Dat 's de way my lady 'd do!



It ain't how many ears you got  
Dat makes you listen an' learn an' do;  
Else a hill o' corn in a garden plot  
Would be 'way ahead o' me an' you;  
But it 's shettin' yo' ears to heartless speech,  
An' listenin' whilst de teachers teach,  
An' strivin' to practise mo' 'n to preach—  
Dat 's de way my lady 'll do!



It ain't how many tongues you got,  
'Les' shoes would talk an' wagons, too;  
An' all de bells would gabble a lot,  
An' tattle an' brag de long day th'ough;  
But it's gyardin' yo' tongue f'om talk dat's wrong,  
An' passin' a helpful word along,  
An' maybe singin' a hopeful song—  
Dat 's de way my lady 'll do!



## THE MAMMY ALLIGATOR

SAID de mammy alligator, wid a motherly grin:  
"I niver liked babies wid dey dimples tucked in,  
But our little pet, wid its horny hide,  
Like its mammy's an' its daddy's, is de fam'ly  
pride."

An' dey ain't by deyselves in dat, in dat—  
An' dey ain't by deyselves in dat.

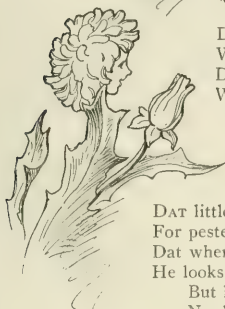
## THE PET

DE little white chicken dat 's petted too much  
 Gits stunted in growth f'om de sp'ilin' touch.  
 An' she 'll nuver make a hen so brave an' good  
 As ef she went a-pickin', an' worked wid de brood.  
 An' she ain't by 'erself in dat, in dat—  
 No, she ain't by 'erself in dat.



## THE DANDELION

DE dandelion flower blooms out so young  
 Wid a look in its face like a sassy tongue,  
 Den it grows light-headed wid self-conceit  
 Wid a flighty ole age, for full defeat.  
 An' it ain't by itself, pert chillen, in dat—  
 No, it ain't by itself in dat.



## A GUILTY CONSCIENCE

DAT little yaller pup 's got so many lickin's  
 For pesterin' all de ducks an' chickens,  
 Dat whenever he hears any barn-yard strife,  
 He looks over his shoulder an' runs for 's life.  
 But he ain't by 'isself in dat, in dat—  
 No, he ain't by 'isself in dat.

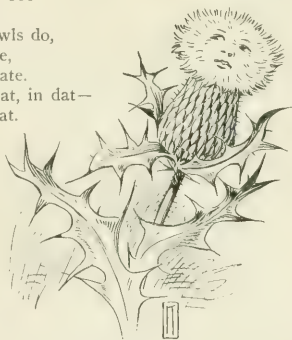


## THE SCREECH-OWL

WHEN de big owl calls out "Who—ooo—  
 ooo—!!!!!"

In de dark o' de moon, like night-owls do,  
 De chillen, a-beggin' to play out late,  
 Come tumblin' back into Daddy's gate.

An' dey ain't by deyselves in dat, in dat—  
 No, dey ain't by deyselves in dat.



## THE THISTLE

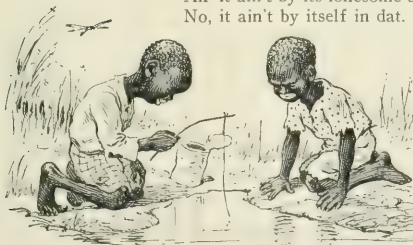
DE thistle-stalk sends up a noble bloom  
 Wid de shape of a flower an' de thought of a  
 plume,  
 But its prickly-y ways turn friendship down;  
 So it stands all alone, in its velvet gown.  
 An' it ain't by its lonesome self in dat—  
 No, it ain't by itself in dat.



## CATCHING DOODLE-BUGS

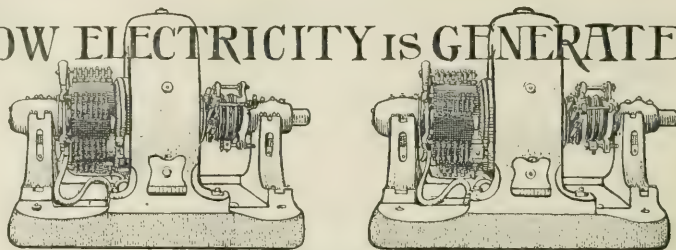
LITTLE picaninnies, fishin' in de doodle-bug holes,  
 Wid a "spit for luck," an' straws for poles,  
 Show pyore delight in de fisherman's aim  
 All disp'ositioned to de game.

An' dey ain't by deyselves in dat, in dat—  
 An' dey ain't by deyselves in dat.





# HOW ELECTRICITY IS GENERATED



BY ALBERT WALTON

ONE principle underlies almost the entire field of electrical development. And yet, strange to say, very few people not actually in the electrical business know of even the existence of this law or principle. Perhaps, however, this is not so strange, after all, for, though we see our electric lights and ride in electric cars, or use our telephone every day of our lives, these wonderful inventions are so common and work so well and are so seldom out of order, that we never see more than the outside of them, and it never occurs to us to wonder what makes them work as they do.

The incandescent lamp in your house, the arc lamp in the street, the motors under the car, all must have current supplied to them from a wire, and the current in the wire must come from some electrical generator. In almost every case this generator is a "dynamo," though, of course, there are other ways to supply it on a small scale. But, in commercial work, the dynamo is the source of electrical supply for all our lights and motors, telephone and telegraph systems, and the myriad other devices we depend upon for our daily comforts and necessities. It is interesting, therefore, to examine into this machine a little more

(1) If you send a current through a coil of insulated wire wrapped around a piece of iron, the iron immediately becomes a magnet—an "electromagnet." (See Fig. 1.)

(2) The region around the magnet, especially at its ends, is influenced by the magnetism: that is, a "field of magnetism" is set up about the iron as soon as it becomes a magnet. (See Fig. 2.)

(3) If you pass a piece of wire sidewise across this magnetic field, an electric pressure will be set up in the wire somewhat as water pressure is set up in a water-pipe by a pump.

This pressure tends to force electricity from one end of the wire to the other; so if you were to continue the wire around in a loop and join the ends so as to form a complete ring, a current would flow right around the ring, forced by the pressure caused by passing a part of it through the magnetic field.

These three items, then, form the basis for the design of all our dynamos, from the little toy machines run by hand to the huge generators driven by steam turbines of ten thousand horsepower.

Now, if you should take in one hand a small straight magnet and in the other a loop of wire, and should move the loop past the end of the magnet, as a part of the loop cuts the magnetic field you would have generated an electric current in that wire. It will be a very small current, to be sure, but a true electric current will, nevertheless, flow around the loop. The stronger the magnet or the more magnets you have and the faster you move the wire, the greater will be the pressure, and, consequently, the current set up.

But, as we said, the best you can get by hand is a feeble current,—too feeble to be measured by any but the most sensitive of instruments. Sup-

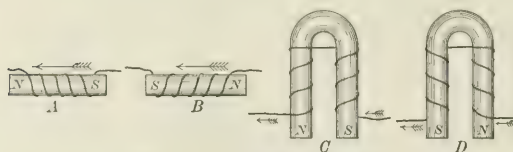


FIG. 1. A, B, C, D. ELECTRO-MAGNETS.

The arrows indicate the direction in which the current is moving. The poles are indicated by N and S.

closely than is possible on a casual visit to a power-house.

To understand how it operates one has to keep firmly in mind these three important facts:

pose, now, instead of having only one turn of wire you had not joined the ends to form a closed loop, but had brought them around again to form a double loop, and then, joining the ends, had performed the experiment. Two parts of the same wire would cut the magnetic field at once, and, the same pressure being set up in each part, twice the former current would flow. With three turns to the loop, or coil, three times the current would flow—and so on. The writer has performed this experiment in the field of a strong magnet with a coil of very fine wire of a great many turns, and, by jerking the coil very quickly through the field so as to cut it with one side of the coil, has been able to light a small battery lamp for an instant.

So, if you can get enough wire to cut the field of magnetism and do it fast enough and have the field strong enough, you can get very strong currents. But it would be of no use if the current continued but an instant, as it does in these experiments. So we arrange the turns of our coils on a cylinder or wheel, and fix a number

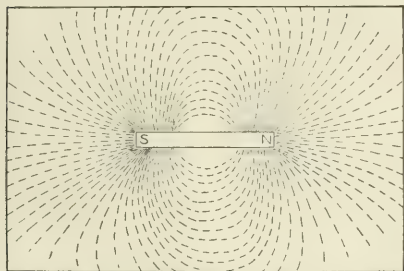


FIG. 2. THE FIELD OF MAGNETISM WITH THE MAGNETIC LINES OF FORCE, SHOWN IN CROSS-SECTION. THESE LINES ARE, OF COURSE, INVISIBLE.

of electro-magnets all around this and pointing toward it, and, by keeping the cylinder or wheel turning rapidly and continuously, we keep parts of our coils cutting the fields of magnetism all the time. And the pressures in all the small sections of wire that cut the fields add together and produce a continuous pressure around the cylinder in all the coils. (See Fig. 3.)

In the first machines made years ago by Thomas Edison there were only two magnets, and there was such a small coil of wire that he had to revolve the cylinder, upon which it was mounted, at a tremendously high rate of speed to make up for it. And even then, at over two thousand revolutions per minute, he got up an electrical pressure of only fifty "volts," or about one tenth of the pressure on our present trolley lines. In

contrast to this there are now machines in New York City with ninety-six magnets around a

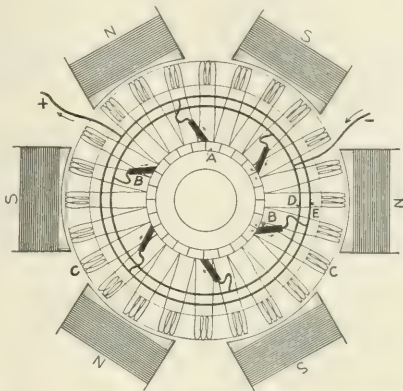


FIG. 3. DIAGRAM OF SIX-POLE GENERATOR, END VIEW.

A, commutator segments; B, brushes; C, coils of wire collecting pressure impulses; D, wire connecting negative brushes; E, wire connecting positive brushes; N-S, the field magnets — N, north poles; S, south poles; +, the positive, or outflowing, current; —, the negative, or incoming, current.

huge wheel thirty-two feet in diameter, and they get from these machines a pressure of eleven thousand volts, and it takes an engine of eight thousand horse-power to run each of them. Al-

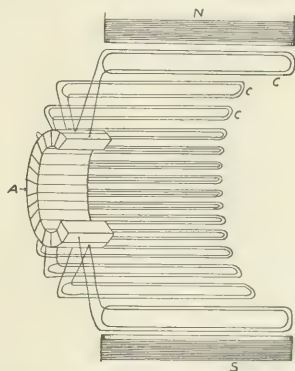


FIG. 4. DIAGRAM SHOWING SIDE VIEW OF ARMATURE WINDING, THE COILS, C (CORRESPONDING TO C IN FIGURE 3), AND HOW THEY ARE CONNECTED TO THE COMMUTATOR SEGMENTS, A, AND N-S FIELD MAGNETS.

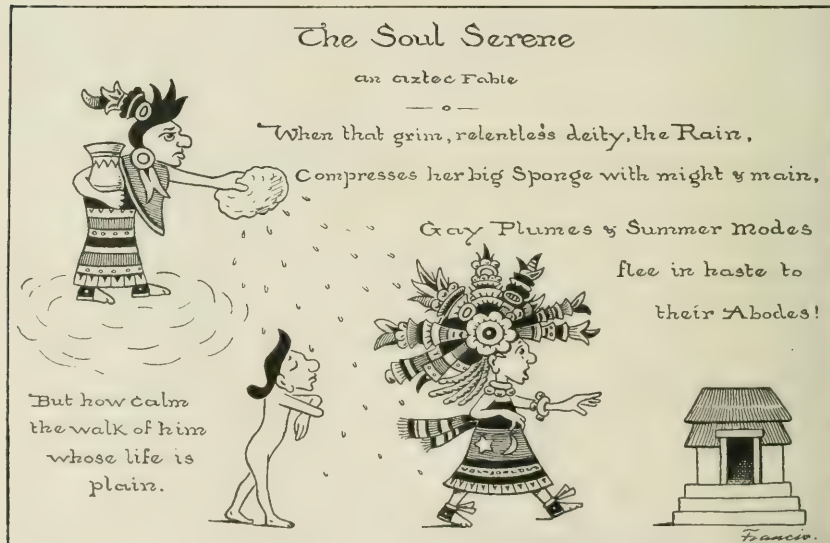
though the big wheel only turns over seventy-five times a minute, it is so big that the wires

cut the magnetic fields at the rate of a mile and a quarter a minute. So quite a pressure is set up in each part, and there is room for a great many sections of wire around so large a wheel.

But in order to use the pressure and current generated by thus passing these wires through the magnetic fields, it is necessary to take it from the coils and send it out over wire to where it is to be used. This is done in the commonest type of machine by arranging at one end of the cylinder or one side of the wheel a ring of small copper bars, each one connected by a copper wire to some part of the revolving coils. This ring of copper bars is called a commutator. Small blocks of "carbon," which is like compressed charcoal powder, are made to bear lightly on this revolving ring of bars, and are so placed that before one bar has passed out from under the block another is coming under it, so that at least one bar is always touching each block, or "brush," as it is called. (See Fig. 4.) By properly placing these "brushes" and connecting one set to the supply wire and the other set to the return wire, the current from the coils passes out to the copper bars and is "picked off," or is allowed to pass out, by one of these sets of brushes; goes out over the wire to the lights or motors and, coming

back on the return wire, goes into the coils again through the other set of brushes and the copper bars—all forced by the pressure set up in the innumerable small sections of wire cutting the magnetic fields. So, really, the wires outside the machine are like that part of the loop which you held in your hand in the first experiment, while the part of the loop which cut the magnetic field is mounted on the wheel and is continuously generating current as the wheel, or "armature," revolves.

So the work of a dynamo is simply to create an "electrical pressure" which will force a current to flow if a path is provided for it to flow through. This path is usually of copper wires leading to lights or motors or heaters which in themselves form part of the path the current follows. These wires are often very long and carry great amounts of power. In this country electric power is sometimes carried over two hundred miles from some mountain waterfall to a big city where there is a demand for it in all its many phases. In such cases the pressures are very high, fifty or sixty thousand volts, or over a thousand times as much as Edison obtained from his first machines. So much have we progressed in thirty years.

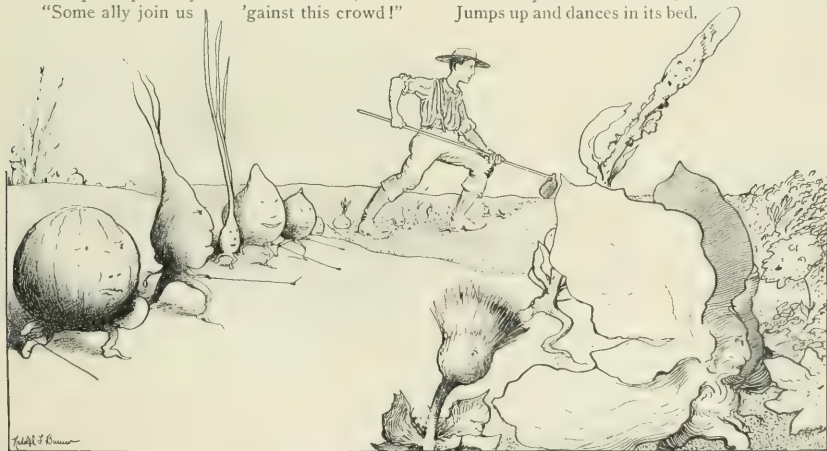




## THE SUMMER BATTLE

THE tender vegetables cry,  
 "Alas! alas! what do we spy?  
 Armies of weeds our ranks assail,  
 Our courage is of no avail!"  
 Sir Beet so brave is faint of heart,  
 E'en stout Old Squash may give a start  
 When tough Lord Burdock joins the throng  
 And tall Sir Mullein strides along.  
 "Help! help!" they call in voices loud,  
 "Some ally join us 'gainst this crowd!"

And at the cry there cometh, lo!  
 The Man, the great Man with the Hoe!  
 Now turns the tide of battle quick,  
 The weeds fly fast and dare not stick,  
 As all join in the charge so grand;  
 The cantaloupes now have some sand,  
 The merry corn its tassel waves,  
 And says, "We never will be slaves";  
 And every little radish red,  
 Jumps up and dances in its bed.





# HOW TO TIE KNOTS

BY H. D. JONES

Nothing disgusts an old sailor quite so much as a landsman's clumsy attempts to tie a knot. Every one can tie a knot of some sort. But any one who thinks he or she knows how to tie a knot properly, and does n't do it as a sailor does it, has a lot to learn about the art of knot-tying.

Passing over in dignified silence the temptation to make a humorous point of the last words in the preceding sentence, the humor being entirely too obvious to deserve especial attention, let us return to the old sailor and his knotty point of order.



1. THE SLIP-KNOT THAT SLIPS WHEN IT SHOULD N'T

He says landsmen only know how to tie "granny knots." The point is well taken. A landsman can tie what is called by him a "slip"-knot. A sailor will tell you the landsman's slip-knot is rightly named. It is a knot that slips; that is, one that slips when it ought to hold. The sailor ties his slip-knot so that it cannot slip in the way it is not wanted to. In fact, all the sailor's knots are tied to stay tied. For centuries the sailor has known that his very life may at times depend upon the firmness of a knot. So generations of sailors have had to study the art of knot-tying, seeking to improve on methods of fastening together two ends of rope or of joining the end or ends to a stationary object, so that nothing short of the breaking of the rope will cause a separation.

Through all these centuries, landsmen have gone contentedly on tying their "granny" or "slip"-knots, indifferent to the fund of information that sailors could give them on the subject. Men have n't time to learn to tie new knots. But boys have, or, at least, school-boys have.

This thought prompted one of the instructors

at the North East Manual Training School in Philadelphia to introduce his boys to scientific knotting. During his early life, this instructor had achieved a working acquaintance with all the knots used by sailors aboard ship, and this knowledge is now being imparted to the boys under his charge.

In the classroom is a case of specimen knots that the boys have to copy. All these knots are of a pattern calculated to be of most use to a landsman in his daily life. The knots are useful in many ways—in tying a parcel, binding bundles,

or any of the score of emergencies when men and women have to tie a knot in a hurry.

It is remarkable to one who studies these knots what a difference one little simple twist of the cord will make in the holding power of a knot. The "granny knot" is changed, by this little sim-



2. THE EXTRA LOOP THAT KEEPS THE SLIP-KNOT FROM SLIPPING WHEN IT SHOULD N'T.



3. FOR TYING BUNDLES.

ple twist, from a knot that comes untied with provoking readiness to one that tightens itself and becomes only more difficult to untie when pressure comes on the string.

Some of the simplest and most useful of the

knots were photographed by the instructor for the purposes of this article. It will be necessary to refer to the illustrations to understand per-



4. THE WRONG WAY TO TIE TWO PIECES OF STRING TOGETHER—THE GRANNY KNOT

fectly how the knots should be tied. Those selected are knots that are of use in the daily life of almost every one.

One of the simplest and most interesting of the suggestions is that shown in the slip-knot, illustrations 1 and 2. Every one of us use this simple slip-knot, and we all make it in the same slipshod way. To make a slip-knot, we simply tie a single knot around the cord or rope, with the loose end, and this makes a loop through which the cord can be slipped and tightened. But it is like tying one's shoe-lace with a single instead of a double knot. The pressure is all on the single knot, and, tighten the slip as you may, you cannot keep the cord perfectly tight, because the slip itself gives. The simple remedy is to tie the slip in a double knot instead of a single one, as shown in the sec-

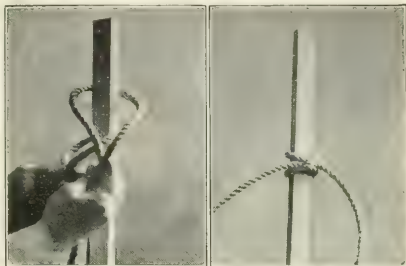


5 THE RIGHT WAY TO TIE TWO PIECES OF STRING TOGETHER.

ond picture. Then it cannot come loose, and yet it will slip just as easily as it did before.

One of the simplest and most useful hints in the knot series is that shown in the picture marked "for tying bundles." It is the invariable rule for any amateur, wrestling with a knot for a bundle or anything that is to be tied with a simple double knot, to tie the first knot, and then ask some one to place a finger on the knot to hold it while the second one is tied. Look at the picture for a moment. You will see that the expert knot-maker has given an extra twist to the first knot. Then it stays in place, and there is no necessity for your own thumb or that of any one else being called into service to keep the first knot in place.

In tying two pieces of string together, almost every one ties the knot shown in the fourth picture. This knot will not stand any strain. It is a "granny knot." The right way to tie it is shown in the following picture. The loop of each piece is carried over both ends of the other piece, instead of over only one, and the knot will not give.



6. HOW TO HITCH A LINE TO A POST

The proper way to hitch a line to a post is the subject of another illustration. If a simple knot is tied, the sort of knot that every one will use unless shown how to tie it properly, the line will slip down the post, for there is nothing to tighten it. It should be tied as shown in the picture, with two loops, one over the other. It can easily be seen by a little study of the picture which shows the hitch tightened to the post, how this grips and holds to the pole.

It will repay any one to study these knots. It may take a little time, if one is not familiar with the subject, to get firmly in mind how the knots should be tied; but once the idea is grasped, it can never get away, and the knack once acquired will prove of benefit every day of one's life. And one can readily imagine many important emergencies when this knowledge, having become so familiar as to be acted upon instinctively, might be of untold advantage to ourselves or others.

# THE CHEERFUL LITTLE GIRL AND HER CHEERFUL LITTLE DOLL

*A "To-be-continued" story for Middle-Aged Little Folks*

BY CAROLINE STETSON ALLEN

## CHAPTER VIII

### THE DOLL BEGINS SCHOOL

I AM sure you like Cousin Eleanor from what I told you about her in the last chapter, and you were to guess what made her manners so good.

I think it was Love, don't you?

Well, the summer passed by, and September came; and Elizabeth's school opened. She began then to think of Alice's education, too.

"I will start a little school in the playhouse," said she, "and when we come from *our* school, I can show *her* about doing sums and things."

Uncle Nathaniel had, on Jack's last birthday, given him a tool-box, and in a short time, Jack had learned to use the tools very handily, and was now glad to help fit up the dolls' school-room. The playhouse itself big Brother Bob had fashioned out of a packing-box. It had three rooms—a parlor, a kitchen, and a bedroom. Elizabeth herself could stand upright in all these rooms. She decided to cut off part of the parlor with a screen she found in the attic, and to use the smaller part of it for a bedroom. The former bedroom she made into a school-room.

Jack contrived a simple desk for the teacher, and a bench for her doll-pupils. He also tacked up some pictures on the walls, and fastened little wooden pegs for Alice's and Susie Jane's and the other dolls' hats and jackets. Sophie contributed some pencils, which, from being long once, had dwindled to a size suitable for dolls to use. Cousin Eleanor sewed some small sheets of paper together for books, and in these books Elizabeth copied words from her Speller and First Reader.

The packing-box—excuse me, I mean the school-house, as it was now called—was out near the barn. In some ways this was a drawback. For instance, the attention of the three pupils, with which the school began, often wandered from the multiplication table when Bossy put her head in at the window. The chickens were even bolder than Bossy. They thought nothing of walking into the school-room and hopping up onto the young teacher's desk.

But, on the other hand, it certainly was delightful to hear the different sounds of horses, cow, dog, and poultry from the barn-yard.

And then often, when school was over, Eliza-

beth and Alice got a fine ride on Morning's back from the barn to the house. Morning was a gentle white horse. Jack liked best to ride Night, the black horse, who was a fast trotter.

On Friday afternoons, the dolls regularly spoke their pieces. Alice was taught every one of the pieces Elizabeth learned at *her* school. One of her favorites was "Seven Times One" by Jean Ingelow. Ask your mama to read it to you. Giest, the puppy, had a special invitation to come in and hear Alice speak that poem, and when the children clapped, after the last verse, he barked his very loudest, as if to say, "Well done, Alice!"

Bossy, the calf, was the assistant. She carried a bell tied about her neck, and when school was to begin, she rang this bell, or, if she forgot to do so at the proper time, Elizabeth or Charlotte rang it for her.

One afternoon, Mama, with Baby Hugh in her arms, came to visit the dolls' school. Elizabeth saw them coming, and was delighted. She sprang to the door to welcome her visitors.

"Good afternoon, Miss Dale," said Mama, shaking hands with the teacher. "My son wished to inquire into your methods, so we are come for a little call."

The son yawned, and said, "Ah, goo!"

"I 'm glad to see you!" said Elizabeth. "Won't you walk in?"

But then she looked a little embarrassed.

"My school-room happens to be a little low today," she said regretfully; "but I 'll put a chair in the doorway, and I 'll let Baby—I mean Mr. Dale—hold Bobby Shafto."

"That will be much nicer than sitting indoors," said Mama. "I am sure my son agrees with me that all school-rooms should be built so. I have brought a little gift for your pupils."

So saying, Mama handed Elizabeth a little package, which, on being opened, was found to contain seven slates. They were three inches long and two inches wide, and their wooden frames were neatly bound with red flannel to prevent noise. A little hole was bored in one corner, and from a red ribbon fastened through this hole in each slate hung a tiny slate-pencil.

"Thank you ever and ever so much, Mrs. Dale!" said the teacher, her face beaming with pleasure as she examined each slate separately.

"Children," said Elizabeth, turning to her row of rather drooping pupils, "sit up straight and see what the kind lady has brought you. Why, here 's Uncle Nathaniel! Oh, Uncle Nathaniel, you can't get in! You 're *much* too tall. Please sit by Mrs. Dale, Mr. Gordon" (that was Uncle Nathaniel's last name), "and I 'll put your hat and cane in the corner."

"Don't let my cane alarm your pupils," said Mr. Gordon, handing it to her with his cocked hat, "I only use it when cat is spelled d-o-g. I never *could* let that pass without correction."



ELIZABETH TEACHES HER PUPILS THE MULTIPLICATION TABLE.

Mr. Gordon wore a dark blue coat of the olden time, with brass buttons, a buff vest of faded satin, knee-breeches, white stockings, and buckled shoes.

"Where on earth!" began Mama.

"S-sh, Madam!" said Uncle Nathaniel, "we interrupt the young ladies' song!"

The seven pupils (you see the school had grown) sang together so well, that you might have supposed you heard but one voice. They sang,

"Where has my little basket gone?"

Said Charlie-boy one day,

"I think some little boy or girl  
Has taken it away."

Just then young Mr. Dale gave a piercing shriek, making every one jump. A bee had stung him on his plump shoulder. So Mama, trying her best to soothe him, carried him to the house.

"Come again!" shouted Elizabeth.

"Yes, thank you," called Mama.

"Which class would you like best to hear, Mr.

Gordon?" asked the teacher, when they had settled back in their places.

"The class in analytical geometry, if you please," said Uncle Nathaniel.

"We are n't studying that this term. To-day it 's spelling or arithmetic."

"We 'll have a go at arithmetic," said Uncle Nathaniel. "How many is one and one and one and one and one and one?"

"Edith Grace Ermynttrude, *you* tell," said Elizabeth. But Edith Grace Ermynttrude would n't, or could n't, tell. Uncle Nathaniel reached for his cane.

"Oh, Uncle Nat—oh, Mr. Gordon, you said it too *fast* for her," said Elizabeth. So Mr. Gordon, obligingly laying down the cane, said it once more, very slowly and distinctly. Even then, alas! Edith Grace Ermynttrude would n't speak up.

"Why, I 'm *ashamed* of you!" said her teacher. "Not to know *that*, and you half-past five, and going on six! Bobby Shafto, *you* may say," but he violently shook his rubber head. Elizabeth threw a glance of despair at the visitor, who said:

"Sad! sad! very sad!"

"I think Mr. Dale bit him, and that makes him feel a little bit—"

"Bitten, you mean," said Uncle Nathaniel.

"A little bit stupid," said Elizabeth. "Bobby, you may lie down awhile on the bench. Susie Jane, tell the gentleman how many is one and one and one and one and one."

"And one," added Mr. Gordon, leaning forward eagerly, and gazing encouragingly into Susie Jane's blank face.

"Think, dear!" said Elizabeth, patting Susie Jane's bald head.

"Six!" came the triumphant answer.

"*Very* good. Go to the head!" said Elizabeth.

"Something 's gone to *her* head," said Uncle Nathaniel; "mark my words, that child studies too hard. Every hair gone! You never heard *me* giving right answers at her age. And in arithmetic, too! Take her out of school for a year at least. It 'll do wonders for her."

The young teacher rather heartlessly broke into laughter.

"Jamie Gordon," said she, "tell the table of two."

Jamie Gordon rose stiffly, and said in haughty tones:

"Once 2 is 2  
2 x 2 are 4  
3 x 2 are 6,"

and so on, up to 12 x 2.

"Wonderful! Really wonderful!" said the visitor.

"Please, Mr. Gordon, I 'd rather you did n't



praise them. Jamie Gordon's a little proud already."

"Of his bathing-suit? Tell him it's giving out at the arms," said Uncle Nathaniel.

"He's acted proud ever since Grandmama made him the Scotch cap," said Elizabeth. "Alice, say the sevens."

Alice, looking a perfect dear in her blue checked gingham and afternoon pinafore, arose cheerfully, and began promisingly:

"Once 7 is 7."

("Sure it is!" from Mr. Gordon.)

"2 x 7 are 14  
3 x 7 are 21  
4 x 7 are — are — 25  
5 x 7 — (a long stop) are 35  
6 x 7 — 6 x 7 —"

Elizabeth took from her belt a toy watch, and gave a start of surprise. "Why! it's past recess-time! Where is that calf? She's never on hand to ring her bell."

"I'll whistle, instead," said Uncle Nathaniel, blowing through his fingers. Out filed the pupils for recess. They played "Button, button," and Mr. Gordon sat on the grass and played with them, and shoved off the chickens that came to interrupt. They played "Round the green carpet here we stand," and when they came to the line, "Take your true love by the hand," Uncle Nathaniel took Susie Jane's rag hand in his, because she was so bald and looked so *hopelessly* shabby that he feared she might not otherwise be chosen by any one. They played "Puss in the corner," in which Jamie Gordon distinguished himself (but was not praised), and they played Alice's favorite, "London Bridge."

Then school went on again, and Uncle Nathaniel, as he sat outside the door, looking on, noticed many little acts of Alice that particularly pleased him. For one thing, she recited in a low, sweet voice. Then she was kind to the very little dolls, and helped them learn their lessons; and when in spelling she went above Edith Grace Ermytrude, she was modest about it. She kept her books in an orderly pile, and her slate washed.

Guess how many 6 x 7 is, and I will look it up, and tell you the answer in the next chapter.

## CHAPTER IX

### THE DOLL'S LETTER

I FIND it is forty-two.

"Have you written to Grandmother Gordon to thank her for the quilt she made for your doll?" asked Cousin Eleanor of Elizabeth one afternoon, laying down the magazine she had been reading.

Now Elizabeth had just settled herself to paint a portrait of Alice in the position she always chose for making pictures—lying flat on the rug with her heels in the air. On the floor in front of her were her paint-box and paper and a glass of water. Hiro, a Japanese doll-visitor, was watching every movement with the greatest interest.

As Elizabeth did not answer, Cousin Eleanor asked, "How would it be if *Alice* wrote the letter? Would you like that better?" she asked. "And would she like a sheet of my very *very* best light blue note-paper? It has E. D. in silver letters at the top, and those are your initials as well as mine."

Elizabeth rubbed her rosy cheek softly against Cousin Eleanor's. And Cousin Eleanor, who was apt to run in going up and down stairs, was back again in a jiffy. The delicate blue paper, with its silver E. D. held in a silver circle, was even prettier than Elizabeth had imagined.

"Oh, how lovely! Thank you very much, Cousin Eleanor," said Elizabeth. "But may I finish my portrait of Alice now and write the letter in the morning, please?"

"Yes, indeed, dear," said Cousin Eleanor.

So next morning, as soon as breakfast was over, Alice sat on the edge of the desk and managed, with her little mother's help, to hold the pen. As Mama had taught Elizabeth, so now Elizabeth taught her doll to first write, in the upper right-hand corner, the name of the town, South Sherburne (Sherburne means "clear water"). Under the town, Alice wrote the date, September 17. Somewhat lower down, but to the left of the page, she wrote, "Deer Grate-Grandmuther."

The next line Cousin Eleanor told her should start under the letter n, and Elizabeth wrote:

My mama is reading me a story called the Seven little Sisters. But they don't live in one place as Aunt Charlot and Aunt Sophie and Mama do. Cousin Eleanor got the book from the library. It has pictures of all the seven little sisters. It tells all about several places in the world. I wish I was an Eskymow.

With love from Elizabeth,

A. D.

P. S. Thank you very much for the cwlit. I like it on my crib.

Elizabeth began to think she liked letter-writing. She decided it would be fun to have a post-office out-of-doors, and then Charlotte's dolls and hers could write letters to one another. She ran to find Charlotte and tell her about the plan. Charlotte, too, thought it would be fun.

"But I can only spell four words," said she.

"What are they?" asked Elizabeth, anxiously.

"Cat and bat and rat and sat."

"P'r'aps, if I helped, a letter could be made of those," said Elizabeth, a bit doubtfully. And this

was Charlotte's first attempt, written in large letters, with Elizabeth's help:

Dear Susie Jane:

I sat and saw the cat till a rat came, and then I tuk a bat and hit the cat, so then it did not hert that rat.

FROM BOBBY SHAFTO.

"I 'll write your next letter," said big Brother Bob, who had been watching the children; "but tel me first, where is your post-office to be?"

it could very well be a post-office. Of course they were in a hurry to get a letter into the new post-office, and, as Brother Bob wrote so easily, they at once agreed that it was Charlotte's turn to write again, so big Brother Bob wrote for her:

My beloved Alice:

Yesterday Uncle Bob went to Boston, and bought



Picture painting by Charles C. Curran.

COPYRIGHT BY JESSIE CURRIAN CO.

"ELIZABETH HAD JUST SETTLED HERSELF TO PAINT A PORTRAIT OF ALICE."

"I don't know," said Elizabeth; "out in the field, I guess."

"Oh, it 's too hot there," said big Brother Bob; "I 'll tell you a great place. Look at this hole in the old oak."

Sure enough, there was a deep hollow, all nicely rounded out. Next month the squirrels might claim it for their winter's store of nuts, but now

something for my mother, and it is up on her bed in a brown paper parcel

Yours with deep esteem,

ROSIE.

Rosie was one of Charlotte's dolls.

Sophie was the postmistress, and after this letter had been placed in the hole, Alice, wearing a very becoming garden hat, walked up and said:

"Is there any mail for me to-day?"

"What is the number of your box?" asked Sophie.

"8724," said Alice.

"I'll see then," said Sophie. "Yes, miss, there 's a letter for you, and it 's marked special delivery—that means 'awfully important.'"

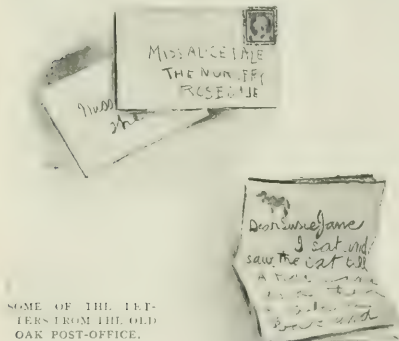
With Sophie's help the letter was read.

"The important part is for you, Charlotte," said Sophie; "go and see what Bob has put on your bed."

The two little girls raced into the house and upstairs, and there, as the letter had said, on Charlotte's bed was a brown paper parcel. She very quickly opened it, and found a charming little box of doll's note-paper. The paper was in three colors—pink, blue, and yellow, and on every sheet was a little picture of some animal—a kitten on one, a woolly lamb on another, and so on.

"Oh, goody, goody!" cried Charlotte; "and you shall have a sheet of every color, and a ambe-lope," she said to Elizabeth.

The rest of the afternoon was spent most happily by the little sisters. Besides the letters that passed between the dolls, they wrote letters to all the members of the family; and Jack, as postman, delivered them, and brought back the answers.



SOME OF THE LETTERS FROM THE OLD OAK POST-OFFICE.

Guess what my last chapter is to be about, and I will tell you the answer in a moment.

## CHAPTER X

### THE DOLLS' CHRISTMAS

"It 's almost Christmas!" cried Uncle Nathaniel, as he came out of his room, "and so I have to jump down-stairs four steps at a time!"

Behind him, jumping two steps at a time, came Elizabeth and Alice, Sophie, Jack, and little Charlotte.

Mama appeared at the dining-room door.

"I'm so sorry, Nathaniel, about your breakfast," she began. "The kitchen stove won't work, and the man has n't come yet to fix it. I'm afraid you'll have to make out with bread and milk."

"What do I care? Christmas is coming!"

And he seized the children's hands, and danced around the dining-room table.

"Bread and milk is quite suitable for him!" said Papa, laughing. "And yet," said Uncle Nathaniel, taking his place at the table next to Charlotte, "it grieves me to think that stove acts so. Here I've kept it warm all winter!"

"You!" said Mama.

"And now it refuses to work!" went on Uncle Nathaniel. "I met it with a stovepipe on this morning. 'Going out?' said I. It turned ashy pale. 'You're always putting a damper on me!' I heard it say. 'Well, sir, just you remember one thing,' said I, 'no smoking allowed in this house!'"

"I don't like just only bread for breakfast!" whined Charlotte.

"Not like it!" said Uncle Nathaniel, opening his eyes very wide. "Why, I don't believe any one told you about its being Baker's bread. We hardly ever have Baker's bread, you know. Can I have as much as a whole slice?" turning to Mama.

"Is it Baker's bread?" asked Charlotte, doubtfully.

"Yes, honey," said Cousin Eleanor. Charlotte smiled, and began to crumble her bread into her bowl of milk, while Mrs. Dale, who had sat down to breakfast with a look of worry, began to feel at ease.

"See how it's snowing!" said Uncle Nathaniel.

"I don't see one leastest bit," said Charlotte, twisting around in her high chair to look out at the bright blue sky.

"Oh, not out there!" and down came the last third of Uncle Nathaniel's slice of bread in a shower of snowy flakes into his bowl; for he had insisted on having a bowl of milk with the children.

"My crust is hard and cold," said Jack.

"Hurrah! Just the thing for icicles!" said Uncle Nathaniel; and he took Jack's crust, and cut it in five long strips, turning it, as if by magic, into a delicious treat.

Cousin Eleanor looked at Jack's now joyous face and Charlotte's contented one, and at Elizabeth keeping a motherly eye on her pink-cheeked daughter. She looked at Mrs. Dale's smooth brow, and then at Uncle Nathaniel, so eager and

boyish. Cousin Eleanor thought a bachelor uncle was a pretty good thing to have in a house. Hannah thought so, too, as, from the kitchen, she heard them all laughing cheerily.

Yes, it was the day before Christmas! And Sophie, Elizabeth, and Charlotte were soon busy tying up the parcels. Alice had taken the last

cardboard. Alice could hardly sleep a wink for thinking of how glad Susie Jane would be when she should see the book. For Jamie Gordon, she had bought a watch at the doll-shop. The watch was so large, or, rather, Jamie Gordon was so particularly small, that it bade fair to cover a large share of his favorite costume, the bathing-suit. The hands of the watch would n't move, but, then, they pointed always to one o'clock—a charming hour, since it was dinner-time.

There was a present from Alice to Cousin Eleanor, too,—a handkerchief, hemmed with large stitches to be sure; and yet I *have* seen larger, and Mama said she was sure *she* had.

Now, don't you think that was a nice collection of gifts for a little doll to make?

At bedtime, not only the children's stockings but all the family's were hung up by the nursery fireplace.

Uncle Nathaniel was over six feet tall, and his feet of a size to match, yet he thought it necessary, before he hung up his gray sock, to stretch it, by squeezing into it one of his riding-boots. Next to this large sock hung Baby Hugh's wee white one; and all the dolls' stockings came promptly in line.

I have n't room to tell you what went into all of them, but Alice's and Susie Jane's held each, among other things, a pair of doll's knitting-needles, with balls of knitting silk—Alice's pink, and Susie Jane's green.

Jack put a generous bag of peanut candy in Uncle Nathaniel's sock. "He does n't eat candy much," he thought, "but I guess he 'll do some-

thing with it. I'm sure it won't be wasted."

"Try to go to sleep, deary," whispered Elizabeth to Alice, as she finally left her in her crib, staring with wide, blue eyes. "You ought to feel rested and happy to-morrow!"

It seems every year as if Christmas morning would never, never come, does n't it? And then—it is here! And this one was *such* a Christmas morning! The round-faced sun was so eager to see the insides of children's stockings, that he looked daringly in every window. The ice-clad trees flashed "Merry Christmas!" one to another; and on all sides of the house, as one looked out over the fields, lay snow—snow—snow!



"JACK GAVE ALICE AND SUSIE JANE A RIDE AROUND THE TREE."

stitch in every one of her gifts, and now sat with folded hands. For her mama she had made a book-mark of scarlet ribbon, with a silver star on each end. For her eldest sister, Edith Grace Ermytrude, she had made a fan. The fan was first outlined upon cardboard and cut out, and then gilt paper smoothly pasted over it. (Sophie made the paste, of flour and water.) An edge of blue-laced paper was pasted on the fan. For her darling sister Susie Jane, Alice had printed a tiny story-book, telling all she could remember about "The Seven Little Sisters." She wrote Susie Jane's name in it, with ink, and *never* a blot! The cover was of Gordon plaid silk, stitched upon



And as the sun looked in at the Dales' nursery, he saw all the family hopping about the fireplace. Yes, hopping; even Grandpapa was hopping, as he tooted a most beautiful brand-new horn. Uncle Nathaniel was riding a hobby-horse, and big Brother Bob was beating a drum.

Susie Jane and Alice kissed each other in rapture as they found their cunning knitting-needles.

Where was Baby Hugh? Oh, *he* was up halfway to the ceiling, tossed by Papa, and crowing loudly, while Jack sent his scarlet-and-white ball even higher.

Cousin Eleanor had hung evergreen wreaths in all the down-stairs windows. They were tied with cheerful red ribbons. The breakfast-table was garlanded with holly, and had at Papa's end a bunch of mistletoe (because he was partly English), and at Mama's end a bunch of heather (because she was partly Scotch).

Elizabeth and Charlotte instantly spied in one corner a dolls' table, spread with a white cloth, and upon it a dolls' tea-set, of such a pretty design, all sprinkled with rosebuds, that the little girls jumped up and down, and jumped up and down, and clapped their hands! Bobby Shafto, clad in a becoming new sailor-suit, stepped gracefully to the head of the table, and Edith Grace Ermyntre, in festive white silk, rustled to her place opposite. The other dolls were soon seated along the sides, and bibs (bordered with holly) were found at their plates.

All the family wished Hannah a "Merry Christmas!" as she came in looking very proud of the dish of muffins she set upon the table. They were shaped like bells, and Uncle Nathaniel made believe cry when he found his bell would n't ring.

"We 're all going on a sleigh-ride to Dover, darlings," said Mama, as every one got up from the breakfast-table. "We 're going to get Aunt Alice and your Cousin Polly, and bring them home for the night."

Then what rejoicing! For, you remember, I told you Aunt Alice was "a perfect love." And as for Polly, the P in her name might just as well have been a J, though what the grown-ups said was that she was her Uncle Nathaniel over again to a T.

Jingle, jingle, jingle! round came the green-and-scarlet sleigh—such a big one!—drawn by Mettie and Jog. The horses tossed their heads, and stamped upon the snow. You could see their breath in the frosty air.

Alice sat on the front seat in Elizabeth's lap, a little gray fur hood drawn closely around her rosy cheeks, and her long gray coat buttoned every button, to keep out the cold. Every one

piled in, and away they went down the road—jingle, jingle, jingle!

But perhaps the happiest part of the day was toward its close, when they had the tree. Merry as every one had been throughout the day, they were then even merrier. Mr. Tom Gray and the Hallowells were invited over to share the fun. Mama and Cousin Eleanor trimmed the tree, all but the candles. Mr. Tom put those on, and they stood as straight as soldiers.

"I 'm so happy, I don't know what to do!" said Elizabeth. And, to express her feelings, she concluded to kiss Aunt Alice.

It was exactly as if all the seasons had joined around and about the tree. There were the white blossoms of spring bursting out everywhere, call them pop-corn if you will. If you wanted June roses, you had only to look at Cousin Eleanor in her pink merino, and at the glowing faces of the children grouped about her knees. Surely those were autumn fruits hanging amid the branches! And the fir-tree, self-forgetful, content to be almost hidden, stood for the winter joy of Christmas.

Alice had a little tree of her own, brought by Aunt Alice. You may be sure she shared it with all the other dolls. One of her own presents was a mite of a doll. Its frock was of pink merino, just like Cousin Eleanor's gown, and I think this kind cousin made it. Another present was a sled big enough to hold two dolls. Big Brother Bob made it. It was painted scarlet, and had "Alice" in white letters on the side. Jack immediately gave Alice and Susie Jane a ride around the tree, that they might see its splendors from all sides.

The presents of the grown-ups did n't look very interesting—just stupid aprons, paper-cutters, dry books, etc. Yet the grown-ups looked pleased. Especially did Aunt Alice look happy when, at night-fall, big Brother Bob put into her hands a bunch of white roses, and she found tucked among them this verse of Stevenson's:

Chief of our aunts—not only I,  
But all your dozen nurselings cry—  
What did the other children do?  
And what were childhood, wanting you?

If there *only* were another chapter, I could ask you to guess who slept in a little cot-bed near Aunt Alice that night, and wakened the first thing in the morning to hear about Christmas in the olden time? Then, by merely turning over the page, I could tell you that it was Elizabeth, though you would probably have guessed it. But, you see, there is n't any next chapter. This is all.

# NATURE AND SCIENCE FOR YOUNG FOLKS

EDITED BY EDWARD F. BIGELOW



THE SQUIRREL'S BRIDGE IN THE BRANCHES, A SIMPLE GIRDER-BRIDGE OVER A BROOK, AND THE SPIDER'S SUSPENSION-BRIDGES IN THE GRASSES.

across these supports to form the roadway. The railing, as shown in the heading above, has, of course, nothing to do with the strength of the structure, but is merely for the added safety of pedestrians and teams. In the foreground of the illustration is shown one of nature's suspension-bridges, the web of a spider. Sometimes the spider, in building such a bridge, suspends herself from a leaf, and from that leaf extends the threads of her web in every direction. The leaf affords a good point of attachment for the radiating web. Here, as in the well-known suspension-bridges that hang from cables, the strength depends upon the strength of the suspending fibers. Monkeys, in making use of a grape-vine over a stream, as travelers affirm that they do, are practically using a suspension-bridge.

But the first bridge to give young people trouble is described in Cæsar's Commentaries "De Bello Gallico." The building of this bridge, Cæsar says, was of the greatest difficulty. And I know young people who wish that he had never attempted such a feat, but had stayed where he was. He tells us, after describing the breadth, depth, and rapidity of the river Rhine, that he thought he ought to cross it, and he devised this bridge. Then trouble began, not only for him, but for the young student, as he threw in the big timbers, and the big words, and the long sentences, ending with an explanation of his devices to prevent the enemy from sending down the

## YOUNG PEOPLE AND BRIDGES

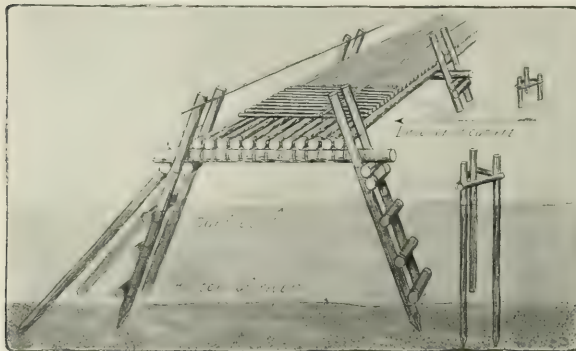
BRIDGES seem simple affairs to young people in their first acquaintance with them. Perhaps they have noticed the natural bridges made by interlacing branches which the squirrels use as they scamper from tree to tree.

The bridges one ordinarily finds spanning small streams on country roads are made on as simple a principle. Across the brook from bank to bank are laid two or three logs or beams of sufficient strength and stiffness to support the weights that are to pass over the bridge. Planks are then laid

swiftly flowing current trees that might carry away his bridge.

Our young people, I think, will be glad to have

and fixed them at the bottom, and then driven them in with rammers, not quite perpendicularly, like a stake, but bending forward and sloping, so as to incline in the direction of the current of the river, he also placed two (other piles) opposite to these, at the distance of forty feet lower down, fastened together in the same manner, but directed against the force and current of the river. Both these, moreover, were kept firmly apart by beams two feet thick (the space which the binding of the piles occupied), laid in at their extremities between two braces on each side; and in consequence of these being in different directions and fastened on sides the one opposite to the other, so

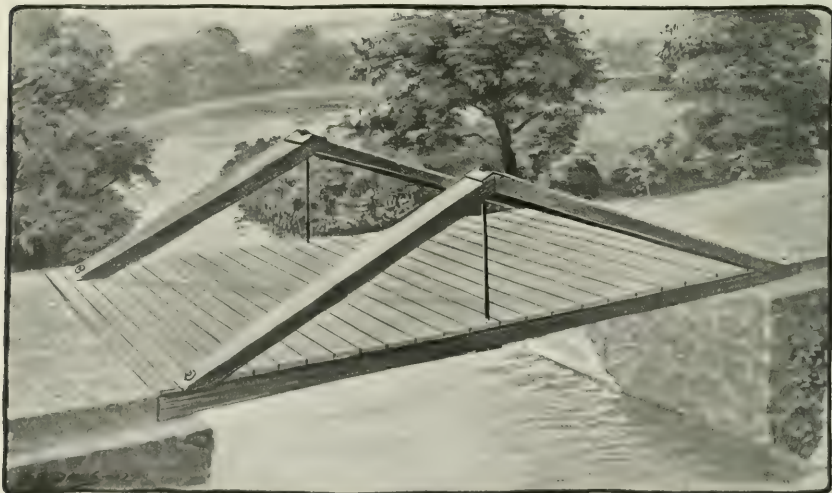


CESAR'S VERY SIMPLE FORM OF BRIDGE.

us not only illustrate this bridge, but also give them a simple translation of the text explaining the construction, as follows:

"He joined together, at the distance of two feet, two piles, each a foot and a half thick, sharpened a little at the lower end, and proportioned in length to the depth of the river. After he had, by means of engines, sunk these into the river,

great was the strength of the work, and such the arrangement of the materials, that in proportion as the greater body of water dashed against the bridge, so much the closer were its parts held fastened together. These beams were bound together by timber laid over them in the direction of the length of the bridge, and were (then) covered over with laths and hurdles; and.



A TRUSS IN THE FORM OF A BROAD "A" TO ADD TO THE STRENGTH

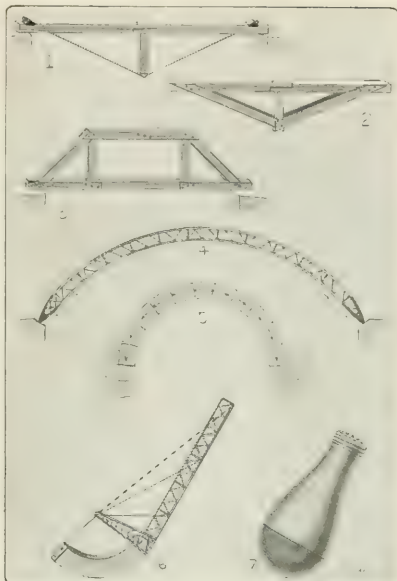
in addition to this, piles were driven into the water obliquely, at the lower side of the bridge, and these, serving as buttresses and being connected with every portion of the work, sustained the force of the stream, and there were others also above the bridge, at a moderate distance; that if trunks of trees or vessels were floated down the river by the barbarians for the purpose of destroying the work, the violence of such things might be diminished by these defenses, and might not injure the bridge."

Cæsar's bridge was practically a repetition of the simple bridges that we see on country roads over the brooks, with the exception that he built a series of them and put in piers to support the ends of each section. The strength of the bridge depended wholly upon the stiffness of the timbers. If one could imagine a series of brooks flowing side by side with a bridge over each, the result would be the same as Cæsar's bridge, with the exception that the narrow banks between the parallel brooks would be equivalent to the posts that Cæsar put at the different sections.

The next step in strengthening a bridge so that it shall not depend entirely upon the stiffness of the timber, is to put in on each side a truss shaped like a very broad A. This form of truss is used where the span is so great that the timbers laid from bank to bank need additional support. The vertical rod running from the timber underneath through the apex of the letter A holds up the center of the beam and prevents it from sagging. The lower ends of the A are kept from spreading by being bolted through the horizontal beam.

In our diagrams are shown these various types of bridges, as follows:

No. 1 may be used if the timbers are too short to reach across from one pier to another, and more than one length is needed. Where they are joined the rods beneath carry the weight, and hold up the floor timbers by supporting the upright post. No. 2 is the same, only, instead of rods and beams, it is made entirely of planks or iron girders bolted together, and the A may be under or over the bridge. In No. 3 there are two supporting posts (instead of a single one) united by a horizontal beam. In the arch bridge in No. 4, the principle is about the same as in the truss, except that in the arch it is the abutments that keep the ends from spreading. If the arc of the arch bridge is less than a half-circle, the ends will tend to spread. If the arc is a complete half-circle, the ends will not spread, but will rest with the weight pressing vertically on the piers. The arrows in diagrams No. 4 and No. 5 show the direction of the weight, and it will be readily seen that in No. 4 this weight tends to push the



SKETCHES TO ILLUSTRATE VARIOUS FORMS AND METHODS OF OPERATING OF PARTS OF BRIDGES AND ARCHES.

These sketches are referred to by numbers in the accompanying article.

ends apart; but such spreading is prevented by the abutments. In No. 5 the weight on the ends is directly downward.

No. 6 shows the principle of the rolling lift-bridge, a form of drawbridge. The solid part is heavy, so as to balance the truss part, and to enable the bridge to be easily lifted out of the way of passing boats. One of these sections is on each side of the stream, and, when closed, the ends come together at the center. This bridge operates in a way similar to that of the weighted aluminium pepper-shaker figured in No. 7. The lower part of the pepper-box is a solid weight, which keeps the box right end up, and the lower part of the bridge No. 6 is a heavy weight that assists in raising the rest of the bridge.

In southern Africa there is a very high bridge over the Zambesi River. The workmen first fired a rocket over the river. To this rocket was attached a cord. The cord pulled a wire, and then the wire pulled a small cable across the river. On this cable was suspended a truck which took over the main cable of the bridge, and so, piece by piece, the bridge was gradually put together.



### A REMARKABLE PHOTOGRAPH OF LIGHTNING

NOVEMBER 11, 1911, was, in northern Michigan, a typical autumn day with short showers at intervals. On my way home, at about five o'clock in



THE REMARKABLE PHOTOGRAPH OF LIGHTNING.

the afternoon, the rain began to fall in torrents, and the lightning flashes were so vivid and, in some particulars, so interesting to a photographer, that I resolved to take a picture of a flash, as I had long desired to do. I set the camera on my porch, directed it toward that part of the landscape that would make a good foreground, opened the slide, and went to supper. But just before I sat down at the table, I looked out of the window and was met by an awful flash. I felt

that I had got a picture, perhaps more than I wanted. When I developed the plate, I had the accompanying photograph, at which I often look and always with joy. The next day, as I was bragging a little, one of my friends said that that lightning flash struck his clothes-post, cut it off close to the ground, jumped across to his neighbor's house, tipped over the sewing-machine, and tore the linoleum from the kitchen floor. Such a flash as that deserved to have its picture taken, and here it is.

A. B. COVEY.

### STRIKING CONTRAST IN METHODS OF FEEDING

EVERY observer of the giraffe must see that nature has intended that the animal's food should be found at a considerable distance above the ground. The long legs and the very long neck suggest that, and observation proves it, since the giraffe, in its native haunts, gathers its food of leaves from the branches of the trees.

But it does not obtain all its nourishment in this way; it sometimes feeds from the ground. Of course its long legs and long neck are then hindrances rather than helps, so it has adopted an original device to overcome this trouble. This is to spread its front legs far apart, which, of course, lowers the body, and brings the head nearer the ground.

The accompanying photograph is remarkable because it shows both methods of feeding, as exemplified by the two Nubian giraffes, "Romeo"



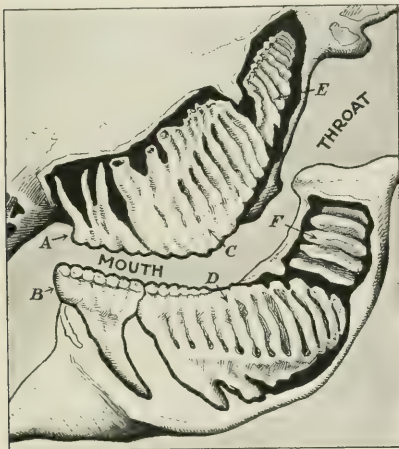
METHODS OF HIGH AND LOW FEEDING.

and "Juliet," in the New York Zoological Park, where the giraffe feeding from the tree is reaching upward to a distance of twenty feet.

### HOW AN ELEPHANT'S TEETH GROW

THE elephant has no cutting teeth like most animals, but only a series of molars. These molars, or grinders, as they wear away, gradually move forward in the jaw, and the remnant of the tooth, when the surface is completely destroyed, is cast out in front. The same molar can thus be replaced as many as eight times. The tusks, which are only enormously elongated teeth, can be renewed only once.

This wearing process and the ejection of the stump of the tooth go on very slowly during the life of the elephant. Only one or two teeth at a time are in use, or in view, in each jaw. There are always other teeth waiting to pass forward and begin their work, although there is a limit to this succession, for, when the last has come into



A DIAGRAM OF THE MOUTH AND JAWS OF AN ELEPHANT — SIDE VIEW.

A and B show the teeth that have been pushed forward to the front of the mouth and are in use. When they are worn out, their place is taken by D and C, which work forward to supply the vacancy. The undeveloped teeth at E and F come forward to take the place of D and C, and later, as they grow larger and stronger, of A and B.

use and been worn down, the elephant can no longer chew his food, and must die of starvation, if he has not already succumbed to old age.

E. G. LUTZ.

### PRICKLY-PEAR IN A TREE!

THIS picture shows a prickly-pear, *Opuntia lindheimeri*, growing on a mesquit-tree, *Prosopis juliflora*, in the crevice of a limb about ten feet from the ground.

It is three to four years old, and has received



THE PRICKLY-PEAR GROWING UP IN A TREE.

its nourishment from the air, and not from the tree. The seed was probably carried to the place by a bird, and the germination and development of the plant to its present size show its wonderful vitality, especially when we consider the arid climate in which it grows. LESLIE L. LONG.

### A HORNETS' NEST IN AN OLD PHAËTON

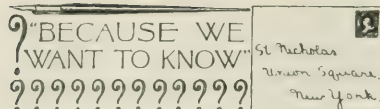
THE accompanying photograph, showing a hornets' nest built in the cover of an old phaëton, was sent to St. NICHOLAS by W. T. Ness, Cambridge, Massachusetts. The shed in which the phaëton stood was closed for the summer, and



THE HORNETS' NEST HANGING FROM THE TOP OF A PHAËTON.

the hornets carried on their nest-building without interruption.

Surely this is a novel place for a hornets' nest, and it would have made things decidedly unpleasant if the owners had attempted to take a ride.



### POLLIWOGS FROM THE SKY!

ARLINGTON HEIGHTS, MASS.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: A few years ago, we had a shower in the summer-time, and as it rained, here and there coming down with the rain, we saw an occasional polliwog. There is a swamp not far from where we live. Do you think it was possible that the sun had drawn up the eggs, and then they had hatched as they came with the rain onto the dry ground?

Very truly yours,

HELEN E. BIRCH.

While we keep no record of such occurrences, we do know that it is not at all unusual for objects like polliwogs, small fish, etc., to be sucked up, as it were, from water surfaces in strong currents. These are carried for distances, depending upon the wind velocity, after they have reached their highest altitude, and descend as soon as the force of gravity is sufficient to overcome the sustaining force of the wind. At times, such small objects are carried many miles before again coming to earth.

I am afraid that the suggestion of the little girl as to the hatching out of the polliwog eggs while in the air will hardly hold.—H. E. WILLIAMS, Acting Chief U. S. Weather Bureau.

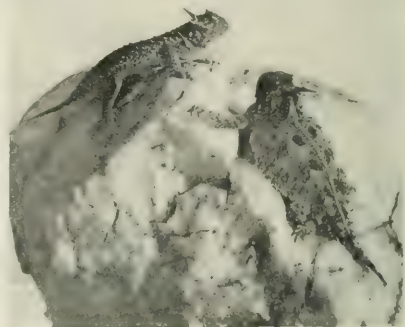
At first thought, the suggestion that polliwogs had hatched in the air does seem ludicrous. And yet let us give it a little careful thought and see if it is impossible. Hatching we understand to mean the breaking of the living form out of its egg case. Frogs' eggs are so fragile that even a jarring of the masses may break the cases and let loose many lively tadpoles. If it is admitted that the water as it is sucked up takes up small

objects" high in the air. Even if it is an unusual suggestion that tadpoles hatch out high in the sky, it does not seem to me impossible.—E. F. B.

### AN INTERESTING EXPERIENCE WITH HORNED TOADS

LIANO, TEX.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I am having the best vacation down here in Texas. My uncle knows so much. We take long walks about the time the sun sets, and he tells



HORNED TOADS

me about the flowers and cacti; and yesterday we saw the funniest little toad, all covered with thorns. He was squatted right down in an "ant road." You know the ants make little paths to different places; well, this funny "horned toad," as my uncle says it is called, was there, eating the ants. He just opened his mouth and they would run right in, and he just ate and ate as if they were as good as ice-cream. Then Uncle picked that toad up in his hands, and showed me that it would n't hurt you at all. And then he put it in his pocket. We found another one, and when we got back home, he took their pictures.

Don't you think them funny little toads?

MIRIAM GRACE DUNGAN.

P.S. We turned the toads out the next morning so they could eat more ants.

### DO SNAKES TRAVEL AT NIGHT?

SALAMANCA, N. Y.

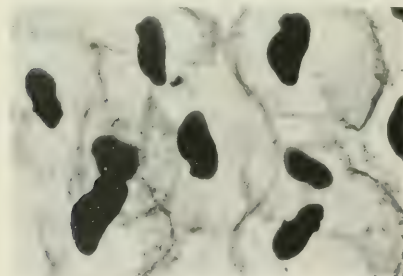
DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: Will you please tell me through "Nature and Science" if snakes come out or travel at night, especially rattlesnakes.

Your friend and reader,

JOHN SPENCER.

Many of the poisonous species of snakes travel at night. The greater number of our harmless snakes are day prowlers. The rattlesnake and copperhead snake are largely nocturnal in hunting their food, although they delight to bask in the sunlight. As an indication of their nocturnal habits, it is interesting to note that the pupil of the eye of these snakes is elliptical like that of a cat.

RAYMOND DITMARS.



TADPOLES READY TO BREAK OUT OF THE FRAGILE EGGS

objects with it, then why not frogs' eggs? It seems not impossible that the tadpoles might be hatched out by the shaking caused by strong currents of wind, or by jostling against other "small

## SOME BIRDS WHO LIKED A SHOWER-BATH

LOUISVILLE, KY.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I wish to tell you about a pretty sight I witnessed while visiting my aunt who resides in Indianapolis.

My aunt had rented a house for the summer. It was in the district of the city where there are a great many trees. In the yard was a large variety of beautiful flowers, and I had made it my duty to give these flowers water.

On a certain day I was in the garden giving them their daily watering. I had adjusted the hose to a spray, when, from a near-by fence, a robin flew and perched right on a stem which was exposed to the water, where he took a bath and seemed inclined to stay. In a few moments two other birds, of bluish color, also came and took a bath. For about three minutes they stayed under the spray, and if I turned the hose away, they would fly after it. Then they flew up on the fence to take a sun-bath.

I then turned the water off and went into the house, where, on questioning my aunt, she informed me that the owner of the house always gave the birds water and crumbs and let them bathe, and so made them very tame.

Another time as I went to turn on the water, I noticed a leak where the hose was attached to the pipe, and under that, in the shade, a sparrow was taking a shower-bath, being not in the least frightened when I came up.

These incidents impressed me very much, as in my home city, at least in the part where I live, we seldom see any bird but the common sparrow.

OLGA ALMA TAFEL (age 15).

## LOOKING AT THE RISING OR SETTING SUN

WASHINGTON, D. C.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I have often wondered why we can look at the sun at its rising and setting and not at mid-day. I would be very glad if you would answer my question.

Yours sincerely,

KATHARINE WARD.

The reason why we can look at the sun when it is rising or setting, but not, usually, when it is high in the heavens, is merely because some of its light is absorbed in passing through our air, for the air is not perfectly transparent. Now when the sun is near the ground, its rays come to us almost horizontally, traversing hundreds of miles of our wet and dusty air before they finally reach our eyes; consequently, a much larger portion of the light is absorbed than when the sun is high up in the sky, and its rays pass through one hundred miles of air only, the upper nine tenths of which is so rare that it absorbs but little of the light.

It is an interesting fact that our atmosphere lets red light pass through it more easily than colors that are higher in the spectrum—that is, nearer to a blue color. So that when the air is unusually dusty, and hence not so transparent as usual, very much of the blue part of the sun's light is wholly cut off, and its disk then appears to us very red. This was strikingly illustrated in August, 1883, when the great volcano, Krakatoa, filled all the air of the earth with dust, and when for many weeks the sun at rising and setting was

of a deep red color. It is thought that if we could rise above our air altogether and look at the sun from empty space, it would look to us decidedly blue. On the other hand, some stars are great suns which are smothered under so heavy an atmosphere of gases that only the red light can work its way through. Such stars look to us of a blood red color.—E. D.

## SOME BIG HAILSTONES

*(From one of our grown-up readers)*

BIRMINGHAM, ALA.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I am sending you herewith two photographs of unusually large hailstones which fell near here in the afternoon of May 11, during the progress of a storm which developed cyclonic proportions by the time it reached the town of Talladega, about one hundred miles to the east.

The hail, which fell for nearly forty-five minutes, was, in the beginning, of globular form and about the size of pop-corn; but as the storm continued, the stones increased



UNUSUALLY LARGE HAILSTONES

in size until they attained a length of one and one half to two inches, as shown in the photographs. These larger hailstones were not globular, but were flattened on two sides, being shaped very much like biscuits. They presented the curious appearance of an opaque core surrounded by rings increasing in clearness toward the outer edges.

Yours very truly,

J. C. HAINSFORD.



# JACK AND JANE AND BETSY ANNE

"IN THE HAYFIELD"

RHYMES AND PICTURES



BRISK Jane and little Betsy Anne  
Bring hay for Jack, the "hired man,"  
Who piles it up a bit too high  
(So Neddy thinks, and so do I).



For they forget that little hill  
Where loads of hay are apt to spill—  
Right down on Neddy's back they go,  
And Neddy *thinks*, "I told you so!"

# JACK AND JANE AND BETSY ANNE

FOR VERY LITTLE FOLK

"JERRY'S JOKE"



BILLY, riding Jerry, spied  
Some apples on the tree,  
And reaching from his saddle, said:  
"This one is meant for me!"



But Jerry had a different mind,  
For just as Billy spoke,  
The pony left him hanging there—  
And that was Jerry's joke!



It seemed, as we were attempting to make the awards this month, as if some kindly spirit of excellence had inspired the efforts of every one of the League contributors. In each department of the competition the work is of an unusually high standard. Indeed it is so uniformly good that we find it difficult to offer any but the most all-inclusive congratulations. If, however, the work of a particular group is to be singled out for special comment, the wielders of the pen and brush must be mentioned first. They stand at the head of the prize-winners with an array of two gold and five silver badges to their credit. Of this honor they may justly be proud, for the drawings we have considered worthy of reproduction in this issue are remarkably clever, both in arrangement and in treatment. Two or three, in their technical excellence, compare favorably with the work of experienced illustrators. In fact, the task of sifting and selecting the prize-winning drawings from the great mass of material submitted was almost like choosing the winners of the Olympic meet—each represented the finished work of one well qualified to compete. Let us hope, in future competitions, that the selection may be as difficult and the quality as high.

Close behind the artists come the poets of the League, whose contributions, always good, maintain their usual standard of excellence. The mysticism and romance of the great forests, the solitude and grandeur of leafy boughs and shady dells, are voiced with rare feeling in many bits of exquisite verse, under the title, "A Song of the Woods." Seldom, indeed, have better examples of the songster's art graced the League pages, and never has the nature-thought been more beautifully and tenderly expressed.

Many interesting stories of "Seaside Adventures"—reminiscent or fictional in character—do much to reflect credit on the pens of their young authors. All of the stories are entertaining, some are amusing, and a few give great promise for the future. These, with a host of photographs showing all manner of animals and people "On the March," help to maintain the notable level of this month's competition, and make it difficult to single out any class of contribution as more worthy of comment than the others. *Everything* is good, and all our young workers can share alike in the glory, for there is plenty to go well around, with still some left over.

#### PRIZE-WINNERS, COMPETITION No. 151

In making the awards, contributors' ages are considered.

**PROSE.** Gold badge, **Elizabeth Finley** (age 13), New York City.

Silver badges, **Josephine R. Carter** (age 10), Elizabeth, N. J.; **Muriel Irving** (age 15), Tompkinsville, S. I.; **Dorothy M. Hoogs** (age 15), Honolulu, Hawaii.

**VERSE.** Gold badge, **Anna Torrey** (age 14), Providence, R. I.

Silver badges, **S. V. Benet** (age 13), Augusta, Ga.; **Margaret Tildsley** (age 11), Spuyten Duyvil, N. Y.; **Nellie Adams** (age 13), Placerville, Cal.; **Margaret L. Shields** (age 15), Hillsboro, O.

**DRAWINGS.** Gold badges, **Dorothy E. Handsacker** (age 13), Tacoma, Wash.; **Margaret Conty** (age 10), New York City.

Silver badges, **John Milton** (age 14), New York City; **Helen M. Roth** (age 15), Oakland, Cal.; **Leonora Bemis** (age 17), Milton, Mass.; **Dorothy Hughes** (age 14), Brooklyn, N. Y.; **Marjorie Benson** (age 17), Flushing, N. Y.

**PHOTOGRAPHS.** Gold badge, **Paul Jacob** (age 17), Wellsburg, W. Va.

Silver badges, **Carol Clark** (age 14), London, Eng.; **Christine J. Wagner** (age 15), Mansfield, O.; **Catharine E. Langdon** (age 15), Toronto, Can.; **J. Sherwin Murphy** (age 15), Chicago, Ill.; **Dorothy Coate** (age 17), New Orleans, La.

**PUZZLE-MAKING.** Silver badges, **Henry Wilson** (age 13), Columbus, O.; **Margaret M. Dooley** (age 16), Oakland, Cal.; **Mary Berger** (age 13), Milwaukee, Wis.; **Helena A. Irvine** (age 12), Vancouver, B. C.

**PUZZLE ANSWERS.** Silver badges, **George Locke Howe** (age 14), Bristol, R. I.; **Alfred Hand**, 3d (age 14), Scranton, Pa.

## A SONG OF THE WOODS

BY ANNA TORREY (AGE 14)

(Gold Badge)

DEEP in the forest, where a mighty oak  
Flings grateful shadow o'er a wandering stream,  
Where tall ferns nod, and velvet mosses creep,  
I love to lie and dream.

I love to watch the shy, wild wood folk pass,  
To hear the oak leaves murmur in the breeze;  
And see the dancing sunlight try to pierce  
Between the shading trees.



"ON THE MARCH" BY CAROL CLARK, AGE 14 (SILVER BADGE)

I love to hear the brook, with song and laugh,  
Go chattering and gurgling on its way,  
By grassy banks where wild flowers scent the air,  
By lichened boulders gray.

And when the twilight comes with soothing touch,  
And whispering breezes healing coolness bring,  
I love to linger in the woods at dusk,  
And hear the thrushes sing.

## A SEASIDE ADVENTURE

BY JOSEPHINE R. CARTER (AGE 10)

(Silver Badge)

ONE morning I was playing with a friend in the sand at a little place on Long Island. Not very far away, we saw a life-boat lying on the beach; we thought it would be fun to play in it, so we got in, and were rocking and trying to make it sail (on sand), when a big wave came up and lifted it a little.

We were delighted with this, and rocked it some more. Soon a bigger wave came, and this time it lifted the boat off the sand and carried it out.

When I realized this, I screamed for help. My little friend's mother was sitting on the beach, and when she saw us going, she screamed too.

A life-saver happened to be fussing with a boat near by. He caught the situation at a glance, and, dropping everything, rushed after our boat, which was going quickly out into deep water.

We were terribly frightened when we saw the big waves almost on top of us, and I do not know what would have happened if he had not caught our boat just when he did.

He watched his chance, and when the next wave came, rushed us with it to the shore. In a few moments we were safe and sound on the beach.

I tell you, I was never so glad to get back to the land in my life, and thus end my first "seaside adventure."

## A SONG OF THE WOODS

BY S. A. BENLI (AGE 13)

(Silver Badge)

*There 's many a forest in the world,  
In many lands leaves fall;  
But Sherwood, merry Sherwood,  
Is the fairest wood of all.*

They say that on midsummer night,  
If mortal eyes could see aright,  
Or mortal ears could hear,  
A wanderer on Sherwood's grass  
Would see the band of Robin pass,  
Still hunting of the deer.

And sometime to his ears might come  
The beating of an elfin drum,  
Where Puck, the tricky sprite,  
Would dance around a fairy ring,  
With others of his gathering,  
All on midsummer night.

Queen Guinevere would ride again  
With all her glittering, courtly train,  
Through Sherwood's lovely glades;  
'Til dawn begins to glow near by,  
And from the kingdom of the sky,  
The magic darkness fades.

*There 's many a forest in the world,  
In many lands leaves fall;  
But Sherwood, merry Sherwood,  
Is the fairest wood of all.*

## THE MARSDEN GHOST, A SEASIDE ADVENTURE

BY MURIEL IRVING (AGE 15)

(Silver Badge)

MR. ALLISON, his wife, and his son Will came to live at Bradford Manor in the year eighteen hundred and ninety-four. There was on this estate a high tower, named for Richard Marsden, an old astronomer, to whom the estate had previously belonged.



"ON THE MARCH" BY CATHERINE S. LANGDON, AGE 11 (SILVER BADGE)

There were many wild tales told about this tower. Some related how the ghost of a lady in white went weeping and moaning up and down the long winding stairs of the tower; others, that the swish of her dresses was heard in the wee, small hours of the night.



Personally, Will Allison had no belief in ghosts, but he determined to find out upon what this story was based. So, taking a lantern and a light lunch, he started out for the tower about eight o'clock one evening. From eight to ten, he heard nothing except the wind rushing through the trees and the open window of the tower. About ten o'clock he thought he heard something, and then he jumped with fright as a strange weird scream and a moan were heard. Then came a swish and he felt something soft touch him as it glided by. Although he was thoroughly terrified, he determined to go up the stairs to see if there was anything to be seen.



"ON THE MARCH" BY PAUL TAYLOR, AGE 17 (GOLD BADGE)

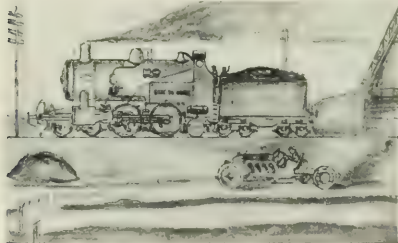
Slowly climbing the stairs, waiting every few seconds for a sound, which did not come, at last he reached the top. Again he heard the swish and felt something touch him. Turning his lantern toward the corner from which the sound came, he found—a nest of baby screech-owls.

#### A SEASIDE ADVENTURE

BY ALICE HINDLE (AGE 13)

The broad Atlantic washes up on a certain beach in Massachusetts.

Down this beach, a few years ago, came a lady, a baby, and two boys. As the four came near to the ocean, the lady, taking the baby, sat on some shaded rocks.



"LEFT BEHIND" BY LOUIS MILLER, AGE 11 (SILVER BADGE)

"We're going down the beach a little ways," the oldest boy, Donald, said.

After walking a considerable distance, the boys came to an old wrecked ship. They quickly made their way into its cabin, which contained three bunks.

They found many treasures there which appealed to their boyish hearts, among which were two old guns, an old hand-bag, and some powder.

The boys, after investigating the cabin a little more, went back to their mother and the baby.

That night, at home, they had the bag cut open, and lo and behold, it contained nothing more or less than two red shirts and a red nightcap. When the boys' father saw the contents of the bag, he said, quite surprised: "Why, those are mine; your mother gave them to the Salvation Army a little while ago."

And all the family laughed heartily, for it was so.

#### A SONG OF THE WOODS

BY HELEN F. SMITH (AGE 9)

RATHER than riches and castles,  
I'd have the daffodils mine;  
Rather than rubies and diamonds,  
I'd have the brook's rippling rhyme.

I love the woods more than glory,  
I love the flow'rs more than fame;  
I love the trees and the meadows  
More than a heroic name.

And though some people will treasure  
A ruby much more than a tree,  
Give me the woods and the flowers,  
And give me leave to be free.

#### A SEA ADVENTURE

BY DOROTHY M. HOOBS (AGE 15)

(Silver Badge)

In the Hawaiian Islands, almost all the natives are in constant contact with the sea, and they are just as much at home in the water as on the land.

Captain "Sam," an old and hardy Hawaiian sea master, was sailing off the rocky shores of Molokai one starlit night in the little schooner *Moi Wahine*. There was not a sound except for the little waves lapping against the boat. Suddenly she was rammed by the steel prow of the lighthouse tender *Kukui*, and sunk more than twenty miles from land. Captain Sam floundered about among the wreck age, and then headed toward the island of Lanai. Several members



"ON THE MARCH" BY CHRISTINE J. WAGNER, AGE 15 (SILVER BADGE)

of his crew were with him, but they, being Koreans, were not so adapted to the sea as their master, and soon became too exhausted to keep up any longer, and went down forever. The captain struggled on, freeing himself of his clothes, and then struck out, bound to win in his race with death. His long-passed youth came back



IV HILLET, M. T. B., AGE 14



IV ALICE SHAW, AGE 14



IV JULIA, T. B., AGE 15



IV WILLIAM A. RANDALL, AGE 14



IV EUGENE COVIL, AGE 17 (SILVER BADGE)



IV J. SHERWIN MURPHY, AGE 15 (SILVER BADGE)



IV MARY J. HARRISON, AGE 14



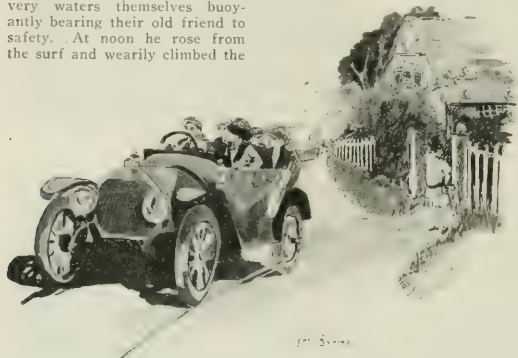
IV MILKED G. FISHBECK, AGE 14

"ON THE MARCH"

to him, and, never fearing the lurking sharks with which he had played in childhood, kept bravely on. The little spiny crabs clung to him as he battled along, piercing his skin with their tiny claws. With the help of a couple of boards he kept on undaunted, and in the gray dawn saw Lanai looming up golden in the sunrise. With a new zeal he went forward, the very waters themselves buoyantly bearing their old friend to safety. At noon he rose from the surf and wearily climbed the

At the word "refuge" we cheered up, and walked as fast as we could to reach it. The water rushed after us wickedly, and seemed bent on surrounding us.

However, we arrived, and quickly clambered up into the little box standing on its thin legs. We were just in time, for that same moment the water rushed up and swirled round the legs, causing the refuge to shake visibly. But we were saved, and after waiting many weary hours, till the tide went out again, we returned home, tired and hungry.



"LEFT BEHIND" BY MARGARET CONY, AGE 16 (GOLD BADGE.)

rocky shore, crawling toward the familiar old cocoanut-trees near by. After a long refreshing sleep, Captain Sam awoke feeling none the worse for his fifteen-hour swim at the advanced age of seventy-seven years.

### A SEASIDE ADVENTURE

BY GUINN ROBERTSON (AGE 16)

FAR away in the north of England, off the coast of Northumberland, lies a little island, bleak and dreary, called Lindisfarne. Its population is composed mainly of sturdy fishermen, and its simplicity and primitiveness make it most attractive.

My family and I were spending our summer vacation there a few years ago, and it was then that we experienced a most exciting "seaside adventure."



"THE OLD ONE FROM A PHOENIX BEACH AT THE SEASIDE"

To cross from the mainland to the island it is necessary to wait for the tides and to drive over the sands in very high carts. However, we preferred walking, and set out for a long tramp across the sands. We had been walking for some time, when we noticed, to our dismay, that the tide was coming in rapidly, and that we were caught. What were we to do?

The tide was, meanwhile, coming in still faster. It became serious, and we shuddered at the idea of being surrounded by water. But suddenly, as I looked around, I saw a dark, square-looking object perched on its thin legs. I pointed it out to my father, who immediately recognized it to be a refuge, though rather a quaint one.

### A SONG OF THE WOODS

BY MARY CARVER WILLIAMS (AGE 14)

(Honor Member)

COME, Mab, of woodland fairies queen,  
And sit thee down on mosses green  
'Neath shading oak, in cove unseen.  
The silver brooklet now is singing,  
The birds their morning calls are ringing,  
And we our tales of joy are bringing.

We sing of our immortal race,  
Of bold Diana in the chase,  
And Orpheus' lyre of charming grace;  
Aurora, robed in purest white,  
Throws wide the curtains of dull night,  
And ushers in the morning light.

We think not of Eurydice,  
We sing of bird and bumblebee,  
And all that possess liberty;  
Phœbus, what boots it to our eyes  
How fast across the turquoise skies  
Thy gold-enblazoned chariot flies?

We sing until the even shades  
Begin to lengthen in the glades,  
And e'en night's beacon o'er us fades.  
Serene delight the shadows long  
In us imbue, and thousands strong  
We waft above, for done our song.



"LEFT BEHIND" BY TEBOLA DEMIS, AGE 17. (SILVER BADGE.)

## A SONG OF THE WOODS

BY MARGARET TILDSLEY (AGE 11)

*(Silver Badge)*

THE twilight deepens in the wood,  
The sun has set behind the hill;  
No stirring 's heard, no beast or bird  
Has open mouth or chattering bill.

The evening dark has passed away,  
And dawn comes with her golden hood;  
Now stirring 's heard, no beast or bird  
But knows that morning 's in the wood.



"AT WORK" BY DOROTHY E. HANDSACKER, AGE 13 (GOLD BADGE)

## A SEASIDE ADVENTURE

BY ELIZABETH FINLEY (AGE 13)

*(Gold Badge)*

THE seaside has always held a great attraction for me, and that is where I generally spend my summers. It was on a hot July morning, last summer, that I had an odd experience which gave me an exciting swim.

On this occasion, I lay basking on the sand after a brisk swim. The beach was almost deserted, and on such days, I generally had my bathing-suit on all morning, and ran in and out of the water continually. The only bathers were a couple of children and a young lady, but I paid no special attention to them.

I rose slowly and started toward the water. Suddenly one of the children, a boy, ran up to me and cried: "Quick, quick, there 's a lady drowning out there!" Of course I was much excited as I looked where he pointed. Sure enough there was a gloved hand and arm reaching far out of the water.

I never stopped to think how a woman with gloves on could be in the water, for she was too near the shore to have fallen out of a boat. Besides, if I had taken time to consider it, I would have known that the water was almost too shallow for her to drown in.

However, I did not think, and away I started on my heroic journey. As I swam on, for the water was too deep for me to walk in, it struck me as rather odd that the arm neither rose nor fell to any great extent; but I was too busy to think of it then.

I reached her! I grabbed her! Bracing myself to be clutched with the clutch of the drowning, I was almost thrown backward by the lightness of her. I pulled! and up came—a stick!!

Realizing that I was fooled, I turned indignantly toward the shore. The children and lady had vanished.

## A SONG OF THE WOODS

*(Triolets)*

BY HOWARD BENNETT (AGE 17)

*(Honor Member)*

THE whispering leaves  
Have a secret to tell.  
All nature believes  
The whispering leaves;  
Not a wood-creature grieves,  
For they all know too well  
The whispering leaves  
Have a secret to tell.

THE brook overheard—  
The secret is sped!  
'T was only a word  
The brook overheard;  
Yet the wind has averred,  
And the chickadee said:  
The brook overheard!  
The secret is sped!

That sly little brook  
Has been chuckling all day!  
He 's a regular crook,  
That sly little brook.  
And the willow-trees look  
Very grumpy, and say,  
"That sly little brook  
Has been chuckling all day!"

## A SEASIDE ADVENTURE

BY BETTY HUMPHREYS (AGE 11)

*(Honor Member)*

THERE was going to be a race. A codfish, a blackfish, and a flounder were the swimmers. A lobster had agreed to be the judge, and the oysters were going to watch. The time came. They all met in a little cove by the beach.

"On your marks!" said the lobster.

The fish got in line and waited for the signal.



"LEFT BEHIND." BY HELEN M. BETH, AGE 15 (SILVER BADGE.)

"One, two, three, go—"

"May I race, too?" asked a little herring, swimming up to the racers.

"You?" said the flounder; "you 're nothing but a herring."

"I know it." The herring looked hurt. "But can't I race?"

"Yes," said the lobster. "Where 's the harm? Get into position at the end of the line. One, two, three, go!"



Off darted the fish, while the oysters cheered. On and on they swam, till they were near the goal, then it was all spoiled.

The herring, who was in the lead, suddenly felt herself being lifted up. She tried to swim, but something held her. Then she knew what had happened.

"Help me!" she cried to the others. "I'm caught in a net!" But they could do nothing.

Soon she was on a pile of dead fish, with two men bending over her.

"Huh!" said one, "nothin' but herrin'!"

"I'll pitch him overboard," said the other, and once more the herring was in the water. She soon caught up to the others, who had given her up for lost, and were swimming slowly back to the cove. (They had stopped racing as soon as she was caught.)



"LEFT BEHIND." BY MARJORIE BENSON, AGE 17 (SILVER BADGE)

When they got there, the herring told them her adventure.

"So," she said in conclusion, "if I were n't 'nothing but a herring, I'd be dead now."

#### A SONG OF THE WOODS

BY MARGARET L. SHIELDS (AGE 15)

(Silver Badge)

NIGHT in the forest!

A whisper of leaves at play,  
A wind that sobs and sighs—to stray  
Far from the brooding shelter of the woods.  
A scud of some shy creature to its burrowed home,  
A brook that, murmuring, threads its starlit way  
To where a bank of drowsy daisies sway, asleep.  
A hush of silence through the forest gloom,  
And then—a thrill of rapture, trill of joy,  
A song that soars, that flutters, dies away,  
Is lost!

But hark! in the crowded haunts of man,  
To the hurrying world-wide throng,  
The master's wondrous violin  
Is singing the woodland song!

#### A SONG OF THE WOODS

BY NELLIE ADAMS (AGE 13)

(Silver Badge)

Oh what so gay, on a summer day,

When sultry and hot the hours,

As a forest scene, with its pine-trees green,  
And carpet of fairy flowers?

When the zephyrs sigh in the tree limbs high,

And temper the sullen heat;

With the leaves aloft, and the mosses soft  
Spread smoothly for elfin feet?

Oh what so rare as the forest fair

When autumn brings frosty cold;

The pine-trees green, with a bush between  
Aflame with crimson and gold?

But a winter night, when the snow is white,

Is lovelier yet, by far;

When every flake the snow-clouds make

Is a dazzling, diamond star.

But, oh! and it's spring when the glad hearts sing,

And the shy white violets peep;

When the herald's mouth calls the birds from the South,

And the wood-mice from their sleep.

And the wood folk sing, "From the fall 'til spring,

And from spring again to fall,

You may seek and roam, but the pine-trees' home

Is the loveliest spot of all."

#### THE ROLL OF HONOR

No. 1. A list of those whose work would have been used had space permitted.

No. 2. A list of those whose work entitles them to encouragement

##### PROSE, 1

Henry S. Allen  
Ruth S. Abbott  
Elinor P. Childs  
Henrietta M. Archer  
Frances W. Wright  
Lois W. Kellogg  
Constance Kilborn  
Frances Sweeney  
Margaret E. Beakes  
Mary H. Wallace  
Dorothy M. Rogers  
Charlotte L. Adams  
Madeleine Greenbaum  
Anne K. Warren  
Lillian Armour  
Mary E. Whelan  
G. R. Burrage  
Margaret V. Powers  
Arthur H. Nethercott  
Mary van Fossen  
Louise S. May

Elizabeth Howland

Muriel Lives

Rose F. Cushman

Louise Collins

Mary Dorothy Huson

Thyrza Weston

Emma Faehrmann

Mary Conover Lines

Ruth B. Brewster

Anthony Fabbri

Claire H. Roesch

Mary Daboll

Helen E. Swartz

Grace McCa. King

Eleanor Brown Atkin

Genia R. Morris

Marion Smith

Emily Frankenstein

Kathleen T. Howes

William McBride

Marie H. Wilson

Vivian E. Kistler

Ruth Bawden

##### PROSE, 2

Roger V. Stearns  
Belle Miller  
Katherine Kitabjian  
Albert Bayne  
Peyton Richards  
Edith G. McLeod  
Nell Upshaw  
Helen Curtis  
Elizabeth Conley  
Frederic Wiesse  
Dorothy A. Fessenden  
Elsie Terhune  
Isabel Browning  
Henrietta Shattuck  
J. Frederic Wiesse  
Lena Turnbull  
Mildred Weisser  
Barbara Orrett  
Edna Arstein  
Alden Chase  
Ida C. Disbury  
Frances D.  
Pennypacker  
Pauline F. May  
Mary Hall  
Frederick S. Whiteside  
Gerald W. Prescott  
Helen A. Dority  
Thurston G. Mirick  
Dorothy Duggar  
Frances Weil  
Frederick R. Schmidt  
Edith Brodek  
Albert C. Kringel  
Nathaniel Dorfman  
Jessie V. Westfall  
Edith MacGillivray  
Marion Fette  
Matilda Task  
Janet Tremaine  
Katharine Ferry  
Edward B. Annable  
Florence Lowden  
Mary Buhl  
Katherine Kelly



"LEFT BEHIND." BY DOROTHY HUGHES, AGE 14. (SILVER BADGE)

##### VERSE, 1

Harriet A. Wickwire  
Bertha E. Walker  
Bernice L. Kenyon  
Gwendolyn Steel  
Anita L. Grannis  
Margery S. Amory  
Gladys M. Miller  
Forest Hopping  
Dorothy C. Snyder  
Helene M. Roesch  
Katharine Balderston  
Ellen Lee Hoffman  
Lilly Ruperti  
Ruth E. Sherburne  
Marian Shalner  
Marion Ellet  
Ellen B. Lay  
Florence W. Towle  
Katharine E. Read  
Flora McD. Cockrell

Elsie Stevens  
Hester R. Hoffman  
Robert Paine  
Charles Samolar  
Louis Ellis  
Helen Gould  
Edith Townsend  
Alice Card  
Berenice G. Hill  
d'Arcy Holmes  
Thelma Williams

Louis L. De Hart  
Mildred Thorp  
Kathryn Fagan  
Lois Hopkins  
Dorothy von Olker  
Helen C. Rankin  
Louise J. Spanagle  
Joseph B. Kelly  
Helen L. Eckel  
Walter Halrusa  
Emily M. Bennett

Josephine N. Felts  
Dorothy Heirnmind  
Samuel Sanderson  
Lucia Barber  
Thomas H. Joyce  
Thelma Stilson  
Helen A. Monsell  
Ruth Jones  
Jeanette Ridlon  
Gwynne Abbott  
Frances M. Ross  
Katherine Palmer  
Ruth MacC. Peters  
Ann Hamilton  
Helen S. Clift  
Hope I. Stelzel  
Winifred S. Stoner, Jr.  
Isabel Draper  
Francis C. Hanighen  
Irma A. Hill  
Alice P. Turner  
Eleanor Mishun  
Virginia Franklin  
Elizabeth Macdonald  
Lydia A. Mullon  
Katharine Beard  
Madeline McLemont  
Helen W. Butterfield  
Lillie G. Menary  
Margaret M. Caskey  
Winifred W. Birkett  
Lucy A. Mackay

## VERSE, 2

Francis A. M. Smith  
Gordon K. Chalmers  
Mary A. White  
Priscilla C. Hand  
Hazel M. Chapman  
Mary Franklin  
Ruth S. Thorp  
Frances Carveth  
Beatrice Fischer  
Elizabeth MacLennan  
Helen Welty  
Charlotte van Pelt  
Margaret Johnson  
Josephine Cohn  
Andria Hoff  
Lucile Shafer  
Louise Cramer  
Rushia Dixon  
Berrie Kripp  
Elise S. Haynes  
Irene Charnock

## DRAWINGS, 1

Louise Graham  
Martha P. Lincoln  
Henry J. Neal  
Calista P. Eliot  
Jacob C. White  
Wethelba B. Thoday  
Edward Verdier  
Eleanor W. Atkinson  
E. Theodore Nelson  
Madeline Zeisse  
Catharine M. Clarke  
Martha Means  
Walter K. Frame  
Frances M. Patten  
Horatio Rogers

Peggy Miles  
Mary Bradley  
Dorothy Taylor  
Miriam H. Tanberg  
Dorothy Deming

## DRAWINGS, 2

Charles H. Grandgent, Jr.  
Gladys Müller  
Anna R. Payne  
Pauline Haines  
Blanche Fox  
Marguerite Hicks  
Margaret L. Dugger  
Gladys E. Livemore  
Katharine Schwab  
Leonard C. Larabee  
Edith Sise  
Dorothy Batchelder  
Marion H. Medlar  
Allan Clarkson  
Frances Riker  
Fred Sloan  
Jacqueline Hodges  
Grace C. Freese  
Dart Brown  
Hortense Douglas  
Katharine Thompson  
Trueman F. Campbell  
Betty Kennedy  
Victor Child  
Christie Douglas  
Hunter Griffith  
Emil Thiemann  
Helen Beeman  
Leona H. Carter  
Edward Lynch  
Carol L. Bates  
Frances Eliot  
Rachel Britton  
Harry Speers  
Margaret Grandgent  
Estelle Simpson  
Frances Lamb  
Catherine Waid  
Barbara Hoyt  
Elizabeth E. Sherman  
Lucile Borge  
Isabel Knowlton  
Lily A. Lewis  
Winnifred Glassup  
Elizabeth Norton  
Olyve Graef  
Mary T. Bradley  
Edith V. Manwell  
Margaret van Haagen  
Mary Younglove  
Lois Myers  
Philip Nathanson  
Ruth Evans  
Alex Berger  
Elizabeth Hill  
Margaret Brate  
Catharine H. Grant  
J. Berge  
Joseph S. McKen

## PHOTOGRAPHS, 1

Dickson Green  
Nancy Eggers  
Margaret Woodall

Genette Hemenway  
Oliver Sorries  
Mary K. Gensemer  
Willard Vander Veer  
Babette Joseph  
Yvette Campbell  
Elaine Leighton  
Dorothy L. Griggs  
Dorothy Peabody  
Percival Wardwell  
Hugh Black, Jr.  
Helen Tyler  
Margaret Kew  
Gordon L. Kent  
Alice F. Vernon  
Andrew Sutherland  
Helen Stuart  
Dorothy Perry  
Katie Birmingham  
Caroline E. Aber  
Bryson Smith

## PHOTOGRAPHS, 2

W. Robert Reud  
Ruth F. Sules  
Joey C. Smith  
Harry Jefferson  
Kenneth Smith  
Elsie Stuart  
Robert Banks  
Ruth Coggins  
Margaret Richmond  
Kathleen Miner  
Mary I. Lancaster  
Louise M. Blumenthal

## PUZZLES, 1

Helen C. Wouters  
Benedict Jarmulowsky  
Alfred Curjel  
Marjorie K. Gibbons  
Winifred E. Powell  
Isidore Helfand  
William P. Hall, Jr.  
Eugene Scott  
Helen Westfall  
Sam H. Ordway, Jr.  
Louise Ackerson  
John B. Hyatt, Jr.  
Ruth K. Gaylord  
Edith P. Stickney  
Wyllis P. Ames  
Laura M. Clark  
Elizabeth P. Robinson  
George H. McDonald  
Helen C. Young  
Alan Loose

## PUZZLES, 2

Margaret M. Laird  
Frances Eaton  
L. Chernoff  
Meritta Frances  
Katherine Pearce  
Barbara Crebbin  
G. Gordon Mahy  
Edith Armstrong  
Randolph Lewishson  
F. Earl Underwood  
Dorothy Stewart  
Catharine M. Weaver

NO AGE. Helen Marshall, Daniel B. Benscoter, Daniel V. Thompson, Jr., Hobart Goewey, Douglas Sprunt, Muriel Avery, Harry Sutton, Jr., Eliot G. Hall.

WRITTEN ON BOTH SIDES OF PAPER. Irene Cerulte, Ralph Hoagland, Jr., Hester A. Emmet, Margaret Bennett.

WRITTEN IN PENCIL. Jean Harrison.

DRAWING NOT ACCORDING TO RULES. Duane Van Vechten.

TWO LONG. Margaret Spratt. J. Norman Kline.

TWO CONTRIBUTIONS. Marjorie M. Carroll.

## PRIZE COMPETITION No. 155

THE ST. NICHOLAS League awards gold and silver badges each month for the best *original* poems, stories, drawings, photographs, puzzles, and puzzle answers. Also, occasionally, cash prizes of five dollars each to gold-badge winners who shall, from time to time, again win first place.

Competition No. 155 will close September 10 (for foreign members September 15). Prize announcements will be made and the selected contributions published in ST. NICHOLAS for January.

Verse. To contain not more than twenty-four lines. Subject, "The Awakening Year."

Prose. Essay or story of not more than three hundred words. Subject, "The Greatest Invention."

Photograph. Any size, mounted or unmounted; no blue prints or negatives. Subject, "Around the Curve."

Drawing. India ink, very black writing-ink, or wash. Subject, "Through the Window," or a Heading for January.

Puzzle. Any sort, but must be accompanied by the answer in full, and must be indorsed.

Puzzle Answers. Best, neatest, and most complete set of answers to puzzles in this issue of ST. NICHOLAS. Must be indorsed and must be addressed as explained on the first page of the "Riddle-box."

Wild Creature Photography. To encourage the pursuing of game with a camera instead of with a gun. The prizes in the "Wild Creature Photography" competition shall be in four classes, as follows: *Prize, Class A*, a gold badge and three dollars. *Prize, Class B*, a gold badge and one dollar. *Prize, Class C*, a gold badge. *Prize, Class D*, a silver badge. But prize-winners in this competition (as in all the other competitions) will not receive a second gold or silver badge. Photographs must not be of "protected" game, as in zoological gardens or game reservations. Contributors must state in a few words where and under what circumstances the photograph was taken.

Special Notice. No unused contribution can be returned by us unless it is accompanied by a self-addressed and stamped envelop of the proper size to hold the manuscript, drawing, or photograph.

## RULES

ANY reader of ST. NICHOLAS, whether a subscriber or not, is entitled to League membership, and a League badge and leaflet, which will be sent free. No League member who has reached the age of eighteen years may compete.

Every contribution, of whatever kind, must bear the name, age, and address of the sender, and be indorsed as "original" by parent, teacher, or guardian, who must be convinced beyond doubt that the contribution is not copied, but wholly the work and idea of the sender. If prose, the number of words should also be added. These notes must not be on a separate sheet, but on the contribution itself — if manuscript, on the upper margin; if a picture, on the margin or back. Write or draw on one side of the paper only. A contributor may send but one contribution a month — not one of each kind, but one only.

Address: The St. Nicholas League,  
Union Square, New York.

## ROLL OF THE CARELESS

A LIST of those whose contributions were not properly prepared, and could not be properly entered for the competition.

INCOMPLETE ADDRESS. Louis Cohen, Helen M. Lancaster, Florence G. Clark, Charlotte C. Starr, Irene Herrington, Meredith Fitch, Margaret Brooker, Oscar Pitschman, Phoebe Harris, Lillian Goldstein, Stella Bloch.

LATE. Beryl Margenson, Louise van B. Douglas, Meta E. Lieber, Margaret F. Foster, Marie Piquet, Adelaide A. Kottly, Joseph A. Smith, Margaret L. Ayer, Charlotte Tougas, Louis F. Adams, Jr., Adelaide F. Kohn, Ruth Simonds, Margaret C. Bland, Bertha Dempster, Beatrice H. Robinson, Robert R. McIlwaine, Clara Leav, Arthur V. Metcalfe.

NOT INDORSED. Saul Werber, Elizabeth Griffiths, Novart Moskian, Marie L. Faxon, Hannah Ratisher, Olivia Doane, Kenneth B. Jaffray, Hester Sheldon, Myrell Armstrong, Elizabeth B. Dudley, Barbara Kerley, Bella Pursin, Jessica B. Noble, Ethel Cox, Geo. Milne.

## BOOKS AND READING

BY HILDEGARDE HAWTHORNE



### FAIRIES OLD AND NEW

SEPTEMBER seems to me to be the fairy among the months of the year. She is so crowned with gold, so full of play and magic spells, she has no work to do, and it is she who transforms the green woods and gray marshes to wonderlands of fairy fire, and brings the great pale moon back round and full night after night into the skies. Yes, September has a magic!

That being agreed, I am going to talk about a number of fairy books that I have never seen before, and which you, too, may have missed, though some of them have been enjoying themselves in this world for quite a while. Anyhow, they are all good, which is particularly necessary with a fairy story, for the bad ones, like the bad fairies, are very bad indeed, and we want nothing whatever to do with them.

The books I shall speak about contain stories from all over the world, for I suppose there has never been a language spoken that has not been used for telling fairy tales. Whether in hot lands or cold, among savages or the most cultivated nations—why, not a moment passes in which some one, somewhere, is not telling a fairy tale, or listening to one, or reading one, or perhaps writing a new one. Which makes it delightfully probable that we shall always have them with us, however scarce the fairies may have made themselves in these prosaic and practical days.

I remember telling you, long ago, of Selma Lagerlöf's Swedish story of Little Nils and his adventures, as he flew from place to place on the back of a wild goose. Later on, she wrote another book about him, called, "The Further Adventure of Nils," which, if possible, is even better than the first. It begins with the story of a little dog who came near being shot, and it takes you hither and thither over Sweden, which is a beautiful country. Many strange and exciting things happen to Nils and his friends of the field and wood and air; almost do you feel the swish of the wind in your ears and hear the wild cry of the geese as you read the pages. Nils was certainly in luck! But you are almost as fortunate as he if you have his book.

To travel from a country that is sometimes fearfully cold to another that is always warm, is an easy matter if you chance to possess the magic carpet of the prince in the "Arabian Nights," or, not having that, a book of the right kind can manage the thing excellently for you. So, having left Nils in his white land, we will go straight to Cuba, and see what it is that they have to tell us there, among the oranges and hibiscus flowers.

"As Old as the Moon" is the name of the book, and in it are the stories the Carib and Antilles Indians told each other when the world was younger than it is now, and before the white man

had come to drive them out of existence. In this little book we find out how the sun and the moon came to Cuba, with many other interesting things. The Indians who left these stories, to last longer than they themselves have done, were a gentle and poetical people, and you will love the stories.

There are two books of Irish stories—Ireland being an island, too, made me think of them next—one by Seumas MacManus, "Donegal Fairy Tales," the other by Yeats. The Irish were a great deal fonder of fighting than the Caribs, and the stories they tell are full of fights, fights between giants and mortals, between good men and men who were bad enough to deserve being beaten. There is lots of fun in the tales, however, sly Irish wit, many a moment of amusing trickery, and plenty of fairies and witches, spells and transformations.

Jamaica also has her stories, stories told by the negroes in their tiny cabins, some of which have come all the way from Africa in the early times when the slaves were being carried to the West Indies as well as to our country. But they came from a very different part of the Dark Continent, and the stories told in Jamaica are quite different from those we know through Uncle Remus. They are animal stories, to be sure, but that is their only resemblance.

Pamela Coleman Smith collected a lot of them into a book called "Annancy Stories," Annancy being the name of the spider, who is the hero of almost every story. I was in Jamaica part of the time she spent there, and once in a while I went with her to the cabins to hear the old women tell the tales in their strange English, which you can hardly understand at first. They would sit cross-legged on the floor, and sway a bit back and forth, and croon their words. They usually had a duppy—which is a ghost—in the stories, and very afraid of duppies all the Jamaica blacks are, I can tell you. But there was fun in the stories, too, and the old women would laugh and laugh when they got to the funny parts.

A book of English fairy tales called "Fairy Gold," by Ernest Rhys, is one of the best I found. The stories are told so charmingly, and are so good themselves. Mr. Rhys has got some very old and long-forgotten ones, which leads him to say that "a fairy tale, like a cat, has nine lives. It can pass into many queer shapes, and yet not die. You may cut off its head, and drown it in sentiment or sea-water, or tie a moral to its tail; but it will still survive, and be found sitting safe by the fire some winter night."

"Fairy Gold" has the best sort of stories, the ones that begin with "Once upon a time," and

have princesses and younger sons and magic transformations, and all the splendid things one looks for in the real fairy story. The sweet and the gentle and the lovely and the brave triumph finally over all manner of wicked enchantments or evil witches, which is as it should be, or why should one read fairy stories?

I think you will like particularly the story of Melilot, and of the three frog-men with their eyes that were very, very eager, but not cruel, and with their web-feet. Never a more lovable child than little Melilot came to bless a story, and one is glad when things turn out so well for her after her troubles, and wishes one might go with her when she goes so sweetly out of the story with her soldier beside her.

Then there is the tale of the "Bag of Minutes." You won't find a better in a bag of days! You see, you must certainly ask your parents for "Fairy Gold" when your next birthday comes round.

I never seem to be able to get entirely away from Howard Pyle when I talk of good stories. Here is "Twilight Land," which is brilliant, for all its dim title, with tales of Oriental people and mysterious adventures. Proud princesses and adventurous youths in turbans do all sorts of amazing things, helped by genie and clever old men whom one does not suspect of being magicians until things point to it too persistently. Then there are some delightful pictures, also made by Mr. Pyle, good, oh, quite as good as the stories, for he knew how.

Mr. Pyle had a sister Katherine who also loves to tell fairy stories, and there is a book by her, called, "Where the Wind Blows," that has ten, each from a different nation. The stories, Miss Pyle says, are almost as old as the Wind himself. But I think they will be new to you. Germany and Japan and India and England and Greece and other lands come with a story to tell. It will be hard, when you have finished, to say which of them all you liked best. Probably you will manage to get round it by speaking for the one you read last. But if you re-read one of them again, you'll find yourself changing your mind, and voting for that one.

A fairy story that takes a whole book to tell is "The Flint Heart," by Eden Phillpotts. It is interested in things that happened about five thousand years ago, and Mr. Phillpotts says that if you think times were dull then, you never made a bigger mistake in your life. "It was the liveliest age before history," he insists, "in fact, no one ever had a dull moment."

Nor will you as you read the book, which begins by telling about Brokotoctokick, who was



simply called Brok behind his back, and of another man whose name was merely Fum. It is Fum, however, who makes the flint heart, helped by the Spirit of Thunder. It was a hard and dangerous heart, and many things happen because of it. But in the end you will be glad that it was made—and surely glad of the story that tells its history. It all happens in Dartmoor, England, and though the queer stone huts of the New Stone People have disappeared, the country remains not so unlike what it was in Fum's day, as you may see for yourselves if you go there.

I dare say a number of you have read George MacDonald's "At the Back of the North Wind." I can't imagine any one missing that story; in fact, one ought to read it more than once, as is true of all good stories. It is impossible not to finish it without tears in your eyes, even though the ending is not really unhappy; but the tears one sheds over a story do not hurt. Surely the little hero must have been glad to get back of the North Wind once more, though he could never come here again. And so you close the book half glad and half sorry, which, very likely, when the time comes, is the way one closes the Book of Life. And who can say but that the sorry part is as beautiful as the rest!

Now I must speak of one more story, a new one last year, at least to us who speak English. For it was written by a Frenchman, Anatole France, and translated by Mrs. John Lane into the prettiest English, with little songs running through it, songs that turn into music right on the page—"Honey-Bee," it is called.

This story tells about the young Lord of Blanchelande and his foster-sister, the exquisite

Honey-Bee of Clarides, after whom the book is named, with whose good and beautiful mother the little Lord George came to live when his own mother died. The two children grew up together, and loved each other so dearly that they never forgot each other. Not though George was captured by the nixies who lived in the lake, and kept a prisoner for many years in a wonderful crystal palace, while Honey-Bee was carried away by the dwarfs to the heart of the mountain, and became their princess, and was loved and wooed by their king, a gentle and kindly dwarf with a heart of gold, besides all the treasures of the world.

Of course I am not going to tell you all that happened, nor what it was like in the kingdom of the dwarfs, nor in the nixies' palace. Nor how King Loc helped George to escape, and what followed upon that escape. For that is just what the book tells, and tells so beautifully.

After you have read it all, you will have a new idea of the dwarfs, the little, industrious people who live under the earth, and of their king, the noble Loc, who could give away so generously what he loved best. The book is like a handful of fragrant flowers, so sweet and fresh and lovely it is, and I advise you to go to your book-shelf and pull it out and read it many times.

This will do for one month. There are as many good fairy stories as there are yellow leaves floating in the clear September air when the wind blows, and it is not possible to speak of them all, any more than you can count the leaves. Some of the latter you will bring home to press and keep; and so I, too, have brought home to you a few of the stories, to treasure for all times.







### ILLUSTRATED NUMERICAL ENIGMA

IN this enigma the words are pictured instead of described. The answer, consisting of thirty-one letters, is a phrase first used by a famous American commander.

### LETTER PUZZLE

(Silver Badge, St. Nicholas League Competition)

One letter is suggested by each line.

My first is a body of water blue,  
My second makes men mean to you;  
My third is the end of time and space,  
My fourth increases each thing and place;  
My fifth and second are alike to see,  
My sixth is a part of the verb "to be."  
My whole is a Roman ruler whose name  
As soldier and statesman won great fame.

MARGARET M. DOOLEY (age 16).

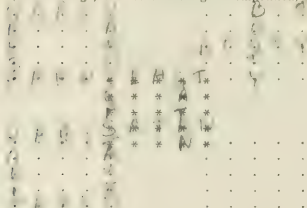
### NOVEL ACROSTIC

ALL the words described contain the same number of letters. When rightly guessed and written one below another, the primals and another row of letters will each spell the name of a famous composer.

CROSS-WORDS: 1. Fealty. 2. To awaken. 3. A nose. 4. A cloth dealer. 5. What no one likes to make. 6. Insignificant. H. R. LUCE (age 14), *League Member*.

### CONNECTED WORD-SQUARES

(Silver Badge, St. Nicholas League Competition)



I. UPPER LEFT-HAND SQUARE: 1. A swamp. 2. A port of Peru. 3. Severity. 4. To chide. 5. Robust.

II. UPPER RIGHT-HAND SQUARE: 1. A small heron. 2. Rank. 3. Plunder. 4. Prepares for publication. 5. Rigid.

III. CENTRAL SQUARE: 1. A substance used in making

bread. 2. A masculine name. 3. A variety of quartz. 4. The evil one. 5. Tendency.

IV. LOWER LEFT-HAND SQUARE: 1. Established custom. 2. Flavor. 3. A salt of soda. 4. A statue. 5. Assessed.

V. LOWER RIGHT-HAND SQUARE: 1. A play. 2. A noisy feast. 3. To turn aside. 4. To swallow up. 5. To vary. HENRY WILSON (age 13).

### CONNECTED STARS

(Silver Badge, St. Nicholas League Competition)



CROSS-WORDS: 1. In compass. 2. A negative. 3. An important island of Europe. 4. A convent. 5. A color. 6. A royal residence. 7. To place securely. 8. To depart. 9. In compass. 10. Thus. 11. A moral fable. 12. A beautiful city of Austria. 13. The river of forgetfulness. 14. To disfigure. 15. To invigorate. 16. To exist. 17. In compass.

From 1 to 2, upright; from 3 to 4, great fear; from 5 to 6, to toss; from 7 to 8, to go in.

Central stars reading downward (nine letters), a famous queen of long ago.

HELENA A. IRVINE (age 12).

### DOUBLE ACROSTIC

My primals spell a city, and my finals the State in which it is located.

CROSS-WORDS (of equal length): 1. A vegetable. 2. To coax. 3. A defect. 4. To skin. 5. Likewise. 6. An animal's den. 7. A city of West Siberia.

WINIFRED E. POWELL (age 12), *League Member*.







Photo. coll. on print by Blum & Co., New York and Paris.

# THE AMATEUR OF PAINTING.

FROM THE PICTURE BY MEISSONIER.

(SEE PAGE 1090.)

# ST. NICHOLAS

VOL. XXXIX

OCTOBER, 1912

No. 12

## PEACE PAYSON'S MOTTO

BY ELIZABETH PRICE

"WHERE is everybody, anyhow?" demanded Lucia, peeping in at a door which stood invitingly ajar.

"Here!" was the prompt reply. "Come right in, bridesmaid, and help yourself to a needle and thread."

"I've been wandering over the entire dormitory since I arrived, looking at empty rooms and rattling locked doors. What 's going on? Party gowns or new curtains?" and Lucia eyed the yards of frills inquisitively.

"The very idea! Curtains!" Grace tossed a filmy sleeve at the new-comer. "Gaze upon the quality of that material, then insult it if you dare! Here 's a thimble—baste that seam, will you?"

"We 're awfully glad to see you back, Lu. Did you get your cousin safely married?" Madge Greyson chimed in.

"Quite safely, thank you, and launched on her honeymoon tour. Yes, I did bring some wedding-cake. No, I did n't get the bride's bouquet. That 's the last question I 'm going to answer till this excitement is explained," and Lucia assumed a determined air as she reached for the thread.

"You need n't insist. Can't you see we 're dying to tell you? Gather this ruffle, Mabel, and, Sylvia, turn that hem. It 's a gown, Lu, for our feminine Paganini. I do mean Paganini, don't I, Lora? He did play the violin, did n't he?"

"According to history, yes. I never met the gentleman, so I can't speak from experience."

"It 's Peace, Lucia. We 're all so proud of her, we are half crazy. There was n't a minute to spare after she knew what Herr Richter wanted her to do, so we all pitched in to help. Grace is modiste-in-chief, and we are all aides-of-the-staff. Is n't it going to be pretty? Only look at that front breadth—could you tell it had n't been designed by Paquin himself, or herself, as the case may be?"

"Peace's gown. Everybody proud. So much I have gathered. A few more items would n't come amiss. Proud of what, for instance?" Lucia sewed industriously as she made her inquiry.

"One moment, Mabel! She 'll never understand your harebrained explanation. Hand me the scissors, Sylvia—the smallest ones." Grace snipped an armhole carefully before she went on. "It 's the students' recitals, Lu. You know all of Herr Richter's pupils have been preparing for these great events since school opened last fall. The first one is to be given by the Young Ladies' Orchestra, and the way they have fiddled and twanged the past week was enough to drive a mere book-worm demented. The music-room is filled with woeful sounds at all hours of the day and night, and, incidentally, my boudoir is directly over it. You can imagine my sufferings."

"Glad I've been away. If there's anything heartrending, it is amateur violin playing!" Lucia spoke with emphasis, and Grace raised a warning finger.

"Sh! Peace is likely to come in any minute, and she must n't hear such treason expressed by this crowd. Truly, Lu, it's an honor, all right."

"Undoubtedly. Of what does it consist?"

"Let me tell," said Lora. "Grace is as far from the main issue as Mabel was. Herr Richter has arranged Handel's 'Largo' for this occasion, to be played by six of his best violinists, a professional harpist, and the big, three-cornered piano. Everybody says it's the grandest thing this college has ever perpetrated, and the students are simply daft over it."

Lucia laughed. "Most of this I knew, my love. You forget that I have only been away a week. Now proceed to the part of the tale I have n't heard."

"Oh, dear!" sighed Lora. "It's very taxing on one's nerves to shirr frills for a star and relate prosaic details to unappreciative listeners."

"I'll finish," volunteered Sylvia. "Some people, being dull of comprehension, require more than one informant to make matters plain. Well, Lucia, we all knew, of course, that Peace would be one of the six, because she's a born musician, and makes her fiddle talk instead of caterwaul like some of the others. Nothing personal intended, Lu."

"No? Thanks! And, anyhow, I knew enough to give up my attempts before the habit became fixed. I have n't opened my violin case for two months. Go on."

"So Peace and five seniors have been industriously scraping away on all occasions, letting such trifles as Virgil and trigonometry alone, and concentrating every energy on the 'Largo.' At the rehearsals, Herr Richter performed the solo part, and nobody dreamed he was n't going to keep right on soloing to the end. But Tuesday evening he announced, without a moment's warning, that Peace Payson, our honored classmate, sophomore, and musician, would play that stunning part at the recital, mind you, while Herr Richter would n't do a thing but wave his baton!"

"You should have heard the din," Grace chimed in, laughing at the recollection. "I was up-stairs, and I thought something had broken loose. The orchestra clapped like mad, the bass drum boomed, the cymbals clanged, the tambourines rattled, and every girl cheered—all but Peace. When I got down to the music-room—I had to see what everybody'd gone crazy over—she was standing up there hugging her fiddle, and going pink and white by turns, like a blessed little

chameleon. Her head drooped forward as if it could n't hold up so much honor, and was ashamed to try. But she did that solo as if she'd been raised on it—Herr Richter himself applauded when she got through."

"I'll forgive you for taking a week to arrive at a piece of news like that." Lucia's own cheeks were scarlet. "Wait till I get hold of that modest mouse! Where is she now?"

"Practising, of course. She eats, drinks, and sleeps recital nowadays. She will let us fit her, and that's about all."

"How does it happen that Madam Smythe is n't making this festive gown?" Lucia had n't had time to think of that before.

Grace looked sober. "She said she could n't afford it. I'm afraid there's something wrong at home. You know Peace never loads her trials onto anybody, but if she were as care-free as she used to be, she never could make that 'Largo' sound the way she does."

"We all pounced on her to know about her dress, of course—with our usual delicacy—and she had to own that if there was a new dress at all, she'd have to make it." Lora paused to measure a band. "Now, Lu, you know how much of a success that would have been. She's no more of a dressmaker than a katydid, while Grace exudes style from her finger-tips."

Grace acknowledged the compliment with a sweeping bow. "Thanks, awfully! She would n't hear of it at first, but we simply made her give in. We told her it was our share of the honor to clothe the leading lady in a garb suitable to the occasion. So we took her purse (not as fat as it used to be), and Mabel and I bought the things ourselves. The rest of this crazy-patchwork recital you now behold with your own eyes. Here comes the star herself!"

The girls made room for Peace, who came in with her beloved instrument under one arm and a music satchel in her hand. "How's everybody?" she asked cheerfully, stooping to kiss the latest comer. "It's good to see you back, Lu. Did you have a fine time?"

"Gorgeous!" was the reply. "Weddings are no end interesting, Peace, especially when you're a bridesmaid and part of the imposing procession up the church aisle. But the news when I got back eclipsed even the marriage festivities."

"Is n't it wonderful, Lucia!" The blue eyes were earnest and grave. "But it's a great responsibility. How good one ought to be to deserve a privilege like this!"

"As if Peace Payson could be any 'gooder' than she is!" exclaimed Lora; but Peace shook her head, and found a place in the group.



“PEACE CAME IN WITH HER BELOVED INSTRUMENT UNDER ONE ARM.”



"Don't say things like that, please!" she begged. "It makes me feel as if I'd been a hypocrite and deceived you all. Lucia, are n't they dear? Every bit of leisure time they've had since Tuesday, these girls have worked for me, and now you're at it, too. I'll never forget it! when I have made my fortune, I shall buy each one of you the sweetest, gauziest gown I can find, in memory of this one."

"Don't wait too long, honey! Gauzy gowns might not be becoming with corkscrew curls and wrinkles."

"No danger, Grace. I'm building the most daring air-castles since Herr Richter put the notion in my head."

"Does anybody realize that in fifteen minutes the supper-bell will ring?" No one had realized it, and a general scramble ensued, as the seamstresses folded away their work and fled to their own rooms. Only Lucia lingered for a moment's chat with this, her dearest friend.

"I'm so proud of you, Peace. I feel as if I ought n't to let you associate with me after the way I fizzled on my music," she began.

"The idea! Are n't you heaps of other splendid things, I'd like to know?"

"Not so you could notice it. How did it all come about, anyhow?"

"I don't know, Lucia. I came across an old English adage lately, 'Doe ye next thyng', and I've been taking it for a sort of motto since. It means a lot when you study it out. So I had made up my mind to be contented to do 'ye next thyng' for Herr Richter, if it was only a wee corner among the second violins. I never once thought of this splendid chance, and I can't understand it yet."

"I can!" Lucia looked lovingly into her friend's steadfast eyes. "It's because you're so faithful when your 'next thynges' are trifles that you are ready to do justice to the big ones. You deserve it, Peace, every bit!"

"I really don't, but I'm glad you think I do, Lu dear," said Peace, happily, adding, "There's something else lovely that's going to happen. I just got the letter this afternoon. Of course, I wrote home the minute Tuesday's rehearsal was over, and Uncle Everett is coming to hear me play."

"You don't mean it! Why, I thought"—Lucia stopped and Peace nodded affirmatively.

"Yes, it's true. Uncle Everett does n't approve of college education for women, and he was n't pleased because Father sent me here. He said a high-school training was enough for any girl, and that I'd much better stay at home and learn to cook and sweep. He was very much

offended for a long time—would n't even write to me."

"The old—"

"No, no! you must n't say anything against him, for he's a dear, in most respects."

"And a bear in others. I see."

"Well, he's very fond of music—the violin especially—and since I've been getting along with mine, he has shown some interest in spite of himself. If I should ever make a really fine player, I think he'd be prouder than almost anybody else. So now he is actually coming to a woman's college to hear his niece perform! What do you think of that, Lucia?"

"That he might be in a much worse place, and on a less worthy errand."

"So he might. If he'd only feel differently about my education, I'd be so happy, for he is a good, kind uncle; but he's a bachelor, and Father says that accounts for his peculiarities."

"Very charitable view! Good-by, child. See you later."

Left to herself, Peace began putting her room to rights, keeping busy with her thoughts as she worked. "I could n't tell even Lucia that Uncle Everett would have no cause to be offended another year," she said to herself. "I'm not going to let any of them know that I can't come back again. They'd be so disappointed for me—they are such dear, true friends." She paused to straighten a kodak picture of a dozen merry faces, and her eyes dimmed as she tried to smile back. Then she shook her head determinedly. "I'll not be blue; I'll just be glad and happy!" she declared. "I'm going to hold on tight to my dearest little air-castle—the one that means that, maybe, if I do my recital work very well indeed, Herr Richter might let me try for the position of assistant next year. He needs help with the beginners, ever so much. If I could do that, and perhaps coach some of the preparatory-school students beside, I could pay my own way. It's worth trying for with all my might, for I don't want to give up now, and it's going to hurt Father so to have me."

The days flew by, and the evening of the recital arrived. These entertainments were always interesting, for Herr Richter roused his pupils to earnest, enthusiastic effort. The Young Ladies' Orchestra was, perhaps, his pet undertaking, and to its public recital he had given much preparation. He was a man of few words, and his rare praise meant much to his students. Peace had never suspected that he thought her work unusual, and his public recognition of her ability had stirred the whole school, for Peace was a general favorite, and all rejoiced in her good fortune.

She was looking her prettiest as she took her place on the stage that night. The dainty gown fulfilled its makers' fondest hopes, and its wearer

hear me," Peace murmured as she arranged her music and looked about at her companions.

The stage was not a large one, and the or-



"A SLENDER GIRL" WHO PLAYED AS NO ONE HAD EVER HEARD HER PLAY BEFORE.

was fairly radiant. Uncle Everett was in the audience, ready to listen for himself and for the dear home folks. "And I shall not make him ashamed—I could n't, when he 's come so far to

chestra filled it, so the grand piano was pushed aside behind the scenes and out of sight of the audience. It was almost time for the curtain to rise. Herr Richter was in his place, frowning at

the empty piano-bench and shaking his head over the tardiness of its occupant. A telephone bell tinkled in a dressing-room, and he hurried out to answer its summons. He was back almost immediately, his face red and his eyes snapping.

"Miss Meade, our pianist, has but now fallen, on her way to this place!" he said to the first violins, drawn up beside his stand. "Her wrist iss sprained—it iss not to-night that she can perform!"

The first violins gasped as one. Their accompanist disabled—what could be done? Herr Richter's face grew redder and more apoplectic;

time his voice was sharp. "The solo I will myself play. It iss possible I may get through without a downbreak. Kindly go at once, Miss Payson, the people wait!"

She rose without a word. Herr Richter frowned again. "It iss maddening!" he declared. "No rehearsal! But you I can trust, Miss Payson, to do your best."

That was the only sweet drop in the bitter cup, and that Peace hardly noticed. She must not cry—every note must be watched with clear, undimmed eyes. She must not even grieve—there would be time for that afterward. But the thought pressing down on her heart was of Uncle Everett, looking eagerly for his girl, listening in vain for the sound of her violin, and going away carrying disappointment to the home folks she had hoped to make so happy.

She did her best in spite of it all, trying to bring out of the instrument the support the orchestra needed.

The curtain fell for the intermission at last, and the stage was emptied. Peace sat still in her niche beside the big piano, thankful that no one came to sympathize. "It must be my 'next thyng,'" she told herself bravely. "I did n't think it would be anything quite so hard, but, of course, that does n't change my duty."

Out in the dressing-room she could hear the buzz of excited voices. Herr Richter heard it, too—more plainly than she, for no words reached her ears, while he could hear distinctly through the thin partition. The speakers were not very coherent, to be sure, but eloquent, if fragmentary. They told of the beautiful gown they had made for her—their labor of love; of Uncle Everett, "who 's an old crosspatch, anyway, and will never forgive any of us for getting him here under false pretenses"; of the father and mother waiting at home to hear the story of their little girl's triumph. "And there she is, tucked out of sight—she might as well be dressed in a kimono and curl-papers—ding-donging on that piano, and Herr Richter being sarcastic to her! I hate him—yes, I do!" declared Lora.

"She does n't deserve to be treated this way!" another indignant voice chimed in. "She 's too unselfish—I should have told him plainly I would not do it."

"So?" That was all Herr Richter said before he tapped for them to return to the stage. But behind his heavy brows his thoughts were working busily. How could he be expected to realize all the things he was undoing? The girl had made no complaint—uttered no protest. As for the gown—for his part he much preferred a sack-



"YOUR NIECE HASS 'TALENT, SIR," REMARKED  
HERR RICHTER.

the time was passing, the audience growing impatient. Suddenly the director turned sharply toward Peace.

"Miss Payson, it iss you who will play the pianoforte!" he announced. "A very bad business—no rehearsal, no time; ach, it iss bad!"

Peace made one appeal. She was very pale, and her lips would tremble in spite of her. "The 'Largo,' Herr Richter!" she reminded him. This

coat to full dress. But girls were different. Perhaps he should have remembered that. It was n't an easy task he had set for her that evening, but she had done it remarkably well. But there! tangles were bound to come, and should be met with what patience one could muster.

The program proceeded, and the "Largo" came at last. Then it was that Peace had her reward, for Herr Richter laid down his baton and turned to the audience, where Uncle Everett sat, glowing. "I haf this to say, mein friends," he remarked. "There iss in the orchestra one young lady who to-night hass not been seen. In a time off gr-reat emergency, I turned to her for help, and she did not fail me. While the orchestra hass been performing to-night, this young lady hass been at the pianoforte furnishing the foundation on which the string music hass rested. Now, mein friends, it iss her turn to come before you, and it iss my pleasure to announce that Miss Payson will play the solo in the Handel's 'Largo,' next on the program, while I take her place at the pianoforte. The baton will not be used. The solo violin will play the lead, and she can be trusted to do it very well, now and always."

All but those who were to play the "Largo" withdrew from the stage, and the piano was rolled forward. The first thing happy Peace realized as she lifted her bow was Uncle Everett's face—no longer glowering, but radiant with smiles, while the only figure on the crowded stage for one proud listener was a slender girl with waving hair, who played, as no one had ever heard her play before, her beautiful "next thyng."

Peace's success was the signal for a wild ovation from her college mates, and they would not let her go back to the piano till she had played an encore, all alone.

Herr Richter was introduced to Uncle Everett after it was all over. "Your niece hass talent, sir," he remarked. "She wishes to teach, and I shall need her assistance in my work next year."

"You won't get it, sir!" said Uncle Everett, bluntly—he was never diplomatic. "She will have her hands full with her college and her own music. She will graduate here, of course, but, then—she is to take her postgraduate work in Europe." And Uncle Everett was quite able to fulfil his own prophecies.

## THE SKY

BY LAURA SPENCER PORTOR

I've seen the sky when it was blue,

Blue as a bluebird's wing;

Or yellow at the dawn, as are

The orioles that sing

Sweet in the wild rose-bushes.

And red I've seen it too—

Like the robin's breast,

Whose pretty nest

The lilac hides from view.

And as the lovely thrushes

Have speckled breasts, the sky

Is speckled, too, sometimes, with clouds

That float in little lovely crowds

Up high—high!

And then much lower down, some day,

The clouds shine white and silver gray,

Just like the soaring gull

With its white breast, and its wonderful

Gray wings. And lower still, sometimes, I see

Out of the west the mighty black clouds come,

Swift, awful; so that all things hasten home.

The bluebirds, thrushes, orioles, and robins take  
quick wing

Back to their favorite bushes; their little frail  
feet cling

To the bending, swaying branches. Oh, this is  
no bird weather!

Hasten ye home, ye little birds! Hush! and wait  
together!

The sky is angry!

This I saw.

And then there flew three ravens forth,

Black as the clouds. They flew straight north;

And as the oriole at dawn rejoices,

Or bluebird, 'neath June skies, I heard their voices:

And one said: "What fine weather! *Caw!*"

And the other said: "Yes! *Ah!—Yes!—*

*A-A-Ah!*"

So, black of wing as was the storm, they flew,

And that this was the sky they loved, I knew;

For high above the wind I heard their voices

Still, glad as a child or bluebird that rejoices:

"*What fine weather! Caw! What weather! Caw!*"

"*Ah yes!—Ah!—What weather!—A-A-Ah!*"

For every bird there is a sky; and whether

It be the gentle thrush or raucous raven, there's  
a weather

For each. And that is God's good way;—and  
that is why

He made so changing and so wide a sky.



# ADrift ON THE AMAZON

BY DEWEY AUSTIN COBB

It was the month of May, and the Amazon River was sweeping down to the sea, six hundred miles away, in the majesty of a stream ten miles wide and ninety feet deep. For a month past, it had risen at Santarem at the rate of nearly a foot per day, and its every tributary was swollen by the melting snows of the Andes. Great cedar-trees, torn from the banks by the resistless flood, floated down the stream; these, when captured and towed in to the scattered sawmills, furnished the most valuable lumber of all forest-trees, for its quality of floating on water is rare among tropical woods.

At the time of this strange adventure, I was the guest of an old Brazilian friend, Manuel Valdez, at his plantation on the Amazon, near Santarem. The management of sawmill and plantation, with nearly a hundred laborers, left him little time for sport; but José Dean, his sturdy nephew of thirteen, was always looking for some new and daring enterprise. He and I were in the gun-room one morning, trying to plan some excursion for the day, when "Uncle Manuel" entered, and his first words scattered our half-formed program.

"The river has n't been so high for years! Have you noticed how many big cedars are coming down? I must get some of them in for the mill, and that means sending a canoe six miles down the river, to get the chain for hauling them. I lent it to Señor Mendez, on condition that he

would return it before high water, but he has failed to do so. Now I propose that we all take a holiday. About two miles below here, there 's a big floating meadow, which the water has been undermining for several years. There are over two acres, all overgrown with a jungle of trees and bushes, with a sod so thick and firm that you 'd think you were walking on solid ground. There are always swarms of fish of one kind or another under these tracts; they feed on the grubs and insects that fall from it, I suppose. Let 's take our fishing-tackle and guns—for we may see some game—and when the men go down for the chain, we can stop at the meadow and fish until they come back for us and our catch. We ought to get home again about sunset. What do you think?"

I was delighted, and said so, and José supplemented his spoken approval with a hornpipe and whoops of joy. My host's gun-room was stocked with the latest models of all that a sportsman could require for shooting, fishing, or canoeing, and under his general directions we selected what was needed. We took everything, including a well-filled lunch-basket, to the boat where the two paddlers were already waiting, and soon we were out of the little cove where boats were kept, and speeding down the river. At first the bank was steep and stony, rising several feet above the river, and surmounted by heavy woods. As we descended, the banks became lower, with here and there a strip of grass-grown meadow between forest and river, and at last turned to a sharp, straight edge of meadow turf, rising smoothly at a uniform height of about one foot above the surface of the unruffled water.

"This is the place," said Captain Valdez, "and there 's no underbrush close to the water, so we can make ourselves comfortable along this edge." The boat was drawn up to the edge, and our guns, lines, bait, and lunch-basket set ashore; then, after the canoemen had received instructions to call for us on the return trip, they went on down the river. We took our things back to a place of safety, then walked along the edge until we found a spot where the current would carry our bait under the sod, where the fish would see it, while we were out of their sight. It was soon apparent that this precaution was needless, for the sleepy, sluggish catfish herded there seemed destitute of any sense save that of hunger. As soon as a hook drifted near one, he would languidly take it in, make only a feeble resistance to being hauled out, and after a few perfunctory flops, lie still. We had caught perhaps a hundred pounds, when Señor Valdez wound up his line, remarking, "I 've only eighty people to feed now, and we have at least a pound apiece for them, so let 's quit. After luncheon, we 'll look about us a little."

José quickly followed suit, saying disgustedly, "Not much fun in this kind of fishing; it 's about as good sport as taking mackerel out of a kit!"

After spreading a tarpaulin over our catch, and refreshing ourselves from the basket, we strolled along the edge of meadow, which, as far as we could judge, extended for a hundred yards out over the river. At the shore end, a dense jungle sloped gently upward to terra firma; and the turf was so thick and firmly woven together, that, though we tried to produce a wave by all springing upward together, the effort failed. We explored for about half an hour, then returned to our fish; and here a surprise awaited us. José, who was a few yards ahead, suddenly stopped, and, in a voice of subdued excitement, exclaimed:

"Look, Uncle Manuel! There 's a big animal, eating the fish!" We hurried forward, just in time to hear some large creature slinking off into the thicket. Señor Valdez questioned the boy eagerly.

"Did you get a fair sight of him, José? Was he spotted like a leopard, or almost black, or yellowish gray all over?"

"Oh, yes, I saw him plainly; he stood there with part of a fish in his mouth, and turned and walked off with it when he saw me. He was a kind of tawny yellow—like a panther I saw once at the Zoo."

"It was a panther," his uncle answered, "only we call them pumas here. We have three kinds of big cats, all 'jaguars,' but we have different names to distinguish them. The different kinds

hate each other, and fight whenever they meet. The black ones are the biggest and wickedest, and we call them 'tigers'; the spotted ones are 'onças,' and the yellow ones 'pumas.' They live along the sandy banks of rivers, and fish a good deal; this fellow, I suppose, came to fish for himself, but was lucky enough to find dinner all ready for him." He looked at his watch, then turned to me. "Jim, I 'd rather like to try for a shot at that puma, would n't you? It 's three o'clock, and the boat won't be back for about three hours, so we 'd have time to follow him up. Pumas are n't quite so shy as onças, so we might get a chance at him. José, would you mind staying here with the catch? You can keep the little gun, and fire it for a signal if the boat comes, or anything happens."

"That 'll suit me better than crawling around in the thicket," answered José; "and, anyhow, if I went with you, I would n't dare shoot at a puma with this little bird gun. But I can fire it if the boat comes."

While we got our guns ready, Señor Valdez told us some new and surprising things about pumas. "Did you know," he said, "that the name the Indians in Buenos Aires have for the pumas means, in English, 'the Christian's friend'? A puma was never known to attack a man or a child, even in self-defense. They cringe and shed tears if hopelessly at bay, and a puma has been known to attack an onça that was threatening a child. I 've had one trot ahead of me like a dog, when crossing a *campo*, stopping and waiting if it got far ahead, and at last turning into the bushes when I got near a house."

"And you 're anxious to shoot a nice, friendly creature like that!" I exclaimed; "I confess, it takes away some of my enthusiasm."

He smiled wisely: "Ah, but they are the plague of planters, and we have to shoot them, to save our young stock, their favorite prey. They kill more colts and cattle than the onças do; so you need n't waste sympathy on them. Come along!"

Thus justified, I followed into the thicket where the puma had disappeared, and after advancing a little way, we found that there was a low, open path, made and preserved by the going and coming of animals to the river, for drinking or fishing. It was narrow and crooked, so we could not see far ahead; but we had not gone far, when we heard the movement of some creature in advance of us, and once we saw a dusky shadow rounding a turn in the path. We never once doubted that it was the same puma which José had seen; it did not seem much alarmed, and if we kept the trail long enough, we were pretty sure of a shot at it, for it would dash ahead a

few rods, then wait until we were quite near, then dart on again.

"He hates to leave those fish, or else his mate is prowling near here somewhere; they often hunt in pairs at this season. But his mate would hardly dare to hide in so small a cover as this, so he's probably waiting for a chance to get back and finish his dinner," Señor Valdez remarked. After advancing a hundred yards or so, we came to the point where the floating tract joined the solid land, marked by a slight depression extending on both sides as far as we could see. In this hollow were pools of water, which we had some trouble in crossing. As we scrambled over on an old log the trail had led us to, Señor Valdez explained the hollow at the joining. "The turf is cracked by repeated bending when the river rises and falls. It has been like this for two years now, but I never saw it quite so wide before. There goes our cat!" he broke off suddenly, pointing ahead to the puma, which was just disappearing again.

We pursued the creature through the woods until, at last, it took to a tree and hid among the dense foliage, to be brought down finally by a lucky shot; but that is too long a story to tell here. After the excitement of the chase was over, our thoughts reverted to José. More than an hour had slipped away since we had left the little chap, half forgetting him in the zest of the hunt; and though the boat was not yet due, we felt anxious lest we might have got beyond the sound of his gun. Leaving our trophy hung as high as possible, we started on the back trail; but after reaching the heavy timber, it became so dim and winding that, instead of following it far, we made straight for the river. On this account, we were not much surprised, or in the least alarmed, when we found neither the log where we had crossed, nor the little strip of water, but came to the broad river itself. Señor Valdez remarked that it was odd that he had missed the meadow, but that we must be above or below it. Then, after a moment's intense scrutiny, he almost shouted:

"No, Jim! Here's our log, but the meadow has broken away and floated off, with the boy on it—alone!" Rapidly he ran over the situation, anxiety in his voice. "The canoe won't be here for an hour; and there is n't another within two miles of jungle—an hour of travel. Even then, it would be too late to overtake that island before night, and we could not find or follow it after dark!"

Just then we heard the distant and feeble report of a gun, followed by a far-away, treble shout. Leaning out over the water as far as we dared, we could see our island. It was slowly

turning around, and now the meadow edge where we had fished was up-stream and nearest us, but fully a quarter of a mile distant. We could distinguish the boy, standing close to the edge and waving his straw hat. It was doubtful whether he could see us under the trees, but we both shouted, and fired a volley from our repeating guns. The extravagant waving of his hat and the feeble pipe of his boyish voice told us that we were heard; and it gave us added hope and courage to feel that the little hero was animated by the spirit of "don't give up the ship!"

Manuel Valdez was a resourceful man, and one of action, not of many words, when driven to the wall. Staring blindly over the water, he said: "Jim, you must stay here and watch that island, until it goes out of sight or is hidden by the darkness. I will make my way as best I can up the river-bank, on the small chance of finding a boat or a fisherman—I've heard of one or two half-civilized squatters, at the lower end of my land, a mile or more above here. If I don't find one, I'll push on home, get a boat, come back for you, and then start in pursuit."

"But your men will be here with the chain before you return. Perhaps they'll see the lad, and take him off," I suggested hopefully.

"They're not likely to see him, even if they come, for his island may move out toward the middle of the stream, as they usually do, while the boat will be sure to hug the shore for the slower current. Then the island is spinning round, and José can't keep on the side where he will be seen. No," as he turned his face up-stream, "there is not one chance in fifty of their finding him." As he began his difficult task, he threw over his shoulder his parting instruction:

"If the canoe comes before I get back, send it at once to find and overtake the island; but you had best stay right here, to give me the latest observation, then go with me." I heard him for a few moments, breaking through the thicket, and then the great silence of the forest by day fell on river and shore.

I watched the island until it was hidden behind a projecting point, half a mile farther down. It seemed to approach the shore, and was fairly in sight of a possible canoe coming up; but when it struck the cross current caused by the point, and before it was entirely hidden by the swift darkness, it was too distant to be seen and recognized by canoe men. Then I listened intently for the sound of the returning boat.

But the instant the sun had set, the nightly concert of the tropics began. Every bird and beast and bullfrog was wildly signaling its fellows. Several times I mistook the splash of a leaping

fish for coming paddlers, but after what seemed hours of waiting, I heard the unmistakable rhythmic beat of hurrying canoemen. Then a shout, "Hello, Jim! Where are you?" and the flash of a swinging lantern told me that Señor Valdez

often thrown almost straight across its bed by projecting points of land; the island when last seen had already started for the middle of the river. But, after living on the river all my life, I have found out that any two objects, like boards



"WE KEPT EACH OTHER FROM BEING LONESOME ALL NIGHT."

had returned with assistance. Guided by the flame of a vesta in my hand, he came in, and I made my report, and learned in turn that he had hailed two fishermen, a mile farther up-stream, and had impressed boat and paddlers into his service.

Just then his own men, returning with the chain, saw our light and hailed us, explaining that they were late because they had to wait for the borrower to return from hunting. They were not much concerned to find the meadow gone adrift, until they learned that José was on it. As we got under way, Señor Valdez announced his plan.

"If we go directly down-stream, we shall probably miss the island in the night, for the boy has no light. Then again, at high water, the river is

falling in from the mill, will keep near together for a hundred miles. Now, if we start where the island did, and let our boats go with the current, they will follow the same course, and, by sunrise, we shall probably sight it. The poor boy will have to spend the night alone, but he is safe enough, and the lunch-basket was not empty, so he will have some food."

The oldest paddler volunteered corroboration with, "That 's right, Señor; that 's the way we always find canoes that get adrift."

To wait in idleness, when the life of a human being is threatened by the forces of nature, utterly beyond our power to control or resist, is, perhaps, the severest strain ever brought upon a



sympathetic temperament. In our case, every nerve was tense with a desire to put forth some supreme effort to serve the lad whose bravery and infectious cheerfulness had endeared him to all who knew him. With three in each canoe to take alternate watches, while the others tried to get snatches of much-needed sleep, the voyage was begun. Neither Señor Valdez nor I attempted to sleep, and we rarely spoke. At midnight, the wild creatures along the shore gradually lapsed into silence, and the only noises were the whispering of the sleepless river, or an occasional splash which meant play, or tragedy, among the swarming fish.

That was the longest night I ever knew. At last daylight slowly penetrated the mists which hung over the river, but it was a full hour before we could see the shore. Then, as if at the command of some resistless power, the mist rose; not in broken patches, but foot by foot, everywhere, until we could see that we were near midstream. Both shores and two or three floating islands were visible, but we rowed down-stream a mile or more before sighting the wooded island of our pursuit, and it was nearly half an hour more before our strong paddlers brought us near enough to be certain that it was the one we sought. Something moving arrested our attention.

"Look there!" exclaimed Señor Valdez, with a laugh which held both relief and pride; "the plucky little rascal is still waving his hat!" Sure enough, there stood José; confident that we would come down the river after him, he had crossed the island, now turned half round, and was signaling to us from the side which had joined the mainland. We returned his greetings joyfully, and were within fifty feet of him, when suddenly Señor Valdez stood up in the boat and seized his rifle. He was bringing it to his shoulder, when José shouted in great excitement:

"Don't shoot, Uncle Manuel! Please don't shoot! He 's as tame as a kitten, and he 's been company for me all night!"

Señor Valdez complied, though he kept his gun in hand. Just then, a slight movement of a bush drew my attention to the snake-like head of a puma, peering at us with both fear and defiance

in his yellow eyes. The animal stood still until Señor Valdez stepped from the boat, then, with a growl, it darted through the thicket and sprang into the river. We saw its head, as it swam swiftly to a small fragment which had become detached from our island, and then it hid quickly among the bushes.

We received a joyful welcome from our young voyager, and soon took him on board, together with the fish we had caught. The lunch-basket was not forgotten, for it was not quite empty; six hungry men, however, soon attended to that. We made inshore to a slower current, and began our toilsome journey homeward; and, on the way, José told us of his voyage, and his strange companion, often interrupted by our eager questions.

"No, Uncle Manuel, I was n't really scared," said he; "that is, not until the island got into deep water, and the waves rocked it so I could see the trees swaying. That made me feel—well, rather anxious, and sort of seasick, too, so I thought I 'd better lie down awhile. Pretty soon I heard a whining noise near me, and when I looked around, there was Mr. Puma peering through the bushes with his shiny eyes! It was lucky I 'd just heard your story about their not attacking people, for it kept me from being frightened; and, anyhow, I could see that the puma himself was scared at the motion. He looked at the trees waving, and then he came close and nosed my hand and smelled at it, and seemed to think I was all right, for he laid down close beside me, just like a nice old pussy-cat. When I moved back to get away from the spray, he followed, and lay as close as he could; and it 's funny, but I really went to sleep several times—though every time I looked, his eyes were wide open.

"We kept each other from being lonesome all night, and when the daylight came, the puma went clear around the island, looking for a place to get off; then he came back, and ate a fish I gave him. He heard the canoes long before I did, for the hair stood up on his back, and then he growled and ran behind the bush, where you saw him. But, don't you see, Uncle Manuel," José finished earnestly, "it would n't have been fair to shoot that puma!"



"MORNING," "NOON," AND "NIGHT"



PICTURES  
PAINTED FOR ST. NICHOLAS  
BY  
FRANCIS DAY



MORNING.



FENNELIS DAY





FRANKLIN DAVIS

NIGHT.

# THE LUCKY SIXPENCE

BY EMILIE BENSON KNIPE AND ALDEN ARTHUR KNIPE

## CHAPTER XXVII

### HALF A SIXPENCE

WHAT Colonel Taunton had told "Friend Walm" that night at dinner, namely, that he was awaiting orders to withdraw his troops to Philadelphia, proved true; and a day or two later, they left us, so that John was free to come and go about the house as he pleased, until he was quite strong again.

For a few weeks, we had peace at Denewood; but, with the beginning of that dreadful winter of 1777 and 1778, we were a prey to foraging parties sent out by the British from Philadelphia, where they were much put to it for food and fuel.

The whole country suffered, and we with the rest; but though our bins were stripped, our remaining horses taken, and what cattle they could find slaughtered, those vaults wherein Mrs. Mummer had hidden most of her provisions were not found, and for a while we had plenty.

But as the winter advanced and Brother John came with heartbreaking stories of the sufferings at Valley Forge, Mrs. Mummer opened her secret stores, saying she could not sleep for thinking of the bleeding feet and starving bodies of the Continentals. To be sure, there was not enough to feed even so small an army as that which General Washington then commanded, but it did something to relieve the distress of those cold weeks.

Brother John stripped the house of all the blankets and comfortables and other such coverings as we could possibly spare. Polly and Betty complained, but the rest of us were glad enough to think that a few more brave men might be the warmer for our sacrifice; and though at times Peggy and I, sleeping together for greater comfort, shivered in our bed, we willingly bore the discomfort, thinking, as little Peg said, that, "Our so-so-soldiers are co-co-colder than we are, Bub-Bub-Bee."

We had many visitors coming and going on business connected with the Continental army, and upon one great occasion, General Washington brought with him the Marquis de Lafayette. Poor Mrs. Mummer was so put to it to find a fitting dinner for His Excellency, that she fair wrung her hands in despair. But somehow she got together a fine meal, of which General Washington ate but sparingly, and when Brother John urged him further, he shook his head, say-

ing he could not eat heartily while he remembered that his good soldiers were hungry at Valley Forge.

Captain McLane was often with us, sometimes with Brother John, and again alone, for he seemed constantly on the go, with or without his troop, and would drop in at the most unexpected moments.

Brother John, too, like Captain McLane, was always on the go, annoying the British whenever the opportunity occurred, stopping supplies to the city, and falling on foraging parties which they had word of. He was entirely recovered from the wound in his head, and in spite of hardships he seemed to thrive.

Of course we heard much of the gaiety among the British and Tories in Philadelphia, mainly through Polly and Betty, who came with stories of these doings gathered from the Shaws and Shipleys. But it was from other sources that we learned how intense the suffering became among the poor, and how well-nigh impossible it was to obtain necessities.

As the spring advanced and General Washington moved to surround the city, this condition became more and more aggravated, and soon it was said that Philadelphia had captured General Howe, for now that he would like to come out, he found it not so easy.

We were glad when the warm days came at length, and Brother John, on one of his flying visits, told us with great glee that General Howe had been ordered back to England, and that Sir Henry Clinton was to have command.

"We 'll beat them yet, my little sister!" he cried gaily. "There will be no such winter as this again. 'T is now the beginning of the end. It may take years yet—indeed, the general thinks so—but it 's sure, Bee; it 's sure!" And he took my hands, and we danced about the great hall like two children.

The next day, Polly and Betty came with word of a great fête that the British officers and Tories were to give in honor of General Howe.

"'T is to be styled The Mischianza," said Polly, "and there are to be knights and ladies, and a pageant, and—I know not what else. At night there is to be a ball such as Philadelphia has never seen."

"And why are they doing it?" I asked.

"To honor General Howe, as I have already told you," she replied pertly, tossing her head.

"I see no very good reason for such a celebration when so many are suffering," I burst out.

"Nay, I care nothing for your politics," interrupted Polly. "I know only that there will be fine doings, and that I am going."

"Nay, I think it would be more decent to stay at home!" I told her plainly. "With your father and brother in our army."

"Hoity-toity!" she flashed back, in a temper, "you are not my governess, Mistress Beatrice! I take no orders from a chit of a girl like you. I shall go, and take Betty with me."

I did what I could to persuade her otherwise, but she would not listen, and, having no authority, I must, perforce, let her have her way.

When they returned a few days later, I found that Madam Shaw, besides allowing them to see the pageant, had taken Polly and her daughter Ann to the ball, where each had several partners, and had their heads turned by foolish compliments.

"La, child!" said Polly to me, airily, "now who do you think led me out first? You 'll never guess, but I 'll not plague you. 'T was Blundell! I vow he is quite a personable man. And what think you he said to me?"

"Nay, I care not," I answered.

"He told me," she went on, "that he promised himself one more visit to Denewood before he left. Ah, that makes you start, does it?" and she stood back, shaking her finger at me. "To think you should have an affair with him!"

"Polly!" I cried, "how can you be such a ninny! I am but a child, and if Blundell comes back, 't is not for love, but hate."

"Oh, aye," she retorted scornfully, "'t is likely. And I suppose you 'll say as much of the gentleman who showed me the half of a sixpence that you had given him—as a lover's token, I doubt not."

"What!" I exclaimed. "Was Lord Howe there?"

"Aye, you sly puss," laughed Polly. "That wakes you up! He was there, to be sure, and though a very proper gentleman, I must say he is a trifle ancient for my taste."

"Oh, you foolish, foolish maid!" I replied, and ran off laughing at her silliness.

That same night Brother John came to dinner with us, and after the others had gone up to bed, I sat talking with him in the hall, as he meant to stay the night. We had much to say, for as I had grown older I was glad to find he put more and more responsibility upon me, so that, indeed, I began to feel I was of some use to him, and not just a burden.

I know not what we talked of, but in the midst

of it, we heard the clatter of a horse galloping up the drive, and Brother John jumped to his feet, not knowing who it might be.

We heard the horse stop at the entrance, and then the voice of a man speaking to the stable-boy.

"Take her and rub her down, but give her nothing for full ten minutes, or you 're like to founder her, and I have need of a good horse to-night."

It was Captain McLane, and we hurried forth to welcome him.

"Good!" he cried as he caught sight of Brother John, "I 'm right glad you 're here! There 's work to do. Where is Lafayette?"

"He is camped back of Barren Hill. Why, what 's up?"

"Howe has five thousand picked men out to take his rear, and is like to do it, if Lafayette is not warned. I got hold of it in Philadelphia this morning. I went in with some vegetables as usual, and made pretty pickings. But I 've had a time getting here. The redcoats are everywhere, and we have few moments to waste. 'T is Howe's last chance, and he hopes to end his command brilliantly, as, indeed, he would if his plan went through. But we 'll fool him, Jack, for once Lafayette has word, he 'll know what to do."

While he talked, I had brought food, and he ate it hurriedly and was ready for the road again, calling for his horse ere the poor beast had time to dry.

"Nay," said Brother John, "you wait here for half an hour. I 'll on by the main road, and you take the other. In that way, one of us will win through, and you 'll make better speed for a rested horse."

Captain McLane, seeing the wisdom of this suggestion, nodded, and with hardly a word of good-by, Brother John was gone.

Thus they often came and went; and although I liked it not, and was anxious till I had word of them both again, I was not surprised.

The next morning while I was tidying up my room, I heard Peggy calling from down-stairs.

I ran out, and leaning over the balustrade, answered her.

"Here I am, Peg; what is it?"

"There 's a bu-bu-boy down here asking for you, Bub-Bub-Bee."

At once my thoughts flew to Brother John and to his going off alone the night before to find his way among those British troops that Captain McLane had spoken of as "everywhere." Perhaps he was wounded and lying in the woods awaiting help. I ran down the stairs to the front door to see who the stranger might be.



"OPENING THE PANEL, I RAN TO LORD HOWE, STILL BLINDFOLDED—"COME!" I CRIED."



There I found a shock-headed country boy with one hand held behind his back.

"What is it?" I asked anxiously.

"Be you Mistress Travers?" he asked slowly.

"Yes, yes, tell me!" I begged impatiently.

He turned his head to one side, evidently suspicious.

"He bade me speak to no one save only Mistress Travers," he said doubtfully. "I bethought me she was a lady."

"I am Mistress Travers!" I cried, certain now that there was something wrong. "What is it you have to say to me?"

He looked at me again for a moment uncertainly, and then, with a solemn shake of his head, brought forth the hand that had been behind his back, and thrust it toward me.

"Know you that?" he asked.

Between the dirty fingers I saw the half of a sixpence!

## CHAPTER XXVIII

### BLINDMAN'S-BUFF

I took that bit of broken sixpence in my hand, matched it with the half hanging from my neck, and could scarce believe it when they fitted.

"How came you by this?" I asked the boy, who stood looking at me stupidly.

"'T was given me by a man who waits in the wood below," was the answer. "He said he would have speech with Mistress Travers. Be ye sure 't is you?"

"Yes, yes!" I answered impatiently, beset with unknown fears, for it scarce seemed possible that the one to whom I had given that piece of silver could be waiting for me.

"What sort of a man gave you this?" I demanded next, at which the lad put his hand to his head and rubbed it in a perplexed sort of way.

"Nay, I know not," he replied deliberately, "save that he spoke as one who meant to be obeyed."

For a moment, I was in two minds what to do, but only for a moment.

"Take me to him," I said.

"T was but to the edge of the forest he took me, and there I found Admiral Howe waiting. I stared at him in astonishment, for 't was hard to believe my eyes.

"I bid you good morning, Mistress Beatrice," he said, bending over my hand. "'T is an awkward place to renew our acquaintance, but I think you must believe I am very glad to see you."

He spoke as coolly as if he were still aboard his flag-ship, surrounded by his officers.

"Why, how came you here?" were my first words, for I was far from cool.

"Is this the American hospitality I have heard so much vaunted?" he replied, with a smile; "or is it natural curiosity?"

"Nay, Lord Howe," I said, "'t is no lack of hospitality, nor have I forgotten what I owe to your kindness to a forlorn little maid nigh two years ago. But this is no safe place for *you*! Captain McLane or my brother may return at any minute, and if I am to serve you as I would, I must know how the matter stands."

"Aye, you are quite right, Mistress Beatrice," he answered readily, "and here 's the truth of it, though it reflects little credit upon any of us. My unfortunate brother, General Howe, wished to leave with some small achievement, and to that end planned a movement against Lafayette. So certain was he of the success of his expedition, that he told many friends in Philadelphia that they must prepare a fitting reception for the marquis when he was brought in a prisoner. He even invited ladies to dine with him. Then, too, he asked General Knyphausen and Sir Henry Clinton and myself, with some others, to go with him upon the expedition. So sure was he—and I submit the plan was well conceived—that we all thought failure impossible, and I, a foolish sailor, was glad to go. Well, it turned out otherwise, Mistress Beatrice, why I know not; but Lafayette did not stay to be captured! And seeing failure before us, I had no stomach to face the smiles of derision that would greet us upon our return to Philadelphia empty-handed. And so I turned my horse, thinking I could not miss the road, and would slip back alone and go on shipboard."

He paused a moment, giving a light laugh.

"The rest is plain. I cannot navigate upon the land, it seems, so I lost my way, lamed my horse, and had to abandon him. I stumbled on afoot till I was like to drop. Then I met the country lad, and learned from him that I was near Denewood. A little cousin of yours whom I saw at the great ball said that you were here, and, remembering my bit of sixpence, I sent it to you. It has been lucky, for it brought you to my aid, and I should like it back again. I fear that my poor brother has no such lucky piece."

I returned the broken coin, scarce knowing what I did, for I was thinking how I could help him.

"I will show you the road to Shaw's, Lord Howe," I said. "There you will be safe, and doubtless able to find a horse; for, being Tories, they have been spared, while we Whigs have been stripped of all our live stock. 'T is but a mile or so," I added, noting the look of disappointment that came into his face.

"Nay," he returned a little sharply, "first I must have rest, and I have not eaten since last night."

I was in a quandary, for, though I did not expect my brother nor Captain McLane, they might come at any moment; and though the capture of Lord Howe would be a fine thing for the cause, I had no wish to be a party to it. On the other hand, to turn him away with neither food nor rest seemed cruel. I know not why it is so, but a hungry man always seems to me the most pitiable thing in all the world.

"Come!" I said, making up my mind to take the risk. "I will get something for you to eat, but I warn you we may be interrupted at any moment, with what results I fear to think."

"I am in your hands, Mistress Beatrice," he said, and we started to make our way to the house.

He had not exaggerated his distress, and though he tried to hide it, I saw that he limped, and knew his foot was lamed.

As we came near the house, I bade him wait while I went forward to see who might be about. But there was none but Polly and Betty, busy with some needlework, sitting on the sod under the trees, and it would be an easy matter to pass them.

I returned to Admiral Howe, and drew him to the side of the house, entering the dining-room by the long window. He sank into a chair with a huge sigh of relief.

I ordered food prepared, and posted the black boy, Charley, to warn me in case any one appeared, after which I returned to the Admiral.

We chatted while waiting for his meal, and I asked him for word of Mr. Vernon, for though I had tried before to have news of him, I could never come by it. Lord Howe did not at first recall him, there being so many young officers in the fleet, but at last he succeeded in remembering that shortly after I had escaped from the *Good Will*, Mr. Vernon had sold his commission.

"I think he had no heart in the matter," said Lord Howe. "And indeed, Mistress Beatrice, 't is no easy task to bring Englishmen to killing Englishmen, no matter how wrongheaded they may be. Were it otherwise, we should not have need of Hessians to fight under the British flag."

At that moment, Mrs. Mummer came in, bearing some food for His Lordship; and plain enough it was, but he eyed it hungrily, and immediately pulled up his chair to the table.

No sooner had he taken up his fork than Charley hurried into the room with the most disquieting news.

"Mars Cap'n McLane don comin' at a gallop. Miss Bee," he announced, "and thar 's a troop behind 'im a-clatterin'—" But he had said enough, and, with a gesture, I sent him from the room.

Lord Howe was on his feet, his food still untasted, and he looked at me inquiringly.

"I must be hidden," he said in an undertone; "I have no wish to meet Captain McLane, having heard too much of that gentleman's enterprise."

"But where can I hide you from him in *this* house?" I answered. "He knows every foot of it, and—"

"But he will have no thought of search," Lord Howe broke in.

"That is true," I answered; and on the instant, I decided to put the Admiral in the secret room.

"Come!" I cried; and, snatching a napkin from the table, I hurried him up-stairs and into Brother John's apartment.

Shutting the door behind me, I went over to the Admiral, folding the napkin into a bandage.

"I must blindfold you," I said, and seeing him draw back, I hastened to add, "there is no other way."

"But, Mistress Beatrice," he demurred, "'t is asking much, and—"

"Nay, Your Lordship," I interrupted, for there was no time for argument, "it *must* be done. Remember, you are in the house of your enemies, and were you any other than yourself, I would never lift hand to save you. I owe much to you, and I will help you all I can with honor; but the secrets of this house I shall guard, and though, perchance, I break a trust, 't will be only after I have your word that you will not remove the bandage."

He looked at me quizzically for a moment, with a slight smile upon his lips; then he nodded his head in agreement.

"Bind my eyes, Mistress Beatrice," he said gently. "I give my word they shall so remain until you release me from my promise."

With that I blindfolded him, and, opening the panel in the wall, led him to a chair and left him seated in the secret room.

As I gently closed the panel again, I heard the sound of galloping horses tearing up the drive, and many shouts, mingled with a volley of shots. My heart stood still, and for a moment I could not move; then I ran to see what the matter was. But ere I could reach the front door, it was thrown violently open, and Captain McLane came in, shutting and locking it behind him.

"Ah, Mistress Bee," he cried, as he turned to me, "what luck that you are here! You must hide me at once, for there 's a score or two of redecoats will be searching high and low in a minute or two. The woods are thick with

them," and he started toward the room I had just quitted.

"No, no, no!" I cried, running after him as he mounted the stairs, "you can't go there now!"

"Not go!" he exclaimed, looking at me in amazement. "Not go? Why not? 'T is a matter near life and death to me! I tell you they 're at my heels! Did n't you hear the shots? Come,

"Oh, no, no, no!" I cried, and then I burst into a fit of weeping, though I stifled my sobs so that no sound should reach the occupant of the secret room.

"Nay, Bee, do not cry," he said, for, like all strong men, he was not proof against tears. "I did not mean to be rough, but I like not to be captured. Cannot something be done?"



"STOP!" I CRIED, AND, RUSHING UP, SNATCHED THE BRAND FROM HIS HAND (SEE PAGE 1084)

open the panel," said he, as we reached the threshold of Brother John's room. "They may be here any moment."

"Speak softly!" I whispered, as we entered and I locked the door behind us. "Can't you go by Peg's mousehole?"

"Yes," he said grimly, "if I want to fall into their hands. Nay, it must be the secret room."

"But there is some one there already!" I cried in desperation.

"Ho!" he said, his face lighting, "'t is Jack. Well, with him I 'd face the troop, were there need!"

"Nay, 't is not John," I told him, and his face grew very grave.

"I do not understand. Will you have me taken?" he asked, his face growing stern.

"Yes," I answered, "I can put you in the secret room, but you must let me bind your eyes, and promise not to look till I give you leave."

'T was like a drowning man clutching at a straw, for I thought I saw my way clear, if he only would consent. But he shook his head, and I saw he had no more fancy to be blindfolded than had Lord Howe.

"Nay, I will walk into no trap," he said hotly.

"Oh, Captain McLane!" I answered, distressed that he should hint at any treachery on my part. "Think you I would betray you?"

"But who is the man?" he broke in upon my speech.

"Nay, that I cannot tell you," I made answer.

"And I thought you were a true American," he muttered to himself, half turning from me.

"And so I am!" I cried, "but I cannot think the country would be better did I dishonor a pledge. Oh, Captain, 't is a private debt that I *must* pay! If you owed silver to a poor man, would you refuse to pay it because the country needed money? I owe this man a thousand times more than money; for, when I had most need of it, he stood my friend. I can do no less."

At that, the sounds of much talking and of heavy feet coming up the stairs brought us back to the peril of the situation.

"Here they come," said the captain, "and I am lost."

"Nay, let me bind your eyes," I begged. "You can trust me."

He looked at me earnestly for a moment, and then smiled.

"You must e'en have your way," he said. "But hurry with your blindfolding, for I hear them coming down the hall."

I ran to him eagerly. My own handkerchief would scarce reach half-way round his head, and I looked about me in vain for a cloth.

"Let me have your handkerchief," I cried.

"And must I supply my own bandage?" he asked, putting a hand in his pocket, but not finding what he sought. "'T is lost," he ended, and at that moment came a rattle at the lock of the door and the murmur of voices on the other side of it.

Then followed a thundering knock.

"Open at once!" was the command, and I jumped with fright.

"Hurry!" whispered the captain. "They 'll batter it down in a moment."

But I could find nothing with which to bind his eyes. I thought I should go mad.

"Open, or we 'll break down the door!" cried the voice outside, and a resounding crash gave fair warning of what was to come.

"They 're on us," muttered the captain, crossing the room to where the panel opened in the wall. "I wish I had the secret of it."

I ran to him in hot haste, and, seizing him by the arms, stood him face to the wall beside the secret entrance, yet so turned that he could see nothing of it.

"I trust you not to look," I said. "There is no other way, and my honor is in your hands." His shoulders straightened, and I knew that, until I gave the word, he would so stand, no matter what might come.

Meanwhile the order to smash the door had been given, and they were at it, but it was stout oak and held for a space, though the racket covered all other sounds.

Opening the panel, I ran to Lord Howe, still blindfolded and seated as I had left him.

"Come!" I cried, seizing him by the hand.

"But what does all this noise mean?" he demanded.

I said naught, but dragged him forth, and as he limped out into the larger room I left him. Then, seizing Captain McLane, I pushed him through the opening and closed the panel.

The lock was breaking, and as I plucked the bandage from Lord Howe's eyes, the door gave way. Then into the room, at the head of a half-score of men, stumbled a young officer with a drawn sword.

"Now yield you, McLane!" he cried. "We have you this time!" But even as he spoke, he recognized the man who stood before him. "*Lord Howe!*" he exclaimed, and his eyes opened wide with astonishment.

As for me, I was near overcome with the strain I had been under, and clung to the Admiral, laughing hysterically.

## CHAPTER XXIX

### THE LUCK OF A SIXPENCE

For a few moments, no other word was spoken, and I did my best to control myself.

"And now, sir, what do you mean by entering this house and battering down the door to a private room?" demanded Lord Howe of the young officer before him. "'T is an outrage the equal of which I have never met. What do you mean by it?" He spoke so sharply that the officer was visibly affected.

"I regret to have intruded, Your Lordship—" he began, but the Admiral cut him short.

"Cease naming your regrets," he snapped. "Why did you break down the door? That is what I wish to know."

"To find Allan McLane, Your Lordship," was the answer. "He came into this house, that we saw; and we have searched it until we reached this room and found the door barred. He must be in the house somewhere"; and the officer looked about him keenly.

"Nay," returned the Admiral with equal positiveness, "wherever else he may be in the house, I 'll vouch for it you 'll not find him in this room. I 've been here myself a full half-hour." Then I knew that, in the noise and confusion caused by the battering down of the door, Lord Howe had heard naught of Captain McLane's entering the secret chamber.

The young officer shook his head in perplexity, as well he might, but, seeing no sign of the man he sought, he evidently decided it was useless to go on with the matter.

"I have the honor to report, Your Lordship,"



he said, "that it was while looking for you, that I fell in with McLane. General Howe, having missed you, sent out several parties in search, with instructions that he would await you at the Shaw residence. I believe, Your Lordship, that dinner is being delayed pending your arrival."

At the word "dinner," Lord Howe was mightily cheered.

"Now at last you give me some good news, for I am like to starve. Come! We will go at once"; and he led the way down-stairs and out to the portico, where a horse was brought for him.

"I have much to thank you for, Mistress Beatrice," he said to me at parting. "How much, I am not quite sure, for there seems to have been some mystery afoot, and I cannot flatter myself into the belief that your alarms could have been wholly on my account. Nevertheless, you have given me an anchorage when I was in sore need of one, and my services are ever at your command"; and with that he kissed my hand as if I had been a woman grown, and a moment later, went clattering down the road with his escort of troopers.

I felt so weary that I should have liked to seat myself somewhere to have a minute's peace and quiet; but I had Captain McLane to think of, and I went at once to the secret room to inform him that he was free to go if he would.

"Aye, I'm anxious enough to be off!" he cried, when I had liberated him. "There are some English bigwigs scattered about the country here, and I would dearly love to pick up one or two of them; but I must have a bite to eat."

I led him to the dining-room, whereupon, seeing the food on the table, he gave a cry of joy, and set to work to finish it.

I could not help smiling a little when I thought that here was Captain Allan McLane eating a meal that had been prepared for Admiral Lord Richard Howe; surely 't was passing strange that matters should thus arrange themselves.

Captain McLane caught me smiling.

"Are you laughing because I am eating some one else's dinner?" he said, and I perforce nodded an agreement.

"I heard the hubbub, of course, but could not catch what was said. Who was the man?" he asked.

"Nay, I may not tell that," I answered.

"Well, I'll not plague you," he went on. "You look tired, and I doubt not this coming and going of soldiers is hard on a maid. But there will be little more of it. Sir Henry Clinton dares not stay in Philadelphia long, and the country will soon have a chance to recover itself. Now I'm off to meet John," he ended, rising.

"Where is he?" I asked as we left the room.

"He should be awaiting me with the troop on the Manatawny road," he answered, on his way to the door. "We have a little business to attend to at Chestnut Hill before nightfall, and I must hurry"; and off he went with a word of good-by and thanks.

I ran to my own room and threw myself on the couch, for I was worn out with the excitement and anxiety of the last hour. I wanted to be alone for a little while, and I thought how pleasant it would be to be back for a time in the peace and quiet of the old Dower-House in England. And that led me to remember Granny, and to wonder what she and the boys would say if they knew what I had been doing. In those few minutes, I longed for her unexpressedly. It would be so comfortable if she were here to take me in her arms and let me have a good cry.

It seemed as if I had come to the end of my strength, but my hardest trial was before me; for, as I longed for quiet, Mrs. Mummer rushed into the room.

"We are lost, lost!" she cried. "There is another troop of redcoats, and—"

"Nay, I care not," I interrupted. "Let them come and do as they please. There is naught left for them to take but the roof over our heads. Am I never to have peace? I tell you I can do no more, and we must e'en let them have their way."

"Are you daft, child!" she cried. "'T is Captain Blundell, and he is after that very roof, for he vows he is here to burn down the house!"

With a cry of horror I sprang to my feet.

"Oh, no, he will never do that!" I protested, but all the while I knew this danger had been great for a long time. Stories of how the enemy had burned and ruined the houses and property of other Whigs had reached us again and again, but never had I thought it possible that the mansion at Dencwood could be destroyed. There was no longing now for England or the old Dower-House. That was forgotten in the sudden realization of the love I had for my new home, left in my care by Brother John, who looked to me to preserve it.

"Come, rouse yourself, Miss Bee!" exclaimed Mrs. Mummer. "Down to the man and beg his mercy, if you have to go on your knees to him! Anything is better than that the house should be destroyed! Please go to him before it is too late! He has been asking for you."

"Willingly would I go down on my knees to him," I answered her, "if it would save the place, but it will not. Think you Captain Blundell knows the meaning of mercy? He would but laugh the louder. Nay, we must *do* something."

"Then cannot we find Master John or Captain

McLane?" Mrs. Mummer begged, for she loved Denewood, and to think of it in flames nigh maddened her.

"There is no hope there," I said. "They are off to Chestnut Hill on some expedition; but there is some one else who will save it—if we have time."

"He vowed he would eat first," said Mrs. Mummer, "but I said to myself that he should kill me ere I give him food."

"Nay," I cried, "to feed him well is our only hope. Go, Mrs. Mummer, and give him the best you can find. Keep him at the table as long as possible, for, with a little time, I may be able to save Denewood"; and I ran to the window to see how matters stood there, for I wished to leave without being seen.

But here an obstacle met me at the very outset. The grounds were filled with soldiers, and I could see them carrying dry wood and paper to pile about the stables and outbuildings in preparation for their work of destruction. It would be impossible that I should not be seen the moment I had quitted the house.

"We are lost!" I cried in despair, "for I cannot get away without their stopping me."

"Oh, ye-ye-yes you ca-ca-can!" exclaimed little Peggy, who entered just then. "Do you wa-wa-want to, Bee?"

"Oh, yes, deary," I said, leaning down and putting my arms about her. "I must get away to save Denewood, but the soldiers will stop me."

But Peggy shook her head positively.

"No, not if you go by the mou-mou-mouse's hole," she insisted, and then I remembered her secret, and how she had let Captain McLane out.

"Show me the place at once, Peg; we have n't a minute to waste"; and without a word, she led me to the nursery fireplace, explaining that she had found it when hunting for the kitten one day.

Now, on either side of the fireplace were big hobs where water could be kept hot or a posset heated; but they did not go quite back to the wall, so that there was a space behind. Sharp to the right was a ladder-like stair going down within the wall of the house, which was pierced here and there to give light.

"Where does it bring you?" I asked Peggy in a whisper.

"Through the ho-ho-hole in the s-s-spring-house where the wa-wa-water comes out," she answered.

"Then go back," said I, "there is no need for you to come."

"You 'll have to go-go-go on all f-f-fours," Peg went on excitedly, "but the wa-wa-water is n't very de-de-deep. If you gather up your

s-s-skirts and take off your s-s-shoes and st-st-st-stockings, you 'll be all right."

I kissed her hastily, and bidding her stay with Mrs. Mummer, plunged into the narrow passage.

The steps were very steep and uneven, but I stumbled down as fast as I could go, and came to the water. I stopped not to remove my stockings, as Peg had counseled, but, tucking up my gown, splashed through as best I might, and at last ran out through the spring-house to the shadow of the surrounding trees.

I was free then to take my way as I would, and at once made across the fields on a run to the Shaw mansion, for there lay my only hope.

By road I suppose it was a mile and a half, perhaps more, but my way was shorter; and though my dress was torn by the clinging briars, and once or twice I stumbled and fell, I reached there finally, much-disheveled, and panting woe-fully.

I came to the Shaw grounds at the back, and hurried at once to the front, meaning to enter; but at the threshold, I was stopped by a soldier.

"I must see Lord Howe at once!" I said to him. "He is here, is n't he?"

"Aye," answered the guard. "He and a dozen more of the gentry are eating their fill while we stand empty here—"

"Then let me in to see him," I interrupted.

"Hoity-toity!" he protested, holding me back with a rigid arm, for I had pressed forward. "Not so fast! not so fast! What is your errand?"

"'T is not for your ears," I retorted.

"Then you 'll not get in," he replied shortly.

"Nay, but I must!" I cried desperately. "'T is a matter of life and death. But wait, give him this," I ended, and snatched my half of the sixpence and held it out.

The soldier took it in his great hand and looked at it closely.

"'T is a love-token," he said slowly. "I have seen the like before, and 't is no great worth." Then another guard joined him, and they talked a minute together while I fumed and fretted, wondering what I could do.

"If you do not give it to him at once," I called, stamping my foot with anger and vexation, "he will have you flogged."

"Were it I," said the second man, with a shrug of his shoulders, "I 'd get it to the Admiral, not knowing whether I 'd be kicked or thanked for my pains. The gentry are kittle cattle, but you 're as like to be right one way as t' other."

With a grunt of annoyance, the man turned into the house, and my bit of sixpence was on its way to Admiral Howe.

I had not long to wait, for almost at once there

was a muffled sound as of an exclamation of surprise, the clatter of an overturned chair, and Lord Howe came out to me.

"Who brought this?" he was shouting, but as he caught sight of me, his face changed, and he looked down anxiously.

"What is it, child? What is the matter? Art hurt?" and he pointed at my torn dress and muddy boots.

"Nay, do not think of me," I answered, and then, in as few words as I could manage, I told him what had brought me.

At the end he said one word—"Wait!" Then he turned back into the house. I heard him shouting orders right and left, so that men came running out. A bugle was blown, and I had scarce gotten back my breath before there were a score of troopers at the door, and Admiral Howe was mounting his horse.

"*You ride with me!*" he cried, reaching down a hand, and in less time than I can tell, I was galloping toward Denewood on Lord Howe's saddle-bow.

We talked little on the way, bending every effort at speed, and at last we topped the rise and Denewood lay before us.

As I looked down, a bitter cry broke from me, for ascending to the clouds was the black smoke of a newly kindled fire.

"I shall string the man to a yard-arm!" cried the Admiral. "On, men, on!" he shouted, and spurred his horse desperately.

On drawing nearer, it was plain that the mansion itself had not yet been fired, but as we rushed up the drive, my fears increased, for I saw men running into the house with bundles of straw, and knew only too well what it portended.

Almost before we stopped, I leaped down and ran into the hall ahead of the Admiral. There, gathered about a great pile of trash heaped up at the foot of the stairs, stood Blundell with a lighted torch in his hand, while before him, with little Peggy at her side, stood Mrs. Mummer, holding out her trembling hands as she begged for mercy.

"Stop!" I cried, and, rushing up, snatched the brand and flung it into the fireplace.

"So it is you, Mistress Beatrice!" he exclaimed, as he recognized me. "You are just in time. And because you have been so rude, you shall be my deputy, and light the fire yourself."

"Would I not do as well?" came the voice of Lord Howe behind me, and at this Blundell, turning red, saluted.

"I had not expected to see Your Lordship," he said.

"Aye, that I believe," replied the Admiral.

"But now that I am here, Captain Blundell, 't is my desire that you should take your soldiers and depart."

"I crave pardon, Your Lordship," replied Blundell, coolly, "but I have been ordered to burn all such Whig houses, and sure there is no more pestiferous establishment than this of John Traversers. 'T is a rendezvous for all the rascally rebels in the country."

"And I say it shall not be burned," thundered Lord Howe. "Do you question my authority, sir?"

"Nay, Your Lordship," answered Blundell, "if you say that it shall be spared, that ends it. But, as a matter of curiosity, I should like to know why. Sure you must have some weighty reason for this clemency."

"Nay, nothing weightier than the half of a sixpence," Lord Howe answered, with a glance toward me. "But that is sufficient," he went on sternly, "and I shall expect you to remember that it is my wish that this house shall not be molested."

With that, Blundell, saluting once more, took his departure.

TRULY it was with a full heart that I tried to thank the Admiral for his promptness in coming to my aid, though I fear 't was but a halting speech I made him, for he stopped me in the midst of it.

"Nay, say no more, Mistress Beatrice," he cut in, "shall we cry quits?"

"Oh, My Lord, I shall always—always—be your debtor!" I answered.

"'T is nicely put, my child," he said gently, "but I think you owe me nothing, and I hope you may say the same."

"Nay, you still have my half of the sixpence," I replied demurely.

"To be sure," he said with a laugh, and putting his hand into his pocket, drew forth both halves, and handed them to me.

"'T was only my own piece I was thinking of, Your Lordship," I hastened to say; "you see the Egyptian's prophecy was right, for 't was half a sixpence saved Denewood."

"Aye, and an admiral," he replied. "But keep them both, Mistress Beatrice. Some day you will have need of my half, for, I hope, a better man than I. And as to prophesying—I am no Egyptian, but I 'll e'en venture to foretell the future for you. 'When again the halves are parted, two shall be made one.' Nay, puzzle not your head over that now, but write it in your book of Maxims to read in after years." And with that, he kissed me, and a moment later took his leave.



# The King's Vacation

By Alfred Hayes



ONCE upon a time, an old King, who had ruled hard every day for a great many years, resolved to take a vacation.

So he called the chief scribes, and commanded them to write down all his laws in a great book, with a list

of crimes and their punishments, all carefully indexed, so that anybody could find them; and then he began to look about for a suitable person to rule in his place, while he was gone.

This proved to be a more difficult task than he had expected; until one day the Queen suggested:

"Why do you not hold a contest? Propound a difficult riddle, and let the successful guesser thereof rule in your place. By this means, you will be certain to leave your affairs in the hands of your wisest subject."

The good sense of this arrangement instantly appealed to the King, so, calling fleet messengers, he sent them out to all parts of his kingdom, with the following riddle:

"Why do not potatoes grow in January?"

As soon as it became known that the successful guesser of this riddle was to rule in the King's place while he was away, at an excellent salary, the greatest excitement imaginable prevailed.

Wise men shut themselves up in their offices and wrote and wrote and wrote. Wives helped their husbands, and mothers helped their sons. Doctors had no time to call upon patients, and even lawyers refused to take cases. The paper-mills ran day and night, to supply the demand for foolscap, and all the back streets and alleys were littered with empty ink-bottles.

The mails became choked with the vast mass of letters and rolls of manuscript, and a double force of scribes worked day and night sorting and classifying the correspondence.

A great many preferred to bring their answers

in person, and all day long, the weary King sat upon his throne, listening while they read or recited them, as they passed before him in an endless procession that began at sunrise and only ended when the King declared he must be excused and go to bed.

A large number of those who came personally were very certain they had the correct answer, and waited with impatience for their turn.

One important-looking old fellow, in a loud suit and flowing tie, strutted up when his name was called, and shouted confidently:

"Because they can't get their eyes open."

The King gasped, and reached for his smelling-salts.

"Throw him down the clothes-chute!" he commanded sternly. "Next."

"Please, Your Majesty," remarked the next contestant, a little, wrinkled man with a bald head and enormous spectacles, "it is a well-known scientific fact that all articles contract with cold; therefore, it is impossible—"

"Next," interrupted the King.

So it went on, day after day, until nearly all the answers were in, and the King began to grow nervous, for fear he should not get his vacation after all; for no one appeared able to guess the riddle.

Now it happened that nobody had thought it worth while to say anything about the King's riddle to the gardener, for he was a common, uneducated old fellow who spent his time trimming the rose-trees and pushing the lawn-mower; and when the King appeared in the gardens one day, looking tired and worn, the kind-hearted old workman inquired the cause of his trouble.

"Because no one can guess my riddle," sighed the King.

"It must be very hard," remarked the gardener.

"Not a bit of it!" snapped the King; "the easiest thing in the world. 'Why do not potatoes grow in January?'"

"They do grow in January—in some places," explained the gardener, snipping away at the rose-tree.

The King nearly turned a back somersault in





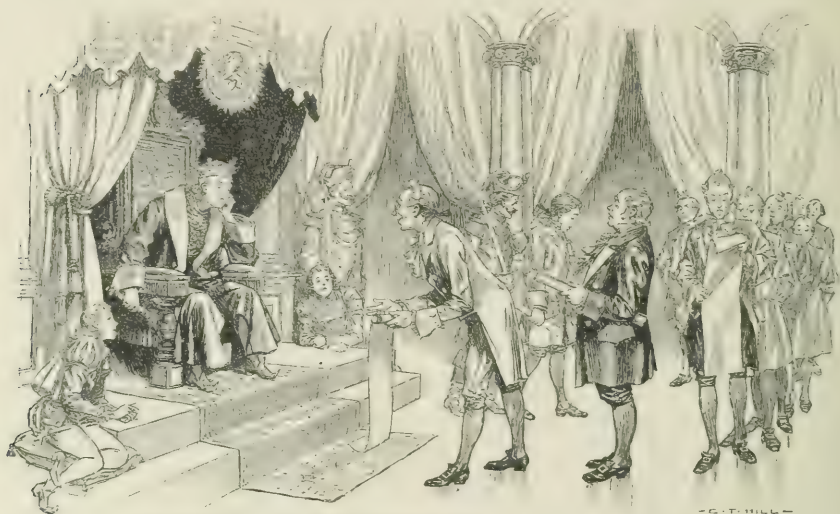
his astonishment, for this was the correct answer; and, seizing the gardener's rough hand in his own, he explained all about the contest, and congratulated him upon his great good-fortune.

"But I don't want to be king!" protested the gardener. "I did n't guess your old riddle on purpose."

"That does not make a particle of difference!"

All that day and the next, the sky remained blue and the soft breezes gently whispered through the rigging; but the third day, a terrific tempest came down upon them from the north, driving the ship before it, and, at last, casting her, a wreck, upon a rocky shore.

Such of the passengers as escaped with their lives were made slaves by the fierce old king of



"SO IT WENT ON, DAY AFTER DAY, UNTIL NEARLY ALL THE ANSWERS WERE IN."

shouted the King, gleefully. "You guessed it all right, and now you are going to take the job, whether you like it or not."

"But your crown is too big for me!" cried the gardener, catching at a straw.

"Put a cushion inside of it, then," laughed the King. "The lining is badly worn anyhow, and that will keep your forehead from getting scratched."

Seeing there was no help for it, the gardener slowly removed his apron and walked solemnly off toward his cottage, to break the news to his wife; while the King hastened back to the palace, to tell the Queen to pack the trunks at once, so that they could start early the next morning.

Long before sunrise, the King and Queen, dressed in ordinary citizens' clothes, slipped quietly out of a side door of the palace, and were soon safely on board a merchant ship bound for foreign lands, laughing and chatting merrily, all the cares of state forgotten and with nothing on their minds but to have a good time.

that country, the King being set to helping the cook, and the Queen to polishing door-knobs in the royal palace.

In the meantime, the old gardener was not having a very much better time of it.

The courtiers and nobles were much chagrined at having so uncouth and obstinate an old personage set over them; so they set their heads together, at the earliest opportunity, to make all the trouble possible.

They knew very well that the forty mischievous pages, who served in the palace, were the bane of the gardener's life, for they had often seen him running after them to box their ears for pulling his flowers or robbing birds'-nests; so they slyly suggested new pranks to play on the Vice-King, as the gardener was now called, and then stood by, with shocked faces, while the youngsters carried them out.

When the new ruler appeared, feeling very stiff and uncomfortable in his tight boots and kingly

robes, the two pages whose duty it was to stand behind him, quietly drew back the throne, as he was about to seat himself, and he came down, in a most undignified heap, upon the floor, while his crown slipped off and rolled out among the courtiers.

Forgetting all about his new office, the Vice-King leaped to his feet and ran after his tormentors, chasing them round and round the council-chamber, and out upon the palace grounds; where, having at last succeeded in coming up with them, he knocked their heads together until they roared, and then came back, very much out of breath, and resumed his place.

Several important matters were awaiting his attention, when it was suddenly discovered that the book of the law was nowhere to be found.

So the cases before him had to be dismissed until the lost volume could be recovered.

chance to advance his own fortunes, took the Vice-King aside and confidentially suggested that what he needed was a competent adviser; with full power to act.

The exasperated Vice-King was only too willing to adopt any means of getting out of his difficulties, and appointed the courtier Chief Adviser upon the spot.

He soon had cause enough to regret his decision, however, for the crafty courtier, whose name was Bounterwin, immediately took everything into his own vigorous hands, leaving the Vice-King nothing to do but sit on the throne and look wise.

When the pages started in as usual, snapping paper wads at the courtiers and each other, Bounterwin ordered them sent out to weed the royal onion beds, where, under severe taskmasters, they worked and shed tears all day long.



"THE KING NEARLY TURNED A BACK SOMERSAULT IN HIS ASTONISHMENT."

The next morning, things were no better; for the pages, having decided to go upon a picnic, had departed early with their lunch-baskets and fishing-rods, and there was no one to deliver the Vice-King's commands.

So things went from bad to worse; until one day a wily courtier, who thought he saw a good

The housemaids, who had decided that if a gardener could be Vice-King, they could, at least, be fine Jadies, were all sent back to their places; the farmers, who had all set up for country gentlemen, with horses and hounds, were ordered back to their plows; while the millers, who had all gone into politics and were making more trouble

than anybody else, were given the choice of starting their water-wheels to turning or of going to the royal dungeons.

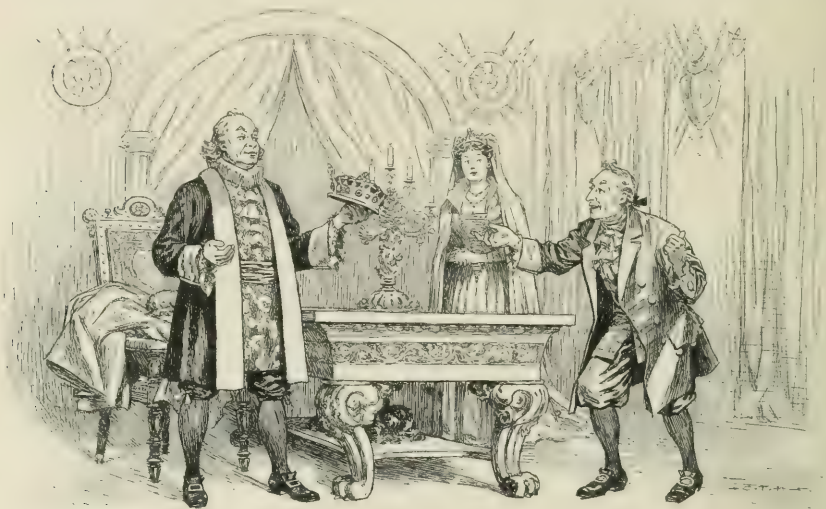
So there was no longer danger of starvation in the land.

Bounterwin next turned his attention to public improvements.

Roads were built, and libraries and museums of art established in every city. Great ball parks

of free drinking-fountains throughout the kingdom, the old King and Queen, who had somehow managed to escape and get back, slipped unobserved into the palace, and dressed themselves in their royal robes.

Now it happened that the Vice-King (who knew all about how things were going but was powerless to stop the mischief, because Bounterwin had shared some of his ill-gotten gains with



"'YOU' APPEAR TO HAVE TAKEN GOOD CARE OF IT,' REMARKED THE KING."

were laid out and games held, free to all the people.

So everybody was soon shouting the praises of Bounterwin. They did not know that every time he drew a check upon the royal treasury, to pay for these things, half of the money went into his own pockets.

When the royal treasury was empty, he began taxing the people; but, while they complained some at this, they still continued to point to his various works with pride, and to think him a very great man indeed.

The old King had now been gone so long that everybody supposed him dead; so while the iron rule of Bounterwin and his many taxes pressed heavily upon them, the people were obliged to be satisfied, though they were far from happy or contented.

One night, while the Chief Adviser was busily engaged in figuring up his profit on an installation

of the more powerful courtiers, and thus made them his friends) lay tossing and worrying upon his bed, when he thought he heard a noise downstairs.

Drawing his pruning-shears from beneath his pillow, where he always kept them, he crept cautiously down, and when he discovered that the sounds he had heard were the voices of the returned King and Queen, talking over the happy surprise they would give their subjects in the morning, he was so overcome with joy that his hair, which had grown quite gray, instantly turned bright red again, and he rushed up-stairs, four steps at a time, to put on his best suit.

He determined to lose no time in acquainting the King with the exact condition of affairs; so, as soon as he was dressed, he hastened down-stairs again, and knocked upon the door of the royal bedchamber.

"Come in," called the well-known voice; upon

which the Vice-King pushed open the door and advanced, with the crown in his hand, and presented it to the King.

"You appear to have taken good care of it," remarked the King, after looking it over carefully and placing it upon his head, to see if it felt natural.

After expressing the hope that both the King and Queen had enjoyed good health and had a pleasant journey, the ex-Vice-King started in and related all that had occurred during their absence, and how Bounterwin had planned to take the crown and declare himself king the very next morning.

"But he would not have been able to do that," concluded the old man, chuckling: "for I hid the crown in the piano last night, and only took it out when I saw you had returned."

After complimenting him upon his shrewdness, the King remained thoughtful for some time; then he spoke:

"Say nothing to any person whatsoever about my return," he said. "Go quietly to the houses of the royal guards and order each of them to report at the council-chamber at sunrise, well armed."

When Bounterwin appeared at the palace the next morning, he was surprised and infuriated to find the guards assembled without his orders.

"What are you here for?" he demanded angrily. "To arrest you, unhappy wretch!" shouted the King, stepping from behind a curtain.

The guards immediately fell upon the culprit and loaded him with chains, and while he was borne off, struggling and begging for mercy, and the courtiers who had been his friends stood trembling in their shoes, everybody else crowded about the King, shouting for joy at his safe return.

The King's first act was to release the miserable pages from their work in the royal onion beds, and, after they had all been thoroughly bathed and supplied with new clothes, they appeared in the council-chamber, still rubbing their eyes, but very happy to get back.

Then the King took all the wealth of Bounterwin and out of it returned to every person the taxes he or she had unjustly been made to pay, putting the rest in the royal treasury.

As for Bounterwin himself, the King was quite undecided what his punishment should be; but, after inspecting some of the work that he had accomplished, he decided to spare his life. But he was stripped of his titles, and of all his rich trappings and jewels, and was then given the lowliest of all the offices in the royal palace—that of cleaning and regumming canceled postage-stamps.



THE BREAKFAST PARTY





By permission of Metropolitan Museum of Art, New York City

A GENERAL AND ADJUTANT.

## FAMOUS PICTURES

SIXTH PAPER—HISTORICAL PAINTING

BY CHARLES L. BARSTOW

In producing a historical painting, the artist has a great many things to think of besides making a beautiful picture.

For, in addition to that, he must tell a story. He cannot narrate a succession of events as a writer can do, but he must select one single moment, and in that moment show us all that is to be represented.

Such pictures are much more complicated than those we have considered thus far. Usually many figures are introduced, and the principal ones must be actual portraits of the characters, and must suggest their whole life in pose and gesture. All the costumes must be historically correct—often a matter of great difficulty.

When an artist has selected the moment to present, and has assured himself about the accuracy

of everything concerned, which may have meant the reading of many volumes about the times and events, he may still fail unless he has caught and can show the spirit of the scene in a way to inspire the beholder.

Our moving pictures, where thousands of separate photographs passing in rapid succession give us an actual occurrence, convey much less than the painter of a legendary or historical subject tries to do, for he may give us not merely a scene, but the spirit of an age.

Many historical pictures have been painted by royal command, to perpetuate the deeds of great men or events of national life, and are more valuable to us now as records of the times than as works of art. Such are many of the huge canvases in the royal palaces of Europe.



By permission of Metropolitan Museum of Art, New York City

# "ERIE-LAND, 1807."

"Napoleon, mounted on his famous white horse and surrounded by his generals and aides, is upon a slight eminence in the center of the picture. In wild enthusiasm the cuirassiers are charging before him through a field of purple wheat, every soldier rising in his stirrups and shouting, 'Vive l'Empereur,' as he raises his sword flashing in the light of the midday sun. The battle rages in the distance, and above is a clear blue sky with light floating clouds."

From a painting by Teofilowski, French Museum.

## "FRIEDLAND, 1807"

By Jean Louis Ernest Meissonier of the French School  
(Born 1815, died 1891)

ONE of the most important parts of each of Meissonier's magnificent homes was his stable. He loved horses, and they appear in many of his pictures. His drawing of them was wonderfully correct, and he spared no pains in studying them. He had a track built on which a tram-car ran, and, as he rode in the smoothly moving car, pencil in hand, he would have the horses put through their paces, in a course parallel with the track, while he kept beside them, noting down every action.

His patience in perfecting every part of a picture was inexhaustible. "I never hesitate about scraping out the work of days," he said, "and beginning afresh, so as to try and do better. Ah! that 'better' which one feels in one's soul, and without which no true artist is ever content! Others may approve and admire; but that counts for nothing compared with one's own feeling of what ought to be."

He would often work out-of-doors twelve hours a day, scarcely stopping to eat. Success and wealth never made any difference in his industry. For example, he wished to make a picture of a horseman in a strong wind. As he often did, he first made a beautiful wax model of the horse and rider. The rider's cloak and hat and other apparel were made from the real materials, and carefully adjusted. Then, in order to get the effect of the wind on the cloak, he dipped it into thin glue and placed it where the wind would blow it until it became stiff, keeping the shape he wanted to paint.

Such things alone would not insure good pictures, but Meissonier's great success was in a measure due to this wonderful exactness which gave a sense of reality to his pictures, especially to his small interiors.

The picture before us, "Friedland, 1807," is one of the uncompleted series portraying scenes from the life of Napoleon, and is his most celebrated work. It was in his studio for fourteen years. It is said that every figure was made from a separate model, and that, in order to paint the trampled grain as it would really appear, he bought a field of wheat and hired a troop of cuirassiers to charge through it, he himself riding beside them, and carefully noting the attitudes of men and horses.

This is, indeed, realism, and we see from the result that he did get a feeling of tremendous reality into the picture. We are convinced that it is a real scene—no one could have painted it without drawing directly from the figures.

In order to fit himself for painting battle scenes, Meissonier, upon the outbreak of the war between Austria and Sardinia, in 1859, obtained permission from the emperor, Napoleon III, the ally of the Sardinians, to accompany the French army to the seat of war. He was present at the great battle of Solferino. When the Franco-Prussian War came, in 1870, Meissonier was one of the first to offer his services to his country, and during the siege of Paris, he occupied a high position on the staff of the National Guard.

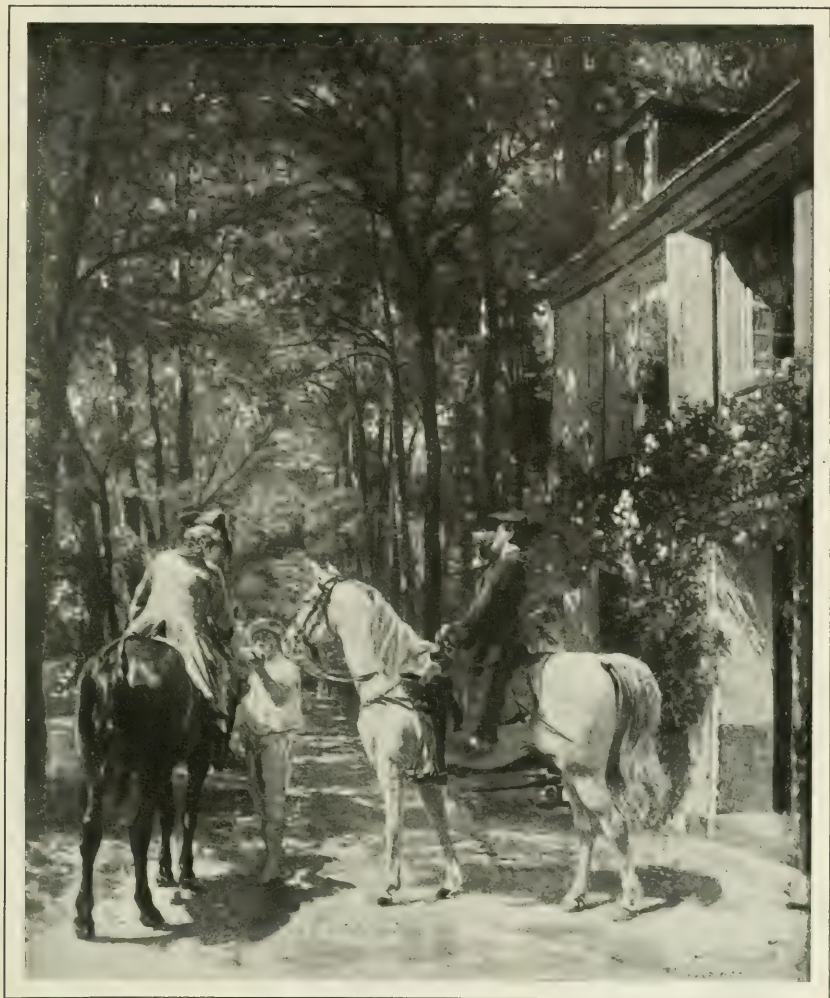
In referring to "Friedland," the artist said: "I did not intend to paint a battle. I wanted to paint Napoleon at the zenith of his glory. . . . The men and the emperor are in the presence of each other. The soldiers cry out to him that they are his, and the great chief, whose imperial will directs the masses that move around him, salutes his devoted army."

Unlike many of his "great little pictures," this one is painted on a canvas eight feet wide by four and one half feet high. It was sold by the artist to the late A. T. Stewart for \$60,000, and at the sale of the Stewart collection, was bought for an even larger sum and presented to the Metropolitan Museum of Art, New York, where it now hangs.

We have seen that Meissonier strove with infinite care faithfully to reproduce the scenes he painted. But this very quality has led to unfavorable criticism, for many artists do not believe that this is the way to present a subject. As one writer has recently expressed it: "The artist should not try to make everything just as he knows it really is, but as the scene looks to him from the place where he is."

If you will examine the picture of "Friedland," you will see that the details of dress and feature are fully carried out at the right and left sides of the picture as well as in the center. Ask yourself the question whether, from any one point of view, any one eye could really see all these details at one time. I think you will agree that it would be impossible. Then, to put everything into a picture, is to represent what the artist could not have seen at any one time, and, therefore, all the tremendous labor of presenting everything as it really was, does not, after all, give a *true* view of the scene as viewed by the human eye.

And if it is not true, then it is not the right way to do it. If you watch a person walk down the street, you will observe that, as the figure goes away, one thing after another, that you could see when it was near, disappears and is blended into the general mass. Near by you can see the buttons on the coat, the wrinkles in the sleeve, the band on the hat, and, if you are drawing the



By permission of Franz Hanfstaengl, New York City.

THE ROADSIDE INN.

figure near at hand, those things would all be indicated. But if you wished truly to represent, the figure some yards away, you would not put in those things which you knew were there, but could not see; but would draw it as it looked to

you at that distance. If you did not, it would not appear in its true relation to the other things around it. The eye can see only a limited field at a time.

While Meissonier probably made a mistake in



this respect, he was so really wonderful in many others that he is accepted as a great painter, and this criticism, which we can understand, should help us in estimating not only his painting, but that of other artists.

#### ANECDOTES OF MEISSONIER

THE life of Meissonier reads like a fairy tale. He ran the gamut from extreme poverty to wealth that enabled him to have in lavish profusion everything he desired. His mother died when he was ten years old, and between him and his father there was little sympathy or understanding. Although in prosperous circumstances, his father gave the lad but a slight education, and secured for him at seventeen a position with a tradesman.

Here Meissonier swept the shop, waited upon customers, and became an unwilling but faithful clerk. He had always wished to study art, and finally his father agreed to give him a week in which to find a painting master, and a year in which to show whether he really had any talent. "At the end of that time, if you have not succeeded, you go back to the shop," was the warning.

He did not find a master, but was finally admitted to a studio, and there worked hard for several months. During this time, his father allowed him ten cents a day for food, and invited him to eat his Wednesday dinners at home.

Many a time, when Meissonier was nearly starving, he would go to his father's house for his weekly visit after dinner instead of before, because he was too proud to appear to be in need of his father's niggardly assistance.

Later, Meissonier got a place in the studio of Léon Cogniet, and there he had for fellow-pupils Daubigny, destined to become one of the world's great landscape artists, and other strong, young painters. Still in the grip of poverty, he painted fans and bonbon boxes for a living, and is said to have painted canvas at a dollar a yard.

Although Meissonier did not complain of these hardships, in after life he refused to talk of his early days. He was not bitter at the time, for he is quoted as saying, "Is it possible to be unhappy when one is twenty, when life is all before one, when one has a passion for art, a free pass to the Louvre, and sunshine gratis?" Meissonier satisfied his father that he really had talent, and he was never compelled to "go back to the shop." Before he was twenty, he had exhibited in the Salon. After this, he made a short journey to Rome, and on his return he established himself as an illustrator. As his reputation grew, his ability to make money increased, and at twenty-

eight he was married and the head of a household of his own, although the home was, at first, a modest one.

Artists care very much for the opinion of their brother artists. Meissonier, it is said, thought very highly of the opinion of Chenavard, a well-known painter from Lyons and much older than he. Once, when he came to visit Meissonier's studio, he examined all his canvases carefully, pausing for a long time before one of a violin-player. All the pictures, except the violin-player, were similar in idea and treatment to many other pictures to be seen in the Louvre and elsewhere. "Do you expect," said Chenavard, "to do these things better than Raphael and Michelangelo?" But in the little violin-player Meissonier's guest saw something original and individual, and from that time our artist devoted himself almost entirely to painting those little scenes from everyday life which brought him wealth and fame. His work was distinct and individual in at least two respects: first, he generally used very small canvases, some of them no bigger than his hand; and, second, he carried out every detail of his work with the most minute fidelity and care.

Meissonier was also a great collector, and when his paintings began to bring him fabulous prices, he bought all kinds of antiques—so lavishly, in fact, that he often had very little ready money. He built a magnificent house in Paris and a fine country place at Poissy. He was happier at home than anywhere else, and made few journeys. Some one once said to him, "You are rich—you can have as many of Meissonier's paintings as you like." "No," he said, "I cannot afford to have them; they have become too expensive for me."

We always like to know what a great man has said about his work, and how he feels about other things that are of interest to every one. Fortunately, Meissonier left a record of many of his feelings and opinions, published as his "Conversations." Of all the painters, Rembrandt was his favorite.

Among his sayings were the following:

"'Let well enough alone' is the motto of the lazy."

"The man who leaves good work behind adds to the inheritance of the human race."

"The master is an artist whose works never recall those of some other artist."

"I would have drawing made the basis of education in all schools. It is the universal language."

"No artist would paint if he knew he was never to show his work, if he felt no human eye would ever rest upon it."

"I never sign a picture until my whole soul is satisfied with my work."

"'To will is to do' has been my motto. I have always *willed*. Oh! how I regret the lost time that can never be made up. As I grow older, I work harder than ever."



By permission of the Metropolitan Museum of Art, New York City.

THE READER.



By permission of the Metropolitan Museum of Art, New York City.

A CAVALIER.



THE SIGN PAINTER.



By permission of the Metropolitan Museum of Art, New York City.

THE BROTHERS VAN DE VELDE.  
A LITTLE GALLERY OF MEISSONIER PICTURES.



THE ANNUAL MOONLIGHT HOP IN BETTELBURG

# "PLAY BALL!"

BY ARTHUR CHAMBERLAIN



If you 've made a bad beginning,  
If the batsmen all go wrong,  
If the other team is winning,—  
That 's the time to play up strong!

You know you made a fumble?  
Well, keep your head, and wait!  
Just watch the ball; don't grumble!—  
You have it! Send it straight!

Don't fuss about the scoring,  
Don't weaken at the din;  
Let others do the roaring;  
You—play the game to win!

And when life's conflicts meet you—  
They come to one and all—  
Don't let your fears defeat you;  
Keep steady, and "play ball!"

---

## PLAYING THE GAME

(A sequel to "The Battle of Base Ball.")

BY C. H. CLAUDY

### CHAPTER V

#### THE LITTLE THINGS THAT WIN BALL GAMES

IN the Major Leagues, the race is usually so close that it is the little things, rather than the big ones, which tip the scales at the end and crown one side with final victory while the other goes down to defeat. The batting averages and fielding percentages of teams as a whole do not differ in magnitude as much as the winning and losing percentages.

In 1911, the Philadelphia Athletics finished the race with a winning percentage of .669, while the St. Louis Browns, the "cellar champions," or tail-

enders, doubtless looked with disgust at their mark of .248 for the season.

Yet Philadelphia's fielding percentage, as a club, was .964 against St. Louis' .945, and Philadelphia's batting average, as a club, was .297 against St. Louis' .248. That it is not the batting alone which wins games is easily seen by a comparison of the batting averages of a number of clubs as a whole with their winning percentages. At the end of the 1911 season, the standing of the American League clubs, with their percentages and the positions of the clubs according to their batting and fielding percentages, differed in a remarkable way, as the following table shows:



|                    | PERCENTAGE | CLUB BATTING | CLUB FIELDING |
|--------------------|------------|--------------|---------------|
| Philadelphia . . . | .609       | .297 (1)     | .964 (1)      |
| Detroit . . .      | .578       | .291 (2)     | .953 (4 or 5) |
| Cleveland . . .    | .523       | .282 (3)     | .955 (3)      |
| Chicago . . .      | .509       | .290 (6)     | .960 (2)      |
| Boston . . .       | .508       | .276 (4)     | .949 (6)      |
| New York . . .     | .500       | .270 (5)     | .948 (7)      |
| Washington . . .   | .416       | .259 (7)     | .953 (4 or 5) |
| St. Louis . . .    | .296       | .248 (8)     | .945 (8)      |

Both Boston and New York outbatted Chicago, yet finished below the White Sox. Washington fielded exactly as well as Detroit, yet finished seventh to Detroit's second. Philadelphia made not quite five more hits per hundred chances than St. Louis, and St. Louis missed but fifty-five fielding chances out of every thousand, while Philadelphia was missing thirty-six chances out of every thousand. Yet one finished first and the other last!

The statistics of the National League race give even more surprising comparisons. Consider these figures, if any further proof be needed that it is the small things in base-ball which decide the close race, rather than the big things.

|                    | PERCENTAGE | CLUB BATTING | CLUB FIELDING |
|--------------------|------------|--------------|---------------|
| New York . . .     | .647       | .270 (1)     | .959 (6)      |
| Chicago . . .      | .597       | .260 (5)     | .960 (4 or 5) |
| Pittsburgh . . .   | .552       | .262 (3)     | .963 (1 or 2) |
| Philadelphia . . . | .520       | .250 (6)     | .963 (1 or 2) |
| St. Louis . . .    | .503       | .252 (7)     | .960 (4 or 5) |
| Cincinnati . . .   | .458       | .261 (4)     | .955 (7)      |
| Brooklyn . . .     | .427       | .237 (8)     | .962 (3)      |
| Boston . . .       | .291       | .267 (2)     | .947 (8)      |

Here we have the remarkable fact, graphically presented, that the championship winner had a fielding percentage worse than five other teams; that Boston, which finished last, batted better than Chicago, which finished second; and that exactly twelve points in both batting and fielding separated the leader and the last contestant in this race, while in the American League the Browns finished forty-seven points behind the leaders in batting, and nineteen behind them in fielding!

But it is also remarkable how closely the records of the two winners bore out their performance in the World Series—Philadelphia had won its race by a larger margin, batting and fielding better than had New York in its race, and the Athletics won in the World's Series by both out-hitting and outfielding the Giants.

What, then, did win these pennants, if it cannot be laid always to batting and fielding superiority?

"Little things" is the answer—little bits of strategy, of keenness, of being able to take instant advantage of the opportunity, of speed when speed was essential, of being able to do the right thing at the right time. For instance, Philadelphia, in the American League, led the League

in the number of sacrifices;—in the ability to "come through" with the sacrifice fly, or the sacrifice bunt, when a man was on the bases and needing advancement. Philadelphia had *less* assists than any other club, showing a greater number of individual put-outs. More men were struck out by their pitchers; more men were put out on grounders fielded by the man who made the put-out; more men were retired by a caught fly or foul; in other words, Philadelphia was a lightning-fast team.

You don't have to look very far to find out what made New York win the pennant, other than its general batting performance. It was stolen bases! New York stole 347 bases during the season—or two and a quarter bases per game! Here it was speed and the instant taking advantage of opportunity which won; and at the present writing, New York is off to such a flying start of hitting and base-running and run-getting, that there looks to be little chance of any team overtaking it for the 1912 pennant. Yet, as the records show, in batting and fielding there is little to choose between New York and several other teams which that team beat out decidedly.

Now, the little things which win ball games and the ability to take advantage of the openings are characteristics of the keen base-ball general. Wherefore the stranger to the game might be led to inquire whether the leaders of the leading teams are recognized as great base-ball generals, and, if so, are they so recognized whether they win or not?

And the answer is most emphatically, "Yes!" John McGraw is generally conceded to have no rival as a leader, as a planner, as a strategist, as a possessor of the ability to find the opening and take advantage of it for a gain at every opportunity. And although McGraw does not always win pennants, his team is almost always in the race, and, win or lose, every team fears him, and his uncanny ability to lead, to stem defeat, to find talent and develop it, and to get the most from his men.

At the present writing, "Rube" Marquard, the great left-hander, has won only eighteen victories for New York. Still, as he has pitched only eighteen games, this may be considered quite a fair record! A few years ago, Marquard was regarded by all New York as a failure. He could not win. And the fans in the stands, both unreasoning and without knowledge, implored McGraw to get rid of Marquard. But McGraw knew ability when he saw it. He held on. He pitched Marquard. He taught him, encouraged him, had confidence in him. Last year, Marquard led his League as the best pitcher of them all. This year

he is, so far, beating all records as a pitching wonder.

Connie Mack, of Philadelphia, does not always win pennants, either. But he is always planning to win pennants, and, following the collapse of the great Philadelphia team of 1905, he built up a new one to win in 1910 and 1911. No one knows, yet, whether it is to repeat in 1912, or not, but it looks very much as if the bad start was to end in a good finish. Connie Mack is known as a leader whose greatest strong point—among a great many strong ones—is the ability to “size up” a player before he has developed, and then get hold of him and develop him. His present great infield—McInnis, Collins, Barry, and Baker—all young men, all recent acquisitions in the Big League, are cases in point, since none of them had any reputation at all before they “made good” in the present World’s Championship team. But Connie Mack also knows the game, knows when to take advantage of an opportunity, knows the opportunity when he sees it, and sees that his players know it, too.

So the answer to the question, “How can we win ball games?” which every player and every manager is always asking himself, is contained in the answer: “Have a leader who can lead; obey that leader; take advantage of every chance; be speedy, and ‘play the ball’”; just as much as it is in the obvious advice to outwit and outrun the other team. As the statistics have shown, the outwitting team does not always win!

The same advice which serves for Major Leaguers must also be the guide for the team of lads none of whom has reached his full strength or speed. Of course, if you can outwit, outrun, and outfield all your opponents, you do not need to be told how to win games. But if, in your junior league, the race is close; if the other teams are hitting and fielding as well as you are, then it will be with you, as with the Big Leaguers—that team which knows the most “inside ball,” and takes best advantage of the little things, will win the game.

It is obvious that you cannot know with certainty just where you stand with relation to the other clubs you play, if you don’t keep score and records. Boys are willing to practise hard and work faithfully to be worthy of the position they play. So it is no longer an unheard-of thing for a boy to keep his own record, if his team has no official scorer to do it for him. Sometimes the boys’ team does have an “official scorer,” and there are usually some lads who, for one reason or another, cannot play, and the gentle art of scoring a game, if well learned, is a real art. And from the score the record sheets are to be made up,

the principal items of which are the times at bat and the hits—to get the batting average—and the chances and the errors—to get the fielding percentage.

If no one keeps score of your games, keep your own individual record. It is not hard to remember the number of chances you have and the number of errors you make; putting these down every evening at home, together with the number of times legally at bat and the number of hits, will give you an excellent basis to find out what you really do, and where you really need to work hardest for improvement.

“Too much to remember!” Oh, no! You don’t really do so many things in a ball game as you may, perhaps, think. A first baseman in the American League averaged, in sixty-three games, 615 put-outs—just a little less than ten put-outs per game. He had not quite forty assists, or a trifle over six assists in every ten games. He only made ten errors, or one every six games.

Now, you don’t have to remember the number of games, because you build that up, one by one, at night. You have, then, to remember only the put-outs, the assists, and the errors. But any other position figures out about the same from the memory standpoint. A short-stop in the American League averaged, in eighty-eight games, 203 put-outs, mostly at second base, or less than three per game. He had 295 assists, or less than four per game, and made thirty-four errors for the season, or three in every ten games. That would not be so much to remember on the average, would it?

Now the matter of errors is one of judgment—put-outs and assists are matters of rule. There is not the least use in the world in trying to carry a record of your performance if you “favor yourself.” Don’t keep the record for any one else to look at. Keep it for yourself. And don’t call a muffed ball a hit just because it hit you on the shins and bounced over your head. Note your errors, too, and list them separately under “Fumbles,” “Boots,” “Bad throws,” and “Dropped balls,” and it will not take you long to find out just where you really stand as a fielder, and what you need to practise on.

One lad did this all last year. This year I found him, evening after evening, bouncing a ball against a wall at an angle and patiently diving after it, fielding it, and throwing it instantly at a mark on the wall. Then he would pick up the ball, go back again to his position, pitch the ball against the wall, field it, and again throw it.

“What in the world are you doing, Jack?” I asked.

“Fielding balls to my left,” he answered. “Last

year I made a lot of fumbles that way, and often I stumbled and made a wide throw. In this way I get practice on balls to my left, and that mark on the wall is the first baseman."

The boys in the neighborhood tell me that Jack is about the best short-stop they ever had. I wonder how much of it is due to his keeping a record and trying to correct the one thing he did with the least success until he conquered it?

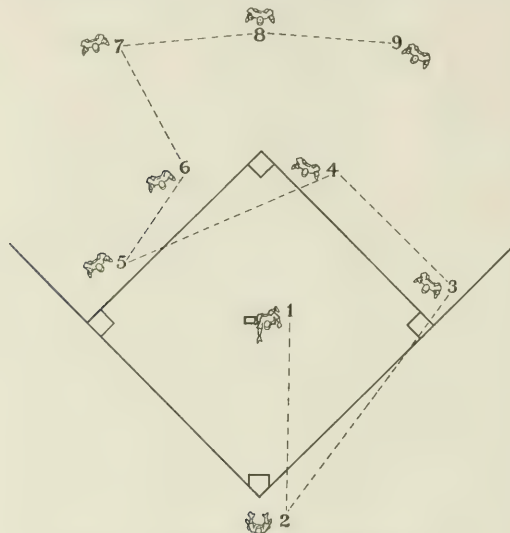


FIG. 1. PLAYERS NUMBERED FOR SCORING PURPOSES.

The dotted line shows the memory path by which the order is to be recalled, and the fact that the line goes continuously about the diamond and outfield.

Of course, every boy knows how a game is scored, but how to do it himself is another matter. Yet keeping a score is not a difficult matter, if you have a system and follow it. The trouble with so many amateur attempts to keep a score is caused by three things: first, not having a complete system and inventing new symbols as the play comes up, and then forgetting what they stand for; second, trying to keep more complete scores than you need to keep; and, third, getting so excited over the game that you forget to put things down as they happen!

There are almost as many ways of keeping score as there are people who do the scoring: One spectator contents himself with keeping the runs. Another keeps the runs, hits, and errors. A third keeps a record of every play, but pays no attention to put-outs and assists under the field-

ers' column. Another keeps a score so complete in every detail that he can tell you just how many balls were pitched to each batter, just which ones were balls and which strikes; and of the strikes, which were actual strikes and which "called"; and of batted balls, just how many times each ball bounded on the turf, and, if it was a hit, which player it went nearest to. In fact, such people score so interestingly that the game to them is merely an intricate puzzle of base-ball shorthand, paper, and pencil; and they are so busy writing down the plays, they never have time to cheer.

The best system for the average player to use, and for the average spectator as well, is one which fills out the score card sufficiently but does not try to trace the path of every ball all over the diamond. At least, that is the system most used, and while every one invents his own symbols for special plays, all have certain fundamental principles which are alike. In the first place, all systems number the players. Probably the most common one is that which follows the diamond, as in Fig. 1. The list, which is easily memorized according to the diagram, calls pitcher 1, catcher 2, first baseman 3, second baseman 4, third baseman 5, short-stop 6, left-fielder 7, center-fielder 8, right-fielder 9. In scoring any play by means of these numbers, the order of the numbers indicates the order in which the ball was handled. Therefore 4-3 in the little space where the play at first base is indicated, shows that the batter hit the ball, that the second baseman fielded it, and that the first baseman received it and made the put-out. The hyphen can readily be omitted and 43 mean the play.

Letters form the symbols for many things. Thus "L" is foul, the figure after it showing who caught it, "K" is struck out, "S," in the center diamond, is sacrifice hit or fly—which one it is, is shown by the symbol and figure in the first base space—"S" in second, third, or home square shows a steal, "E" is error, and FC anywhere shows that the runner reached that station on a fielder's choice.

In addition to the numbers and letters there are certain symbols which have arbitrary meanings—these the scorer can invent for himself, or he can use those that custom has sanctioned. Fig. 2 shows a number of these and gives their meaning.

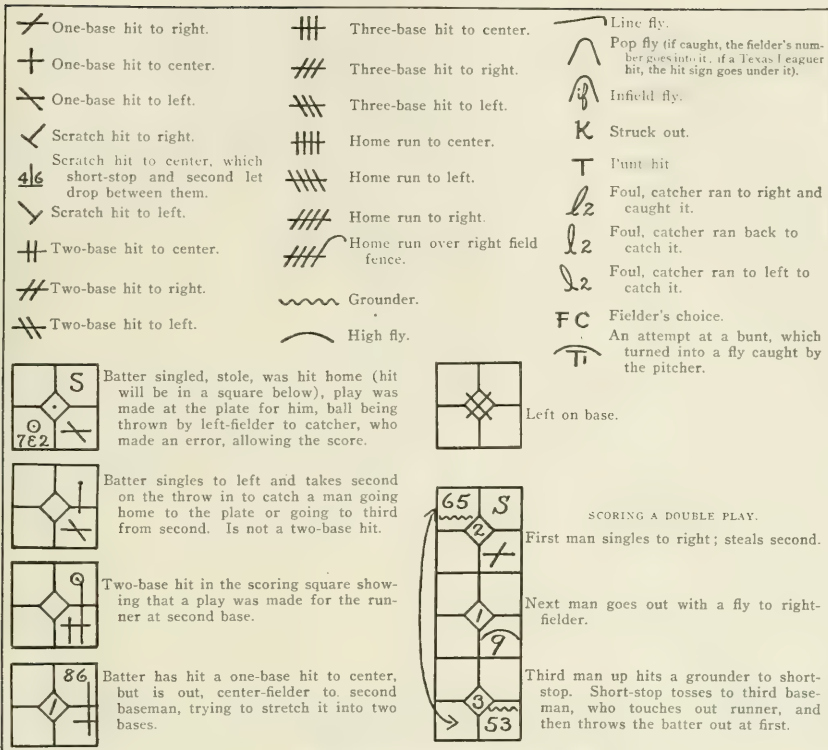


FIG. 2. SYMBOLS USED IN MARKING A SCORE CARD.

They are used on the score sheet in certain places, and much is to be read from their position. Thus, if we find the symbol  $E1$  in the lower right-hand corner of the square in which is a diamond, opposite a player's name, we judge that he hit the ball to the pitcher, and that the pitcher threw so wildly to the first baseman that he was pulled off the bag, and so the batter got safely to the first sack. But if this square were blank and  $E1$  appeared on the upper right-hand corner, we should know that the batter hit to the pitcher, who threw far over the first baseman's head, the base-runner thus getting two bases on the error. And if  $E1$  appeared in the lower right-hand corner, and a 1, a 2, or a 3 in the central square, and there was no FC in the lower right-hand corner of the batter immediately following, then

we should know that the batter hit to the pitcher, who threw over the first baseman's head, who, nevertheless, recovered the ball in time to throw the base-runner out at second base.

Personally, I like to know whether a hit is clean or scratchy, hence the variations in the symbols of the hit. Sometimes a hit is clean, and is stretched into extra bases by fast running. In such a case it is interesting, in reading the score, to know whether it was, for instance, an easy two-base hit or one so close that a play was made at second base in the endeavor to throw the runner out, in which case, of course (if he is thrown out), he can be credited only with a one-base hit. But often the play is made and is not successful. In such cases, what is simpler than to stretch one arm of the base-hit symbol up to second base and put a ring about it, signifying that a play was



Oct 18 1910

Where Played, Philadelphia

|         | 1 | 2 | 3 | 4 | 5 | 6 | 7 | 8 | 9  | 10 | 11 | 12 | AB | R | B | P | O | A | E |
|---------|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|----|----|----|----|----|---|---|---|---|---|---|
| Strunk  | 8 | 1 | 2 | 3 | 4 | 5 | 6 | 7 | 8  | 9  | 10 | 11 | 12 |   |   |   |   |   |   |
| Lord    | 7 | 2 | 3 | 4 | 5 | 6 | 7 | 8 | 9  | 10 | 11 | 12 |    |   |   |   |   |   |   |
| Collins | 4 | 1 | 2 | 3 | 4 | 5 | 6 | 7 | 8  | 9  | 10 | 11 | 12 |   |   |   |   |   |   |
| Baker   | 5 | 3 | 4 | 5 | 6 | 7 | 8 | 9 | 10 | 11 | 12 |    |    |   |   |   |   |   |   |
| Davis   | 3 | 1 | 2 | 3 | 4 | 5 | 6 | 7 | 8  | 9  | 10 | 11 | 12 |   |   |   |   |   |   |
| Murphy  | 9 | 2 | 3 | 4 | 5 | 6 | 7 | 8 | 9  | 10 | 11 | 12 |    |   |   |   |   |   |   |
| Barry   | 6 | 3 | 4 | 5 | 6 | 7 | 8 | 9 | 10 | 11 | 12 |    |    |   |   |   |   |   |   |
| Thomas  | 2 | 1 | 2 | 3 | 4 | 5 | 6 | 7 | 8  | 9  | 10 | 11 | 12 |   |   |   |   |   |   |
| Coombs  | 1 | 1 | 2 | 3 | 4 | 5 | 6 | 7 | 8  | 9  | 10 | 11 | 12 |   |   |   |   |   |   |
| Total   |   |   |   |   |   |   |   |   |    |    |    |    |    |   |   |   |   |   |   |

Entered according to Act of Congress, in the year 1917, by A. O. Spalding &amp; Bros., in the office of the Librarian of Congress, at Washington, D. C.

|                     |                                                |                                    |
|---------------------|------------------------------------------------|------------------------------------|
| Stolen Bases.....   | Sacrifice Hits.....                            | Sacrifice Flies.....               |
| Two-base Hits.....  | Three-base Hits.....                           | Home Runs.....                     |
| Double Plays.....   | Triple Plays.....                              | Number of Innings Pitched. By..... |
| Base Hits. Off..... | Legal At Bats Scored Against Each Pitcher..... |                                    |
| Struck Out. By..... | Bases on Balls. Off.....                       | Wild Pitches.....                  |
| Hit Batman.....     | Passed Balls.....                              | Time of Game.....                  |
|                     |                                                | Umpires.....                       |

TWO PAGES FROM

These pages show the second game of the World's Series of 1910 between the Cubs and Athletics, at Philadelphia, October 18, 1910. The scoring only has been copied—the summary and the At Bat, Run, Hit, Put-out, Assist, and Error columns have been left blank. See if you can, with a pencil, fill in these columns correctly from the score. If you can—and there is nothing hard about it—you will have demonstrated the ease of keeping At Bats, Hits, Put-outs, Assists, etc., for your own team.

First inning: Chicago: The cards show Sheppard got a base on balls, and was forced at second by Schulte, Collins and Barry taking care of his grounder. Hofman got a base on balls, advancing Schulte, and both advanced again on Chance's hit. Zimmerman hit a sacrifice to Strunk, Schulte scoring. Steinfeldt struck out.

Philadelphia: Strunk struck out, Kling missing the third strike but getting the runner at first. Lord was out, Steinfeldt to Chance. Collins hit to right and stole second. Baker was thrown out, Brown to Chance.

Second inning: Chicago: Tinker was safe at first on Davis's error, but was doubled up with Kling on the latter's drive to Collins. Brown was out, Collins to Davis.

Philadelphia: Davis lifted a long fly to Hofman. Murphy got a base on balls. Barry forced Murphy at second, Tinker and Chance completing a double play.

Third inning: Chicago: Sheppard was given a base on balls. Schulte was safe, Davis's error getting credit for a sacrifice. Hofman fied out to Davis. Chance struck out. Zimmerman ended with a line drive to Lord.

Philadelphia: Thomas reached first on Steinfeldt's error. Coombs struck out. Strunk made a hit. On Lord's hit to Zimmerman, Strunk was forced at second. Thomas and Lord scored on Collins's double to left. Lord kept on home, as Steinfeldt fumbled Sheppard's throw. Baker was out at first on Zimmerman's assist.

Fourth inning: Chicago: Steinfeldt lifted a fly to Strunk. Tinker singled to center but was out stealing. Kling struck out.

Philadelphia: Davis was thrown out at first by Tinker. Murphy fouled to Chance. Barry singled. Thomas singled. Coombs struck out.

Fifth inning: Chicago: Brown reached first base on Coombs's fumble.

made, unsuccessfully? If the play is made successfully, put a one-base-hit symbol in the first base corner, draw the single line meaning "hit" up into second base, and on one side of it put the numbers of the man making the assist and put-out—say 86, meaning that the center-fielder chased the ball and threw it to the short-stop covering the base—or if it were a longer hit, the numbers might read 864, meaning that the center-fielder chased the ball, relayed to the short-stop, who relayed to the second baseman, who made the

put-out. In this case, the central diamond gets a figure, meaning the first, second, or third "out." When a man is left on base, put a cross in the central diamond—when he scores, put a black dot—and if he sacrifices, put an S in the central diamond after the figure indicating the number of his "out."

It is not necessary to put a symbol over the figures 7, 8, or 9, when a batter is retired by an out-field fly catch, but it is interesting to do so, both to show at a glance that it was a fly, and to indi-

*"Cubs" vs "Athletics"*Where Played, *2nd June, Worlds Ser.*

|                   | Pts | 1                  | 2                   | 3                                  | 4                 | 5                   | 6 | 7                 | 8                  | 9                 | 10 | 11 | 12 | AB | R | E | O | P | W | L |
|-------------------|-----|--------------------|---------------------|------------------------------------|-------------------|---------------------|---|-------------------|--------------------|-------------------|----|----|----|----|---|---|---|---|---|---|
| <i>Sheppard</i>   | 7   | <sup>46</sup><br>B |                     | X <sub>B</sub>                     |                   | <sup>45</sup><br>E1 |   |                   | X <sub>B</sub>     |                   |    |    |    |    |   |   |   |   |   |   |
| <i>Schulte</i>    | 9   | <sup>4</sup><br>Fc |                     | X <sub>B</sub> <sup>43</sup><br>E3 |                   | <sup>45</sup><br>S  |   |                   | <sup>4</sup><br>T  | <sup>4</sup><br>T |    |    |    |    |   |   |   |   |   |   |
| <i>Hofman</i>     | 8   | X <sub>B</sub>     |                     | <sup>4</sup><br>N                  |                   | X <sub>B</sub>      |   |                   | X <sub>B</sub>     |                   |    |    |    |    |   |   |   |   |   |   |
| <i>Chance</i>     | 3   | <sup>4</sup><br>+  |                     | <sup>4</sup><br>N                  |                   | <sup>4</sup><br>T   |   |                   | <sup>46</sup><br>+ |                   |    |    |    |    |   |   |   |   |   |   |
| <i>Zimmerman</i>  | 4   | <sup>43</sup><br>S |                     | <sup>4</sup><br>T                  |                   |                     |   | <sup>4</sup><br>T | X <sub>B</sub>     |                   |    |    |    |    |   |   |   |   |   |   |
| <i>Steinfeldt</i> | 5   | <sup>4</sup><br>N  |                     |                                    |                   |                     |   |                   |                    |                   |    |    |    |    |   |   |   |   |   |   |
| <i>Tinker</i>     | 6   |                    | <sup>43</sup><br>E3 |                                    | <sup>4</sup><br>T |                     |   |                   |                    |                   |    |    |    |    |   |   |   |   |   |   |
| <i>Kling</i>      | 2   |                    | <sup>4</sup><br>N   |                                    | <sup>4</sup><br>N |                     |   |                   | X <sub>B</sub>     |                   |    |    |    |    |   |   |   |   |   |   |
| <i>Brown</i>      | 1   |                    | <sup>43</sup><br>E3 |                                    |                   |                     |   |                   |                    |                   |    |    |    |    |   |   |   |   |   |   |
| <i>Richie</i>     | 1   |                    |                     |                                    |                   |                     |   |                   |                    |                   |    |    |    |    |   |   |   |   |   |   |
| <i>Beaumont</i>   |     |                    |                     |                                    |                   |                     |   |                   |                    | <sup>4</sup><br>N |    |    |    |    |   |   |   |   |   |   |
| <b>Total</b>      |     |                    |                     |                                    |                   |                     |   |                   |                    |                   |    |    |    |    |   |   |   |   |   |   |

Entered according to Act of Congress, in the year 1877, by A. G. Spalding &amp; Bros., in the office of the Librarian of Congress, at Washington, D. C.

|                     |                                                |                                    |
|---------------------|------------------------------------------------|------------------------------------|
| Stolen Bases.....   | Sacrifice Hits.....                            | Sacrifice Flies.....               |
| Two-base Hits.....  | Three-base Hits.....                           | Home Runs.....                     |
| Double Plays.....   | Triple Plays.....                              | Number of Innings Pitched. By..... |
| Base Hits. Off..... | Legal At Bats Scored Against Each Pitcher..... |                                    |
| Struck Out. By..... | Bases on Balls. Off.....                       | Wild Pitches.....                  |
| Hit Batman.....     | Passed Balls.....                              | Time of Game.....                  |
|                     |                                                | Umpires.....                       |

## A SCORE BOOK.

111. Coombs made a second fumble and Sheppard was safe, getting a sacrifice. Schulte sacrificed to Davis unassisted. Hofman got a base on balls, and Chance came to the plate with the bases filled. Chance flew out to Murphy, and on a throw to the home plate Brown was doubled.

Philadelphia: Strunk struck out. Lord singled to right and Collins forced Lord at second, Tinker to Zimmerman. Collins stole second. Baker walked. Collins scored on Davis's single to left, the latter going to second on the throw in. Murphy was out at first.

Sixth inning: Chicago: Zimmerman was walked. On Steinfeldt's fly to Collins, Zimmerman was doubled up at first. Tinker doubled to left. Kling flew out to Strunk.

Philadelphia: Barry fanned. Thomas went to first on four balls, and to third on Coombs's single to center. Strunk struck out. Lord's foul was caught by Chance.

Seventh inning: Chicago: Brown struck out. Sheppard doubled to right. Schulte lifted a fly to Strunk. Hofman was given his base on balls. Sheppard scored on Chance's single to center. Zimmerman's grounder forced Chance, Collins to Barry.

Philadelphia: Collins was given a base on balls. Baker singled to

right. Davis drove the ball to left for two bases, scoring Collins and putting Baker on third. Murphy doubled, scoring Baker and Davis. Barry's sacrifice, Brown to Chance, placed Murphy on third. Thomas singled to left, scoring Murphy. Coombs was out at first by Chance, unassisted. Strunk doubled to right, scoring Thomas. Sheppard dropped Lord's fly, and Strunk scored. Lord was out stealing, Kling to Tinker.

Eighth inning: Chicago: Steinfeldt doubled to left. Tinker lifted to Baker. Kling took first on balls. Beaumont batted for Brown and struck out. Coombs passed Sheppard. Three men were left on bases when Schulte popped a fly to Collins.

Philadelphia: Richie pitched for Chicago. Collins drove the ball to right for two bases. Baker was out at first, Chance unassisted. Davis was out at first, Chance unassisted. Murphy was out, Steinfeldt to Chance.

Ninth inning: Chicago: Hofman singled to left. Chance was out at first, Collins to Davis. Zimmerman doubled to left, scoring Hofman. Steinfeldt was out, Barry to Davis. Tinker was given his base on balls. Kling hit to Barry, and the latter stopped on second, forcing Tinker.

cate what kind of a fly. Similarly, the figure 3 in the first base square *can* be used alone to show that the first baseman had an unassisted put-out, but it does not show whether the batter hit a fly or knocked a grounder which he fielded, and then touched the bag. But a fly symbol or a wiggly line indicating grounder tells the tale with ease. It is all very simple, when you get used to it, and very valuable in settling disputes, and particularly valuable in showing you what you have done, if you keep your own record in this way.

Of course, no Big-League player is supposed to have glaring weaknesses which need correction by practice. If he has any very glaring faults, he is not a Big-Leaguer. But his record is kept with scrupulous accuracy, and not only his record, but the record of every League player anywhere in organized base-ball, so that any one, at any time, can know just what a player has done.

If it is necessary to keep the record of all the games played, and from these to make up the records and averages for all the League players,

who are at least supposed to be very expert, how much more necessary is it for you, as yet in the developing stage, to know exactly what you really do and don't do, with all the finality of cold figures. Hence I advise you to learn to score, or have some one score, your games, and each member of the team to keep at home his own record, batting and fielding, so that he may know where to improve. For by this one thing—finding the weakness and making it a point of strength—are won more games between otherwise evenly matched teams than in any other way. It is in "finding the holes and plugging them up"—in finding the weakness and going after the game through that weakness, that John McGraw and Connie Mack have made their reputations and built up their champion teams.

But, of course, that is not all!

It is only one of the little things that win ball games—perhaps it is the biggest of the little things. But there are other things, and among them none stands out with greater importance than these two—take the chance when it comes, and "cross" the other side.

"Taking the chance when it comes" hardly needs an explanation. It is the whole art of base-running, of coaching, and of batting, yet many a ball-player goes sliding down the hill from the Major to the Minor Leagues, because he never masters the art of "taking a chance." When Ty Cobb scores from first on a single, he is taking the chance that comes to him. When the base-runner slides into second and is on his feet on the instant, and sees the muffed ball rolling out of the way and dashes for third, he is taking the chance which comes to him. To wait to be batted around the diamond would hardly be playing the game.

Mathewson tells of a chance he took in the first game of the last World's Series, in which he invented a play and achieved it in the fraction of an instant. With Athletic runners on first and second, and two out, with Collins at bat, Matty had a bad situation. But do what he would, he could not keep Collins from hitting the ball, though the bunt was only a slow roller down the first-base line. Merkle dived after the ball—Matty dived for first base. Collins, seeing he could not pass both men, slid. And Matty saw he could not get to the base in time to receive a throw because Merkle was in his way. So he leaped at Merkle, and threw him at Collins!

"It was an old-fashioned foot-ball shove," said Matty.

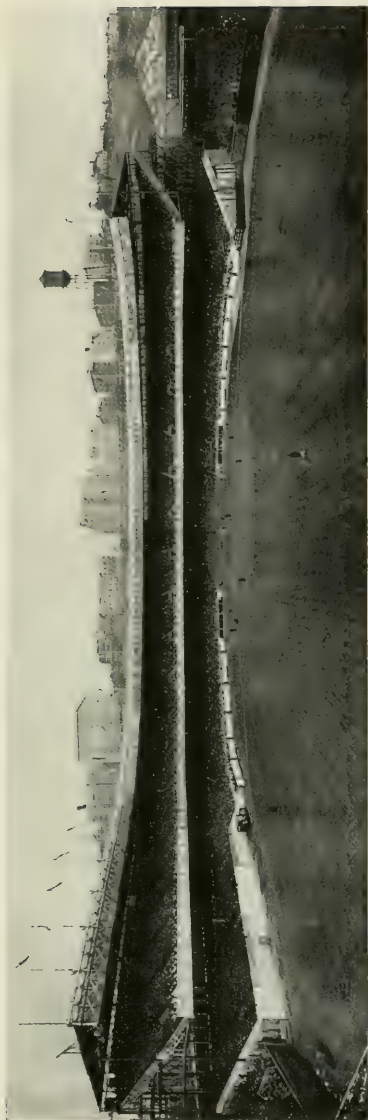
One can imagine its results with a man like Matty shoving a man like Merkle on a little man like Collins! It seemed worse than foot-ball.

However, base-ball-players are usually too well hardened to get hurt, and the only hurt done here was to the Athletics' chances, since Merkle, impelled by that "foot-ball shove," touched Collins out before he could touch the bag. The spectators thought the Giants were playing loose ball and getting in each other's way, but they were not. They were playing the game! One of them was taking the chance which came to him, and inventing a new play and carrying it out all in the instant. That's one reason why he is known as so great a player—he has a head!

To "cross" the other team is to lead them to expect you are going to do one thing, and then do another. Signaling a hit-and-run so the catcher can see it, and then not hitting or running when he calls for and receives a wide ball from the pitcher, is a common instance—it serves to get the pitcher "in a hole." Pretending to try to steal home by dashing for the plate when the pitcher starts to deliver the ball, and stopping midway for a mad dash back to third as the pitcher falters in his motion, is another. Any trick which fools a team in a Major League must be a good trick and well worked—indeed, boys get so alert in their games that it has to be a pretty keen trick which will fool them. But it is done in the Big Leagues, and can be done in the boys' games, if a little thought be devoted to the art. With teams otherwise evenly matched, it may be the "little thing" which decides the game.

Instances in Big-League play are not hard to find. Two will suffice here as instances of how such tricks can be turned.

Chicago and Detroit were having a hard battle. White, Chicago's great "southpaw," was pitching, and the Sox were leading 1 to 0 in the ninth. Detroit had O'Leary on first base and two out. The pitcher was due to bat, and he had done nothing against White. So Jennings sent up Herman Schaefer as a forlorn hope. Not that Schaefer was not in the habit of delivering hits, but he had been out of the game for a month with broken fingers, and his hand was still bandaged. Now Schaefer knows about as much base-ball as any player living, and he knows too, as well as any man, the psychology, or *thinking part*, of the game. He knew perfectly well that White would think him "easy" because, when a player is "on the bench" for any long period, he usually loses his "batting eye." So Schaefer planned to get a ball "straight over." He did this by standing very carelessly at the plate, "jolly" his team-mates and the Chicago catcher, and standing far from the plate. White was sufficiently deceived to put the first ball square over the plate, thinking Schaefer would want to "look



From photograph copyright by The Evening News Co., New York City.

THE NEW GRAND STAND OF THE NEW YORK BASE-BALL CLUB, NATIONAL LEAGUE, NEW YORK CITY.

Looking down the Washington Street, New York City.

at a couple" before he tried to hit, and naturally desiring to have those first balls strikes. But as White let the ball go, Schaefer "set" himself, drew back his bat, and sent the straight ball into the left-field bleachers for a home run, scoring O'Leary from first base ahead of him, and winning the game. It was a pure case of "crossing." The way it was done makes it seem a very, very little thing to do—yet it won a ball game!

In the last World's Series, Bender, who did such magnificent work, "kidded" the Giant players as he pitched to them. Bender owns a head, as well as a hand and arm, and he, too, knows the psychology of the game. But he met his match when he tried to "cross" Devore. In the seventh inning of the first game, with two out, and Myers on second, Devore came to bat. Bender opened fire at once, with perfectly good-natured banter.

"Ah, here 's the little fellow!" he said. "Sorry, but I 've to strike you out. See that?" as the umpire called, "Strike one." "Now another one. What? No good? Well, that 's too bad. Never mind. Here goes a real one—what did I tell you? Now for the third strike! Why did n't you hit at it? Knew it was a ball? Well, now it 's two and two, is n't it? All right, here goes a nice curve over the outside corner—watch it."

"I 'm watching," said little Devore.

And Bender, figuring that Devore would think he would pitch something else than what he *said* he would pitch, *did* send up a curve over the outside corner, and Devore, who had "crossed" Bender by guessing that he would do just what he said he would, batted the ball to left-field for two bases, scoring Myers! "Reckon I talked too much!" said Bender, as he came back to the bench! Here was another case of a "little thing" helping to win a ball game.

So it really is the little, rather than the big, things that win ball games. And if you, too, will attend to these "little things," keep a record, keep a score, find out what you do and don't do, and learn to do that which, as yet, you can't do, and, above all, keep your eyes open and your wits sharp, you will, ere long, "cross" the other side, and take the chances that come your way.

But don't expect to succeed all the time. Ty Cobb gets caught off bases, and put out at the plate not infrequently. But more frequently he "gets away with it." Part of the art of the "little things" is not to get discouraged if they don't always succeed. And remember that in every ball game which is not a tie because of darkness or rain, *one* team just *has* to lose!

THE END.



# THE UNSUSPECTED TALENT

by D. K. Stevens

The Be-Ba-Boes, from the very start,  
Were always fond of the Musical Art;  
    Their *Orpheus Club*  
    Is the regular Hub  
Of all things operatic.  
And once a week, on a Tuesday night,  
They practise singing parts at sight,  
    With shakes and trills  
    And similar frills,  
As well as scales chromatic.

At last there came such a wide demand  
For a public show, that the same was planned,  
    In Harmony Hall,  
    With the singers all  
Conducted by Herr Roly;  
But every one was *most* surprised  
To find that they had advertised  
    As solo star—  
    Par-tic-u-lar,  
    “Professor Peter Poly!”

Billy Buntz  
Archibald Ball  
Rollo Roundy  
Bobbin & R. Roller  
Peter Poly!  
ed by  
Roly  
all, and bring the baby  
nday Evening

Copyright  
New York  
1912

To all this seemed a singular thing,  
For nobody ever had heard him sing;

But Peter said:  
"Upon that head  
I claim, and you can't deny it,

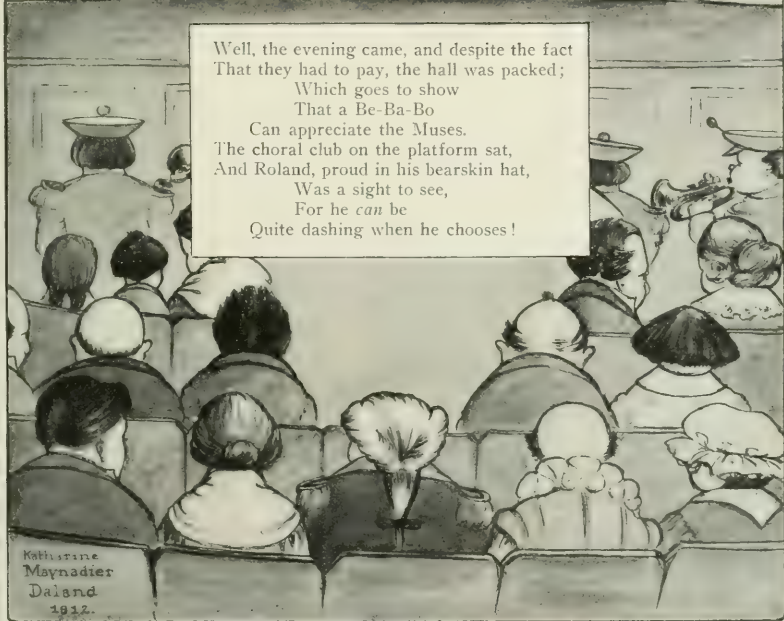
That, though I never have vocalized,  
And my skill is only to be surmised,

We never will know  
How far I 'll go,  
Till I get a chance to try it!"



Well, the evening came, and despite the fact  
That they had to pay, the hall was packed;  
Which goes to show  
That a Be-Ba-Bo

Can appreciate the Muses.  
The choral club on the platform sat,  
And Roland, proud in his bearskin hat,  
Was a sight to see,  
For he *can* be  
Quite dashing when he chooses!



Katharine  
Maynadier  
Daland  
1912.

The program called for an English Glee  
 Performed by all, in the key of G,  
 A gay duet,  
 A grand sextet,  
 And a rather gloomy trio;  
 And then the thrilling moment came:  
 Professor Peter Poly's name,  
 Announcing how:  
 "He 'll oblige us now  
 With 'Rolling Down to Rio!'"

Most likely you will all infer  
 That Peter failed, wherein you err;  
 I am bound to say  
 That he carried away  
 His hearers—few can do so;  
 His voice soared high, and it rumbled low,  
*Piano* and *Fortissimo*;  
 The people stared—  
 And then declared:  
 "He 's better than Caruso!"



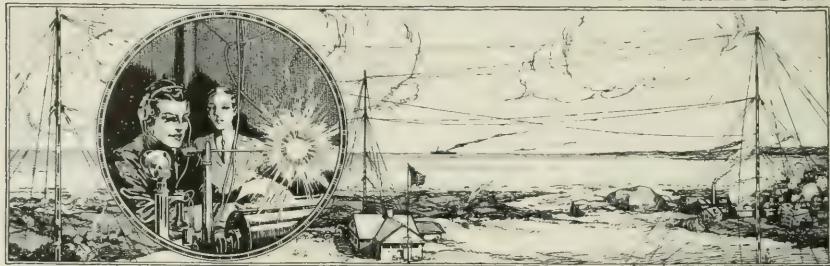
Not only did he sing his song  
 In jovial voice, immensely strong,  
     But he acted, too,  
     In a way which grew  
     Each moment more controlling;  
 For he rolled right down the center aisle,  
 And so contagious was his style,  
     That great and small,  
     Old folks and all,  
 Could *not* refrain from rolling!

The grand début was successful, quite,  
 For they kept him singing all that night,  
     And the following day  
     He sailed away,  
     And made his fortune by it.  
 And if Be-Ba-Boes are asked to sing,  
 Or dance a jig, or some such thing,  
     They *now* say: "Well,  
     You never can tell  
 Till we 've had a chance to try it!"





# AN EVENING at the WIRELESS STATION



By FRANCIS ARNOLD COLLINS



THE night-watch had just come on duty in the operating-room of the great wireless station. The operator had taken his place, the receivers clasped to his ears, in the midst of the mysterious machinery which filled the great room. A century or so ago, one of these operators, calling up the four corners of the world at will, would have been considered a witch of a very dangerous kind. Any twentieth-century boy, however, would recognize the apparatus at a glance, and

about one in five could take hold of the machinery and run it himself.

Imagine a gigantic spider's web with innumerable threads radiating from New York more than a thousand miles over land and sea in all directions. In his station atop one of the skyscrapers on lower Broadway, our operator may be compared to the spider, sleepless, vigilant, ever watching for the faintest tremor from the farthest corner of his invisible fabric.

"On a quiet night like this," the operator explained to our question, "we reach the equator



WIRELESS STATION, NAUSET, MASS., WHERE THE C Q D MESSAGE WAS RECEIVED FROM THE "REPUBLIC."

on the south and beyond, the arctic circle to the north; then, say, two thirds across the Atlantic, and far beyond the Mississippi to the west. The air is comparatively quiet just now, but things will soon look up. The evening is our busy time, you see."

It is difficult to realize the extent of this great area which may be covered in an instant by the click of the wireless instrument. The fastest ocean steamer would take more than a week to travel from one wireless boundary to another. The operators within ready call can report all extremes of weather. The message from some northern station telling of a raging blizzard arrives at the same instant a steamer in the tropics complains of intense heat. One vessel reports a breathless calm, while another message is interrupted by the violence of the storm and the rolling of the ship. And, too, the operators thousands of miles apart talk and joke with one another as though they were in the same room.

It is an unusual favor to be allowed to spend the night in the great station. The operators must, of course, be guarded from interruptions. At any moment of the day or night, a faint click may bring word, perhaps, of some vessel in distress, or other vital news, and the man at the key must listen in perfect silence and with the most anxious attention. The assistant operator, for there are always two on duty, having explained this, fitted to our ears the receivers connected with the delicate apparatus which mysteriously picks up the flying messages.

The air seemed suddenly alive with humming, clicking sounds. Probably nowhere else in the world is the air so charged with wireless vibrations as above New York. At times there are as many as a score of messages flashing back and forth. The great fleet of steamers passing in

and out of New York harbor naturally have a great deal to talk about. Add to this the vast volume of commercial work flying from city to city, and the messages between Government stations. But it is the incessant chatter of the amateur wireless operators which swells the chorus.

"I should say there were 75,000 amateurs scat-



OPERATOR ON AN OCEAN LINER SENDING OUT THE C Q D, OR DISTRESS, SIGNAL.

tered about the country," the operator explained. "The amateur messages we pick up here may be counted by hundreds, and, of course, there are thousands of amateur receiving stations listening to what we say."

There came a sudden interruption. Out of the maze of messages the experienced ear of the operator had caught a particular click intended for him. He bent quickly over the complicated series of dials and levers before him, turning the arrows this way and that. Instantly the wireless chatter became blurred and gradually died away,

as one message seemed to leap up and down out all the rest. It is possible to "cut out" a particular message from a score of others.

"That is what we call a dead-head message," explained the operator. "It comes from a steamer 400 miles out at sea, telling her owners when she will get in. It is the commonest of all messages." The operator nodded to his assistant, who reached over and pulled a lever on the wall. The quiet of the room was broken by the whir of a dynamo

The messages may thus be picked out of the sky and telegraphed or telephoned in an interval measured by seconds only.

"It is as easy to recognize an operator from his touch as you pick out a familiar voice in a crowd," the operator explained in the next lull. "They sound much alike to you, but you will soon get to know a man's speed, and touch of the key, whether light, strong, or hesitating. Almost every operator, besides, has some little trick of



INTERIOR OF A MODERN WIRELESS STATION.

suddenly released, while the room was lit up with a vivid greenish glare. From above came the sharp crack of the sending instrument notifying the steamer far out at sea that her message had been received.

Every preparation had been made in the great station for economizing time. At any moment, some message asking for help may be picked up, when every minute is priceless. Without moving from his chair the operator can call up the entire country. He sits with a telegraph instrument and a long-distance telephone at his elbow.

his own. Then there is a great deal of difference in the machines themselves. Let me show you just what I mean."

A touch of the arrow on the broad dial, and a single message suddenly leaped out of the confusion. "See how powerful that message is," he explained. "That comes from the Government station near by at the Brooklyn navy-yard. They are sending to Washington. The message is in cipher, so I can't read it. Now take this one." The operator translated rapidly. "'Will be over after school . . .'; that 's from two kid

amateur operators talking, probably not more than fifty miles away. Here 's another: 'Will meet you at dock with Mother.' The message is being relayed to an incoming ocean steamer. And so it goes."

A moment later the operator caught his own call. An incoming transatlantic liner, several hundred miles out, was clamoring to deliver her messages, and so, for the next few minutes, the operator wrote busily on his type-writer, taking down, as they came in, the numerous despatches addressed to all parts of the country. The messages were quickly relayed, some by telephone, others by telegraph, to their destinations.

"Many of the amateur wireless operators, boys and girls, too, are very successful, and they are all pretty good at it." The operator took up the conversation where he had been interrupted. "Sometimes just with a wire strung up like a clothes-line between trees, they are able to pick up many long-distance messages. I know one boy who catches messages sent out from Panama. I understand that a boy near here caught the news of the *Titanic* disaster among the first."

This seemed a good time to ask whether the wireless amateurs make as much trouble as some people imagine. Both the operators said, good-naturedly, that they were a bit of a nuisance, although they had a good deal of sympathy for them, nevertheless. Most of these amateur operators do not wish to be annoying, and respond very promptly when they are asked to keep quiet. Their sending apparatus is not often very powerful, and no difficulty is likely to arise except when they are within a few miles of the great stations. The wireless companies expect that this will soon be regulated by law, to the satisfaction of all.

"As a matter of fact," the operator explained, "the wireless disturbance from the amateur wireless is limited to a few hours each day. The boys get busy early in the evening, soon after dinner, and they talk as only boys can, until bedtime. When there is nothing coming in, I like to pick out their messages and listen to them. They begin by sending out their own particular private call. There are thousands of them all over the country. Then, with their apparatus adjusted, they begin to gossip about everything under the sun. They ask each other for the base-ball or foot-ball scores, make appointments to meet the next day, compare their lessons. And they quarrel and talk back and forth by wireless in regular boy-fashion."

The important long-distance work is usually done late at night. When the amateurs are safely tucked away in bed and the rush of com-

mercial messages lets up, the great station does its best work. The delicate instruments are tuned to catch the faintest wireless vibration from oversea. When the conditions are at their best, messages leap the entire width of the Atlantic, or wireless calls are distinctly heard from far west of the Mississippi. It is common to talk with Panama, and soon, when the new station is installed in South America, despatches will be sent from points far south of the equator.

The alarm call of the skies is the famous C Q D or S O S. The distress signal is reserved for cases of extreme necessity, and when they are heard, everything is dropped, and the machinery of the station is put in operation to catch the message and forward it to its destination. The signal is picked up by the great New York stations much oftener than one imagines, or on an average of about once a week. Many of these distress signals are from small vessels, often from freighters which have broken down and need a tug to bring them in. And since there is no danger to life, the public does not hear of them.

One of the most remarkable instances of the S O S call in the experience of the New York station occurred some months ago, when a large passenger steamer ran aground down in the Bahamas. She was more than 1000 miles south of New York. The moment after she struck, she began sending out the S O S for all she was worth. It was late at night, everything was quiet, and this station caught practically the first message, clear and distinct. Word was sent at once to her owners, so that they were informed within a few minutes after the accident. Then there were the *Titanic* and the *Republic*. In the old days before wireless telegraphy, these ships would have gone down and the world would probably never have known what happened to them.

There is a great deal of interesting information floating about the air every hour of the day. Every steamship line, or wireless station, whether for private, commercial, or government use, has its own code or signal which it sends out before beginning a message. Upward of 200 such signals are in use within striking distance of New York. There is even a wireless newspaper service which is sent out broadcast at regular intervals. The ships far out at sea are on the lookout for this news, which is posted on the ships, or printed daily in the ships' newspapers. The news contains a summary of the happenings of importance, fires, elections, accidents, even interviews with prominent people, and winds up with the quotations from the stock-exchange.



There was a time when the keepers of lonely lighthouse stations were greatly to be pitied, and when some went insane from solitude. Soon



FASTNET LIGHT, OFF THE COAST OF IRELAND.

these men will be in touch with the affairs of the world, and learn the news as quickly as the man who reads the latest editions of the newspapers. For it has been proposed that in some of the lighthouses along our coasts a wireless equipment should be installed, and supplement the work now done by the beacon light. The advisability of doing this is being carefully considered by Government experts, and tests are being made with these "blind lighthouses" as they are called.

This plan seems very reasonable. To-day these great land beacons throw out a flash-signal or sweep of light, so that a vessel can recognize a particular lighthouse miles at sea. In very clear weather the most powerful of these lights are visible upward of forty miles, most of them, however, having a much shorter range. A warning by wireless may, of course, be thrown hundreds of miles to sea, telling a vessel many hours in advance that she is approaching a dangerous coast. Nor is this all. For, in the experiments now being carried on, these wireless signals do more than warn ships at sea of the perils of the shore—they actually enable a ship to calculate its

exact position, even should it be in the midst of the thickest fog or most blinding storm. The wireless, or blind, lighthouses flash their position, and the master of a ship receiving messages from two or more such points on shore can readily figure out his own position by a simple process



FASTNET LIGHT AS IT WOULD APPEAR IF CONVERTED INTO A "BLIND LIGHTHOUSE."

of triangulation. Such an extension of the wonderful system of wireless communication makes us realize that we have probably only begun to enjoy the benefits that this great discovery is destined to confer on humanity.

# MAKING A LIVING

(*"Simple Thoughts on Great Subjects"*)

BY GEORGE LAWRENCE PARKER

No matter what else we do in this world, we must make a living. Of course some people inherit enough money to keep them alive, but I think we shall see, before our chat is ended, that even they, too, must, in a sense, make a living.

In the first place, we must keep ourselves alive. That means we must have food, and clothing, and shelter. And these mean money. And that means helping to keep some one else alive. The world does not pay us for being here, but demands pay from us. We enjoy a privilege for which we must pay. At first glance this seems hard; but, looked at more closely, it is those who regard life as a privilege, something worth having, even though it costs a great deal, who really enjoy life. Very few great songs about happiness have come from countries where a living may be had for nothing. In general, it is true that very few have come from people who just live on fruit that drops off the trees into their open hands. They *pick up* a living, but do not *make* it.

In civilized lands like ours, making a living has come to mean that every one must earn at least enough to prevent him from begging others to keep him alive. And it is in this way that we must first look at the matter. When we leave school or college, we must begin to prove to the world that we are able to carry ourselves along. But it is not particularly pleasant to think of going on year after year doing the same thing, or even a number of different things, merely to prove that we can stay alive. I am sure we must find something more than this in making a living, or we will be a sad race of people.

First of all, then, there is the joy of really making something. Every boy and girl knows that the dulllest day is brightened the moment we say, "Let's make something." Whether it be paper dolls, or toy boats, or an engine, or any one of a dozen things, the charm lies in the word "make." The minutes fly, and even if we have only half finished what we started to do, we have entirely driven away the dullness of the day. To make something, to actually bring something into existence, is, perhaps, the highest joy in life. The man who does this in a big or unusual way is called a genius. Out of a few words he brings into being a great poem; out of a few colors he paints a great picture; out of a stone he carves a beautiful statue or a great figure, like that of the Lion of Lucerne; out of ill-clad, undrilled men he makes an army, as Washington did.

Now, while every man who makes a living is not a genius, yet the real joy of creating can belong to each of us in just as real and true a way. If we put into farming, or banking, or our school work, the sense of making something, we get the great treasure out of it. When we fill any task with ourselves, we make something. A girl says, "I made the room tidy," which simply means she put something of herself into the disorderly room, and so beautified it. After she had made it tidy, it reflected something of herself; it looked like some idea of order such as she had in her own mind. A boy says, "I made a good recitation in school yesterday"; and he is right, for although the lesson was already there, it had to wait for him to come along and make it a recitation.

So it is everywhere. Making anything means, no matter how simple the task, that we bring out something that did not exist before; and that that something is to some degree like the maker of it. We get out what we put in. If any one wants to be miserable, the surest way is just to do things without putting his whole heart and self into them. Think of the mere outside of the tasks, and they are not worth doing. But once put yourself *into* them, and all that is changed.

Here is a letter from my friend. The writing is just some scrawls of ink, not very graceful. Nothing very wonderful here, surely. But I open it, I begin to read it, I smile, then I laugh, then I read farther and farther on; and when I reach my friend's name at the end of it, I have really found *him*. Why, then it is n't just a letter: it's my friend himself! He has literally shut himself up in an envelop, put a two-cent stamp on himself, and talked with me.

The wonderful part of making a living is that, by making it, we show the world who we are. We carve ourselves out of our tasks.

So, then, we can go a step farther, and say that when we make a living, we make ourselves. Some one has put it this way: "A shoemaker makes the shoe, but the shoe also makes the shoemaker." If it were not for the shoes, there really would n't be a shoemaker.

Now notice the word "living"—the thing we make. It is n't so much money that we make, but something far larger. We make our own living. It is something entirely new; the world never saw it before! That is a wonderful thought! The world has seen other men make a living, but never before did it see you or me

do it, nor did it ever see just the living *we* make. It has seen many boys go to school, but it is very much interested to see just how you are going to do it. You must make the school live! You must, in turn, make the bank, or the church, or the railroad live, and in doing that you make yourself live. You keep them and yourself alive! And really this, in its way, is just as great a thing as making a poem, or a statue, or a picture. To make a living is n't the dull grind that many people suppose it to be. It is a constant surprise to us, and to every one else, too.

Now I promised to say a word about the people who do not seem to need to make a living, the people who inherit a great deal of wealth. If you watch them, you will see that they, too, work hard at making a living—in a sense. For they

are not happy unless they are busy. To many of them the securing of pleasure is a harder task than our toil is to most of us. Often they don't get their pleasure as they go along, but have to travel away off to Europe or, perhaps, Asia to find it. They have to make a living by spending a great deal of money all the time, while, to many simpler people, pleasure comes every day as they go about their work. So we need not criticize or blame these people too much; and least of all need we envy them.

It's a splendid phrase—"Making a living!" It really means making a life. While we may seem to do it just to get food and shelter, we are really doing it to get vastly greater things. I make myself, I make something for some one else, I help to make the lives of other people.

## JINGLES

BY C. F. LESTER



MARY'S singing exercise  
Makes Brother Bobby stare,  
For on the highest notes, she has  
To stand upon a chair!



"I've heard that flowers were alive,"  
Said little Lucy Lee,  
"And now I guess it must be so,  
'Cause this one just *bit* me!"

# THE TALE OF THE TAILLESS CAT

BY PAULINE FRANCES CAMP

(Not a sign of a tail does the Manx Cat wear.  
Listen! the reason I shall declare.)

'T was long ago, when the world was young,  
That the Lion, the king of beasts, gave tongue,  
And the wondrous plan to the beasts unfurled,  
That they should make a tour of the world.  
"We 'll visit the land where the people sneeze;  
We 'll mount to the top of the Pyrenees;  
We 'll go where the heat of the sun 's immense,  
And plunge through the forests and thickets  
dense.

We 'll march in a line, in a grand parade,  
And I 'll be the leader," the Lion said.

And so, when rolled round the appointed day,  
With a mighty roar, he led the way.  
Behind him, marching along in line,  
Came Tiger, and Panther, and Porcupine,  
Elephant, Jaguar, and Kangaroo,  
A tall Giraffe, and a Puma, too;  
An Ibex queer, and a long-haired-Goat,  
A Yak, and a Fox, and a white-furred Stoat.  
Every animal, every beast,  
And from the largest down to the least,

They leaped and trotted and pranced and  
hopped,  
Behind the Lion, who never stopped.

They traveled onward for miles and miles,  
Till at last, when they reached the British Isles,  
The procession had grown till it fairly wound  
The circumference of the world around.  
For so many had joined the marching ranks,  
That the last, a Cat of the kind called Manx,  
Found herself padding on cushioned toes,  
Right under the Lion's lordly nose!  
And that haughty leader, imagine that!  
Was following *after* the humble Cat!  
He!—the leader!—the Lion King!  
To follow after that puny thing?  
A roar, a snarl, and a vicious snap,  
And between the two showed a dreadful gap!  
A gap where the tail of the Cat had been.  
And my tale must end where it did begin.

Not a sign of a tail does the Manx Cat wear,  
And this is the reason I do declare.  
Perhaps you don't think my story true;  
If the Lion swallowed the tail, can't you?

---

## THE TOWNSEND TWINS—CAMP DIRECTORS

BY WARREN L. ELDRED

### CHAPTER XVII

#### "BY THE LIGHT OF THE SILVERY MOON"

THE week following the trip was spent quietly at Beaver Camp. Lefty remarked that the only active thing was the practice of economy. This was in evidence every day, to the end that camp finances might be placed once more in a condition of strength that should rival the rock of Gibraltar. The campers did not grumble, however, but, on the contrary, made merry over privations, and began a keen rivalry to determine who could suggest the most thrifty idea or the plan that should save the largest amount.

Of course the time was not spent in idleness. Every day found the boys on the lake or in it—generally both. The enthusiastic anglers fished to their hearts' content. Those who favored

tramping explored fields and roads within a radius of ten miles. Cousin Willie took some pictures and spoiled many films in eager efforts to do his own developing and printing, under the friendly guidance of his "partner"—Lefty.

They used a developing tank, which was fortunate, since the bungalow failed to number a dark room among its other attractive features, and printed the negatives on post-cards, which the others were eager to purchase. Beaver Camp felt very exclusive (Tad said "dressy") in having "its own souvenir postals."

The intimacy which had commenced between Lefty and Cousin Willie at the beginning of the season had been of inestimable value in developing the latter. Lefty was just the sort of companion for such a boy—strong of body, clean of mind, patient, kind-hearted, and irrepressibly



cheerful. He furnished the kind of ideal which had been forming in more or less hazy fashion within the younger boy's mind.

Tad and Tom were quick to see this change in their cousin, and were beyond measure amazed, for they had long known an entirely different sort of boy. Instead of being jealous of Lefty's influence over Cousin Willie, they rejoiced in his emancipation from babyhood, and did all they could to encourage him.

The other campers, too, seemed to realize that the boy was doing his best to show the proper spirit, and admired him for it. Instead of having in their ranks a babyish, selfish, "spoiled child," to be treated with tolerant patience and a sort of contemptuous kindness (as they had anticipated), they happily found a very different specimen. They accepted Cousin Willie for what he tried to be, and treated him exactly as they treated any other camper, which filled the boy's heart with encouragement and content.

Cousin Willie was supremely happy. He had grown taller and heavier since coming to Beaver Camp. His face was round, rosy, and bronzed by sun and wind. Indeed, his shoulders and arms shared this wholesome color, since the campers wore sleeveless jerseys much of the time. Moreover, he had lost his feeling of restless discontent, as well as his air of bored indifference and his languid manner. The natural boy within him had awakened, and did not seem at all likely to be lulled to slumber again in the near future.

All the campers appeared to be in perfect health. For nearly two months, they had lived a simple, active life out-of-doors, and Nature had richly rewarded them for obeying her laws.

"I have an idea," Tom announced one evening at the supper-table.

"Pass it around," his brother advised. "It is n't polite to have something that no one else has."

"Do you mean to say that none of us has any ideas?" inquired the doctor.

"Oh, no! not that! Only that nobody *could* have an idea like Tom's."

"How do you know what it is?" Tom demanded. "When I was in North Rutland this afternoon," he went on, "I saw a wagon all fixed up for a hay-ride. It was going toward one of the boarding-houses. Now, why can't we get one up for some evening next week? We shall have a full moon then."

"Hooray!" cried the irrepressible Lefty. "We'll invite Mrs. Spencer, and the girls, and Cjax—"

"And we'll get some horns and make a racket," Jack added.

"And sing 'Aunt Dinah's Quilting Party,' and all the old songs we know," Bert suggested.

"You seem to like the idea after all!" said Tom.

"Sure thing! 'T is well. 'T is swell!" said Tad, and all the others echoed his appreciation.

When the Beaver Campers welcomed an idea with unanimous enthusiasm, there was sure to be "something doing," as Lefty would have said. Hence, before another sun had set, plans were fully matured. A hay wagon was engaged, along with a strong team and a careful driver. Invitations were sent to Mrs. Spencer and the girls, and were promptly accepted. Storer and Rutledge agreed to assist Mrs. Spencer as additional chaperons. A town about five miles distant from North Rutland was selected as a destination, because it furnished "opportunities for refreshment," as Tom said with great dignity, and also for "several varieties of harmless amusement," he added. Horns were purchased, and then the time appointed for the start was impatiently awaited.

Promptly at the hour agreed upon, the boys left camp and walked out to the main highway, where the wagon was to call for them. Storer and Rutledge were already there, and they all perched on a fence near by to await the coming of the "chariot."

"It's going to be a fine night," Storer remarked contentedly. "I'm glad of that! It's no fun to take a moonlight ride in the rain."

"I see you brought your mandolin, Tad," Rutledge added. "That's good! We'll have some music as we ride."

"Tad is so bright that he can play light airs in the dark!" Lefty announced. "Oh, yes! We're the musical crowd, all right! Just look at all the horns!"

"Here comes the coach-and-four!" Tom cried, as the rattle of a springless wagon-frame sounded farther up the road. And so it proved. Soon they were getting settled on the fresh, clean hay. Then they drove up to Mrs. Spencer's cottage, where the ladies were awaiting them, and before long the fun commenced.

"The children have been very good, Mrs. Spencer," Storer assured the chaperon. "I watched them carefully all the way. Of course, they were noisy, but that's to be expected of the little dears when they have an outing."

Mrs. Spencer laughed merrily. "I wonder if you will be as jolly when you are really Doctor Storer and have a lot of sick people to think of," she ventured. "If you are, I believe I shall send for you when I feel the need of a cheering-up prescription."

"Thank you, Mrs. Spencer," was the grateful reply. "I have the patronage of one admiring

patient promised already, you see, brethren. How is that for a start?"

"Fine!" Rutledge responded with a laugh. "It may be all right for you, but it's a bit unfortunate for Mrs. Spencer."

"Well, you remember what Solomon says—'A merry heart doeth good like a medicine,'" said Mrs. Spencer; "and I suppose a physician and his patient both share the benefit."

"That applies to other walks of life, too," Storer declared. "A man can fight through almost anything if only he keeps cheerful. But let's leave all this deep philosophy until later. Who knows a good story?"

Almost every member of the party, it proved, knew at least one, so each could contribute to the general entertainment.

A vigorous tooting of horns saluted the end of the last story, and then some one suggested that a little music would be welcome.

Accordingly, Tad "tuned up" his mandolin, and played some of the familiar pieces that he could render from memory, and the others sang a vigorous and more or less tuneful accompaniment. Thus they made their way onward until the town that was their destination was reached, about nine o'clock.

Before many minutes had passed, the party found an ice-cream parlor, and the proprietor with his assistants spent a busy half-hour. Then the "joy-riders," as they called themselves, separated into several groups, agreeing to reassemble there promptly at ten o'clock.

The minutes passed quickly, and presently the boys and their companions might have been seen returning from several directions, shortly before the hour appointed.

Ten o'clock came—five—ten minutes after—still the party was not complete. Tad and Cousin Willie were missing.

"Who knows what has become of Tad and Will?" the doctor asked, a bit anxiously. "They were due here ten minutes ago."

Then, in the distance, Tad was seen hurrying toward them. He was alone, and Cousin Willie was nowhere in sight.

## CHAPTER XVIII

### VISITORS AT CAMP

TAD and Cousin Willie had not visited either of the two moving-picture shows which were among the attractions of the town. They declared that it would be more fun to watch the people, so they wandered along the main street, looking in store windows, and enjoying the mild bustle of the town which contrasted so strongly with the quiet

of Beaver Camp—quiet when the boys were absent, be it understood.

"Do we need any supplies, Bill?" Tad asked, as they approached a hardware store.

"I don't know of anything, Tad."

Cousin Willie was called "Bill" very generally now by all the boys, and proud he was to be hailed by this name which suggested a fellowship with these older boys whom he so ardently admired.

"That auto looks like yours," Tad remarked, as he pointed toward a touring-car that stood before the hardware store.

"That's right, Tad! It certainly does!"

"Better claim it, Bill, and ride back to camp in style."

Cousin Willie laughed, and they walked over for a closer view.

"Of course it is n't ours!" he declared; "but it looks exactly like it."

"Well, that might easily be. A company does n't make just one car of any certain model. Most likely this car is an exact duplicate of yours."

Tad walked around to the rear of the car.

"What's the number of your license-tag, Bill?" he asked.

"I don't remember the new one. I wrote the old one down in a memorandum book I used to carry, but Papa has another tag now."

Just then a man in a long linen automobile coat came out of the store. Tad saw him as he turned toward the car, and the amazed expression which spread over his countenance caused Cousin Willie to turn quickly.

The man noticed them at the same time, and stopped short in bewildered astonishment, as if he doubted the reality of what he saw.

"Papa!" cried Cousin Willie, springing forward.

"Why, Willie—" gasped the surprised Mr. Ainsworth.

"They call me Bill now," the boy ventured, clinging affectionately to his father, and Mr. Ainsworth smiled contentedly at the amendment.

Tad managed to squeeze in his share of greeting at this point.

"Why, son, how you have grown!" Mr. Ainsworth exclaimed. "And how well you look! I'm certain that you've never looked better."

"I don't believe I have," the boy agreed. "I feel fine, and you ought to see how my muscles have developed. I can swim and dive, and I can row and paddle for miles without getting tired."

Mr. Ainsworth seemed unable to take his eyes off the tanned face of his son.

"I declare, son, I don't believe your mother would have recognized you. Think so, Tad?"

"I 'm afraid she would n't, Uncle William, especially if he happened to be wearing clothes that she had n't seen. I think that most of the family would have to identify him by his clothes, as things are now."

"Why, he 's so much larger and broader! He 's grown every way!"

"That 's right, Uncle William!" Tad exclaimed heartily. "Bill has grown every way. There 's just as much change inside of him as outside. He 's a real boy now! He 's shown lots of grit this summer at different times, and I 'm proud of him. I 'd say so to any one!" and Tad concluded by laying his hand affectionately upon his cousin's shoulder.

Mr. Ainsworth was silent a moment. Then he said:

"Ah, Tad! how much we have to thank you for—you and Tom and all the others who have been so kind to our boy."

Tad was afraid the situation might become embarrassing, so he laughed, and replied lightly:

"You can see that it has n't worn upon us, Uncle William. The fellows *have* been kind to Bill, but it was because they liked him. But how under the sun did you get here?"

"We were coming up to surprise you," Mr. Ainsworth explained, "but it has turned out a surprise all around. How did you happen to be in town to-night?"

Then the boys told him of the hay-ride, and in the midst of the recital, Tad cried:

"Say, we were to be back by ten o'clock. What time is it now?"

Three timepieces were produced and compared. It was nearly ten minutes past ten.

"I think you 'll have to let us keep our boy overnight, Tad," his uncle declared. "I left his mother at the hotel, resting after the long ride, and I know she 'll want to see her boy."

"Of course!" Tad agreed. "I 'll explain to the others why Bill can't use the return part of his excursion ticket."

"You can look for us at camp to-morrow morning, Tad, if it 's clear," his uncle continued. "We 'll come over and return the boy to you."

"Can't you stay to dinner?" Tad responded cordially. "We have plenty to eat, such as it is, and we 'd be real glad if you would stay."

"Thank you! We shall be very glad to accept the invitation."

"I 'll have to run along now," Tad exclaimed. "I 'm 'way behind time, and the others 'll think I 'm lost."

He sent a message of greeting to his aunt, spoke a few hurried words of parting, and ran off to join the party on the hay wagon.

He found the others seated upon the wagon, impatiently awaiting his arrival.

"Where 's Bill?" several voices cried, as Tad approached.

Tad stopped, and waved an arm in a mysterious gesture.

"Bill is in the bosom of his family," he announced dramatically, climbing to his place on the hay; and, as the horses started, he continued:

"In other words, Bill ran into his father back there in town, and he was carried off to the hotel to spend the night. They 're coming out to-morrow morning to visit us at camp, and they 'll stay to dinner."

"Hooray!" Lefty cried. "Visitors at camp! That means a spread."

"I knew that they expected to look in upon us," Doctor Halsey admitted. "For that reason, I suggested that we postpone our trip to the northern end of the lake and Ausable Chasm. Mr. and Mrs. Ainsworth expect to go there, and I thought it would be much pleasanter for all of us to go together."

"It would!" Lefty agreed. "Are we all going in the auto?"

"Hardly," the doctor responded with a laugh. "We 'll go by boat to Port Kent, then by train to Ausable Chasm, returning in the afternoon. It 's only a one-day trip."

"We might hire that launch—the *Rainbow*, you remember—the one we used for our historical pilgrimage," Tom suggested. "We can use it all day for five dollars. Then we can start when we want to, and come back when we feel like it. We won't have to bother with time-tables, or go tearing along like mad to make connections."

"That 's a good idea," Eliot remarked approvingly. "It 'll be cheaper, too, because the cost of each of us will be less than if we went the regular way."

"We 're nearly home now," Jack announced a little later. "Let 's serenade the moon."

And soon after, with merry "good-nights," the hay-ride reached a happy conclusion.

The Beaver Campers were astir early the next morning in spite of their natural inclination to linger in the comfortable luxury of their cots after the late hours of the evening before.

They were anxious to have everything in fine order, so that the visitors might receive a favorable impression of Beaver Camp and of the housekeeping abilities of the campers.

About ten o'clock, the Ainsworths arrived. Cousin Willie proudly introduced his parents to his friends, including Storer and Rutledge, who had "just dropped in to see what they were going to have for dinner."

Mr. and Mrs. Ainsworth seemed delighted with

everything. The views were superb and the bungalow was an ideal summer home.

They walked down to the beach and looked out over the lake. Then Cousin Willie invited them to step into one of the camp boats, and he rowed them alongshore as far as Mrs. Spencer's land-

flowers and ferns. Some one had suggested borrowing a table-cloth from Mrs. Spencer, but Tad declared that half the charm of the meal would be lost if they adopted any of the refining touches of life in the city.

It is doubtful if either Mr. or Mrs. Ainsworth had ever eaten a meal in more primitive style. They sat upon a bench at one end of a table made of boards and packing-boxes. They ate from heavy earthenware plates and enameled ware bowls, and drank from tin cups, but the genuineness of their pleasure was too real to be doubted.

The camp cooks had combined their skill to produce a dinner which should be worthy of Beaver Camp. There was vegetable soup, fish taken from the lake, roast beef, and two kinds of vegetables, with ice-cream and cake for dessert, and coffee as the final course.

They lingered long over the coffee, chatting in friendly fashion of many things, and telling stories of the busy, happy weeks now past.

After a time, they heard the sound of wheels on the camp road, and presently a buggy appeared. This stopped near the bungalow, and a man stepped out. As he came toward them, Tom cried:

"Why, it's Mr. Raymond! the man who owns Beaver Camp."

"So it is!" Tad agreed. "I wonder if he is going to dispossess us."

## CHAPTER XIX

### THE NEW OWNER OF BEAVER CAMP

MR. AINSWORTH quietly excused himself, and rose from the table.

"I think Mr. Raymond is looking for me," he said. "We are interested in some property in this section, and had arranged a meeting for this afternoon."

The two men walked back to the buggy, talk-



"THE MAN STOPPED SHORT IN BEWILDERED ASTONISHMENT."

ing and back again, much to their surprise and his own intense satisfaction.

When they returned to Beaver Camp, dinner was ready. The table had been moved out under the trees, and was prettily decorated with wild



ing earnestly, and continued their conversation for some little time. Then Mr. Raymond drove off, and the party about the dinner-table separated.

The Ainsworths declined an invitation to remain to supper, but promised to return in the evening to enjoy a real camp-fire with the boys. Then they left Beaver Camp with many hearty expressions of their enjoyment of the hospitality extended by the campers.

In the early evening, just as the doctor was touching a match to the kindlings of the big camp-fire, Mr. and Mrs. Ainsworth arrived. Storer and Rutledge joined the company, too, a little later, so the group within the ruddy circle was larger than usual.

They discussed plans for the proposed trip to Ausable Chasm, and made final arrangements for this event which was to mark the end of their long vacation. After this, there would be only a few days left for packing and for making preparations to return to the city and its duties.

Mr. and Mrs. Ainsworth invited the Beaver Campers, including Storer and Rutledge, to take dinner with them at the hotel when visiting the chasm, and the boys were rejoiced over the prospect.

The Ainsworths returned to town at ten o'clock, declaring that they did not propose to keep the boys up late for two nights in succession, and within a brief time after their departure, Beaver Camp was quiet, except for certain sounds proceeding from the piazza of the bungalow which suggested a village of sawmills in active operation.

Doctor Halsey and the Ainsworths called on Mrs. Spencer and the girls the following day, and invited them to pilot the party through Ausable Chasm and to share the fellowship of the dinner-party. Of course, they were happy to accept the invitation, and now there remained only the usual question as to what the weather would be.

The elements were kind, however, for the day which they had selected dawned clear and cool, with every prospect of remaining fair.

It was a merry party that left the landing at Beaver Camp about nine o'clock. The little launch was crowded to its utmost capacity, and it was almost a miracle that some of the boys did not slip into the water from the places in which they were precariously perched.

Fortune favored them, however, and all landed safely at Port Kent in time to connect with the train for Ausable Chasm. Mrs. Spencer and the girls had visited this marvelous specimen of Nature's handiwork on a number of former occa-

sions, so they were very well fitted to lead the way through the wonderful chasm of the Ausable River from Rainbow Falls to the point where they embarked in boats to "shoot the rapids."

By the time they had completed the tour of inspection, they were quite ready for the dinner which was waiting for them at the hotel.

It was more elaborate than that furnished by Beaver Camp a few days previous, and it was served in better style, but perhaps, after all, it was not more enjoyed.

When the last course had vanished, and the table had been cleared, Mr. Ainsworth rose and said:

"While we are all here together, I have an announcement to make. For some years, Mrs. Ainsworth and I have been promising ourselves that we would have a home in the country where we might spend a long vacation each year. We have looked at several places, but only recently have we found the long-sought spot.

"Will's letters concerning this beautiful region have been so enthusiastic that we felt inclined to investigate it carefully, with the idea of locating in the vicinity.

"We have been charmed with the beauty of the scenery and general attractiveness of the region, and, fortunately, have discovered a place for sale that just suits us. It has long been the property of Mr. Raymond, and, this summer, has been known as Beaver Camp.

"It is not our idea, however, to live alone. Will would not be happy without you, and we should feel decidedly lonesome ourselves. We shall expect to see the Beaver Campers year after year, as long as they find it possible to come, and it may be that they will feel disposed to seek others who need this kind of life, as our boy did.

"I hope they will. Mrs. Ainsworth and I would feel deeply gratified if we could know that we had a share in building up some boy in the same way that our boy has been built up during the weeks past—not only in physical strength, but in all that makes for manhood of the finest type.

"So Beaver Camp is going right on, and Mrs. Ainsworth and I expect to be Beaver Campers next year."

There was a vigorous demonstration of delight and a buzz of excited conversation. After a few moments, Tad rose and lifted a glass of water.

"Here 's to Cousin Willie," he said, "who, in one season, has been transformed into Bill. May we always have as good results during the years ahead."

And the others, springing to their feet, enthusiastically indorsed this sentiment.



THE MOONLIGHT HAY-RIDE OF THE BEAVER CAMPERS.



# Mary Sunshine

By *Marjorie Louise Hillis*

HER name was really just plain Mary, and she was as quaint and old-fashioned a little girl as you could imagine. Her manner was already quite grown-up, but that was not surprising, for she had been born and brought up in a little village on the coast of Maine. She was a pretty child, although her hair was always parted in the middle and brushed smoothly into two braids down her back, and her dresses were always of the plainest kind. Her mother was a thrifty woman who did not believe in unnecessary trimming.

It was this trait of her mother's that brought the Artist to their house as a summer boarder. You see, the little town, although it was only a fishing village in the winter, had become a gay watering-place in the summer. At one end were summer hotels and cottages of all kinds, crowded together in a mixed-up sort of way, quite as if they did not have miles of ground behind them to spread over if they only wanted to. The other end was the all-year-round part, with the village stores and the homes of the "natives." Mary lived just between the two ends, in a pretty white cottage with green blinds, and her mother nearly always found some one who was glad to rent the "spare room" for the summer.

Mary could hardly believe it when she found that this year the boarder was to be a real, live artist. She had never seen one before, and she peeped from behind the parlor curtains when the bus drove up, hardly knowing what kind of a being she expected to see. She was rather disappointed at first, for he looked very much like any one else. But as soon as they were really acquainted, she got over this feeling, and found him quite different from the other people she knew.

He discovered at once that there was a twinkle in her eyes not at all in keeping with her prim little manner, and it was not long before he had driven the primness all away, and found her much like other children, only a little brighter and more imaginative than any he had known.

It was the Artist, too, who named her "Mary Sunshine." It happened the very day of his arrival, when he first asked her name.

"Oh, just Mary," she had answered, fingering the tight yellow braids that hung one over each shoulder.

"Just Mary!" he exclaimed. "Why, I think that is one of the nicest names I know."

"Do you?" asked Mary. "I don't. I think Rosalind or Marie Antoinette is much nicer. Even Rose or Lily is prettier than Mary. But Mother does n't believe in fancy names."

"Well," said the Artist, "I shall call you Mary Sunshine. It's prettier than any of those names, and it matches the color of your hair." So after that she was always Mary Sunshine.

It was not long before they became fast friends. This was really a wonderful event, for she had had few friends before, and never one like this. It was true that in the summer-time the Point was overrun with children, and some of them Mary Sunshine would have liked to know, but she had learned that though the summer visitors would smile quite kindly at her, and often exclaim, "What a dear, quaint little girl!" when they passed in their carriages, they did not care to have their children play with a little "native" in an ill-fitting gingham frock.

So it was more than wonderful that on the very day after the arrival of the Artist, Mary Sunshine should have found a second friend. It happened on the beach, where Mary Sunshine had brought the Artist. He had chosen a spot a little apart from the gay crowd of bathers, and while he was arranging his easel and making preparations to begin, Mary Sunshine had been so busy watching him that she did not notice the slow approach of a little boy on crutches. It was only when she began to find this rather dull,

and the Artist too preoccupied to talk to her, that she saw him, sitting on the sand not far away, and gazing rather wistfully in her direction. For a long time they sat there, stealing glances at each other, and each wishing that the other one might speak. It was in these glances that Mary Sunshine discovered two things: first, the big, sad eyes of the little boy, and, later, the crutches lying on the sand beyond him.

After a while, the Artist came back to earth,

"Yes. I 'm staying over at Captain Welch's cottage—over there." He pointed to a lonely fisherman's cottage down the beach.

"I see," said the Artist; "I wonder if you would n't like to know my little friend. Oh, Mary Sunshine, come here a minute."

Mary Sunshine came, and rather shyly held out her hand.

"Is your name really Mary Sunshine?" the boy asked, raising his eyes to the bright face.



"MARY SUNSHINE HAD BECOME THE ARTIST'S GUIDE, FOR SHE KNEW ALL THE PRETTIEST PLACES ON THE SHORE."

and saw the children. For a moment he watched them with a smile, then he left his work and went over to the little boy.

"Hello, my boy," he said, holding out his hand.

"Hello," said the little boy, gratefully.

"Don't you like the crowd any better than we do?"

"I don't know," the boy answered; "I don't know them."

"Came over to the beach all alone, did you?"

"Yes, sir. You see there is n't any one to come with me. I 'm just a Fresh Air Child."

"A Fresh Air Child?" the Artist repeated.

"Oh, no," she answered; "it 's really just Mary, and the rest is only a nickname."

"I think it 's a lovely one," the boy said wistfully.

"I tell you," the Artist exclaimed, "we 'll give you a nickname, too. What shall it be, Mary Sunshine?"

Mary Sunshine clapped her hands. "I know. Once I read a lovely story about a Little Lame Prince. Let 's call—" she stopped suddenly, seeing a look of pain on the little boy's face. "Oh, I 'm so sorry."

The little boy smiled bravely. "That 's all right," he said. "I think that 's a fine nickname."



After that he was always the Little Lame Prince, and every day he played with Mary Sunshine. Mary Sunshine had become the Artist's guide, for she knew all the prettiest places on the shore and all the best views from the hilltops. Wherever they went they always found time to stop for the Little Lame Prince at the fisherman's cottage. And such beautiful times they had together, for the Artist could not only paint, but he could tell the most wonderful stories of brownies and fairies, of kings and queens, or just of little boys and girls. Almost every afternoon when he was tired painting, he would stretch out on the sand or the grass, and delight the children with some tale. Then, when it was over, if it was late and the Little Lame Prince was tired, he would take him on his shoulder and carry him back to the cottage by the sea.

It was not long before Mary Sunshine had discovered something quite surprising about each of her new friends. She found that her Artist was not a common artist at all, but a very famous one. Her mother's little cottage, that had once been passed unnoticed, was now an object of interest to all the summer people on the Point. Invitations were showered upon the Artist, and all the gayest ladies at the hotels did their best to meet him. Again and again he was asked to exhibit his pictures. (For nearly every villa owner wanted to buy one to hang on the wall of his city house, so that he could say to his friends, "Oh, yes, I got that in Maine; the Artist was living right near our cottage, you know.") But, with one exception, the Artist paid no attention whatever to these advances. The exception was a very young and pretty girl who lived in one of the largest of the cottages. Both the pretty girl and her mother had evidently known the Artist before, and the mother seemed to admire him very much, for she was always smiling on him and giving him invitations to her house. On these occasions the Artist would look questioningly at the pretty girl, but, as she was generally gazing indifferently into space and tapping her foot impatiently, the Artist would politely refuse the invitations and return to the society of Mary Sunshine and the Little Lame Prince.

The other discovery was about the Little Lame Prince himself. It was a very wonderful discovery, for it meant a change in the little boy's whole life. It was this: that some day he might be cured, so that he could walk and run, quite like other boys. Mary Sunshine never forgot the look that came into his eyes when he told her about it. But then his face grew sad again, for it would mean an operation, and that would cost a great deal of money—two hundred dollars,

perhaps. And the mother of the Little Lame Prince, although she was the most beautiful mother that any boy ever had, was very poor, and not nearly strong enough to earn so large a sum.

After Mary Sunshine learned about this, she thought of it nearly all the time. She felt so dreadfully sorry for the Little Lame Prince, and she wondered with all her might if there was not something she could do to help him. One evening, seeing the Artist walking beside the house, smoking a good-night cigar, she ran out and slipped her hand into his.

"Do you remember," she asked, "in the story about the Little Lame Prince—did he get well?"

"Of course he did," the Artist said.

"What was it that made him well?"

"Why, it seems to me it was mostly fresh air and sunshine"; he smiled whimsically down at the little girl beside him. "*Merry Sunshine*, I guess," he added.

Mary Sunshine looked a little disappointed. "Oh," she said, "our Little Lame Prince will have to have an operation. Would n't it have been nice just like the story?"

"Well," the Artist said, "I believe that even with this Little Lame Prince, Mary Sunshine can help a lot."

During the next week, Mary Sunshine was unusually thoughtful. She had made up her mind quite firmly that in some way she would help the Little Lame Prince to get well, and she had partly decided on a plan. You see, every year the summer people had a fair at the Casino. Mary Sunshine had only been once, but she knew that it was a very splendid affair. And she felt quite sure that if she should make something and tell them about the Little Lame Prince, they would sell it for her there. The great difficulty lay in deciding what to make. For at least a week she thought about it. Then, finally, she remembered that when she was there herself, she had seen, at the children's table, some beautiful big scrap-books with pictures in them of all sorts and kinds. She had looked at them longingly, but the price had been much greater than the sum her mother had given her to spend. So she was sure that a scrap-book ought to bring a large sum of money.

The very day after she had come to this decision, she hurried down-town to the drug store, and asked "Uncle Joe" (who was everybody's "uncle") if she might have some of the white wrapping-paper off the big white roll. Uncle Joe gave her more than she had hoped for, with a stick of candy besides, and Mary Sunshine was so happy that she forgot her primness enough to skip all the way home. That day she refused to

go on the daily excursion with her two friends, and they started off without her, the Artist rather puzzled, and the Little Lame Prince very much disappointed. Meanwhile, Mary Sunshine

very tired, Mary Sunshine was quite contented with the big scrap-book that lay in her bureau drawer, and went off to sleep dreaming of lovely pictures to be pasted on the white paper.

You would think it quite an easy matter to fill a scrap-book, I am sure, but during the next ten days Mary Sunshine found it very difficult. The one magazine that her mother took was not profusely illustrated, and it was much the same in the houses of the neighbors. To be sure, she did find a few lovely colored picture-cards that people had been saving, and these made the first few pages quite gay. But when the fair was only two days off, there were still two pages entirely empty. Mary Sunshine had searched every place that she could think of. She had torn the colored labels off the cans of tomatoes and peas in the cellar closet. She had cut the figures out of the old circus poster that the hired man brought her from the barber-shop window. And, finally, she had cut out all the pictures from her mother's seed catalogue. Indeed, there was n't a place where she had n't looked, and still those two pages were empty. Poor Mary Sunshine could n't even find another black-and-white picture, and she began to feel quite desperate. Finally, she decided to ask the Artist for advice. She waited on the porch while he finished breakfast, then, when he came out, she stopped him.

"Please," she said, "I

want to ask your advice."

"Yes," said the Artist, settling himself on the top step.

"It's about a scrap-book. I'm making it for the fair to-morrow. It's to help the Little Lame Prince to have an operation. And it's all done but



"I WONDER IF YOU WOULD LIKE TO GO FOR A DRIVE."

spent most of her day in the kitchen with her mother's pink-iron, neatly pink-ironing the edges of the big sheets of white paper. It was late when she finished, but her mother, as she tucked her into bed, offered to stitch the sheets firmly together on the machine. So, although she was

the last two pages, and I can't find another picture anywhere." Mary Sunshine was dangerously near to tears.

"I see," the Artist said, quite seriously. "I wonder if you would mind showing it to me?" Mary Sunshine ran and got it, and the Artist looked it over thoughtfully. When he had finished he spoke.

"What would you think of my painting a picture on those two pages?" he asked.

Now Mary Sunshine realized that the Artist was a very great one, and she knew how kind of him it was to offer, but she did not really think that any picture painted by a man, by hand, could compare with the gaily colored pictures in a magazine or a seed catalogue. But she had been well trained by her mother. So she answered politely, if not enthusiastically, "That would be very nice. Of course it is n't quite the same, but I don't believe they'd mind much, do you?"

"We might try it, anyway," the Artist said modestly.

The next morning Mary Sunshine started for the Casino with the precious scrap-book under her arm. Her heart was beating very hard, and several times her courage almost left her. But she went on resolutely, even when she saw the automobiles crowded around the door of the Casino and heard the noise and bustle within. She entered very timidly, and stood for some time in the big room before any one had time to speak to her. Then, finally, she heard a very kind voice beside her.

"Did you want anything, little girl?"

She turned and saw the pretty girl who had been so cold to the Artist.

"Yes," Mary Sunshine answered, "I brought this scrap-book to be sold at the fair. It's for a Little Lane Prince—I mean a boy," she stammered.

"I don't quite understand," the pretty girl said, putting her arm around Mary Sunshine. "Come over here and sit down, and tell me all about it."

Mary Sunshine followed her into a quiet corner, and there she told her all about the Little Lane Prince, the operation, and, finally, the scrap-book. "Here it is," she said, at the end, unwrapping it with pride.

"Oh!" exclaimed the pretty girl, "what a perfectly lovely one! Did you make it all yourself?"

She turned the pages over carelessly until she suddenly saw the last one. "Why! What is this?"

Mary Sunshine blushed guiltily. "Why—that's—that's—well, you see, I could n't find enough, and the Artist that's staying at our house did it for me. Of course it is n't a real picture, but do you think they'll mind much? The water and sky are very pretty. The Artist said it was the best one he ever did. I really think if it was n't for that old boat, it would be most as nice as a real picture."

The pretty girl was looking at it with misty eyes. "I don't believe they'll mind a bit," she said gently. "You leave it with me."

Long before the fair began that afternoon the news had spread like wild-fire that a picture by the great Artist was to be auctioned off. And the little story that went with the news added not a little to the interest of the crowd that gathered to see the sale and to bid for the picture. But, strangely enough, it was the father of the very pretty girl who made the highest bid and carried home the scrap-book.

Late that afternoon, the pretty girl, looking more bewitching than ever, drove up to the cottage where Mary Sunshine lived. She had in her hand a check large enough to pay for several operations. In front of the cottage she stopped, and she blushed quite rosily when she saw the Artist sitting on the porch with Mary Sunshine and the Little Lane Prince. They all stood up as she approached, and waited silently for her to speak. She looked at Mary Sunshine.

"The scrap-book sold beautifully," she said. "It brought a great deal of money, and it's all in this envelop." She handed it to Mary Sunshine.

"Thank you! Oh, thank you!" Mary Sunshine said, quite simply. The pretty girl turned to go. She hesitated a moment. Then she looked bravely into the eyes of the Artist, and said softly:

"I wonder if you would like to go for a drive with me? I think the little girl has a surprise that she wants to tell to the Little Lane Prince."

THAT night, when the Artist came back, Mary Sunshine came out to meet him.

"Oh!" she said, slipping her hand into his, "it was just like a fairy story, was n't it?"

"Yes," the Artist said, thinking of something quite different, "just exactly!"



# NATURE AND SCIENCE FOR YOUNG FOLKS

EDITED BY EDWARD F. BIGELOW

## SOME REMARKABLE HEAD-DRESSES AND TAILS OF BIRDS

WE are familiar with the suggestion that many of our trades and many kinds of our handiwork are copied from the work of birds and other animals, but all such notions are fanciful, incorrect, and worthless. Man built mud huts long before he knew anything about the mud-wasp, and woman fastened the edges of skins together with animal sinews or with vegetable fibers long before the tailor-bird was discovered, and in countries where such birds have never been seen; in

These natural head plumes of some birds seem to be true decorations, and of no more real service to their wearers than are the elaborate and costly hats that are made by the milliners of to-day.

As in the case of birds with resplendent plum-



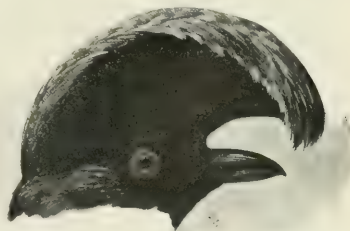
THE HIGHLY DECORATED HEAD OF THE CROWNED PIGEON.



THE EARED PHEASANT.

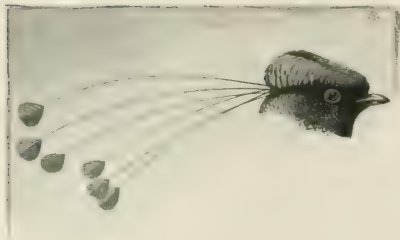
age and highly ornamental tails, so those birds most remarkable for their head plumes are chiefly natives of tropical climates. The crowned pigeon is found in and near New Guinea, and the umbrella-bird in South America. The eared pheasant, however, inhabits the high mountains of China and Tibet, and we, too, have many crested birds—some of them, like the wax-wing, the blue-jay, and the cardinal, being nearly as familiar as the robin and the bluebird. But in point of development, and for sheer oddity of crest, such birds as the King of Saxony bird of paradise and

Greenland, for instance, in Lapland, and in the polar regions of the earth. If man learned masonwork from the beaver, did the beaver teach the ancient Egyptians to build the pyramids? All such suggestions are silly, and every reader, especially every young reader, should disabuse his mind of all similar nonsense. But if such fanciful notions could be true, we might, perhaps, be allowed to imagine that the idea of decorating the human head was first suggested by the crests of certain birds, although the "bonnets" of birds were well developed ages before human beings dreamed of the extravagant head-gear that has been considered fashionable at different times.



THE CURIOUSLY CRESTED HEAD OF THE UMBRELLA-BIRD.





THE SIX-SHAFTED BIRD OF PARADISE.

the six-shafted bird of paradise are without peer among the feathered inhabitants of our woods and fields. More familiar, but perhaps equally attractive, are the wood-duck's flowing plumes, the California valley-partridge's jaunty crest, and the famous aigret of the egret.

While all can readily appreciate the beauty of the remarkably shaped tails of the peacock and the lyre-bird, we must not overlook the fact that the usual symmetrical, fan-shaped tail structure is also beautiful, even when it has no

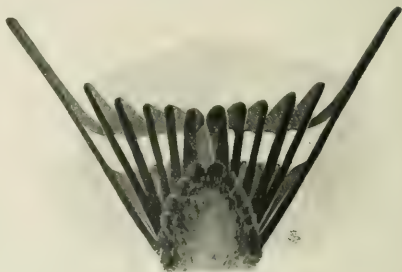


THE KING OF SAGO BIRD OF PARADISE.

markings, as among the blackbirds. But nature, appreciating this opportunity for decoration, has made these appendages the objects of her special attention. It is the rule, rather than the exception, for a bird's tail to be so marked or colored as to give the impression that beauty, apparently for its own sake, was the end sought. Some tails are so decidedly ornamental in shape

that their bright color and fancy patterns seem a matter of course. The common barn-swallow furnishes us with an example of this.

Though nearly every conceivable color scheme and pattern are exhibited by the tails of birds, there are a few common, more or less distinct, plans which may be traced. In some, notably in the ruffed grouse, the feathers are of equal length and uniformly barred; in many others this is nearly the pattern, except that the two central feathers (always two, because the entire number of tail-feathers is always even) are comparatively plain. The purpose of this form of coloring may



THE TAIL OF THE BARN-SWALLOW.

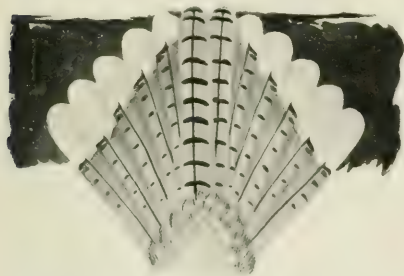
be to render the tail inconspicuous when closed; that, at least, is the effect, when one or two of the central feathers only are seen from above. Some of these birds have a habit of "flashing," or suddenly expanding and refolding, the tail. The effect is almost like the sudden turning on and off of an artificial light, the usual marking of such tails being a large patch of white or orange on the outer feathers. A common form is a light patch or spot usually near the tips of the feathers,



THE TAIL OF THE BARTRAMIAN SANDPIPER.

diminishing in size with each feather until it is lost or barely discernible in the two middle ones;

or, again, the outer feather on each side may be entirely white, the next one or two nearly so, while all the rest are without a trace of white. The marks may be confined to the outer vane,



THE TAIL OF THE BLUE-JAY WITH ITS BEAUTIFUL FRINGE OF WHITE.

when they will probably appear in the closed or nearly closed tail; they may be restricted to the inner vane, and be seen only in the spread or half spread tail; they may be conspicuous on one vane and obscure on the other; or they may extend impartially across the feather, and thus be constantly exposed.

Besides those shown in our illustrations, there are many other examples of beautiful tails among

the warblers, jays, cuckoos, hawks, shore-birds, and other groups. Many of the most elegant are to be found only in the tropics.

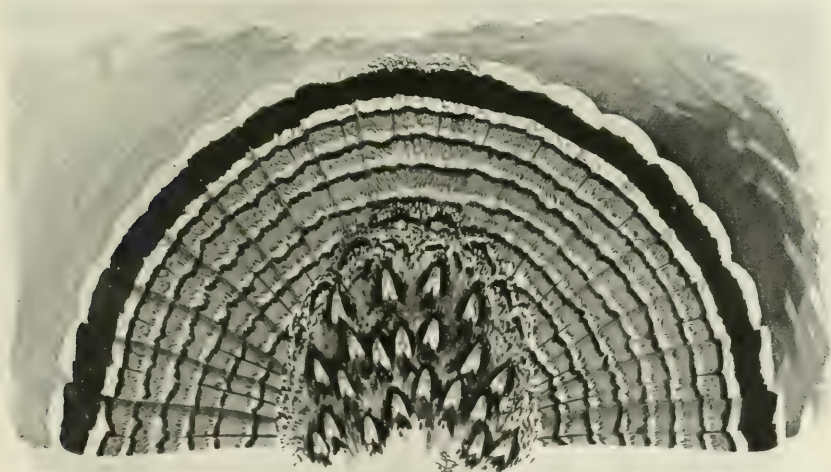
The striking patches of black and white, or dark and light, so common among warblers and woodpeckers, may, by their very attractiveness, be a bird's means of recognition, or of signaling, or both. As for the purpose of the fancy colors and patterns, the learned Darwin supposed that the birds themselves appreciate and admire their own beauty. It is not at all clear that they have any other "excuse for being" than that they really are beautiful.

EDMUND J. SAWYER.

### THE BEAVER

SOME students of animal life claim that the nearest approach to human ingenuity, among the creatures of fur or feather, is undoubtedly exhibited by the beaver. This wonderful animal closely resembles the common muskrat in general appearance, but is much larger, and has a tail flattened crosswise instead of up and down.

The remarkable intelligence displayed by the animals in selecting suitable sites for their dams, in felling the trees in convenient locations and dragging them into proper positions, and the wonderful manner in which the upper sides of the dams are plastered with mud and thus made perfectly water-tight, seem little short of impossible



THE REMARKABLE ORNAMENTAL TAIL OF THE PARTRIDGE (RUFFED GROUSE).

to any one who has not had an opportunity to see their wonderful work.

The beavers not only cut down trees for the purpose of making dams, but they also use the



FIG. 1. A BEAVER DAM.

small, upper branches as a storage supply of food for winter use. These branches are cut into lengths of two or three feet, and then are carried



FIG. 2. THE BIG COTTONWOOD TREE CUT DOWN BY THE BEAVERS.

beneath the water and into the beavers' houses, or burrows, where the tender green bark is used as the staple article of food during the winter.

Fig. 1 shows a dam made by the beavers.

Fig. 2 shows a giant cottonwood tree, nineteen inches in diameter inside the bark, that was cut down by beavers at the edge of their dam. The top of the tree fell into the water, where it was promptly cut up by the beavers and carried away to furnish their winter supply of food.

Fig. 3 is a typical "beavers' house," located not far from Denver, Colorado. This house was over ten feet in height above the water and thirty or forty feet in diameter at the water's edge.



FIG. 3. THE BEAVERS' HOUSE.

Fig. 4 shows a tree, now standing in the New York Zoological Park, which was partly cut down

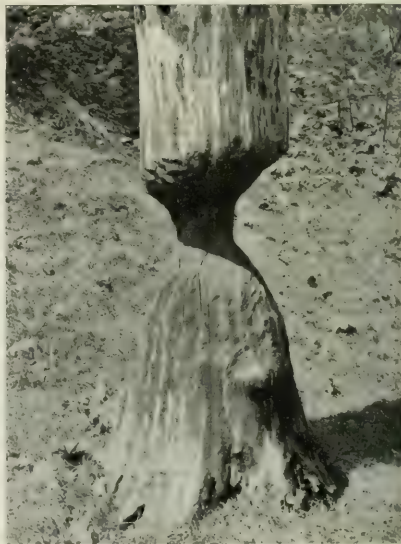


FIG. 4. IN THE NEW YORK ZOOLOGICAL PARK.  
Photograph from the New York Zoological Society

by beavers while these busy little animals were building a dam. This photograph is interesting not only because it illustrates how successfully





A SUBSTANTIAL PLAYHOUSE FOR YOUNG FOLKS.

the beaver can gnaw through the solid trunk of a tree, but because it proves that we have, within the limits of Greater New York, an excellent example of the work of these wonderful little creatures of the wild.

ROBERT B. ROCKWELL.

#### A GOOD SUGGESTION FOR A PLAYHOUSE

HERE is an illustration of Miss Ruth Lapham's playhouse at Waveny Farm, near New Canaan, Connecticut. Within this house she has all the equipments of an ordinary cottage, but in miniature; she has a miniature kitchen, with a stove and dishes, and a miniature sitting-room. Here, alone, or with her young friends, she does house-keeping for her dolls or for her associates in a most enjoyable manner.

#### A "NOSEY" BIRD

I FOUND this bird, a young, brown creeper, on the sidewalk. Thinking to make a picture of it, I took it home in my pocket.

With the camera in readiness, I placed my winged sitter on another tripod. It immediately fluttered off; which process was repeated many times, till, finally, it tired, and stayed where placed—but what was the use of picturing it now? It looked like nothing more than a rolled-up bunch of feathers.

After giving it a rest, I started to pick it up, when it hopped along my arm, to my shoulder, to my neck, over my head, and down to my nose, where it remained perfectly still.

Slowly moving to a mirror, I saw that the bird

was in its natural shape, though on an unnatural support—but here was my chance and I took advantage of it. So I stood before the camera and

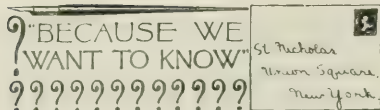


"THE 'NOSEY' BIRD."

pressed the bulb, with this odd picture as the result of my first attempt at bird photography.

ARTHUR E. ANDERSON.





IS THERE ANY FORM OF ANIMAL LIFE THAT  
CAN LIVE WITHOUT AIR?

MINNEAPOLIS, MINN.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: Is there any kind of an animal, insect, or bird that can live without air? I think there is, but I am not sure. I hope you will be good enough to answer my question.

Your reader,

VANCE PIDGEON.

No animals can live without air. There are some bacteria which can do so, but bacteria are plants rather than animals. During periods of dormancy, some animals can get along with very little air, and much less than during active life. Frogs in winter require very little, since their activities are nearly stopped, and there is enough air in the soil to support what little life they have in cold weather. The stories of frogs incased in stone for years are mostly false, and where there is any basis for such stories, the animals are in cracks in rocks where they have been, possibly, from the time of their larval life. They are always, however, supplied with air in these places. The only possible exception to the above statement which I know of, is in cases of some animals that can actually be frozen and resume their life upon being thawed out. Where this occurs, the animals seem to have no activities while frozen, and their life is stopped. They might, in this condition, remain alive for a while without any air, but simply because they are dormant. — H. W. CONN.

QUESTIONS REGARDING DOUBLE STARS

(For older readers)

LOS ANGELES, CAL.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I would like the following questions answered.

1. In what direction—that is, toward what constellation—is the proper motion of the star Alpha Centauri?
2. What is the average distance apart, in millions of miles, of double stars which are known to be really bound together in the chains of reciprocal gravitation?

Your constant reader,

CHARLES F. RICHTER.

1. This beautiful double-sun system is moving almost directly westward across the southern sky, in a direction toward the northern boundary of the Southern Cross.

2. This it is difficult to say, for we, as yet, know so very few dimensions that we cannot now even make a guess at the "average" size. It is

only those systems that are unusually near us whose size in miles has so far been found; and these are a very small percentage of the whole number. It can be said, however, that, in general, the systems are on a much larger scale than our solar system. For example, the system Alpha Centauri is made up of two suns which together weigh about twice as much as our sun, the distance between them being 23.6 times the distance from the sun to the earth. The system  $\alpha$  Eridani is a triple one, two of the suns being separated by a distance as great as that from our sun to Uranus, but these two are separated from the great central sun about which they are both revolving by a distance at least twenty times as great. In fact, it is probable that many of the systems are hundreds and perhaps thousands of times as extensive as our own. — ERIC DOOLITTLE.

PET DEER

STELLA, MO.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I am sending to you a photograph of me and my deer in Kent Deer Park. My uncle owns this park. He has twelve big deer in the park. We take the little fawns from their mama and keep them in the



FEEDING THE DEER WITH MILK FROM A BOTTLE.

yard at the house so they will be gentle. They suck milk from a bottle. You will see in the picture that I am feeding them.

We have two shepherd-dogs. The fawns are not afraid of our dogs. There are lots of fox-squirrels in the park. They come to the crib and eat corn. We do not care. If our old cat is at the crib, they bark at her.

I will close for this time.

LEOLA IMOGENE COOK.

## THE LINES OF LIGHT FROM A STREET LAMP

AMITYVILLE, L. I.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I have often wondered why it is that, when I look at a lighted street lamp and close my eyes slowly, lines of light extend from it. If you can, I wish that you would tell me the reason why this is so.

MARION B. COOPER.

The lines of light that you see, when you look at a street lamp with partly closed eyes, are due not to the lamp, but to a peculiarity of the eye itself. As you bring the lids together, the moisture which lies upon the surface of the eye is carried before them, and forms a watery lens, through which you view the lamp. This lens is saddle-shaped; that is, it is concave in the up-down and convex in the right-left direction. The rays from the lamp which strike the center of the watery lens, pass on, straight through the pupil, to the center of the retina (the sensitive membrane) of the eye, and are thus seen correctly. But the rays which strike the curved surfaces of the watery lens are bent up and down, and thus reach the retina above and below the center. These rays are then seen as long streamers, projected downward and upward—the lines of light to which you refer.

For the especial benefit of our older readers I may add that the phenomenon is explained by Professor J. Le Conte, in his book on "Sight," 1881, pp. 87, 88.—PROFESSOR E. B. TITCHENER, Cornell University, Ithaca, New York.

## WHO ARE THE WHITE INDIANS?

MATTAWAN, MICH.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: Who were the white Indians? Where did they live? What were their customs and language, and what was their supposed origin?

Yours truly,

ROBERT SIWARD.

The term "Croatan Indians," popularly called "white Indians," is the legal designation in North Carolina for a people evidently of mixed Indian and white blood, found in various sections of the State, but chiefly in Robeson County, and numbering approximately five thousand. For many years they were classed with the free negroes, but steadily refused to accept such classification, or to attend the negro schools or churches, claiming to be the descendants of the early native tribes and of white settlers who had intermarried with them. About twenty years ago, their claim was officially recognized, and they were given a separate legal existence under the title of "Croatan Indians," on the theory of descent from Raleigh's lost colony of Croatan. Under this name they now have separate school provision, and are admitted to some privileges not

accorded to the negroes. The theory of descent from the lost colony may be regarded as baseless, but the name itself serves as a convenient label for the people.—Bureau of American Ethnology, Washington, D. C.

## A MAIL-BOX FOR BIRD STUDY

BROOKSVALE, CONN.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: Our mail-box had been in its place on the post only a few days, on our return to the farm for the summer, before we began to have trouble. At first we



THE EVENT OF THE DAY—GETTING THE MAIL AND SELLING THE WRENS' NEST.

found only a few pieces of short sticks which we thought some mischievous boys had put there on their return from school. After the box had been cleaned each day for a number of days, and the sticks, as we thought, were replaced by some one each day, Papa began to scold and talk about what could be done to people who interfere with mail-boxes.

Then we made a discovery—the sticks were all broken very evenly, and the children watching the box saw two small wrens busily at work. Papa said they were not to be disturbed, and in a few days the sticks took on the form of a neat home in one corner of the box. The lid did not close so tightly but that the small birds had access at all times, and then happened the most wonderful thing of all. In the nest appeared a small spotted brown egg and then five more—six in all. Every day came the R. F. D. mail-man, and put mail in the box, and every day it was taken out by the children or some member of the family, who took this chance to peep at the eggs in the corner. In what seemed a very short time came another discovery—five of the tiniest little bodies occupied the home in the corner of the box. Really it seemed as though they were all mouths, and how busy the father and mother were taking care of their babies, and without being much disturbed by the daily visit of the mail-man.

Uncle Sam carries many queer things in the mail, and has to deal with many queer people, but we doubt if he ever before had tenants like the wrens who occupied our mail-box, or that gave so much real pleasure to children.

LINDA MCMASTER.

FOR VERY LITTLE FOLK

THE WOLF

AND

THE LITTLE LAMB



BY VENIE VAN BLARCOM

Once there was a little lamb. He had soft white wool and pretty bright eyes, and he lived with his brothers and sisters and the old mama sheep on a big farm. All day long the lambs played in a field. But at night, when the sun began to go down behind the hill, the old farmer came, and locked them all up in a place called the sheepfold, where they would be safe and warm until the morning.

Now the little lambs did not like this at all. They thought it was horrid to be locked up while the meadow was still warm and sunny, and they fretted and grumbled because they had to come in so early. But when the old mama sheep told them it would soon be quite dark outside, and that then a great wolf would come prowling around looking for little lambs to eat, they were glad to be safe inside, all but this naughty little lamb who liked to have his own way. He wanted to see what the dark was like. He said he was n't afraid of an old wolf; he did n't believe there was one, and if there was, it could n't hurt him; he could run faster than any old wolf.

At last, one day, he crept behind a big bush and kept as still as a mouse until the mama sheep and his brothers and sisters were all locked up in the sheepfold and the old farmer had gone away to his house. Then he scampered out. How nice it was to be out all alone by himself! He could not keep still a moment, he was so happy. He ran round and round the big meadow. He nibbled at the green grass and sweet clover, and by and by, when he was thirsty, trotted off to the brook and took a good long drink of the cool water. Then he scampered through the field again, and rolled over and over in the soft long grass. The sun went lower and lower behind the hill, until at last he was quite gone and the little lamb could not see him any more. It grew darker and darker. Then the

stars came out, one by one, and blinked at him in such a strange way that he began to think he would not like being alone in the night, after all.

Then, up from behind the dark woods, came the big round moon. As it rose higher and higher in the sky, it seemed to be looking right at him. He tried to hide, but everywhere he went the moon was watching him, and seemed to be saying, "You naughty little lamb! You naughty little lamb!"

Big black shadows began to move over the fields. He had never seen anything like that in the daytime, and it frightened him. He was too frightened to play now, and he did n't even feel hungry any more. The night wind swept through the field, and the dew came down and wet the grass and his pretty coat and his poor little feet. He was so cold, he shivered.

Just then, from out the dark woods



"HE TRIED TO HIDE, BUT EVERYWHERE HE WENT THE MOON WAS WATCHING HIM."



"HE COULD NOT KEEP STILL A MOMENT, HE WAS SO HAPPY."

came a dreadful sound. It was the howl of the old wolf. Oh, how frightened the little lamb was! How he ran! Through the cold, wet grass, over briars and stones, and up the rough, dark road, never stopping till, all out of breath, he reached the sheepfold.

The door was shut. He pushed against it with all his might, and cried, "Oh, let me in! Please let me in!"

But the old farmer had locked it tight, and it would not open.

"Oh, let me in!" cried the little lamb, as he butted his poor little head against the door. "Let me in; the old wolf is coming; he is going to eat me up! Oh, please let me in!"

And the mama sheep heard him, and you cannot think how sad and worried she felt to have her little lamb out there

in the cold and dark, and the old wolf coming, too.

"Oh, my little lamb!" she called through the door, "how did you get out



there?" And the little lamb said, "I stayed out to see the dark; but, oh, if you only will let me in, I'll never, never be naughty any more."

And the poor mama sheep cried, "Oh, I cannot open the door!"

And just then came that dreadful sound again, the howl of the old wolf, nearer and nearer. The little lamb heard it; how it frightened him! The old mama sheep heard it, too, and oh, how frightened she was for her little lamb!

"Oh, my child, my child!" she called through the door. "Run, run to the thorn-bush, and creep away under to the very middle, and stay there all night long, so the old wolf will not get you! Oh, run! run quickly, my little lamb, my precious little lamb!"

And the little lamb ran as fast as he could to the thorn-bush, and pushed away



"OH, LET ME IN!" CRIED THE LITTLE LAMB.

under it, to the very middle, as the mama sheep had told him. The branches grew very close to the ground, and the big, ugly thorns stuck into him and tore his pretty coat and scratched him until the blood came. But he did not care for that or for anything, if only the old wolf did not get him. And there he lay all in a heap, he was so frightened.

Just then, up came the old wolf, snarling and growling. He went running and jumping round and round the bush, poking his nose in everywhere, trying to get the little lamb.

But the sharp thorns stuck into his nose and eyes, and hurt him so much, he was glad to jump back. Over and over again he tried, but every time the big, ugly thorns stuck into him and made him go howling back. And this made the old wolf so mad that he growled and snarled all the more.

The little lamb was almost dead, he was so frightened. Oh, how he wished he was with his mama safe in the sheepfold!

It was dreadful! But at last the long night was over, and down under the thorn-bush came little streaks of light

that grew bigger and brighter every moment, and at last the old wolf crept away. He could hear him snarling and growling as he ran across the fields, but he was quickly lost to sight in the shadows of the dark woods.

The little lamb began to breathe easier now, but still he did not dare to crawl out from under the thorn-bush just yet, for fear the old wolf might come back and catch him after all. So he kept very quiet and just waited for the sun to come up and make it all bright day, for then he knew the sheepfold would open and his mama and all his brothers and sisters would surely come and look for him.

Then all the little birds began to twitter and chirp, and the morning air blew fresh and cool, rustling the leaves, and bringing the sweet odor of the clover from the meadows; and pretty soon the sun shone right under the bush, and then he



"JUST THEN, UP CAME THE OLD WOLF, SNARLING AND GROWLING."

heard his mama calling, "Oh, my little lamb, are you there?" Oh, how glad he was to hear his dear mama's voice once more and know he was safe at last!

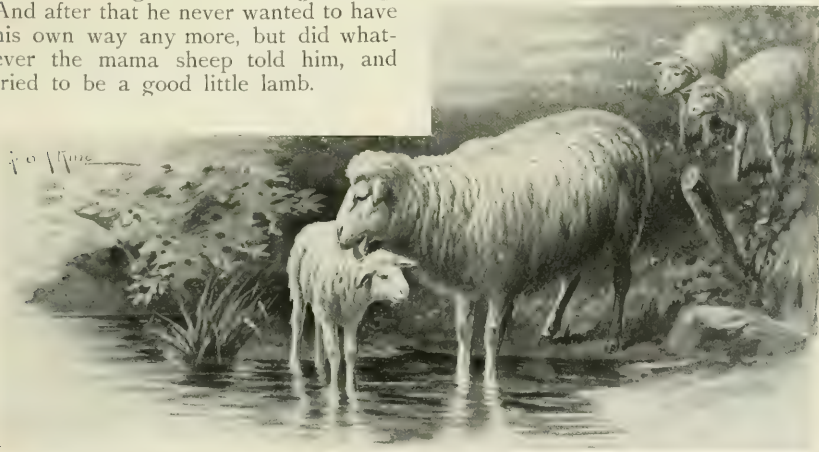
And when he crawled out with his pretty coat all dirty and torn, the good mama sheep just ran up and loved him, and called him her "precious little lamb" over and over and over.

And all his brothers and sisters crowded around him and smiled on him, they were so

glad to find him safe and sound, and to know the old wolf did not get him.

Then the mama sheep took him down to the brook, and washed him and gave him some of the sweetest grass she could find for his breakfast, and let him stay in the warm sun, close by her side, all day, because he had been so cold and frightened all night long.

And after that he never wanted to have his own way any more, but did whatever the mama sheep told him, and tried to be a good little lamb.



"THEN THE MAMA SHEEP TOOK HIM DOWN TO THE BROOK, AND WASHED HIM."



THE wonder-working minds of our clever girls and boys have wrought marvels indeed, this month; and almost all the prize-winners come from the new members of the League, which is very gratifying, and calls for a word of reminder concerning our method of awarding prizes. Competitors, remember, must win the silver badge *before* they can receive the gold one. Once in a while, as with the present competition, we almost regret the necessity of this rule, for several of the contributions here printed with the familiar (*Silver Badge*) amply deserve the first prize.

Let us all agree, however, that the rule is a good one. The successful competitors of this month will be spurred

by it to surpass even their fine introductory performance; and so we shall all be the gainers when, as they certainly will, they win the award that, this time, is withheld from them by the League rule of "*Silver Badge first.*"

And, moreover, our joy in these October contributions is doubled by the fact that their excellence is not confined to one particular set of workers, but is shared in almost equal degree by the writers of prose and of verse, and by artists with the pencil as well as the camera. Assuredly, we have made "a good beginning" of another chapter—and let us hope the best—in the League's history and achievements.

#### PRIZE-WINNERS, COMPETITION No. 152

In making the awards, contributors' ages are considered.

**PROSE.** Gold badge, **Elisabeth Haerle** (age 13), Osnabrück, Germany.

Silver badges, **Marian Stuart** (age 14), Skaneateles, N. Y.; **Eleanor Steward Cooper** (age 17), Lansdowne, Pa.; **Janet Sheppard** (age 11), New York City; **Mary Frost** (age 11), Victorville, Cal.

**VERSE.** Gold badge, **Pauline P. Whittlesey** (age 13), Altadena, Cal.

Silver badges, **Janet Hepburn** (age 16), Bloomington, Ind.; **Edna F. Wood** (age 15), Northampton, Mass.; **Edith Shaw** (age 13), Westfield, England.

**DRAWINGS.** Silver badges, **Margaret L. Ayer** (age 17), Philadelphia, Pa.; **Florence Fisk** (age 15), Springfield, Mass.; **Miriam Alice Gerstle** (age 14), San Francisco, Cal.

**PHOTOGRAPHS.** Silver badges, **Esther R. Harrington** (age 13), Orange, Mass.; **Caroline Archbold** (age 16), Syracuse, N. Y.; **Rosamond Howland** (age 13), Chicago, Ill.; **Margaret P. Cooke** (age 15), Paterson, N. J.

**PUZZLE-MAKING.** Silver badges, **George H. McDonald** (age 15), Rock Island, Ill.; **Elsa Anna Synnestvedt** (age 15), Pittsburgh, Pa.

**PUZZLE ANSWERS.** Gold badge, **Mary A. O'Connor** (age 15), Brooklyn, N. Y.

Silver badge, **R. Kenneth Everson** (age 16), New York City.



"CURIOSITY" BY JOSEFINA JACOB, AGE 17 (HONOR MEMBER)



"CURIOSITY" BY JOSEPHINE MURTHY, AGE 14

## A MESSAGE

BY JANIT HIBBURN (AGE 16)

(Silver Badge)

DARK stretched ahead the dreary days of life,  
And vacant, useless, seemed each hopeless hour,  
To him who, seized in Suffering's cruel grasp,  
Had lost his former joy, his pride, and power.  
How often had he drawn that faithful bow  
Across the sweet-voiced strings, while loud or low,  
Those glorious notes, fraught full with joy or woe,  
Had held the listening throngs in music's clasp!

But now his crippled hands no more could wake  
That mighty voice, yet he had gone, this night,  
To hear another draw those trembling trills,  
Those notes bespeaking saddened thoughts or bright,  
From out the singing strings. His friends had said,  
To hear another play would bring but dread  
Of all those idle, weary years ahead—  
Softly the first faint note his sad heart fills.



"CURIOUSLY" BY MARGARET L. COOKE, AGE 15.  
(SILVER BADGE.)

Louder, clearer, sweeter swells the music,  
The quiet hall is filled with rapturous strains;  
Then plaintive measures which the soul express,  
Soft falling like the spring's life-giving rains,  
Soon reach the old man's soul. His weary face,  
Grown bright with joy no suffering can displace,  
Reflects that love which pain may not debase,  
For Music brought this message: Happiness.

## A GOOD BEGINNING

BY ELEANOR STEWARD COOPER (AGE 17)

(Silver Badge)

A BRIEF fifty-three years ago, the observations of Henri Dunant on the conditions following the battles of Magenta and Solferino, bore ample testimony to a great need, and roused civilization to fill it. At that time, the medical service attendant upon armies engaged in active warfare was appallingly inefficient. Military hospitals were not only ill equipped, but their ambulances, filled with wounded, were frequently attacked and their surgeons captured or killed. They were of purely national character; the hospital flags of one nation differed in device from those of another, and were, as a rule, unknown to the enemy.

To-day the armies of conflicting nations are attended by corps of surgeons and nurses who are competent and equipped to render adequate relief. Their red cross, of

international adoption, is a flag taking precedence of the flags of all nations whatsoever, holding the field in time of battle for the care of the wounded of both conquered and conquering, and standing, in time of peace, for bloodless warfare against ills incident to great disasters.

The Red Cross is a good example of ideal accomplishment in that it realizes a vision of the past, and leads to the fulfillment of visions of the present. Close to our hearts to-day is the dream of so firm a federation in spirit of nations politically distinct that complete cessation of war and the peaceful arbitrament of difficulties will be possible. We are come to believe that our feeling and our work should be broad enough to be not only national but world-wide. It is a long step on a difficult way—a good beginning indeed—when nations unite to recognize the cause of humanity, and when we are no longer satisfied to translate our good-will to men into localized terms.

## A GOOD BEGINNING

BY MARIAN STUART (AGE 14)

(Silver Badge)

It is spring, and that magic hour before dawn. The shade-trees on a large lawn are talking with the fruit-trees in the orchard. It is not a widely known fact, but trees *can* talk just before sunrise.

Although the trees on the lawn have dainty green dresses, they look enviously at the beautiful ruffled party gowns of the fruit-trees.

"You think you look very fine, don't you?" a particularly tall maple queries. "Wait until next fall. You have the good beginning, but we have the best ending. 'He who laughs last laughs best!'"

"Well," a saucy little apple-tree draws sweetly as she shakes out her fluffy pink skirts, "I never saw the sense of that proverb. I'm sure I would as soon be gay and beautiful now as to wait—" but the sun is rising, and their hour of enchantment is over.

It is autumn, and the same magic hour. If the shade-



"FRIENDS" BY ELEANOR STEWARD COOPER, AGE 10.  
(SILVER BADGE.)

trees had to wait until they were matrons before appearing at their best, they have waited to some purpose. The lawn is resplendent with trees in gowns of rich reds, yellows, and browns.

The fruit has been gathered from the orchard, and nothing is left the fruit-trees but a few dry leaves and memories of a happy summer.

A particularly tall maple in flaming red looks over at



the little apple-tree, and asks, "Now don't you wish your beginning had n't been so good, and you were like us now?"

The little apple-tree does not answer. She is not thinking of the beauty, but of the usefulness of the orchard. She thinks of the good fruit the orchard has been able to give man because of the beautiful blossoms, and she knows a good beginning is best.



"FASHIONABLE." BY MARGARET L. AYER, AGE 17.  
(Silver Badge.)

### A GOOD BEGINNING

BY JANET SHEPPARD (AGE 11)

(Silver Badge)

Betsy was working in her garden. The sun was hot, and her back was tired, but she persevered, for her father had said that he would bring back from the city a lot of rose-bushes, and if she had her garden in good condition, she should have one. He was coming back this very day, so Betsy was very anxious.

Her garden was not large, but the beautiful order in which it was kept added greatly to its charm. There were pansies, violets, roses, and Betsy's special pride was a bed of old-fashioned pinks. This was in its glory just now, and Betsy hoped that the sight of his favorite flower in such profusion, with not a weed to hinder its growth, would help to induce her father to give her the rose-bush.

She rose slowly, for even ten-year-old backs will get tired stooping so long, and as she looked down the driveway and out to the road, she saw her father's carriage slowly approaching. She flew to get dressed, and when she came down-stairs, she found her father quite ready to go with her.

Betsy led the way with a mixture of pride and fear to her little plot. The roses nodded at her as if glad to welcome their sweet mistress, and the pinks seemed to say, "Come and kiss us, for you are one of us."

Betsy's father did not say all he felt, but praised her for her care, and said she might have the rose-bush.

Years afterward, little Betsy became a famous maker and planner of gardens, so while the work in the garden seemed all for the sake of a rose-bush, it really was a good beginning for much greater things.

### TO A MESSENGER

BY BRUCE T. SIMONDS (AGE 16)

(Honor Member)

CARRIER-PIGEON, carrier-pigeon,  
Bird with never weary wings,  
Hither to my airy casement,  
Where the ancient ivy clings;  
While the eastern sky is flaming,  
Fly,—to whom, no need of naming;  
Where the lattice, twined with roses,  
Half conceals her, half exposes,  
As she watches for this greeting  
All my former vows repeating,  
Borne by thee, O carrier-pigeon:—  
Hasten with unwearied wings!

Carrier-pigeon, carrier-pigeon,  
Art thou back so soon, with wings  
Still unwavering, still unwearied,  
Strong for greater, harder things?  
Hast thou nothing, then, to leave me?  
Ah! thou couldst not thus deceive me!  
There I see the dainty token,  
She is true,—our love unbroken;  
Naught can part us now, but ever  
She will hear my words, and never  
Shalt thou fail to fly, O pigeon,  
Back and forth, on willing wings!

### A GOOD BEGINNING

BY MARY FROST (AGE 11)

(Silver Badge)

THE night passed on. The stars faded; faint streaks of light were seen on the eastern horizon. The mountain turned purple; gray clouds about it became pink, illumined with the light of the coming sun. Heavenly perfumes of the first wild flowers floated in the air. Even the noble pines and firs, at the base of the mountain, seemed to lose their blackness and become lighted by the magnificent glory of the rising sun. The eternal snow at the top of the mountain turned pink, then red. The rocks and boulders seemed to be on fire. The waving fields of barley and wheat, in the valley, became a sea of living green moved gently by the summer breeze. A nightingale's song was floated by the breeze into the valley, over the fabled mountain, and beyond to the blue, blue sea.



"SERENITY." BY ESTHER E. HARRINGTON,  
AGE 13. (Silver Badge.)

The golden shafts of the sun shone through the clouds. The misty mountains on the opposite side of the valley looked hazy and blue in the distance. The



TY TIMOTHY A. TYSON, AGE 10



DY VIRGINIA NIEDLINGER, AGE 13



DY ROSAMOND HOWLAND, AGE 13 (SILVER LADGE)



DY MAY ESHIK &amp; KATHLEEN, AGE 11



DY MABEL &amp; OPENUEMEK, AGE 12



DY KATHARINE W. TOWNSEND, AGE 14

## "CURIOSITY"

clouds grew yellow, red, orange,—and, lo! the sun was up in all his glory, shining above them.

Was this not a good beginning for a day?

## A MESSAGE

BY IRMA A. HILL (AGE 15)

(Honor Member)

Through all the night the storm had raged away,  
Like some great dragon o'er the angry sea;  
And when the night had almost ceased to be,  
The heavy clouds hung threatening and gray.  
Then suddenly, beyond the waning night,  
One tiny sunbeam smiled through mists so drear,  
And shone and shone, a message of good cheer,  
Till once again the earth was filled with light.

So then shines hope—a single golden beam  
Of sunshine—though the storm is raging still;  
And when all else bows to the tempest's will,  
When clouds the gloomiest and darkest seem,  
Undaunted, always there, through good and ill,  
Hope still shines on, a message and a gleam.

## A GOOD BEGINNING

BY ELIZABETH JEANES (AGE 10)

LITTLE Sally Minor loved music, but as her parents were too poor to buy a piano and pay for some lessons, she never got any musical education.

But one day as she was walking along the street, she saw a sign on a piano store which read, "Come in and try our pianos."

Sally, not knowing it was only for buyers, walked in, and as no one was around at that moment, sat down at a piano, and began to play.

She played very well by ear, and soon a great crowd of people massed about her to hear this beautiful music. She stopped suddenly in the middle of a piece, looked up, blushed, and then tried to get away.

But the owner of the store checked her, and drawing her on his knee, asked her if she liked music.

"I like it very much, sir, only all those people frighten me," replied Sally, politely.

"But, my child, you play wonderfully," said Mr. Trainer, for that was his name. "Who teaches you? You must have a very capable teacher."

"Who teaches me?" said Sally, opening her eyes in amazement, "why, no one teaches me!"

"Nobody teaches you! You have never had any lessons? My dear little girl, you are the best child player in the world!" exclaimed Mr. Trainer. "But you need some instruction so that, when you grow older, you will reach a point where no one can outdo you. I will help you."

A music teacher was at once engaged for Sally, who worked earnestly for many years, and to-day Madame Sallina Minora, known before only as little Sally Minor, is a great musician, and very rich, famous throughout the world for her marvelous playing.

## A GOOD BEGINNING

BY ELIZABETH HAERLE (AGE 13)

(Gold Badge)

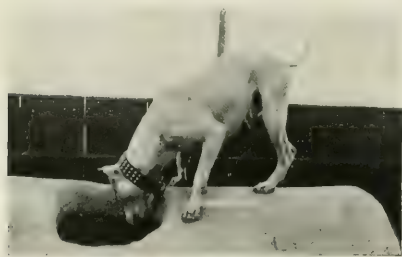
LAST summer, when I lived in the country, I learned to know a splendid way of beginning a clear day of early summer. I would get up long before breakfast, and hurry out-of-doors into my woodland. Any place is beautiful in the freshness of the morning, but my wood-



"A HEADING FOR OCTOBER." BY LILY KING WESTERVELT, AGE 15.

land especially so. My heart would sing for joy as I gazed around me, admiring the deep, clear, cool azure of the sky, watching the dew on the grass sparkle with rainbow hues, hearing the birds whistle with joy, and enjoying the green and gold symphony all around me, as the sun sifted its wealth through the branches of the trees. Oh, how fresh and invigorating was the air! How fragrant the wild roses, some of which had laid their golden hearts bare just to greet this morning!

"There never was such a beautiful world!" I would think, and such a thought is certainly a good one with which to begin a day. To see and appreciate beauty is always a good beginning for any day. And if the beauty is a sky-blue, crystal-clear, and golden morning in the woods, the glad memory of it will remain with



"CURIOSITY." BY GENETTE HEMENWAY, AGE 16.

one always, and brighten cheerless, gray days that may come afterward. But even these can be well begun by thinking beautiful or happy thoughts. Good beginnings of days lie in the heart, not in the beauty of things around us.

If I had not had gladness in my heart, the gladness of the morning would have been lost to me. To begin a day well one must feel beauty in the heart; and then one can truly appreciate whatever is beautiful that one sees or hears.

## A FAIRY MESSAGE

BY PAULINE P. WHITTLSEY (AGE 13)

(Gold Badge)

A TINY FAIRY MESSENGER

Before a spider stood,  
The former clothed in Lincoln green,  
And on his head a hood.  
"I come from Mab," he said, "the queen  
Who holds court in the wood.

"She wishes you to weave for her,  
Upon the meadow green,  
Three beautiful pavilions,  
Full rich in silv'ry sheen.  
And make these palaces with care,  
Fit for the fairy queen.

"And gather at the dawn of day,  
Dewdrops of crystal pure,  
Make them the very prettiest  
That you, sir, can secure.  
Hang them about the palaces,  
And that they 're fine, be sure."

So spoke the fairy messenger,  
Then quickly went away;  
And each one of those castles fair  
Was spun without delay.  
And you may see them if you look  
At dawn on some warm day.



"CURIOSITY." BY REGINALD C. THORNHILL, AGE 16.

## A GOOD BEGINNING

BY LELIA L. DELAPLANE (AGE 13)

ONE morning, a few days after the three young robins in the nest in the elm-tree had taken their first lessons in flying, Papa Robin decided that it was time for their singing lesson. He perched them in a row on a large branch, and took a seat opposite.

Each little robin sat perfectly still. Papa Robin opened his bill and gave a very easy little warble, and nodded to them to do it, too. All were perfectly still, so he patiently sang again, with no better results. A third and a fourth time he sang the little song, but in vain. A fifth time, and he became very much disgusted, and was just on the point of flying away to sooth his ruffled feelings, when suddenly a weak but very sweet little warble came from the throat of one small baby. Papa Robin was immediately puffed up with fatherly pride.

Eying his accomplished child, he seemed to say, "My dear son, a very good beginning indeed! I am very proud of you. You shall have the sweetest, juiciest worm to be found." And he flew away to find it.

## THE FAIRY MESSENGER

BY EDNA F. WOOD (AGE 15)

*(Silver Badge)*

O LITTLE, flashing firefly,  
Flitter, flutter, guide me by,  
Past the horned owl so grim,  
Past the shadows, wavering dim.

Lead me, by your tiny light,  
Down the hill and through the night,  
O'er the wall, until we come  
To the mystic, fairy home.

Elves and fairies hurry here,  
Guided by the lights so clear.  
From the shadows comes the queen,  
Sparkling in her satin green.

All the fireflies form a row,  
Swaying, swinging, to and fro;  
With the frogs, the cricket choir  
Lift their voices, soaring higher.

Loved and honored, just and fair,  
Queen of fairies, follow there,  
Torches light her mossy way.  
Dance along, O sprites so gay.

Thus they dance the long night through,  
Till the moon is pale in hue;  
Till the fireflies' torches wane,  
And the owls wing home again.

## A GOOD BEGINNING

BY DOROTHY M. ROGERS (AGE 17)

*(Honor Member)*

A HUGE pile of soft, snowy-looking clouds were fast appearing over the northwestern horizon. Behind them came the fierce black thunder-cloud, looking ominous enough to daunt the bravest hearts. Distant rumbles of



"FASHIONABLE." BY ALLEN MCGILL, AGE 12.

thunder could be heard, and all who saw and heard prophesied a terrific storm.

Higher and higher mounted the cloud, fiercer and more loudly sounded the wind, nearer and more distinctly could be heard the thunder. The timid quaked with fear, and even the boldest looked anxiously around.

By this time, the sun had become obscured and the earth was enveloped in a gray darkness. Lightning could be seen playing along the western horizon, and

each flash seemed nearer. Just as the people were expecting every next flash to be right overhead, the wind shifted suddenly to the southwest, and the black cloud changed its course, and went to the southwest also.

A few hours after the cloud had passed from sight, two farmers, each on his way home, stopped their horses for a few moments' conversation about the peculiar movement of the storm that was not.

"I tell ye, Bill," said the first, "I thought we was in



"A HEADING FOR OCTOBER" BY ETHEL F. FRANK, AGE 11

fer it good 'n' plenty a while ago. Never saw the sky look so threaten'."

"I 'gree with ye, Jake; it was a good beginnin' sure enough, but it kinder petered out."

"Jes' so, Bill. I ain't kickin' none, fer my hay won't stand any rain jes' now, an' I ain't 'ticular fond o' thunder-storms."

"Neither am I, but when it acted so sort o' queer and shifted ter the sou'west, I says ter myself, 'Now ain't that the way with some people; they make er lot of fuss and bluster 'bout what they kin do, an' then they jes' sort o' fizzle an' go out.'" And after a few more words, the two old moralists passed on.

## MESSENGERS

BY ALBERT REYNOLDS LUKEL (AGE 16)

*(Honor Member)*

FROM powerful nations, and islands,  
And states which have ceased to be,  
They have come, and from desert and city,  
Brought messages over the sea.

They ride on the missives they carry,  
And never grow tired at all;  
They are infinitesimal envoys,  
But thousands respond when they call.

Though each can convey but one message,  
They are ready to serve poor and rich;  
And they stick to one thing till they get there,  
With never a halt nor a hitch.

Full many have come to my albums;  
And there they ever must stay.  
There are thousands and thousands of them,  
All ordered in neat array.

And often I sit and survey them,  
These couriers which never need tramp;  
And I think of the lands and the peoples  
Which are served by the postage-stamp.



## A GOOD BEGINNING

BY MURIEL W. AVERY (AGE 17)

(Honor Member)

THERE have recently been organized, in nearly every city, civic improvement societies, for the purpose of cleaning up and beautifying those cities. Parks are laid out, trees planted, and disfiguring bill-boards torn down.



"FASHIONS." BY MIRIAM A. GERSTLE, AGE 14 (SILVER BADGE.)

In every case the result shows the worthiness of the undertaking. But there are places outside the city, beyond the reach of these organizations, that are fast losing their beauty, because of the carelessness of picnickers and campers.

Recently I visited one of the most beautiful glens in New England, one I had not seen for two years. Then, before it was connected by trolley-lines, it was a wild, woody place, frequented only by lovers of nature, who came either for the trout-fishing, up-stream, or to gather the trailing arbutus which grew abundantly there. Now I scarcely recognized it.

Needless to say, the arbutus was gone, torn up heedlessly by the roots, and scarcely one white birch stood unscarred. But greatest was my surprise, when, reaching the foot-bridge, I looked below to where the water, gurgling, slipped between the stones,—no, not stones now, but picnic boxes, sardine cans, olive bottles, rusty tin cracker boxes, and every known receptacle for something to eat. Naturally you ask who had come here? Picnics from the neighboring college towns; children and young people representing the most finely educated families in Massachusetts. Yet, unconsciously, each had contributed his portion, and, since "example is



"FASHIONABLE." BY ELORENCE FISK, AGE 15 (SILVER BADGE)

powerful," every one had followed suit.

Surely something must be done to keep these places from being so defaced, and our duty revolves itself into four words, a phrase which fits the needs of every pic-

nicker, "Pick up after yourself." And cannot we, the young people of America, help to save these woods we have enjoyed, and, with that motto, give this new movement a good beginning?

## THE MESSENGER

BY EDITH SHAW (AGE 13)

(Silver Badge)

HIGH in the heavens the sun shone down  
With a scorching heat and strong,  
But ever across the rolling heath,  
The messenger sped along.

And ever he turned to north and south,  
And ever to east and west;  
Though never a creature met his eye,  
His horse he faster pressed.

So many a weary hour he rode,  
And never slackened his speed,  
Till by a bubbling spring he stopped,  
And there refreshed his steed.

But now the sun was sinking fast  
Amid its western glow;  
The messenger spurred hard his horse,  
And sighed and muttered low.

And when the sun had disappeared,  
And birds had ceased to sing,  
There rode into the market square  
The messenger of the king.

## THE ROLL OF HONOR

No. 1. A list of those whose work would have been used had space permitted.

No. 2. A list of those whose work entitles them to encouragement

## PROSE, 1

Elsie Terhune  
Harriet W. McKim  
Henry Pallatrone  
Helen A. Douty  
Wyatt Rushton  
Helen M. Shoop  
William W. Ladd  
Katherine Guy  
Frances D.  
Pennypacker  
Winifred S. Stoner, Jr.  
Ruth B. Brewster  
Mildred Furst  
Martha H. Comer  
Arthur H. Nethercot  
Louise van B. Douglas  
Nathaniel Dorfman  
Dorothy May Russell  
Joseph B. Kelly  
Naomi Lauchheimer  
Catherine F. Urell  
Lucy M. Hodge  
Aileen L. Lefter  
Henry Ackerman  
William Karl  
Daniel Greene  
Emily Goetzmann  
Julie E. Neville  
Nathan W. Wilensky  
Eugenia Towle  
Dorothy Reynolds  
Grace Hirsch  
Vernon P. Williams  
John B. Hyatt, Jr.  
Rosalind P. Bigelow  
Cornelia Tucker  
Marjorie Scudder  
Leah Rosetti  
Eliza A. Peterson  
Helen C. Briggs  
Marian E. Manley  
Alison Hastings



"FASHIONABLE." BY CHRISTOBELL C. GUY, AGE 14.

Charlotte Chichester  
J. Norman Klein  
Thomas Stewart  
Catherine Beck  
Edith Townsend  
Adelaide Noll  
Margaret E. Beakes  
Elizabeth Macdonald  
Helen Roberts  
Marion M. Casey  
Mary Van Fossen  
William L. Hawes

Mary C. Williams  
Elizabeth Ziegenfelder  
Frederika W. Hertel  
Janet E. Prentice  
Rebekah B. Hoffman

## PROSE, 2

Beatrice H. Newport  
Meyer Fineberg  
Helen B. Jones  
Virginia Williams

Nelson C. Munson  
Helen M. Bailey  
Marion Koper

## VERSE, 1

Nellie Adams  
Phoebe S. Lambie  
Doris N. Chew  
Lucile B. Beauchamp  
Coralie Austin  
George M. Enos  
Mary F. Williams  
Nellie Cardall  
Elsie L. Lustig  
Hazel K. Sawyer  
Lucy A. Mackay  
Joan Waterlow  
Weare Holbrook  
Eleanor Michnum  
Vernie Peacock  
Delma V. George  
Marian Shaler  
Clifton J. Furnas  
Renee Geoffrin  
Bertha E. Walker  
Josephine N. Felts  
Mary Smith  
Elizabeth Kieffer  
Elizabeth Eltinge  
Katherine Bull  
Laura Hales  
Pattie Martin  
Eleanor K. Newell  
Leigh Hanes  
Marion Dale  
Margaret Finck  
Lois Adams  
Jeannette Ridlon  
Ellen L. Hoffman  
Gladys H. Meldrum  
Kathryn Turner  
Sarah M. Bradley  
Gordon K. Chalmers  
Betty Humphreys  
Eleanor Johnson

## VERSE, 2

Isabelle B. Hill  
Florence Cannon  
Alice McEwen  
Frances Struller  
Georgene Davis  
Ethel Litchfield  
Dorothy H. Mack  
Ella Loughridge  
Coxey H. Ford  
Joseph F. Scott

## DRAWINGS, 1

E. Theo. Nelson  
John McPherson  
Alison M. Kingsbury  
Jane B. Veatman  
Nellie L. Leach  
Lily Madan  
Maxine Durant  
Edward E. Verdier  
Earl A. Garard  
Lucy F. Rogers  
Harry Sutton, Jr.  
Marian V. Vaillant  
Dorothy Ward  
Lois Myers

S. Dorothy Bell  
Catherine F. Playle  
Carol Taylor  
Frances Cooke  
Suzyne Brinkler  
Meredith Brown  
Margery Howard  
Dorothy Hughes  
Harold C. Lewis  
Walter K. Frame  
Lily A. Lewis  
Gladys E. Livermore  
Elizabeth E. Sherman  
Eleonora Ricassoli  
Elizabeth Krebs  
Helen A. Baker  
Dorothy E. Handsaker  
Marjorie Flack  
Louis F. Adams  
Nellie Melrose  
Beatrice Riffard  
Bess Winston  
Charles P. Newton  
Edward Shenton  
Louise S. May  
Margaret Condy  
Evelyn Caldwell  
Margaret Pratt

## DRAWINGS, 2

Betty Quick  
Margaret Dugger  
Marx B. Loeb  
Joan P. Wheeler  
Marie L. Muredas  
Margaret Brate  
Helen Cowell  
Marguerite Murray  
Helen Westfall  
Catherine M. Clarke  
Alan H. Westervelt  
Cecil B. Baer  
Eleanor Gottlieb

## PHOTOGRAPHS, 1

Caroline F. Ware  
Claire Walker  
John A. Frank  
Dorothy G. Schwarz  
Evelyn S. Ferris  
Howard Sherman, Jr.  
Horton H. Honsaker  
Marian McDermott  
Harrington Harrison  
Humphrey Morris  
Edith S. Sloan  
Anna M. Grant  
Virginia A. Leffer  
Willard Vander Veer  
Louise A. Wigenhorn  
Lucile Wolf  
Eric H. Marks  
Stella E. Grier  
Harold P. Whaley

## PHOTOGRAPHS, 2

Marion Adams  
Roberta Jennings  
Dorothy Hall  
Elizabeth W. Pharo  
Isabelle L. Greene  
Robert Banks  
Robert Phillips

Dorothy Peabody  
N. S. W. Vanderhoof  
Oliver Newman  
Carolyn Averbek  
Olivia Doane  
Helen Varelmann  
Marjorie Dunn

## PUZZLES, 1

Beatrice Holliday  
Dorothy Brockway  
Lenore Lemmler  
Margaret Mortenson  
Margaret P. Spaulding  
Louise Cramer  
E. I. Greenspun  
George S. Cattnach  
Philip Franklin  
Margaret Warburton  
James R. Angell  
Betty Jackson  
Norrie M. Peacock  
Isidore Helfand  
Rebecca S. Marshall



"FASHIONABLE" BY  
ELIZABETH MARTIN-  
DALE, AGE 12.

Mary Sullivan  
Fannie Ruley  
S. H. Ordway, Jr.  
Alpheus B. Stickney, 2d  
Charles M. Alford  
Ruth Browne

## PUZZLES, 2

Dorothy Collins  
Walter K. Schwinn  
Charles Pearson  
Oliver Strunk  
Adele Knight  
Helen Weaver

WRITTEN IN PENCIL. Arthur Bent, Amy Rothschild, Mary Caldwell, Martha McGranger.

NO AGE. Ruth C. Wilson, John Dinwiddie, Christy Douglas, Anita L. Granis, Chester B. Morris, Victor Child.

WRITTEN ON BOTH SIDES OF PAPER. Florence Hoagland, Elda Brun, Lawton Filer, Ida A. Rupert.

WRONG SUBJECT. Marjorie Grey, Helen D. Hill.  
TOO LONG. Sibil R. Mandel.

## PRIZE COMPETITION No. 156

THE ST. NICHOLAS League awards gold and silver badges each month for the best original poems, stories, drawings, photographs, puzzles, and puzzle answers. Also, occasionally, cash prizes of five dollars each to gold-badge winners who shall, from time to time, again win first place.

Competition No. 156 will close October 10 (for foreign members October 15). Prize announcements will be made and the selected contributions published in ST. NICHOLAS for February.

Verse. To contain not more than twenty-four lines. Subject, "The Call of the Wild," or, "My Valentine."

Prose. Essay or story of not more than three hundred words. Subject, "My Favorite Character in Fiction—and Why."

Photograph. Any size, mounted or unmounted; no blue prints or negatives. Subject, "A Flying Start."

Drawing. India ink, very black writing-ink, or wash. Subject, "Strangers," or a Heading for February.

Puzzle. Any sort, but must be accompanied by the answer in full, and must be indorsed.

Puzzle Answers. Best, neatest, and most complete set of answers to puzzles in this issue of ST. NICHOLAS. Must be indorsed and must be addressed as explained on the first page of the "Riddle-box."

Wild Creature Photography. To encourage the pursuing of game with a camera instead of with a gun. The prizes in the "Wild Creature Photography" competition shall be in four classes, as follows: *Prize, Class A*, a gold badge and three dollars. *Prize, Class B*, a gold badge and one dollar. *Prize, Class C*, a gold badge. *Prize, Class D*, a silver badge. But prize-winners in this competition (as in all the other competitions) will not receive a second gold or silver badge. Photographs must not be of "protected" game, as in zoological gardens or game reservations. Contributors must state in a few words where and under what circumstances the photograph was taken.

Special Notice. No unused contribution can be returned by us unless it is accompanied by a self-addressed and stamped envelope of the proper size to hold the manuscript, drawing, or photograph.

## RULES

ANY reader of ST. NICHOLAS, whether a subscriber or not, is entitled to League membership, and a League badge and leaflet, which will be sent free. No League member who has reached the age of eighteen years may compete.

Every contribution, of whatever kind, must bear the name, age, and address of the sender, and be indorsed as "original" by parent, teacher, or guardian, who must be convinced beyond doubt that the contribution is not copied, but wholly the work and idea of the sender. If prose, the number of words should also be added. These notes must not be on a separate sheet, but on the contribution itself—if manuscript, on the upper margin; if a picture, on the margin or back. Write or draw on one side of the paper only. A contributor may send but one contribution a month—not one of each kind, but one only.

Address: The St. Nicholas League,  
Union Square, New York.

## ROLL OF THE CARELESS

A LIST of those whose contributions were not properly prepared, and could not be properly entered for competition.

NOT INDORSED. Fred Burgey, Helen Veatman, Mildred Murray, Stephanie Marcinkowski, Hewitt A. Emmet, Caroline Tyson, Elizabeth Doremus, Rebecca Johnson, Walter J. Freeman, Jr., James Sheehan, Sarah Tatum, A. Schweizer, Mary Markey, Doris M. Blamires, Helena Gray, Peyton Richards.

LATE. Wilfred Cresswell, Amelia Czosnowska, Victor Carrara, Mabel P. Brewis, Maureen G. Husband, Ruth Farrington, Thompson Blackburn, Cathleen Trask, Helena Gray, Edna Campbell, Hattie G. Saxon, Fred Mitchell, Robert R. McIlwaine, Serena E. Hand, Alma R. Kehoe.

INSUFFICIENT ADDRESS. Robert McLees, Augustus L. Putnam, Wilhelmina Rupert, Verona M. Hess, Eleanor Kohn, Margaret Leathes.

## BOOKS AND READING

BY HILDEGARDE HAWTHORNE

### WILD PLACES OF AMERICA

I've sometimes wondered who it was that first thought of living in cities; especially when I have just got back to one after long weeks in the freedom of the woods and hills, the secret wild places of summer and autumn, to find myself again in the clangor and dust of town. Why, I think, do people take so much trouble to build walls that shut one in, when it is so much nicer without them? In fact, if that inventor of city life were before me, he might hear some uncomplimentary things in regard to his taste, and all it has brought upon us.

Of course he could find plenty to retort, for cities are crowded with a number of useful and admirable objects; with vast numbers of nice persons, of splendid shops, and theaters, and schools, and restaurants, and what not of the handsome, even the indispensable. Nevertheless, I feel as though I could look forward quite calmly to the finish of cities, at least as places in which to live. Nice for visiting and for seeing pictures and friends and hearing music in, but not so good for staying in.

Just now most of you are coming home from vacations in all sorts of spots by sea and lake and river, mountain camp or country farm-house, back to your city and town homes; coming back with quantities of lovely memories, plenty of tan, and stronger muscles, cramful of all the energy and joy of the out-of-doors. And I feel sure that during the long October evenings, after the sun has set red behind the housetops, you will like to snuggle down with a book that will continue your summer memories, will take you out on the long trail of adventure under the open sky, seat you by camp-fires in forest nights, and keep you a while longer in the company of nature.

There are many such books, and some are better than others; and among the very best and most delightful is "Wild Life on the Rockies," by Mr. Enos A. Mills. It would be a great pity for any out-door-loving boy or girl to miss this book. And since I cannot believe that there exists any boy or girl who does not love outdoors, that amounts to saying that every one of you should read it.

Mr. Mills has spent many years wandering among the Rocky Mountains all alone. Winter after winter, he went tramping the lonely and

splendid heights, traveling on snow-shoes, carrying no arms, just a folding ax, some raisins, no bedding, and a few candles which helped him to make a fire in strong winds and storms, when his hands were numb with cold. Usually he tried to make some hunter's or miner's hut before nightfall, but often he spent nights alone in the snow, sleeping at intervals, feeding his eager fire to keep from freezing, gathering wood by the dim reflected light of the stars. Sometimes the mountain-lion screamed, sometimes a chickadee chirped to its companion. "Even during the worst of nights," says Mr. Mills, "when I thought of my lot at all, I considered it better than that of those who were sick in houses or asleep in the stuffy, deadly air of the slums."

One winter he walked "On the upper slopes of the 'Snowy' range of the Rockies, from the Wyoming line on the north to New Mexico on the south . . . a long walk full of amusement and adventure." If you want to find out how long, look at your map; but remember it was "full of ups and downs," sometimes dropping as low as seven thousand feet above sea-level, occasionally climbing to twice that height.

There are fourteen different tales in the book, each one of which is a treat. There is the wonderful account of the Thousand-Year-Old Pine, that stood near the Mesa Verde of the Cliff-Dwellers. There is the extraordinary adventure of a Watcher on the Heights, when an electrical storm played havoc with Mr. Mills—in old times, people would have thought that gnomes and witches were at their sport, and the mountain would ever after have been called haunted. Then, too, there is the delightful story of "Scotch," the dog who was Mr. Mills's devoted comrade for many years, and who merits having a whole book written about him, if this short chapter is a fair sample.

And listen to this about a camp-fire:

I wish every one could have a night by a camp-fire—by Mother Nature's old hearthstone. When one sits in the forest within the camp-fire's magic tent of light, amid the silent sculptured trees, there go thrilling through one's blood all the trials and triumphs of our race. The blazing wood, the ragged and changing flame, the storms and calms, the mingling smoke and blaze, the shadow-figures that dance against the trees, the scenes and figures in the fire,—with these, though all are new and strange, yet you feel at home once more in the woods. A camp-fire in the forest is the most enchanting place on life's highway by which to have a lodging for the night.

Boys, is there one of you whose heart does n't thump a hearty "Yes" to that?

If you want an idea of what a walk in winter among the Rockies can be, read the bit that tells of the round trip from Estes Park to Grand Lake. There was n't anything from lions and bears to avalanches and tumbles over precipices left out of that jaunt, which Mr. Mills described as the most adventurous and entertaining short tramp he ever took.

Another book that will take you far into the wilderness is "The Lure of the Labrador Wild," by Dillon Wallace. It is an account of a disastrous but glorious expedition made by the author under the leadership of Leonidas Hubbard, with a half-blood Cree Indian for guide, called George Sheldon. A splendid man he proved to be, without whose faithful help the writer would have died in the wilderness, as was the fate of poor Hubbard.

It is a different book from the other, for it is full of hardships, desperate, lonely wanderings in rags and starvation, with the icy Labrador winter for bitter company. But how brave a tale it is, and how one learns to love the three men who fought so fine a losing battle!

In his preface, Mr. Wallace says:

The writing of the story was a work of love. I wished not only to fulfil my last promise to my friend to write the narrative of this expedition, but I wished also to create a sort of memorial to him. I wanted the world to know Hubbard as he was, his noble character, his devotion to duty, and his faith, so strong that not even the severe hardships he endured in the desolate North, ending with his death, could make him for a moment forget the simple truths that he learned from his mother on the farm in old Michigan. I wanted the young men to know these things, for they could not fail to be the better for having learned them; and I wanted the mothers to know what men mothers can make of their sons.

It is a true story, for the ill-fated Hubbard expedition is a part of history. And it is as dramatic and touching a story as ever man wrote down. What is it that draws men to undertake such perils, that sends them far from friends and home into the grim wilderness? You can guess, in reading this book, and come to understand how Mr. Wallace has returned alone since, and finished what Hubbard began.

But by no means is all the book sad. On the contrary, most of it is full of fun and high spirits, full of adventurous youth and of the generous ardor of men bound together for noble achievement. There are many wonderful and beautiful things told of the great, desolate country, and of the people, white, and Indian, and half-blood, who live in it. It is only at the end,

when the three friends are forced to separate, that the tragedy comes.

Certainly these two books show you men it is worth while to meet, if only in the pages of a book. They both tell of a simple endurance of hardship, a steadfast courage, cheer in difficulties, heroic physical effort, and a manly joy in danger; tell, too, many secrets of the wilderness, give you lovely pictures of natural things, reveal the habits of animals—and are stories that thrill you from cover to cover.

There is a good deal to America, as you know, and fortunately most of it is very far, indeed, from any cities. Another magnificent stretch of country is the Yosemite, and if you get J. S. Chase's book, "Yosemite Trails," you will learn a great deal about this wonderful valley in a most delightful way, for Mr. Chase writes with the charm and interest of the true enthusiast. He tells about the lesser known portions, the wilder forests and hidden lakes. But he does not neglect the age-old trees, the famous falls, and domed heights. What days and nights of jolly travel and adventure and splendid sights! What camps, what moons and suns! It will make you all anxious to get there for yourselves, and I hope that is just what you *will* do; I certainly intend doing it, some fortunate summer.

Now for one more book, and that, too, about the Rockies. This one is by an Englishman who came here to see what we could do in the way of wild ways and wild scenes, after he had been pretty much over the rest of the world. The book is called "Camps in the Rockies," and the author's name is William A. Baillie-Grohman. The book is as fresh as a mountain wind, full of ranchers, cow-boys, and Indians, of good stories and anecdotes, of a clean delight in the life, and a thorough appreciation of the people who lived it. The author went around a good bit, and saw the West very completely. He tells about the different aspects of the country, and the way the Indians live, and how the cow-boys make things hum.

These four books will do for the present. They have a whole winter's enjoyment in them, for you want to read them slowly, and get thoroughly acquainted with the men who wrote them, as well as with the stories themselves. Men who have little use for cities, to be sure, but who can find their way across mountain and desert by the stars, follow the trail of bear and lion, camp alone and comfortable where most of us would die of fright and exposure, and who know many things it is good and wise to know.



# THE LETTER-BOX

MEDINA, OAXACA, MEX.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: You were a birthday present to me, and a mighty good one, too.

I am away down in the jungles of Mexico, where there is not much to do; so my mother thought you would be a nice present for me.

We live in a colony with about seventy-five Americans. There is a little school, of which my mother is the teacher, a hotel, three Mexican stores, and a little depot.

The vegetation is queer down here. We hardly ever see a tree without parasitic plants all over the limbs, and the roots hanging down look like vines. The jungle is as thick as that of Africa. I have never seen the jungles of Africa, but I think this is about as thick.

We have many fruits down here, and I like most of them. We have oranges, lemons, limes, bananas, papaya, mango, figs, cucumbers, and pineapples. The papaya is rich in pepsin. Our pineapples weigh as much as sixteen pounds.

I am your faithful reader,

HELEN COSTIGAN (age 12).

HAVELOCK NORTH, N. Z.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I am a New Zealand girl, and live in a little country town called Hastings. I did not know you were in the world till I came to school. I saw a volume as far back as 1894. We also have a farm where there are lots of wild horses, sheep, cattle, and lots of rabbits. We often go out shooting them. I can shoot and ride, and everybody at school nicknamed me "Indian." A river runs right through the farm, and it is eating into the land. Father had to get the men to back up the bank with willows. I guess you don't get many letters from New Zealand. I hope I will some day visit America.

I am twelve years old, and have got a brother eight years and a sister three years.

Much love from your little colonial friend,

SHEILA McLEOD.

GRINNELL, IA.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I don't know what I should do without you. You have so many nice and interesting stories. You were a Christmas present to me from my papa. I have just been reading the letters in the January number. It seems so nice that the little children over in Italy and Holland can enjoy you as well as the children in America. I was much interested in the story, "The Lady of the Lane," and all of the other nice stories which have appeared in the ST. NICHOLAS.

Your new and faithful reader,

HELEN E. JOHNSON (age 11).

NEWPORT, VT.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I live in Vermont, and I love it more than anything else I know of. Newport is on Lake Memphremagog, which is about thirty miles long, but only about six miles of it are in Vermont. The rest is in Canada. It is a very beautiful lake, and it is well named, for Memphremagog is the Indian name for beautiful water.

Owl's Head, I think, is the prettiest mountain in sight. It is about ten miles down the lake, and looks like the head of an Indian with his face turned to the sky. This is how it came to be called Owl's Head: a tribe of St. Francis Indians used to come to this lake for fish every summer, and they camped at the foot of

the mountain. The chief of this tribe was called the "Old Owl." One day a part of the tribe fished down at this end of the lake. Toward night, when they were going home, one of the Indians said, as he looked up at the mountain, "See the Old Owl. He has turned his face to the sky." This meant that the chief was dead, and when they reached the camping-place, they found that he had been killed; so, in memory of him, it has always been called the Owl's Head. This is the legend as I remember it.

I am very fond of ST. NICHOLAS, and the stories I think I like best are the continued ones. I look forward very eagerly to reading you every month.

Your loving reader,

DORIS E. EMERY (age 14).

SOUTH ORANGE, N. J.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I thought it might interest you to hear about a door-panel we made for the closet door in my room. We cut the pictures from the ST. NICHOLAS covers, and mounted them on dark blue cambric, arranging them according to the months and the sports appropriate to them. It makes a very attractive panel, and I always keep my closet door shut now, which I used to forget sometimes.

My sisters and I have taken you for eight years.

Yours sincerely,

ISABEL W. BEUGLER (age 12).

BOLTON, N. Y.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: In a recent issue of your magazine, I read an article on the giant tortoise of the Bronx Zoo. I should like to tell you of my experience with that same tortoise.

A few years ago, Mr. Loring, my brothers' tutor, who was at one time a Head of Department at the Bronx, took me "behind the scenes" at the reptile house. He there introduced me to the tortoise's keeper, who let me go right into the cage where the tortoises are kept in winter, when they are not on view. Then Mr. Loring asked the keeper if I might ride on the tortoise's back, and the keeper said he thought the "old man" would n't mind. So I was lifted onto the high, sloping back of the "old man," who, very slowly and with much dignity, walked around the cage to the bars, where he proceeded to rub me off. I guess he did n't like to have anything tickle his back. Of course I jumped off, upon which he slowly rejoined his comrade. That was my experience with the Bronx tortoise.

Your loving reader,

FRANCESCA U. MOFFAT.

PUNGANUR, INDIA.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I like your magazine very much. I am the daughter of a missionary in India, and a pupil in Highclere School for missionaries' children. This school is on the Pulney hills.

We live in a place where we are the first and only white people. We are sixteen miles from any other white people, and twenty-four miles from a railway station. I have n't any companions except my younger brother and sister when I am here on the plains. But still I would rather live here than any other place in India.

I am going back to school soon. I have read nearly all your serial stories, and I like them very much.

Your loving reader,

HELEN THEODORA SCUDDER (age 10).



## ANSWERS TO PUZZLES IN THE SEPTEMBER NUMBER

NOVEL DOUBLE DIAGONAL. From 1 to 2, Italy; 3 to 4, Rome.  
CROSS-WORDS: 1. Irony. 2. Atoms. 3. Flame. 4. Stale. 5. Clary.  
SHAKSPEAREAN DIAGONAL. Valentine. 1. Vincentio. 2. Balthasar.  
3. Voltimand. 4. Demetrius. 5. Simonides. 6. Sebastian. 7. Katharine. 8. Desdemona. 9. Cymbeline.

ANAGRAM. Walter Raleigh.

HISTORICAL DIAGONAL. Saratoga. CROSS-WORDS: 1. Schuyler (Philip). 2. Garfield. 3. Virginia. 4. Delaware. 5. Yorktown. 6. Braddock. 7. Santiago. 8. Victoria.

ILLUSTRATED NUMERICAL ENIGMA. "We have met the enemy, and they are ours."

LETTER PUZZLE. Caesar.

NOVEL ACROSTIC. Primals, Handel: third row, Mozart. Cross-

TO OUR PUZZLERS: Answers to be acknowledged in the magazine must be addressed to ST. NICHOLAS Riddle-box, care of THE CENTURY CO., 33

ANSWERS TO ALL THE PUZZLES IN THE JULY NUMBER were received before July 10 from Judith Ames Marsland—Mary A. O'Connor—Thankful Pickmore.

ANSWERS TO PUZZLES IN THE JULY NUMBER were received before July 10 from Dorothy B. Goldsmith, 8—Gladys S. Conrad, 8—Henry Seligsohn, 8—Richard Wagner, Jr., 8—Philip Franklin, 8—Harmon B., James O., and Glen T. Vedder, 8—R. Kenneth Everson, 8—Theodore H. and Wyllys P. Ames, 8—Clara Parks, 8—Margery E. Merrick, 8—Dixie Slope, 8—Dorothy Berrall, 6—Gertrude M. Van Horne, 6—Dorothy Dorsett, 6—Marshall Best, 4—Dorothy Covil, 3—Ellen Ewing, 3—Gerald H. Loomis, 2—Dorothea A. Codman, 2—Douglass Robinson, 2—Helen Miller, 2—Eleanor Johnson, 2.

ANSWERS TO ONE PUZZLE were received from E. B. H.—A. B., Jr.—D. A. H.—C. H.—D. W.—M. L. C.—M. C. H.—M. A. M.—J. B. R.—A. G. B.—C. O.—N. McL.—F. P.—H. W.—D. D.—E. R.—D. F.—G. H. P.—L. A.—C. K.—H. H. P.—F. L.—J. T. B.—A. B.—D. K.—M. S. H.—W. R. B.—J. Q.—R. E.

### GEOGRAPHICAL PRIMAL ACROSTIC

My primals spell the name of a President of the United States.

CROSS-WORDS (of equal length): 1. One of the New England States. 2. A South Carolina town near Augusta. 3. A river in Germany. 4. A country of northern Africa. 5. A river in India. 6. A region in Africa. 7. A river in Russia. 8. Mountains in South America. 9. A colony of southern Africa. 10. A village of Alberta. 11. A town in central New York. 12. A river in France. 13. A county of England. 14. A river of South America.

CONSTANCE GRIFFITH (age 14), *League Member*.

### WORD-SQUARES

I. 1. SALT-WATER. 2. A product of turpentine. 3. A small island. 4. A brother's daughter. 5. To penetrate.  
II. 1. A kind of tree. 2. Once more. 3. To color. 4. A vessel regularly plying between certain ports. 5. Ingress.

MARJORIE K. GIBBONS (age 15), *Honor Member*.

### TRIPLE BEHEADINGS AND CURTAILINGS

(Silver Badge, St. Nicholas League Competition)

EXAMPLE: Triply behead and curtail stubborn, and leave a metal. Answer, obs-tin-ate.

In the same way behead and curtail: 1. Pertaining to the south pole, and leave part of a circle. 2. State of being uncivilized, and leave an obstruction. 3. To make acquainted, and leave a slender stick. 4. A benefit, and leave an insect. 5. A planner of buildings, and leave to strike. 6. Unprejudiced, and leave skill. 7. Pertaining to a branch of mathematics, and leave encountered. 8. Finally doing away with, and leave

words: 1. Homage. 2. Arouse. 3. Nozzle. 4. Draper. 5. Errors. 6. Little.

CONNECTED WORD-SQUARES. I. 1. Marsh. 2. Arica. 3. Rigor. 4. Seald. 5. Hardy. II. 1. Fgret. 2. Grade. 3. Ravin. 4. Fdlts. 5. Tense. III. 1. Yeast. 2. Edgar. 3. Agate. 4. Satan. 5. Trend. IV. 1. Habit. 2. Aroma. 3. Borax. 4. Image. 5. Taked. V. 1. Drama. 2. Revel. 3. Avert. 4. Merge. 5. Alter.

CONNECTED STARS. Centrals, Cleopatra. CROSS-WORDS: 1. C. 2. No. 3. England. 4. Priory. 5. Green. 6. Palace. 7. Deposit. 8. Go. 9. P. 10. So. 11. Parable. 12. Vienna. 13. Lethe. 14. De-face. 15. Refresh. 16. Be. 17. A.

DOUBLE ACROSTIC. Primals, Buffalo: finals, New York. CROSS-WORDS: 1. Bean. 2. Urge. 3. Flaw. 4. Flay. 5. Also. 6. Lair. 7. Omsk.

must be received not later than the 10th of each month, and should be addressed to ST. NICHOLAS Riddle-box, care of THE CENTURY CO., 33 East Seventeenth Street, New York City.

ANSWERS TO ALL THE PUZZLES IN THE JULY NUMBER were received before July 10 from Judith Ames Marsland—Mary A. O'Connor—Thankful Pickmore.

ANSWERS TO PUZZLES IN THE JULY NUMBER were received before July 10 from Dorothy B. Goldsmith, 8—Gladys S. Conrad, 8—Henry Seligsohn, 8—Richard Wagner, Jr., 8—Philip Franklin, 8—Harmon B., James O., and Glen T. Vedder, 8—R. Kenneth Everson, 8—Theodore H. and Wyllys P. Ames, 8—Clara Parks, 8—Margery E. Merrick, 8—Dixie Slope, 8—Dorothy Berrall, 6—Gertrude M. Van Horne, 6—Dorothy Dorsett, 6—Marshall Best, 4—Dorothy Covil, 3—Ellen Ewing, 3—Gerald H. Loomis, 2—Dorothea A. Codman, 2—Douglass Robinson, 2—Helen Miller, 2—Eleanor Johnson, 2.

ANSWERS TO ONE PUZZLE were received from E. B. H.—A. B., Jr.—D. A. H.—C. H.—D. W.—M. L. C.—M. C. H.—M. A. M.—J. B. R.—A. G. B.—C. O.—N. McL.—F. P.—H. W.—D. D.—E. R.—D. F.—G. H. P.—L. A.—C. K.—H. H. P.—F. L.—J. T. B.—A. B.—D. K.—M. S. H.—W. R. B.—J. Q.—R. E.

illuminated. 9. A discharge of firearms, and leave sick. 10. Mesmerism, and leave a negative. 11. Trickery, and leave a small receptacle. 12. Sucking up, and leave a celestial sphere. 13. An associate, and leave a grassy plain. 14. To attract, and leave a snare.

The primals of the remaining words will spell the name of a President of the United States.

ELSA A. SYNNESTVEDT (age 15).

### NUMERICAL ENIGMA

I AM composed of fifty-three letters and form a quotation from "King Lear."

My 5-13-37-34-49 is destruction. My 42-14-40-46-43-21-39 is part of an insect. My 8-50-36-10-15-26-41 was an Egyptian ruler. My 44-29-48-32 is a token of affection. My 16-35-6-53-9 is shelter from the sun. My 11-25-2-27-12 is a part of the body. My 3-28-31-47-22-52-20-18 is one who makes a kind of musical sound with his lips. My 4-1-51-7-30 is an article of apparel. My 19-17-23-33 is a plague. My 45-38-24 is to permit.

ALICE NICOLL (age 11), *League Member*.

### ZIGZAG

ALL the words described contain the same number of letters. When rightly guessed, and written one below another, the zigzag, beginning with the upper, left-hand letter, will spell the name of an English poet.

CROSS-WORDS: 1. To intertwine confusedly. 2. A carpenter's tool. 3. A kind of three-leaved plant. 4. First. 5. To become visible. 6. Celebrated. 7. A pillar. 8. To select. 9. A small storage room. 10. A place of confinement. 11. To issue.

JESSICA B. NOBLE (age 12), *League Member*.









THE SISTERS.

FROM THE PAINTING BY LYDIA FIELD EMMET.

# ST. NICHOLAS

VOL. XL

NOVEMBER, 1912

No. 1

## THE LAND OF MYSTERY

BY CLEVELAND MOFFETT

Author of "Carcers of Danger and Daring," "Through the Wall," "The Battle," etc.

### CHAPTER I

#### A HOUSE WITHOUT A WINDOW

THROUGH the purple stillness of the night, in the strangest spot on earth, a boy of sixteen and his mother sat on a ledge of grayish brown stone, watching the August moon as it sank redder and redder through a bank of early morning mist, there on the far horizon where the sea of sand met the sky. This ledge of stone, the lowest step of the Great Pyramid, was about as high as a dining-room table, and as long as two city blocks. It was hewn perfectly flat, top and side, save where the stone had crumbled. Two or three feet back of this ledge, rose the second step, exactly like the first, but a little shorter in length. And back of this rose another step, and then another, scores and scores of steps, tiering away upward in a huge mass that narrowed and narrowed, until, far up against the velvet stars, it came to a dull point. This point, higher than the highest church steeple, was the meeting-place of the four steep, stone hills of steps that formed the four faces of this wonderful pyramid.

"Mother, look!" cried the boy, and he pointed up to a band of opalescent color that had suddenly settled, like a flashing jewel, upon the topmost tip of the world-famous tomb of Cheops.

"Yes, dear," said the woman, softly. "It 's the dawn. I want you to remember this as long as you live, Harold. There are n't many American boys who can say that they have sat at the foot of the Great Pyramid and watched the moon set and the sun rise. Look there—toward Cairo!"

She rose and turned to the east, where the delicate pink and purple tints of breaking day formed an exquisite background to the white domes and minarets of the distant city.

"Is n't it beautiful! Is n't it wonderful!" Mrs. Evans murmured, and her face shone transfigured. It was a face wherein was blended, with a high-bred American beauty, that strength and nobility of soul that come through fine, womanly achievement, and suffering bravely endured.

"Tell you what we ought to do, Mumsy," suggested the boy in a matter-of-fact tone. "If you 'll let me boost you up a few steps, we 'll get a corking view of good old Egypt and the good old river Nile, 'drink her down, down, down.' Only she looks awfully muddy to drink."

"Harold, have you no reverence?" sighed the lady.

"Excuse me, Mother. You see, I 'm so glad to be off that wobbly steamer. Um-m! It 's good to be on solid earth again! Besides, I never met a pyramid before." He laid his arm playfully on

her shoulder. "I never met a pyramid, Mumsy, at four in the morning, and—no breakfast, and—I don't know the right line of talk."

Mrs. Evans smiled as she met the gleam in her son's dancing gray eyes.

"Shall I be heroic? Shall I be the great Napoleon? Eh—Mumsy?"

With an agile leap, Harold sprang to the step above, and struck an attitude.

"You 're a great monkey!" she said; and then, more seriously, "Sit down, dear. I want to talk to you."

Harold's quick ear caught the change in his mother's tone, and he came to her side in half-alarm, his antics all forgotten.

"What is it, little Mother? Tell me." He took her slender hand in his, and patted it fondly. "You seem sort of—sort of strange."

And now, suddenly, began the most momentous hour in Harold Evans's life, the hour that changed him, one might say, from a boy to a man. Some camels with swarthy drivers lurched across the sandy way, but he barely noticed them. An Arab boy with harsh cries led a flock of goats to a well under neighboring palm-trees, but the young American did not see them. The sun, in incredible glory and mystery, crept up over the parched plain, over the rolling yellow waste of Sahara, but Harold scarcely turned to marvel, so absorbed was he in the startling story that his mother was telling him.

"My son," she began, "I know you have wondered why I sent for you to come over here, all the way from America. I know you did not want to come. You thought it foolish."

"Not exactly foolish, Mother," put in the boy, "but, of course, I know we have n't very much money—that was one of the things Father told me last year when he took me back to America, that a missionary doctor did n't exactly abound in this world's goods, and that I must keep down my school expenses as much as I could. Besides, I thought you were coming back to be with me. I thought you decided that, Mumsy, after Father—died." He dropped his voice as he spoke the last word.

"I know, dear, that 's what I wrote you; that 's what I meant to do, but—there 's something I have n't told you, Harold, about your father. It 's not bad news, my boy, it 's good news, blessed news; but I could not write it. I dared not, and, if it 's true, you 'll see why I could not go to America, and why it was necessary that you should come here."

Her voice was tense with emotion.

"But, Mother," he said slowly, "I don't understand. How could there be such news now?"

"Oh, but there is, my boy!" the mother cried happily. "Yes, dear, and I can tell it to no one but you. We are everything to each other, are n't we? And this is a big thing to face—such a wonderfully big thing that—" she paused as if afraid to go on.

The boy stared in half-understanding.

"Mother! You don't mean—you can't mean—" he stammered.

She turned to him with radiant eyes.

"My son, your father is *not* dead."

"*Not* dead!" he cried.

Harold's mind flashed back to that morning at St. Paul's school about a year before, when the terrible cable had come, forwarded from Constantinople. His father, his brave father, who had given his whole life to helping others, had been killed on his return journey from America, killed mysteriously in this ancient land of Egypt, perhaps by fierce tribesmen in the desert. And now his mother said that this was not true. His father had *not* been killed!

"Mother, tell me!" begged the boy. "Tell me everything."

Then, in low words, she told him, and, as Harold listened, he bit his lips, and his boyish frown deepened.

"Let 's go over this again, Mumsy," he said gently, when she had finished. "Let me tell it. I want to be sure I 've got it straight."

And briefly Harold reviewed the story of his father's disappearance and accepted death the previous August. It was a story that had made a great stir in the missionary world.

For thirty years, Dr. Wicklow Evans had been a picturesque figure in that lawless, blood-stained mountain province of the Turkish sultan known as Anatolia. He was a good American, yet so active had he been, and so much had he found to do in this benighted region, fighting the Asiatic cholera, teaching the stupid villagers to save their children from eye disease, and generally letting his light shine, both as a physician and a man, that in this long period he made only two journeys to his native land, the first seventeen years before, when he had gone home to be married, the second only the previous summer, when he had returned to enter Harold in St. Paul's school.

Up to this time (when he was fifteen), all of Harold's life had been spent in Adana, that strange Turkish city lost in the Taurus Mountains, five hundred miles east of Constantinople, five hundred miles west of Bagdad, four hundred miles north of Jerusalem. Here the boy lived the free, wild, missionary life, making long horseback journeys from village to village, sleeping in caves and mud houses, learning to drive a loaded *araba* (a sort of gipsy wagon) across a mountain tor-

rent, down one steep bank and up another, without ever spilling a spoon, learning to fight wild dogs in the villages, learning to use the sling native fashion—the real David and Goliath article,—knowing the signs of the wild boar and the

After settling Harold in St. Paul's school, Dr. Evans had returned by the way of Marseilles, and had written his wife from Alexandria, saying that he would stop over a steamer there, so that he might run up to Cairo and see the Great Pyra-

mid. It had always been one of the doctor's ambitions to explore the mysteries of Cheops. He said he would take the following steamer, three days later, and proceed to Jaffa, and then to Alexandretta, the disembarking port for Adana.

This good news made Mrs. Evans so happy that she immediately set off on the rough horseback journey to Alexandretta, and when the steamer came to anchor and the little boats pulled off, there was the eager wife full of joy at the thought of seeing her husband again, and giving him a pleasant surprise.

But, alas, the doctor was not on board! Nor did the next steamer bring him. Nor did any letter or any word come from him. In vain the distracted wife made effort upon effort. In vain the American consul in Cairo, the American minister in Constantinople, did what they could. Nothing availed. No news of Wicklow Evans was ever received, and as the weeks and months passed, it was generally agreed that this fearless and admirable man had perished, in some sinister way, another victim in the long list of mysterious disappearances, so common

in the East, where neither the criminal nor the motive are ever brought to light.

"That much is clear, is n't it?" resumed Harold. "You thought Father was dead. You thought so for months. You went back to Adana to settle up things before returning to America to be with me. You were going to leave this forsaken old land, and—"

"Don't say that, Harold! It's the land where



"NOW BEGAN THE MOST MOMENTOUS HOUR IN HAROLD EVANS'S LIFE."

way of meeting him, picking up the Turkish language, and yet remaining an out-and-out American boy whose greatest pleasure, through long winter evenings, was in reading and re-reading old copies of American magazines under the cheery light of a Rochester lamp, while his mother buzzed a Singer sewing-machine and his father read the weekly London *Times*, and while Nasr-ed-Din chanted dolefully outside the compound walls.



your father and I have spent the happiest and most useful years of our lives. It 's the land where you were born, dear."

"All right, Mumsy. I like the land well enough, barring some of the people, but the point is, you suddenly changed your mind and sent for me to come over here. You would n't tell me why. You just said come. So I came. And you met me yesterday at the steamer—say, but I was seasick! And we took the train up to Cairo. And we drove straight out to this gorgeous old pyramid. And now you 've told me this extraordinary thing—this most extraordinary thing. Why do you look at me like that, Mumsy?"

Under stress of emotion the boy had been rattling on nervously, while his mother watched him with sad understanding eyes.

"Take the basket, Harold," she said quietly. "We 'll go over to those palm-trees where there 's shade and water, and we 'll feel better for a little breakfast. Ther' I 'll tell you more."

They crossed the sand in silence, and when the mother spoke again it was to ask a blessing on their simple meal, which was spread on a massive slab of reddish stone that had once been part of the tomb of a forgotten king.

"Bless, O Lord, this food to our use, and us to Thy service"—her voice broke here, and she repeated the words with almost rapturous devotion.

When they had finished eating, they rested in the shade of the waving palms, and again Mrs. Evans tried to overcome Harold's doubts.

"I know you see nothing in what I 've said, my son," she began gently. "You think I am deceived."

Harold hesitated before her searching eyes.

"Well, Mother, it seems as though there is so awfully little to go upon. I mean so little that is—er—tangible. You think Father is living because you feel that he is living, but—"

"I *know* he is living!" she breathed. "The truest things are the things you know. We were so close together, your father and I, that—it is n't like America over here—this is a land of mystery."

"But if Father is living, why has n't he sent word?" interrupted the boy.

"He has n't been able to send word. Have you forgotten what I told you?"

"I remember everything, Mother. Father had enemies who wanted to drive him out of Adana, and they threatened him and threatened you, and, at last, they saw their chance, and took him, and now they 're keeping him a prisoner somewhere. It 's all right as a story, but we 've got nothing to go upon. We don't know *who* carried Father off, or *where* they 've got him, or anything about it."

"We 're going to know something about it very soon—perhaps to-day," Mrs. Evans said firmly.

"To-day?"

"My boy, we must have faith. If we ask for guidance, it will be given us. All through this lonely year, I have asked for guidance, and that is why we are here, now, at this Great Pyramid."

She spoke as one inspired, and Harold looked at her in awe-struck wonder.

"You mean that we may find out something about Father from—from this pyramid?"

"Yes, dear. You know it is the last place your father visited, and there are more things in the world than that two and two make four, Harold. I have never been inside this pyramid, but three times during the past year, I have *seen* inside of it."

"Seen inside of the pyramid! You mean—in a dream?"

"No. It was n't a dream. I don't know what it was, but I know it was real; it was true. I saw a stone chamber with a low ceiling, so low that it was not much higher than your head."

"I?" exclaimed the boy. "Did you see *me* in this stone chamber?"

"As plainly as I see you now. You were holding a candle, and were searching for something near an opening in a wall."

"An opening? What kind of an opening?"

"A small square hole about a foot wide. The wall was polished, and in the middle of the floor there was an immense gray stone, shaped like a trunk, only larger. And on each side of this stone, there were two other stones of the same shape, but smaller."

"Five stones like five big trunks!" mused Harold. "Well, Mumsy, did I find anything—when you saw me?"

"I don't know, my boy. I only saw you searching."

"And you saw this three times?"

"Three times," she nodded.

"And you know there 's a chamber like that inside the Great Pyramid? Nobody ever told you so?"

"No."

"You never saw a picture of it? You never read about it?"

"No."

"You just know it 's there?"

"I just know it 's there."

Harold was silent for some moments, his brows drawn together in tight perplexity. Then he tapped his foot and pulled at his under lip, and finally he murmured softly, "By George!" with a look of astonishment.

"What is it, dear? What is it that surprises you?"

"Why—er—I happened to remember something that seems to work in with your two-and-two-make-four idea. Along in June, Mother, before I got your letter to sail, I went down to Asbury Park with the boys on a school excursion."



NORTH FACE OF THE GREAT PYRAMID, SHOWING THE ENTRANCE

"Yes, I remember you wrote me about it."

"Well, there was a gipsy camp there, and a woman with big gold ear-rings told my fortune."

"Yes?"

"She said I was going on a long journey across water. She got that right, did n't she? And she said I was going to get an important letter."

"That was my letter."

"No, no, because this was to be a letter written on stone. The boys laughed at that, for how could a letter be written on stone?"

"Go on, dear," urged his mother.

"The gipsy woman said I was to find this letter in a house without a window, where there was a bed that had never been slept in. Sounds crazy, does n't it? A house without a window!"

Mrs. Evans thought intently, and then, with a cry of sudden understanding, "No, it's true! Don't you see? The house without a window is—*there!*" She pointed to the somber mass of Cheops. "The bed that has never been slept in is the sarcophagus in the king's chamber."

"By George!" repeated Harold, stirred at last to genuine excitement. "And the letter written on stone? What do you make of that, Mumsy?"

"The letter written on stone is a message from your father. It's waiting for us there. You must find it, my boy; you must find it."

## CHAPTER II

### FACING THE DRAGON

HAROLD EVANS—they called him "Sandy" Evans at St. Paul's school, where he played short-stop on the nine—had inherited from his father a certain practical businesslike quality that had often served him. "It's a sensible kid!" his room-mate used to say. "No stop-over, but when he starts, he stays."

And now that Harold (for his mother's sake) was enlisted in this pyramid adventure, he proposed to see it through. If there was only one chance in a hundred that his father was alive, that father whom he had always looked up to as to a wise elder brother, why, he'd take the chance if it brought him up against the toughest old dragon in Turkey. His father! The boy shut his lips, choking back a gulp, and made ready to tackle Cheops. Where was this

chamber with the five stone trunks?

"Say, Mumsy, how many rooms are there in the pyramid? Got any idea?" he asked presently, and, as she shook her head, he added, "Let's go to the hotel and get a guide-book, and talk to the clerk, and we'll find out where we're at."

As they walked along the edge of the desert toward the Mena House, about five minutes distant, they caught sight of a trolley-car laden with tourists speeding along the broad avenue, bordered with arching acacia-trees, that leads from Cairo.

"It seems like a desecration," sighed Mrs. Evans, "to have a sputtering trolley-line running to this sacred spot."

"I don't see that, Mother. The pyramids are n't any more sacred if you pay five dollars to see 'em

in a carriage, are they? Hello! that must be where you go in!"

He pointed to a dark opening near the base of Cheops where a group of white-robed Arabs were seated cross-legged on the great stones, two of which slanted together upward, as if guarding an entrance underneath.

As they approached the hotel, a grizzled Turk in red fez, red slippers, and baggy blue trousers came forward respectfully to meet them.

"Here 's Deeny, Mother. Hello, Deeny! *Sabah hire olsoun!*"<sup>1</sup> said the boy, falling naturally into Turkish, as he saw their old family servant.

"*Choke eyi, effendi,*"<sup>2</sup> answered the Turk, salaaming three times, from the eyes and the lips and the heart, as is the custom.

Deeny—his real name was Nasr-ed-Din—had been an important member of the Evans household for fifteen years. He had watched over Harold as a baby, and had accompanied Dr. Evans on scores of perilous expeditions, acting as a faithful body-guard.

"I can't make a Christian of him," the doctor used to say, "and I've given up trying. I tell him he 's a Christian without knowing it."

In spite of his sixty years, Nasr-ed-Din was as strong as a horse. One day he unloaded a small upright piano that had been brought to Adana on a squeaking bullock cart, and carried it into the house on his shoulders. And he stood there impassively for two or three minutes, without ever thinking of putting his burden down, while Mrs. Evans decided where the instrument should be placed.

Nasr-ed-Din had grieved deeply over his master's loss, and had refused to leave Mrs. Evans's service. He would do whatever she wished, go wherever she said. He would make the beds, cook the food, wash the clothes, anything except leave the lady he had served so long. And so he had stayed and proved himself invaluable.

"Say, Deeny, d' ye know anything about this pyramid?" questioned Harold. "Ever see it before? Ever been inside it?"

"*Yok,*"<sup>3</sup> said the servant, clucking his tongue, and lifting his chin in decided negative.

"No? Well, we've got a job there, you and I, and I wish you 'd get busy. Have a talk with those Arabs. Ask 'em if they know about a room with five stone trunks in it. We've got to find it. See?"

After some further explanation, Harold sent the resourceful Turk off in search of information, while he addressed himself to the hotel clerk. Mrs. Evans, meantime, went up-stairs to her room to write some letters.

The hotel clerk, a red-faced Englishman with an important manner, had never heard of a chamber in the pyramid containing five stone trunks. He did n't believe there was such a chamber, but admitted he was not an authority, being too busy.

In the library, Harold found a book about the Great Pyramid, and studied this diligently for an hour. It was pretty hard reading. There were pages of figures and diagrams like geometry.

"Have you found anything?" asked his mother, when she joined him later.

The boy looked up with flushed face and tumbled hair. "Have I found anything? I should say I have. Listen to this." Then he read from the page: "The length of the earth's polar axis is assumed by pyramidists to be 500,000,000 pyramid inches, or 7891.41 pyramid miles of 63,360 pyramid inches to the mile, or 7899.30 English miles.' Now that 's what I call interesting!" he grinned.

"Harold, what *is* the use?" his mother began, but the boy stopped her with a grandiloquent wave of the hand.

"Madam, I know what you 're going to ask. You want to know what is the *use* of this Great Pyramid. You want to know why it was built. Madam, I can give you nine answers—all different. Listen!" He turned to the index of the book. "It was built as a barrier against desert sands. As an imitation of Noah's Ark. As Satan's Seat. As a filtering reservoir. As Joseph's granary. As a gift of the Queen of Sheba. As a tomb of the King. As a standard of weights and measures.' And finally, to please the ladies. I like the last one, Mumsy," he laughed.

"I wish you would n't trifle, Harold. Did you—did you learn anything about the—the chamber I described?" Mrs. Evans asked anxiously.

Harold saw the tenseness of his mother's look, and answered affectionately, hiding the fact that he had searched the pages vainly for any mention of such a chamber.

"Don't you worry, Mumsy. Deeny and I are going into the pyramid now, and if those five stone trunks are there—"

"They *are* there; they must be there!" she insisted.

"Then we 'll find 'em. You can bank on that. I 'll go right over and see what Deeny 's doing."

He kissed his mother fondly and told her to cheer up, and said he 'd be back in a couple of hours or so.

"God bless you, my boy!" she whispered, and there were tears in her eyes as he turned to go. "I 'll be waiting at the mouth of the pyramid to meet you when you come out," she added.

<sup>1</sup> How are you?

<sup>2</sup> Very well, sir.

<sup>3</sup> No.

Alas, they little knew how many weary weeks and months must pass before they would meet again!

### CHAPTER III

#### THE THIRD CHAMBER

TEN minutes later, Harold entered the Great Pyramid, making his way carefully along a passage about four feet square that slanted downward at a fairly steep incline for about sixty feet, and then slanted up again. Two Arabs, chosen by Nasr-ed-Din, went before him, and the Turk came last. Each one carried a candle, and as the bent procession moved along, their flaring shadows danced strangely on the yellowish walls.

"Deeny, what are those fellows carrying sticks for?" whispered Harold.

Nasr-ed-Din gestured that he did not know.

At the top of the second incline, the passage straightened out and ran forward on a level for a hundred feet or so, where it opened into a large room, about eighteen feet in each dimension.

"Queen's chambaire," announced one of the white-robed guides, holding his candle high.

"Hello! you speak English!" said the boy.

"Yes, sair. Vair good Engleesh. My name, Saide. Look out, sair."

At this moment, Harold was startled by a whizzing sound, and a number of small, swiftly moving creatures darted through the candle-light.

"What are they? Birds?" he cried.

"Bats. Turn your back, sair. They hit you, or—bite you."

As he spoke, Saide swung his stick about him vigorously, and moved toward a long, narrow recess in the wall, shaped like a Gothic window. It was out of this recess that the bats seemed to be flying.

"Do bats bite?"

"Peermid bats bite, sair. If he catch your cheek, peermid bat cut heem out a hole."

Harold asked what this recess in the wall was for.

"Queen's say-coph-gus," answered Saide.

"Oh, I see!" smiled the boy. "And where is it now, the *say-coph-gus*?"

Saide expressed the pious opinion that Allah alone could answer that question.

Harold walked back and forth about this chamber, which was bare and empty, except for clouds of irritating dust.

The floor was perfectly even, with no sign of stone trunks.

"Try the next room," he ordered, and the procession started back along the same level passage. "Wait! Let me go first." He pushed ahead with



VIEW OF THE GREAT GALLERY OF THE GREAT PYRAMID

the zeal of an explorer, and Nasr-ed-Din came close behind, which was fortunate, for they had not advanced more than fifty feet along the dark passage, when a shriek of terror resounded through the pyramid.

"You black scoundrels! Let go of me! Help! Help!"

Harold sprang forward, and presently came upon two Arabs who were struggling with a young tourist, pressing him down, with threatening gestures, over an opening that yawned like a well in the floor of the passage.

"Come on, Deeny! Quick!" shouted the boy.



Here was a white man in trouble, perhaps a fellow-countryman, and, without waiting for further explanation, Sandy swung on the nearest Arab in good American style, catching him cleanly on the jaw, and tumbling him backward in dazed astonishment. Nasr-ed-Din, meantime, had seized the other Arab by the scruff of his neck, and, with huge strength, was dangling him over the black gulf, while the fellow rolled his eyes piteously and howled for mercy.

"*Brakkahyim-mi, effendi?*" asked the Turk, turning to Harold, which, being interpreted, is, "Shall I drop him, sir?"

"No, no! not drop!" shouted Saide from behind, and explained rapidly that this opening led straight down into the rock for an immense distance under the pyramid. The man would be dashed to death.

But the Turk paid no attention, and still held his captive at arm's-length, squirming over the void.

"*Brakkahyim-mi, effendi?*" repeated Nasr-ed-Din, his eyes flashing.

"Of course we can't drop him," said Harold to the stranger; "but what shall we do with him?"

"It would serve him jolly well right," said the latter. He talked about dropping *me*, but—oh, well, let the poor wretch go."

"*Koy varsin* (Let him go), Deeny," said Harold, as he motioned to the Turk, and the terrified Arab scurried away, muttering.

Then Sandy turned to his new acquaintance. He was a boy of about seventeen, tall and smartly dressed, and he had an air about him that made Harold doubt whether he was American or English.

"I tell you, old chap, I owe you an awful lot," began the stranger, awkwardly.

"Glad I happened along," nodded Harold.

"Stopping at the Mena House?"

"Yep."

"So am I. Suppose you 're just starting in? I 'm just through."

"You mean starting in the pyramid? Yes," answered Sandy.

"Rotten place! They ought to have electric lights here and an elevator. Why not? Say, my name is John McGregor."

"Mine is Harold Evans."

"I 'm from Chicago."

"I 'm an American, too. Say, you 'd better take my man Deeny along with you. Oh, yes, I 'll be all right until he comes back. They won't try to hold up anybody else to-day. Besides Deeny picked out these Arabs of mine, and Deeny knows his business."

"That 's awfully decent of you," said the other

boy. "I 'll send him right back. By-by! See you at dinner!" he called, as he drifted away, candle in hand, through the long, stone passage, straight as a telescope, that is said to have pointed exactly to the north star, some six thousand years ago, when the pyramid was built.

As soon as McGregor had vanished, Harold came back to the business in hand.

"Now, then," he turned to Saide, who had been squatting discreetly beyond the well, "we 'll try the next room."

"Yes, sair. King's chambaire—by Great Gallery."

The Arab sprang forward with nimble bare feet into another passage, wider than the first and lofty as a church, that stretched upward in a steep incline like a strange mountain railway with a four-foot depressed level between its stone tracks. At the upper end of this Great Gallery, was a chapel-like vestibule that led into the vast chamber where mighty Cheops was laid to rest in his sarcophagus.

This was the first object that caught Harold's eye, the scarred and battered red-rock casket that has stood there, lidless and empty, these many centuries. Then the boy noticed that the walls of this king's chamber were defaced with many names and inscriptions, and he studied these mural writings eagerly, moving his candle back and forth; but he came upon nothing more important than the foolish scrawlings of tourists that had passed.

"See jynte," exclaimed Saide, proudly, pointing to the thin, straight lines, like pencil rulings, that showed the joining of the huge stone blocks in the walls, some of them ten feet square. "Very small jynte. No leetle bit you can put yer finger up."

"Next chamber," directed Harold, briefly.

The guide held out his brown hands, palms up, and lifted his shoulders apologetically.

"Ees no more chambaire, sair," he replied.

"What?"

"No more chambaire, only—" He hesitated, then turned and led the way back to the upper end of the Great Gallery, where he pointed upward among the dim shadows. There in the topmost corner of the lofty vault, Harold made out some wooden cross-bars set across the walls.

"Well?"

"Very hard, sair. Must have ladders, ropes. Dangeruss!"

"That 's all right. Ah! Here 's Deeny! Did you get him out all right? Good. Deeny, we 're going up there. You make him get the stuff, and—hustle. I 'll wait here." This in vigorous Turkish, which Nasr-ed-Din forthwith translated into Arabic with fear-compelling gestures.

Saïde turned pleadingly to Harold. "You geeve bakshish, sair. You geeve bakshish?"

The extra bakshish being promised, Saïde and Nasr-ed-Din hurried off, leaving Sandy with the other guide, whose name turned out to be

as the Arab, by some miracle of skill, worked his way, foot by foot, up the precipitous corner walls of the Great Gallery with ropes hitched around his waist and a lighted candle in his teeth.

"Now, sair, your turn," he called, when he

had reached the cross-bars, and his voice resounded through the pyramid with strange reverberations.

If Sandy Evans had been an archaeologist or an Egyptologist, he would have taken careful note of the next hour's exploring. It was a great experience. First (after reaching the cross-bars) he crawled on hands and knees through a rough horizontal tunnel, thick with dust, that led into an upright shaft full of twittering bats. Up this shaft he wriggled and presently came to a jagged hole, like a fireplace out of a chimney, that opened into the first chamber. Then, a yard or two above this, to another hole that opened into the second chamber. And so on. Before he had gone far, Sandy Evans was a woeful sight, streaming with sweat and smudged with dirt, but he shut his teeth and pressed on. He was looking for five stone trunks.

The first chamber was a good-sized room but ridiculously low, not over two feet high in the lowest part, and scarcely four in the highest. The second chamber was about a foot higher, and the third chamber was higher still, so that Sandy could stand upright in it. In each of these chambers the ceilings were formed of great

granite blocks, smooth and level, whereas the floor blocks offered uneven surfaces like rough-hewn boulders. And in the third chamber—there was no doubt about it—these boulders took the form of monster trunks, five of them, ranged along side by side with narrow spaces between.

As Sandy lifted his candle and made out these grim gray forms one after another in the gloom, he gave a little gasp and then stood rigid.



"HAROLD STOOD STARING LIKE ONE IN A TRANCE."

Mahomet. Mahomet explained that they were now going to climb to the mysterious five chambers that tier above the king's chamber, and are never visited except in rare cases by some very venturesome tourist.

In a surprisingly short time, Saïde and the Turk returned, their faces glistening from their efforts, and their arms filled with coils of rope.

With fascinated interest Harold watched Saïde

"By George! it's true!" he murmured, swallowing hard. "Mother *did* see it!"

Then he turned to the wall, and, just opposite the middle trunk, he discovered a small square opening. "That's true, too! It's *all* true!"

Now the boy knew that he was about to find a message from his father. He *knew* it. And, going to the wall with a strange, confident faith, he examined the polished stone about the small square opening. There it was! His father's handwriting!

*To Mary or Harold or Nasr-ed-Din:*

*You must go to Jerusalem and find the Greek monk, Basil, who has a carpenter shop in the tower of the Church of the Holy Sepulcher, and ask him to*

It ended abruptly with no date and no signature, but the handwriting was unmistakable.

Harold stood staring like one in a trance. This incredible thing had happened. His father was alive and—in his great peril he had tried to write a message to those who loved him. He had tried to tell them what to do, but—he must have been interrupted—perhaps by his enemies—perhaps—

A rush of sickening fears made the boy weak. He staggered away from the wall, but—it seemed as if he could not go on. He leaned heavily against a stone mound and tried to collect himself. He must go on. He must hurry back to his mother with this wonderful news. He must hurry, but—

The thought of his mother gave Harold new strength. His mother! It was her love and trust that had brought them this great joy. He must be brave for her. He must think of everything and—the first thing was to carefully copy down these precious words of his father. There! Now—to start on the downward climb.

A few moments later they were safely back in the Great Gallery, and two minutes after that, a

smudged and perspiring, but radiantly happy, youth sprang out from the pyramid entrance and looked about for his mother. She had promised to be here, waiting for him. Where was she?

"Oh, Mumsy, hoo-oo!"

He gave the familiar call, and listened confidently for the answer. But no answer came. Queer. She must be about somewhere. Ah, yes, she had gone over to their breakfast place under the palms. He strode across the sand, but, no, she was not there! Filled with a vague alarm, the boy hurried back to the hotel. His mother must have grown tired waiting. Perhaps she had a headache. Had the clerk seen Mrs. Evans? The clerk shrugged his shoulders at Sandy's disreputable appearance. No, he had not seen Mrs. Evans. She went out a couple of hours ago, and had not returned.

Sandy felt a sudden gripping at the heart. His mother had not returned. He looked at his watch. Three o'clock. How the time had passed! Wait. Perhaps she had gone to her room, and the stupid clerk had not seen her. Sandy raced up the stairs two steps at a time, but he came down slowly. No, not there. And no little note on the pin cushion. *Where could his mother be?*

At six o'clock, the boy was still searching. At nine o'clock, he was still searching. At midnight, he went to his room, heart-sick and weary. He had learned nothing. He had found nothing. No one had seen his mother. No one knew anything about his mother.

Sandy knelt down and tried to say his prayers. He pulled off his shoes and threw himself on the bed. And he lay there for a long time, listening to Nasr-ed-Din, who sat down below in the purple shadows under the window, crooning one of those strange minor chants that, for centuries, have relieved bruised hearts, in this land of beauty and mystery and pain.

*(To be continued)*



# WHAT WOODROW WILSON DID FOR AMERICAN FOOT-BALL

BY PARKE H. DAVIS

Author of "Foot-ball, the American Intercollegiate Game," and  
Representative of Princeton University on the Rules Committee



IN Georgia's beautiful city of Augusta, about forty-five years ago, a young Virginia boy was attending school. The lad was slightly over ten years of age, but for his youth was strongly built and athletic. His hair was black and straight, and his skin, naturally dark, was deepened in color by the tan of a vigorous outdoor life in the southern summers. His countenance was featured principally by a strong jaw, a sharp projecting nose, and two distinct eyebrows beneath which a pair of dark eyes continually snapped and sparkled with alertness.

If such a figure and face denote unusual mental and temperamental characteristics, in this lad these signs did not mislead. He was quick of wit, full of courage and determination, a trifle pugnacious, perhaps, but possessing an abundance of good humor. Inventive, talkative, and fond of companionship, he easily was the center around whom the life of that school, both in the classroom and on the playground, daily revolved. Who, pray, was this boy? He was Woodrow Wilson.

Those were the years that immediately followed the Civil War. Some may think that it is a long, long road from war to sport, but it is to our terrible Civil War that this country owes the early advent of organized athletics. The soldiers of the north and south during this conflict found no happier pastimes with which to while away the homesickness of camp life than field games in which a number of men participated in team play. It was these soldiers of the Civil War that upon their disbandment carried the new game of base-ball far and wide throughout the country. Likewise, the soldiers in camp played foot-ball. The ball, it is true, was only an inflated beef bladder obtained from the regimental butcher. The teams were composed of all comrades who desired to play, and the game consisted merely in kicking the ball across a given line. Nevertheless

it was foot-ball, vigorous, pleasurable, and fascinating.

Thus it came about that base-ball and foot-ball were the two principal games that young Woodrow Wilson and his companions played in that Georgia school forty-five years ago. But it is with foot-ball rather than base-ball that the name of Woodrow Wilson chiefly will be associated, for, as player, coach, and counselor, he came in contact with the intercollegiate game at the three most critical periods in its history, and so contributed to its development that he fairly is entitled to a place among the brilliant fellows who have wrought out of English Rugby a distinctive and truly American intercollegiate game.

About 1870, Woodrow Wilson moved to Columbia, South Carolina, and entered the private school of Charles H. Barnwell. Here, also, the boys played base-ball and foot-ball. One of them had obtained a copy of the rules of the "London Foot-ball Association." This is the organization which, in 1863, invented and gave its name to that style of foot-ball known as the Association game. The word "soccer," by which this style of foot-ball also is known, is likewise merely a humorous derivative from the word Association, just as *rugger* is derived from *Rugby*.

These rules were closely followed by those school-boys in their play, and although no games were waged with teams outside of the school, their struggles were not without influence in after years upon intercollegiate foot-ball, through the practical experience they were affording young Wilson.

In 1873, Woodrow Wilson entered Davidson College, and promptly won a position upon the base-ball nine. Foot-ball, at that time, was not played at Davidson. Indeed, in 1873, foot-ball was played only at Columbia, Harvard, Princeton, Rutgers, and Yale, and a curious mixture of foot-ball it was. Harvard had devised a form of



Rugby that to-day would be deemed grotesque in the extreme, but it was hugely enjoyed at Cambridge in its time. Yale, likewise, had a peculiar game of its own which had been adapted from the Association rules. Columbia, Princeton, and Rutgers, however, were playing a common game which they had constructed out of the Association code, and which required only ten rules—rather a concise body of foot-ball law in comparison with the great complex rule book of to-day.

In 1875, Woodrow Wilson, having withdrawn from Davidson, entered Princeton College, matriculating in the class of 1879. Here the young Virginian found himself in a fascinating whirl of athletic life. Intercollegiate base-ball was raging, with a season in the fall as well as in the spring. Cricket was competing with it for favor, and track-athletics, just beginning, like all novelties that are truly meritorious, was sweeping forward in a tidal wave of popularity. Princeton also was rowing regularly and well in the great intercollegiate regatta of that day, a regatta which was held on Lake Saratoga and frequently presented as many as twelve competing college crews. In foot-ball Princeton had been beaten only once in the first six years of intercollegiate strife. The style of game was still a form of Association.

Unfortunately for Woodrow Wilson, a serious sickness at Davidson had incapacitated him from playing foot-ball, but he still maintained a marvelous ability to talk it. His classmates soon discovered that, for a freshman, he possessed an exceptional knowledge of the technic of play, and that he also was very fertile in ideas for improving the game. At that time, foot-ball at Princeton was ruled by a council composed of representatives from the three upper classes, known as directors. To-day such a board would be called a coaching committee, but in 1875, the word coach had not been applied to sports. In the course of time, Woodrow Wilson was elected as a foot-ball director, and the board immediately recognized his signal ability for the position by choosing him as their secretary. It is intensely interesting in this year of 1912, eventful as it is in the life of Woodrow Wilson, to turn backward in the old records at Princeton to the days of this board, and frequently find the name of that young secretary, "T. W. Wilson, '79," for his name originally was Thomas Woodrow Wilson. Fame and choice in after years erased the Thomas, but to his college mates of thirty-five years ago he is still familiarly and affectionately known as "Tommie." Thus Woodrow Wilson was given an opportunity to become one of the constructors of the present intercollegiate game at the most

crucial period in its history,—and well indeed did he take advantage of that opportunity!

For a new style of foot-ball was upon the horizon. In the spring of 1874, McGill University had sent a team down from Montreal, and shown a game of real Rugby to Harvard. It was only a few weeks afterward that the "Harvard Advocate," voicing the college sentiment, editorially stated: "Rugby foot-ball is in much better favor than the sleepy game heretofore played by our men." Accordingly Harvard soon abolished its "sleepy game," and in its place adopted full Rugby foot-ball. The following autumn, 1875, Harvard sent its first foot-ball challenge to Yale, inviting the Blue to meet the Crimson, or, rather, the Magenta, which was Harvard's color in 1875. Yale accepted this challenge, but demanded some concessions in the Rugby rules. A special code, therefore, was drafted, which, from these concessions, was known at the time as the "Concessionary Rules." Under these rules the first Harvard-Yale game was played at New Haven, November 13, 1875, Harvard winning by four goals to none.

Among the spectators at this game were two of Princeton's players, Jotham Potter and W. Earle Dodge, the latter being a classmate of Woodrow Wilson. So deeply impressed were these two men with the Rugby style of play, that, upon their return to Princeton, they vigorously advocated the abandonment by Princeton of the Association game and the adoption of the Rugby rules. Reform in sport, however, is not less slow and difficult than it is in the serious affairs of life. The proposition of these two pioneers precipitated a warm controversy at Princeton which raged incessantly for a year. In this battle of debate between the advocates of the old game and the new, no one argued more aggressively and effectively than the freshman Woodrow Wilson, and, strange to say, notwithstanding his breeding in Association foot-ball, he argued in favor of the Rugby game. Finally this controversy terminated, November 2, 1876, in a great mass-meeting at Princeton, at which the Association game was overthrown and the Rugby game adopted. But this mass-meeting did more. It issued a call to Columbia, Harvard, and Yale to meet Princeton in a convention and form an Intercollegiate League, with the Rugby rules as a common playing basis. This call was accepted, and thus, in the old Massasoit House at Springfield, Saturday, November 26, 1876, in a session lasting six hours, this league was formed and the present intercollegiate game of foot-ball adopted.

During the ensuing winter, the foot-ball men at Princeton buried themselves deeply in the study of the new game, and with the inventive char-

acteristics of their elders, young America immediately saw numerous features of the English game that were open to improvement and reform. The first of these to engage the attention of the tacticians was the cumbersome, unsightly "scrummage" which had come in with the English game. This was the Rugby method of putting the ball in play. This was done by placing the ball upon the ground between the two rush-lines, no man

moves that to-day characterize the American game.

Woodrow Wilson and his associates, studying the game, soon perceived that a great advantage would accrue to that team which could devise some method of team play which regularly would obtain the ball in scrummage. As a result, a plan was invented in which the linemen, instead of acting individually, acted together, blocking off their opponents with their feet, and either kicking the ball back themselves at a designated point, or, by a crafty feint, tricking their opponents into kicking the ball through the line for them. Since Harvard and Yale simultaneously were developing the same idea, and all were foreseeing the great improvement which could be made in the English game if one team should be given possession of the ball by rule and permitted to snap it back in an orderly manner, it was not long before the English scrummage was abolished, and the far more ingenious American scrimmage invented and established. To appreciate the importance of this great change, one must realize that it is to the invention of the American scrimmage that we owe the advent in foot-ball of prearranged formations, plays, signals, and other tactical team play which have given to the American game its most distinctive characteristic, making it a veritable game of chess with live men for the pieces, and converting the sport into a battle of brains as well as a battle of brawn.

Another problem which at the outset occupied the attention of Woodrow Wilson and his fellow tacticians was the comparative merits of the kicking and rushing games. When the English game was first taken over, the English fondness for kicking the ball was taken over with it. Accordingly, the ball was kicked far more often than it was rushed, and the art of kicking was de-

veloped to a very high degree. Rushers kicked the ball as well as the backs. The players used the drop-kick for distance equally with the punt. Good kickers used either foot, and many a long, accurate kick was delivered from a ball rolling and bounding along the ground.

In these days, when rushing the ball comprises the major offensive tactics of the game, and kicking is only a minor or defensive feature, it is difficult to realize that there was a period in the



From a recent photograph taken for ST. NICHOLAS.

GOVERNOR WILSON AND PARKER H. DAVIS.

Woodrow Wilson was coach of the Princeton Foot-ball Team of 1890, on which Mr. Davis was an end rush.

of which was permitted to touch the ball with his hand. The players, therefore, in an indiscriminate struggle, endeavored to work the ball between them with their feet, where two backs on each side were waiting to seize it as soon as it popped out of scrummage. Under such a method as this, time-honored though it was in English Rugby, there could be no prearranged team play for advancing the ball, no use for signals, and none of the orderly, machine-like formations and

P. H. Davis, '92.

F. A. S. Lewis, '91.

J. B. Riggs, '92.

P. C. Jones, '91.

T. M. Dunsberry, '94.



THE PRINCETON VARSITY FOOT-BALL TEAM OF 1890

R. Furness, '91.  
C. T. Wood, '92.

S. Homans, '92.

C. C. Jefferson, '92.  
P. King, '93.E. A. Poe, '91.  
E. A. Dalton, '91.J. G. Symmes, '92.  
J. N. Thomas, '90.  
W. C. Spicer, '91.R. E. Speer, '89.  
R. H. Warren, '93.

history of the game when young collegians like Woodrow Wilson were waging a warm controversy in councils, on the campus, and in the college press, in support of the superiority of rushing over kicking as offensive play. The work of these pioneers thirty-five years ago may be appreciated by a perusal of the following extract from the "Princetonian," as it was printed at the time of this great foot-ball controversy:

Keeping the ball and working it by passing, running, and rushing is superior to the kicking game now in vogue. Kicking, of course, must be resorted to at times, but to gain by a long punt depends upon the opposite side's failure to make a fair catch, which now rarely happens, especially under the new non-interference rule. One thing is certain: as long as one side can keep the ball the other side cannot score, and where one team kicks the ball, the other team is extremely sure to get it.

Incredible as it may seem, almost two years of incessant argument were necessary before the kicking tactics subsided and rushing tactics came to the fore.

Another major feature of foot-ball which Woodrow Wilson aided in adjustment was the tactical arrangement of the players. When the

English game was adopted, in 1876, Yale moved to amend the Rugby rule, which called for fifteen players upon each side, by substituting the Eton rule, which limited the players to eleven. Yale's motion was defeated. Each year, however, the Blue renewed this proposition, until, in 1879, Walter Camp, Yale's captain, succeeded in obtaining the adoption of the rule. During these years, however, Yale, in her games with Princeton, had exacted a special rule that eleven men should constitute a team, and not fifteen. Thus Princeton, in 1876, 1877, and 1878, played Yale with eleven men and Harvard with fifteen. In these early times, and, indeed, for several years thereafter, the positions of the players were not fixed as now, nor were the positions named. "How should the fifteen players be deployed upon the field against Harvard?" and "How should eleven players be utilized against Yale?" were annual problems Princeton's foot-ball council faced for solution. In 1876, they solved it by playing against Yale six men on the rush-line, two at half-back, and three at full-back, the half-back position then being the same as our quarter-back position now. The following year against

Yale six men again were played on the rush-line, but three at half-back and two at full-back. Against Harvard, in the same year, Princeton used seven men on the line, five at half-back, and three at full-back. In 1878, we find Princeton using against Yale seven men on the line, two at half-back, and two at full-back, while against Harvard the same arrangement was used as in the previous year, thus indicating that Woodrow Wilson and his fellow strategists had discovered, so far as Princeton was concerned, that the best number of players for the rush-line was seven.

Woodrow Wilson's foot-ball activities at Princeton, in these early years of the game, were not confined, however, to the council-table. His was almost a daily figure at field practice. Coaching, of course, thirty-five years ago, was not the highly developed art that it is to-day. The period antedated by fifteen years the professional coach. Obviously the period even antedated the coaching by patriotic alumni veterans, for, in Woodrow Wilson's time, the intercollegiate game was in its first three years of life. Coaching, therefore, was confined to the undergraduates experienced in the old Association game, and to the members of the foot-ball council. In this service Woodrow Wilson frequently took part, correcting, advising, exhorting, admonishing, and praising, and especially suggesting valuable improvements in individual and team technic. And Princeton played fine foot-ball in those years. Harvard was beaten in the fall of 1877, and again in 1878. Yale won from Princeton in 1876, was tied in 1877, and beaten in 1878. Since Harvard, Princeton, and Yale at that time were leagued in the American Intercollegiate Foot-ball Association, Woodrow Wilson may look back through his many successes in the serious work of life to his senior year at Princeton, when, as an assistant foot-ball coach, he materially aided in producing a championship foot-ball team.

And now came and went an interval of ten busy years, in which Woodrow Wilson found no time to participate actively in foot-ball, but in which he managed to keep pace with the evolution of the sport by frequent attendance at the games. In 1880 and 1881, he was a student in the law school of the University of Virginia. In 1882 and 1883, he was a practising attorney at

Atlanta, and in 1884 and 1885, we find him again in college, pursuing a postgraduate course at Johns Hopkins. During these years, he was at work upon a wonderful book, "Congressional Government," which now was published, and which met with such great success that it brought to Woodrow Wilson a number of calls to become a college professor. One of these calls, from Bryn Mawr, he accepted, and there he remained until 1888, when he accepted an election to the chair of history and political economy at Wesleyan University. This move brought him once more actively



CAPTAIN POL KICKING A GOAL IN A GAME BETWEEN PRINCETON AND COLUMBIA.

One of the earliest photographs of foot-ball players in action.

into foot-ball, for Wesleyan then, as now, was a strong competitor upon the gridiron.

Almost ten years had elapsed since his foot-ball days at Princeton. In this long period, many profound changes had occurred in the methods of play, and many equally profound changes in the rules. The great basic rule of the American game, the right of one side to possess the ball a certain number of downs for a minimum gain—at that time five yards in three downs—had been invented, thereby further stimulating the study of offensive tactics. The Intercollegiate Association, now augmented by the University of Pennsylvania and Wesleyan, at its March meeting in



1888, had adopted a new rule which permitted a tackle to be made below the waist and as far down as the knees. This may appear a slight change on paper, but it was working a revolution in the game to its very roots. Under the twelve years of waist tackling the game always had been open. The rush-line had deployed widely across the field, the backs had been played well back and as far out as their ends, receiving the ball from the quarter-back on long side passes, and then beautifully sprinting and dodging in an open field. Interference had not then been invented, although its advent was indicated by a method called "guarding," in which players ran at each side of the man with the ball, to make tackling more difficult, but never in advance of the runner, which, in that day, would have been off side play. This was the beautiful, brilliant, old-fashioned "open game" that is recalled so fondly by the older generation of foot-ball men. But the extension of tackling from the waist to the knee instantly swept this style of attack out of existence. Against the low tackle the lone, open field-runner was powerless to advance the ball, because the low tackler, unlike the high tackler, could not be dodged or shaken off. The rule-makers had not intended, nor did they foresee, this revolution when they introduced the low tackle. The chaos came unexpectedly, but it was complete.

In this crisis, the young professor of history at Wesleyan volunteered his services as a coach to the Wesleyan foot-ball men, and his offer was enthusiastically accepted. Around the council-table, Woodrow Wilson, with F. D. Beattys and S. V. Coffin, worked out a new system of offensive tactics. The rush-line was contracted until the men stood side by side as they do to-day. The backs were brought closer to the line and stationed about four yards distant. The quick line plunge was introduced, the double pass, or "criss-cross," as it was called first, adopted, and protection given to the runner on end runs. It is not to be claimed that Woodrow Wilson and his associates at Wesleyan were the exclusive inventors of these features which now comprise the elements of the modern game, for they were worked out simultaneously at the other colleges of the association, but they are entitled to be credited with the honor that both by invention and adaptation they gave Wesleyan in that difficult period a foot-ball system without a superior.

Here, again, Woodrow Wilson's coaching services did not end at the council-table. Actively and enthusiastically he applied himself to the task of daily coaching the team upon the field. Other coaches, of course, there were, alumni veterans who appeared from time to time, but it was

Woodrow Wilson and his companions, F. D. Beattys and S. V. Coffin, who bore the brunt of that memorable campaign. For 1889 was a memorable foot-ball year at Wesleyan. At that time, Wesleyan's dearest opponent was the University of Pennsylvania. The two elevens met in their annual struggle the morning of Thanksgiving Day, and Wesleyan emerged the victor.

A factor in this great victory was a new mechanism of which Wesleyan men claim Woodrow Wilson was the inventor. This was the "rotation." The rotation was a varied series of plays the order of which the players committed to memory. When Wesleyan came within striking distance of the Pennsylvania goal, the quarter-back merely clapped his hands, and the rotation was in action. Silently, mysteriously, and swiftly the Wesleyan plays followed one another, now at the center, now at the end, and all along the line. The absence of the usual signals disconcerted their opponents, and the rapidity of the plays wrought havoc in the defensive line.

All foot-ball colleges possess a tradition of some great speech made by a coach just before a battle or in the intermission of a game. At Wesleyan such a tradition still clings around the memory of Woodrow Wilson. For years Wesleyan had been meeting Yale, resigned to the certainty of defeat and with an ambition limited merely to making a stout defense and, if possible, to score. In 1889, Wesleyan once more was about to play Yale. "Now, fellows," shouted a coach in final admonition to the team, "let every man play hard to hold down the score." "No! No!" cried Woodrow Wilson, "let every man play hard and win the game!" And then for three minutes the fiery, fighting Wilson poured into those men a torrent of words that aroused and stung and enthused, carrying with it such grit, vim, and determination that little Wesleyan went out against great Yale like a David against Goliath. In the ensuing battle Wesleyan was beaten, but it was one of the best games ever waged by Wesleyan against Yale, and though the team went down to defeat, they went down gloriously, fighting hard every minute and every minute fighting hard to win.

And now, in the autumn of 1890, Woodrow Wilson's eventful career brought him once more to Princeton, where he had been tendered the chair of jurisprudence and politics. Those were dark days for foot-ball at Princeton. Graduation had left only three members of the championship eleven of 1889. One of these was the captain, Edgar Allan Poe, now the attorney-general of Maryland. But if players were scarce, coaches were scarcer. The period still antedated the com-

ing of the organized coaching staff. Old-time players like Alexander Moffat, Duncan Edwards, and Tracy H. Harris, famous fellows in their time, occasionally left their business for an afternoon and came to Princeton to work with the team, but the burden of the coaching was borne by Captain Poe. It was, therefore, a particularly welcome sight, one afternoon in October, to see our Professor of Jurisprudence come striding out upon the field, take his place behind the eleven with Captain Poe, and proceed to whip the team up and down the sward.

Only a few minutes were necessary to demonstrate that this new coach was full of ideas. And ideas were doubly valuable in 1890. Experiments were being made day after day to find a more effective method of forcing an opening in a defensive line, of breaking the powerful new device known as a "box on the tackle," and especially of breaking an interference such as Yale that year was developing, in which a guard—and such a guard as W. W. Heffelfinger—was leading the backs on all end runs, whether wide or short, and whether to the right or left.

In those days, some coaches and almost all officials, English fashion, affected a cane while discharging their duties. It also was the time in which the upturned trousers and the red water-proof shoes first made their appearance. Thus it is that Princetonians of 1890 fondly carry a mental picture of Woodrow Wilson as he appeared to them in his coaching days, clad in a collegian's cap, a loose jacket, trousers upturned, and shod in red leather shoes, swinging his cane, following the eleven up and down in fair weather or foul, quietly correcting the faults of the players, firm and stern, but companionable with all.

At the close of the season, his practical knowledge of competitive athletics won for him the important and highly influential post in the faculty of Chairman of the Committee on Outdoor Sports, a position which carried with it a

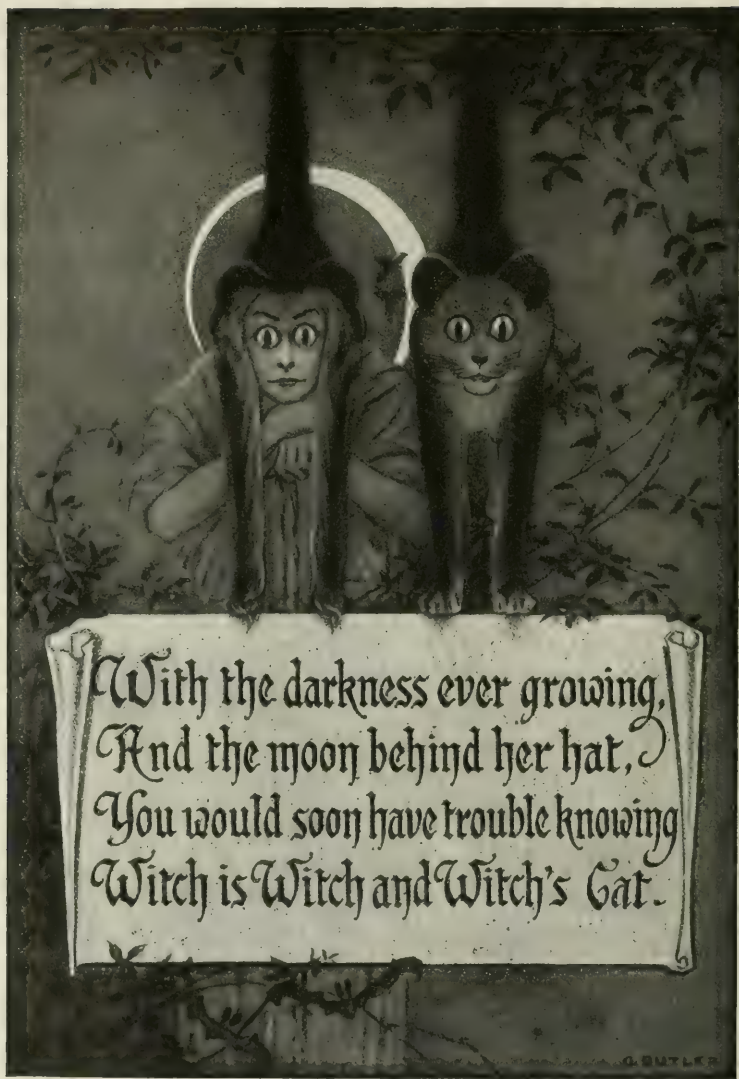
strong voice in Princeton's committee, controlling all matters relating to athletic advancement. Thus Woodrow Wilson's days as a foot-ball coach came to an end; but making the most of the opportunities in his powerful chairmanship, he



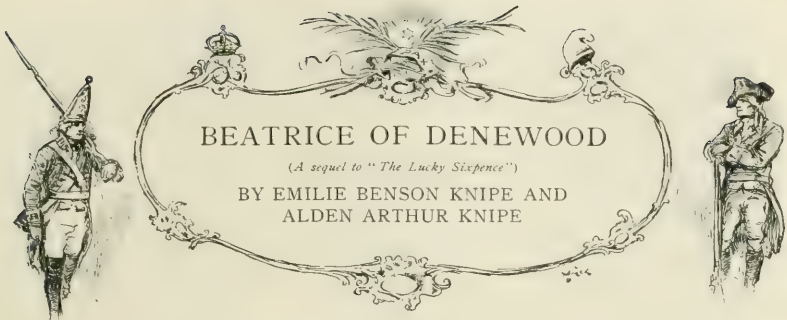
WOODROW WILSON AS A FOOT-BALL COACH.

vigorously entered upon a field of larger service to Princeton's athletics. Under his guidance the entire system of athletic management was reorganized. The various departments of sport were brought under a central body of responsible control. The athletic association was incorporated, and at once began to improve its athletic grounds, stands, buildings, and equipment. The financial managements were consolidated and put upon a sound business basis. So satisfactory to the faculty, undergraduates, and alumni was his administration as chairman, that he held the post until he became President of the University.

# A Rhyme of Hallowe'en



With the darkness ever growing,  
And the moon behind her hat,  
You would soon have trouble knowing  
Witch is Witch and Witch's Cat.



## CHAPTER I

HART FINDS A HESSIAN IN JUNE, '78

"THERE now," exclaimed Mrs. Mummer, my cousin John Travers's housekeeper, as she straightened up and regarded the huge brass andirons with pride. "I 've polished and rubbed them till my back aches, but it 's worth it, to see Denewood beginning to look like itself again."

I stepped down from the chair upon which I had been standing while I gave a finishing touch to the mirror, and glanced about the great hall with much pleasure and satisfaction. A week before, the news of the battle of Monmouth had reached us, and feeling assured that the British army had left Philadelphia for good, the entire household had been busy putting things to rights. We wanted the place to look particularly fine against the arrival of its owner, who was expected back at any time; and with Mummer, the steward of the estate, to direct the blacks out-of-doors, while Mrs. Mummer saw to it that all inside the house worked their hardest, we had accomplished wonders. Even Polly and Betty Travers, cousins to Mr. Travers, did their share, and little Peggy, their sister, wished to sleep with a duster clutched in her fist.

"'T is Mummer we have to thank that there is aught left," Mrs. Mummer went on. "'T was he that bade me hide all that was worth stealing."

"How d-did M-M-M-Mummer know the soldiers would take them?" stuttered Peggy.

"Was n't Mummer a soldier himself before he came to the Americas?" demanded Mrs. Mummer, bristling. "He knows soldiers right enough, does Mummer; though, in sooth, it was not the British he was thinking of so much as the Hessians. Their very music says 'plunder! plunder! plunder!' in good, plain English. Ah, Miss Bee, if you had been to town and seen the mess they

've made of it! I am right glad we are in Germantown instead of in Philadelphia."

Sam and Tom, two of the black house-servants, came in bearing the Turkey carpet to cover the center of the hall floor, and, in a minute, we were all busy again, pulling the corners this way and that, till it was settled to our satisfaction.

It was the end of our task. The house was in order, and we stood regarding it a moment in silence. "Now it is as it was the first day I came to Denewood," I said half aloud, for, in truth, I was thinking rather than talking.

"A lucky day for the house that!" declared Mrs. Mummer. "Ah, Miss Beatrice, how well I remember it! For weeks we had been waiting for a sight of the boy who was to come over from England, and la! the boy turned out to be a girl. 'You have only to know her to love her,' says Master John, and 't was a true word he spoke."

"And that was only two years ago," I said, my thoughts dwelling on the past; "only two years—and yet it seems as if I 'd been here always."

"True enough," agreed Mrs. Mummer, "but such long years they 've been! What with soldiers coming and going, and Master John hurt, and the battle of Germantown right over our heads, 't was no very pleasant welcome to a new land for a little maid; but let us pray that the war is ended, as they say. Are you never wishful to be back in England, Miss Bee?" she added, with a note of anxiety in her voice.

"Never! never! never!" I cried, putting my arms about her, for Mrs. Mummer was like a mother to me. "Denewood is my home, and I want no other."

"Praise be for that!" answered the old housekeeper, heartily. "Mummer has said a dozen times that, although you and Master John but call each other brother and sister, and are, in truth, only distant cousins, no real brother and



sister could be closer the one to the other. 'T is a misfortune that so young a man should lack near kin, for 'blood is thicker than water,' Mummer says, and while he and I did our best, we were only plodding old servants, after all. So, though you were but a slip of a maid of twelve years when you came to us, you brought the sunshine we needed to make a home of Denewood. You are the luck of the house, my dear. 'T is good to know you have no longing to go back to England."

"'T would be most ungrateful if I had, seeing all that Brother John has done for me," I replied.

"Nay now," she answered, bristling a little, "the shoe is on the other foot, I'm thinking; for, without you and your lucky sixpence, Denewood would be ashes this day; so a truce to all this talk of gratitude 'twixt you and Master John."

It was all very well for Mrs. Mummer to thus dismiss the question of obligation between Cousin John Travers and myself, and such a thought would never enter his head either, but nevertheless all in that house were his guests, and I, in particular, owed him more than ever I could pay. Polly, Betty, and Peg were cousins also, whose home was across the Delaware River in Haddonfield, but when the British entered the Jerseys, their father, who was with our Continentals, thought it safer for them in Germantown, and Brother John had given them a home and a warm welcome until the war should end.

With me the matter was somewhat different. As Mrs. Mummer had said, I was but a distant cousin, and belonged to the English Travers, having small claim upon Brother John's generosity; yet when, two years before, Granny, from lack of money to keep my two brothers and myself, was forced to send me to the Americas, John Travers had adopted me for a sister, and placed me at the head of his household while he was off serving with Washington's army. Mrs. Mummer might say there should be no talk of gratitude between us, but I could not forget the kindness with which he had welcomed a forlorn little maid, and my heart overflowed with thankfulness in that I had found so true a friend.

Some such thoughts as these were passing through my mind, when they were interrupted by a shout from Peg, who was standing by the window.

"They've c-c-come! They've c-c-come!" she cried, and we heard the sound of horses' hoofs beating the ground outside.

Goodness! what a clatter we made as we hastened to welcome the new arrivals. Polly and Betty came down the stairs in quite a rush, for

them. Little Peg ran to hide her duster, and Mrs. Mummer and I took one last glance about to see that all was as it should be before we hurried to the front door. Outside, with cries of joy, the stable-boys scampered up to take the horses, and Mummer himself, with three or four of the farmhands, appeared to give the master a welcome.

Two horsemen came galloping up the long driveway. In front, Cousin John Travers, on a strong chestnut mare, and a little behind him, Bart Travers, brother to Polly, Betty, and Peg, putting his beast through its capers and showing off grandly before us all; for Bart was but a few months older than I, though he had run off to the war. Along they came at a smart pace, pulled up to a standstill, and, in another minute, John had dismounted, and I was in his arms.

"Oh, Brother!" I cried, "'t is fine to have you home again!"

"And 't is fine to be home, little sister!" he answered, kissing me and giving me a loving pat on the shoulder.

Meanwhile, Peggy had run to Bart, and the air was full of cries of welcome and questions flying back and forth as to how all fared.

Presently we all moved to enter the house, and, as Brother John reached the threshold, he stopped amazed. Then turning to Mrs. Mummer, he shook a finger at her.

"'T is magic!" he cried. "'T is well for you we are past the age of such superstitions, for otherwise you were liked to be burned for a witch."

"Nay then, we should need a huge fire, for all of us have had a hand in this magic, though 't is Miss Bee who kept us slaving till it was finished," replied Mrs. Mummer, with a laugh.

"But how have you done it?" he went on, his glance roving about the hall and lighting up as he noted, one after another, the old familiar objects of furniture and ornament that had been hidden away from sight so that they might not tempt the Hessian soldiers. "There are the little Dresden figures on the mantel-shelf just as they used to be, and there is the old clock, and—the Turkey carpet! In truth, I never hoped to see all these things again, for I have passed places to-day where there was scarce one article of household use left to the owners."

"For that you must thank Miss Bee and her lucky sixpence," said Mrs. Mummer, nodding at me.

"Aye, we 'll never forget that!" answered Brother John, warmly. "'T is when I see how others have suffered that I realize our good fortune. The country about us is in sad case."

"Aye," cried Bart, striding about, with his



"OH, BROTHER!" I CRIED, "T IS FINE TO HAVE YOU HOME AGAIN!"



"I KNOW WHERE THERE'S A HIDE-OUT'S TREASURE," HE WHISPERED. (SEE PAGE 20.)

great sword clanking as he moved. "This is all very well, but 't is the dining-room and its furnishings I'm most interested in. I'm fair starved, Mrs. Mummer, and that 's the truth."

"'T is but a poor meal I can give you," said Mrs. Mummer, amid the laughter that followed Bart's sally; "but such as it is, you have only to sit down, for all is ready."

"Aye, I know your poor meals!" cried Brother John, as we went into the dining-room. "I shall let out my belt two holes at least in anticipation."

And so, gaily and happily, we sat down to eat the first dinner we had all had together in peace and quiet for many a long day.

When the excitement had worn off a little, we began to ask questions of how our friends in the Continental army fared, and little Peg wanted particularly to have news of Allan McLane, who was captain of the troop of cavalry in which John served, and a great favorite with us all. Then we asked for His Excellency, General Washington, and the Marquis de Lafayette, news of whom made Polly and Betty prick up their ears, and for a host of others who, at one time or another, had stayed at Denewood during the dreadful winter just passed, when the army was freezing at Valley Forge, and the British under General Howe were quartered in Philadelphia.

"I s-s-say, B-B-Bart," piped Peggy, in one of the pauses in the talk, "w-w-what w-will you d-d-do with your s-s-sword, now that the B-B-British have g-g-gone and the war is over?"

"Ah, but it is n't over," answered Bart.

"Not over?" I echoed in consternation, looking at Brother John. "Has n't the war ended?"

"Nay, Bee," he answered, "not yet, nor for many a long day, I fear."

"But every one says the British are going home," I insisted; for it was generally believed that the evacuation of Philadelphia was the beginning of the end.

"The wish is father to the thought to those who have spread that rumor," answered Brother John. "The British will scarce try their luck again in Philadelphia; but, for all that, the war is far from ended. General Clinton in New York has but changed his base."

"Should he do that often, he will have no army left," Bart put in with a chuckle. "His expensive Hessians are still straggling over the Jerseys to join us—and did n't we give them fits at Monmouth!"

Later, the dinner being finished, Mummer thrust his long, solemn face within the room and begged that John would go over the estate with him, so that he might make ready his plans for

the repair of the damage wrought by the soldiers. There was a new stable to be built, miles of fences to be put up to replace those burned for fuel, and many other things were needed; for, outside, the place had not escaped so fortunately as the mansion itself.

Brother John went off with him, leaving us still at the table, where we at once began to ply Bart with questions as to his doings with the Continental army.

"Nay," cried Polly, with a toss of her head, "I do not care to hear of Bart's bloody deeds. 'T is scarce fitting for the ears of a sensitive female," and she got up and quitted the room, followed by Betty, for the two always acted in concert. Truth to tell, Polly, who was a few years older than the rest of us, put on such grown-up airs that we were often glad to be rid of her; for she and Betty seemed interested only in the fashions, and talked of beaus and balls as if naught else in the world was of any consequence.

"A good riddance," said Bart, as they disappeared; "but I think their ears would not be so 'sensitive' if the news was of British victories. They are naught but silly Tories."

"And were you at Monmouth, Bart?" I asked, for it seemed scarce credible that a boy should have taken part in so bloody a battle as that one was rumored to have been.

"Aye, that I was, Bee," he answered proudly. "I think Father did n't like the notion altogether, but I told him I would run away alone again, so he let me go with him."

"And are you a p-p-private, Bart?" asked Peg, a little breathlessly.

"Nay, I 'm not a private," he replied.

"Then you *must* be an officer," I said.

"Nay, I 'm not an officer either—though I mean to have a commission soon," he went on. "I 'm just a sort of aid to Father, and though some of the officers laugh at me, I have all the fun of fighting just the same."

"T-tell us about the b-b-b-battle, B-Bart," Peg demanded excitedly.

"Well," Bart began, "we were with General Wayne—'Wayne the Drover,' the army called him at Valley Forge because, when worst came to worst, and we were near to starving, he always went off somewhere and brought in a herd of cattle to feed us. His own men called him 'Mad Anthony' because he loves to fight and stops at nothing; but his whole command is mad, as far as that goes. Now as I said, we were with Wayne—but let me show you how it was."

"Yes do, Bart," I entreated, and Peggy and I leaned half across the table as he told his eager listeners the story of the battle of Monmouth.

"Now this plum-cake platter is Monmouth Court-house," he began, arranging the things before him to represent the two armies and their positions. "And the fold in the table-cloth we 'll call the road leading to Sandy Hook where Clinton wanted to get, way up by this coffee-cup. We were about *here*," and he placed an apricot to mark the place. "Over there, where the saucy-boat stands, was Knyphausen protecting Clinton's eight miles of baggage-wagons—which we should have captured had it not been for Charles Lee, the traitor!"

"G-g-go on, B-B-Bart!" cried Peggy, her chin in her hands, gazing down intently, and hardly able to keep still. "G-g-go on with the f-f-fighting."

"Don't be so impatient," Bart admonished, placing a salt-cellar near the fold marking the road. "This is where Lafayette and Greene were stationed, and 'way back here, by this bowl, was Washington with the main army."

He stopped, regarding his funny diagram critically and with a most serious air.

"Now, right in here, the road narrowed down between a wide swamp on each side, which we 'll mark with this saucer and the fruit-dish, and just where I put this knife was a bridge. Don't forget that, because it 's important. And on this spot where the spoon is, was a big tree, and that 's important, too, as you 'll see later on."

"Well, early in the morning, we had orders to attack, and off we went, crossing the bridge between the saucer and the fruit-dish, as gay as could be, all of us anxious to fight the redcoats, though it was hot, even before the sun was well up. We sighted them, and were just about to attack when along comes a message from Lee to withdraw. Wayne was in a rage, but he could n't do anything else, so back we went without a blow. Then along comes another order to make a feint, and we go off again, only to be withdrawn once more, till we did n't know what was happening, and the men thought some one was going crazy—and I tell you General Wayne *was* near crazy; but that was because Lee would n't let him fight."

"Why did n't he fight anyhow?" I demanded.

"Oh, he could n't, you know," Bart explained. "Lee was in command of the whole force, and Wayne had to do as he was ordered, whether he liked it or not."

"I would have f-f-fighted!" declared Peggy, positively.

"Pretty soon we had to fight," her brother went on, "for the first thing we knew, the British came running across the knife there—I mean the bridge—and were attacking us, instead of



our attacking them—and that's a very different matter, let me tell you! The redcoats came with a rush, and our fellows, not knowing what to do, and bewildered by such contrary orders, were taken by surprise, and—and they ran. Yes, they ran, though I hate to say it. I was with Father, who, with Stewart and Ramsay, was trying to rally them. Down the fold we went and came up with Lee, who was sitting his horse like a spectator, doing nothing, and I thought it was all up with us—when along came a man on horseback, riding like the wind. Oh, you should have seen him, and heard the shouts that went up when we knew that it was His Excellency, General Washington! He is a man!" exclaimed Bart, his voice rising in his excitement, and Peggy and I gave a little cheer as if we had been there ourselves.

"What's the meaning of this?" cried Washington, as he reined up beside Lee," Bart continued. "And Lee mumbled something in answer. Then the general just told him what he thought of him. 'You're a poltroon, sir!' he shouted, and more of the same sort of talk, while Lee got red in the face, but could n't stand that storm. Oh, the general was fine and angry! And had I been in Lee's place, I should have died of shame. As it was, he went off to the rear, and Washington took command of us. It was mighty different then. The redcoats were running across that knife, bent on mischief, and meaning to drive us back to the bowl; but we rallied in the face of them, and the general, with his sword lifted high above his head and greatly exposing himself, led us at them, and, before we knew it, they were driven back between the saucer and the fruit-dish, and then across the knife into the sauce-boat, where Knyphausen was.

"I tell you, Bee!" cried Bart, firing up at the thought, "it was almost worth while to have retreated, to have seen what one man could do. There was swamp on each side of the road, and eight thousand British were chasing us, but Washington re-formed two of our regiments, under fire, and that gave time to plant the troops he had brought up with him on good ground. But it was a close thing—so close that Alexander Hamilton said his only thought was to die on the spot, and even Laurens hoped for no more than an orderly retreat. But General Washington—well, for all his calm ways, he is as mad as Wayne himself when it comes to fighting, and, when he leads, the men will follow, caring naught what happens to them."

Bart stopped out of breath.

"And you b-b-beat them, B-B-Bart?" asked Peggy, excitedly. "You b-beat them at last?"

"Aye, we beat them!" Bart continued. "They made a stand at the sauce-boat, but only for a little while, and still we drove them on. All day we fought, and, when at last night came, they were ready to cry quits. 'T was only the darkness that saved Clinton's whole army, for we found them gone the next morning. If Lee had n't played the traitor, they would never have reached the coffee-cup—I mean Sandy Hook, of course. Oh, it was splendid, but very hot!"

"B-b-but, B-Bart," Peggy broke in, after a moment's pause, "you have n't told us about the spoon that's a t-t-tree."

"Hush!" murmured Bart, warningly; "that's where I found my Hessian." And he looked about the room to see if any one were within hearing.

"Your Hessian," I echoed, not knowing what he meant.

"It's a secret," he answered. "Let's go out somewhere under the trees where we'll be alone. Listen!"

He leaned across the table, and we three put our heads together.

"I know where there's a pirate's treasure!" he whispered.

## CHAPTER II

### PIRATE GOLD

BART was so mysterious that, without another word, we all three went out-of-doors on tiptoe, as if we feared to make a noise. We scamped through the orchard near the house and into the woods bordering it, and were soon hidden among the trees, certain that no one would hear our secrets there.

"This will do," said Bart, seating himself at the foot of a huge chestnut, and Peggy and I dropped down beside him.

"Hurry and t-t-tell us, B-Bart!" cried his sister, impatiently. "I-I-love m-m-mysteries."

"This is no joke," replied Bart, very seriously, "and I misdoubt I have made a mistake in letting you know anything about it. It popped out without my thinking."

"Oh, you need n't worry about Peggy, Bart," I hastened to put in. "She can be as secret as any one. She's proved that."

"B-b-besides, you c-c-could n't keep it from me a-a-anyway," said Miss Peggy, with a toss of her head. "I always know."

"Remember then, not a word of this to a soul," insisted Bart, and it was plain from his manner that, whatever he had to tell us, he attached much importance to it. "I don't want any one else to get hold of it, least of all Polly and Betty."

"To begin with," Bart said, "we found that

Clinton had gone off, leaving behind his dead and wounded for us to care for, and I was sent out with some others to look for the injured. Now, as I was returning to headquarters, along in the afternoon, I was passing that tree that I marked with a spoon on the table, when I heard a great groan. At first I saw nothing, but, upon going around the trunk, I found a Hessian soldier propped up against it. He had a bullet in his leg, and he thought he was going to die right then and there. When he saw me, he began to chatter in broken English, begging me not to scalp him."

"What nonsense!" I cried, "as if we were Indians!"

"Oh, he believed it," Bart explained. "He had been told tales of torture, and I know not what else about us all. The British had to do something, for you know the Hessians have been offered grants of land if they desert, and scores of them have been coming in with their pots and kettles and wives all ready to set up housekeeping. 'T was no easy matter to get word to them until Doctor Franklin hit upon the plan of having the offer printed in German and stowed in packages of strong tobacco such as soldiers smoke. But to go back to Hans Kalbfleisch, my wounded Hessian. He was dreadfully frightened, but I got him into camp, and the surgeons cut off his leg, so he was about as well as ever."

"That's n-no m-m-mystery!" Peg broke in, disgustedly, as Bart paused for breath.

"Nay, now, do not be so impatient!" retorted Bart. "I'm coming to that in good time. When Hans was a little recovered from his hurt, and found that he was not to be massacred, he was monstrous grateful to me, and now and then, when I had nothing else to do, I would stop and talk to him, for he was a decent sort of chap, though he was a Hessian. Well, one day when we were alone, he asked me, in his funny, broken English, if I knew old Schmuck, the Magus in Philadelphia. You've heard of old Schmuck, have n't you, Bee?"

"Never," I answered, "and I have n't the faintest idea what a Magus is."

"Well, a Magus," Bart explained, "is named from an old-time word meaning a 'wise man,' or wizard, or enchanter. Nowadays, he is a sort of diviner—a fellow who finds things that are hidden under the ground, like treasure; but mostly they search for springs of water."

"How do they do it?" I asked, much puzzled.

"With a hazel wand, usually," Bart answered, "though some use a peach branch. Oh, 't is true they can tell, Bee!" he insisted, no doubt seeing my look of incredulity. "All the farmers have a

Magus pick out the spot when they want to dig a well. He takes the hazel twig between the palms of his hands and walks slowly over the land till it bends down to the ground, and that is the spot to dig, whether it be for treasure or only water."

"'T is very funny," I said, "but go on with your Hessian; he's interesting."

"I told him I had heard of old Schmuck," Bart continued, "and expected he would say something more about him, but he turned the conversation to the country about Philadelphia, and asked me did I know of Wissahickon Creek. I told him I did, and he said he had a friend who had camped there for a while, and that he himself had hoped to visit it, but that now he feared he would never see the place. It was plain that Hans had something on his mind which he wanted, and yet did n't want, to tell me. But at length, after he was convinced that it was useless to think of going there himself, he took me into his confidence."

"N-n-now it's c-c-coming," whispered Peggy, wriggling with expectation.

"Mind you," Bart continued, "this did n't happen all in a minute. It was maybe a day or two later that, after looking about to see that no one was within hearing, he drew me close to him and whispered:

"'I have dreamed a dream three times, and to dream three times is sure.'

"What have you dreamed?" I asked him, though I did n't feel much interested.

"'T is a dream of hidden gold and silver, and much other wealth,' he answered, his eyes gleaming covetously as he talked, and his excitement growing, so that I understood less than half of what he said."

Bart paused a moment, looking about to see that no one could overhear.

"Why did the Hessian tell you about a dream?" I asked, with increasing interest.

"Now you are just as impatient as Peg," laughed Bart; "but to tell the truth, Bee, that's the very question I asked Hans, and then out came the whole of his plan. He wanted me to hunt for the treasure he had seen in his dream."

"But—but—" I began.

"Hold on," Bart interrupted, "let me tell you just how it was. At first I laughed at what he called his dream, but he was so earnest that finally I really became convinced that, in some way, he knew of a hidden treasure, and I consented to make a search for it.

"'T is hid,' he told me, 'half-way between the tree blazed with the skull, where 't was buried by the crooked man with one eye.'"

"Oh-o-o-oh," came in a long drawl from Peg,

"the c-c-crooked man with one c-eye! It s-s-sounds awful!"

"But half-way between the tree and what?" I asked, noting that the description was not complete.

"That was what I wanted to know," Bart went on, "and Hans said old Schmuck, the Magus, could find the spot when I told him it was on the right bank of the Wissahickon, north of the Rittenhouse Mill road, and buried between the blazed tree and—*something!* 'T is well known that Kidd and Blackbeard came up our rivers with their gold, and like as not Hans's treasure is some such plunder."

"Nay, Bart, 't is a silly story," I said with a laugh. "Your Hessian was quizzing you."

"Aye, Bee, that was my very thought," agreed Bart, earnestly, by no means abashed at my doubt. "But when I laughed, and told Hans I would have none of his dreams, he was fair beside himself, and begged that I, at least, tell Schmuck. He protested that he wanted me to share the gold out of gratitude for my having saved him, and a lot more such talk, which I had no great faith in, for the end was always the same. 'Tell Schmuck. Tell the Magus,' was his plea, until I grew sure that there was a hidden treasure. 'T is plain Hans would never have told me a word of it had he been fit to go himself; but, seeing no other way, he was forced to take some one into his confidence—and now I mean to find it."

"And what is he to get out of it, if you do find anything?" I asked, becoming as convinced as Bart that there was something more in this tale than appeared on the surface.

"Oh, he wanted half, of course," Bart said easily, "but I told him flat that I would not take all the risk and all the trouble for so small a share. 'T was not for myself I bargained, but for the cause. He grumbled mightily, but finally consented to leave the matter to me so long as I would tell the Magus as quickly as possible."

"I can see no such need of haste if 't was a dream he dreamed," I suggested.

"He insisted it was a dream to the very last," Bart replied. "But he gave me a sly wink, and said that others might dream too, and that there was no time to lose. I don't believe all he told me, but I'm sure he knows of a hidden treasure. He hints that it is a pirate's hoard, and I mean to have a look for it. Pirate gold belongs to him who finds it, and I have no mind to see it in the hands of some Tory or moderate, when the cause stands in need of money."

"Did Hans say that he had known the Magus?" I questioned. "He must have known him,—eh?"

"No, he protested that he had never seen him," Bart explained; "and I think he was telling the truth, though of course I can't be sure."

"What do you mean to do?" I inquired.

"To go with old Schmuck, and seek the treasure, taking some one with me to help me guard and carry it here, where it will be safe until I find a way to transport it to His Excellency," Bart answered succinctly.

"Who will you get to go with you?" I asked.

"John or Allan McLane will be best."

At this I fancied Bart looked a little embarrassed, but when he spoke it was quite frankly.

"Nay, Bee, I 'll be honest with you," he said. "If Jack or Captain McLane go, they are my superior officers, and I get no credit out of the affair. General Washington needs money even more than he needs men, and I am hot for my commission, so if I find the treasure by myself, I 'll get it, you 'll see, even despite my years."

"Then whom can you ask to help you?" I demanded, puzzled, and Bart looked straight in my eyes, and said:

"You, Bee!"

"T-t-to be s-s-sure," agreed Peggy, in the most matter-of-fact way; "and I 'll h-h-help, too."

"No, no!" said Bart, impatiently, "don't get that into your head. You could n't be of any use."

"I c-c-could s-s-so!" Peggy was very indignant. "I c-c-could k-k-keep watch and t-tell you if any one was c-c-coming."

Whereat we had to smile, to the little lady's great disgust.

"But will you go, Bee?" Bart was all eagerness and not to be diverted. "You 'd like to do something for the cause, would n't you?"

"What are your plans?" I asked cautiously.

"Well, I shall see Schmuck first," Bart began; but I interrupted.

"Can't you get along without this Schmuck?"

"No, I cannot," answered Bart. "If I could I would, willingly enough; but 't is impossible for me to dig up the ground for a mile, maybe, around the blazed tree. The treasure may lie near or it may not be within a hundred yards. That 's what the Magus must determine, and 't is on that account I am forced to take him."

"But you need n't tell him all you know," I insisted, full of a vague distrust. "Only enough to get him interested, without saying just where the spot is."

"Exactly," agreed Bart. "All I 'll say is that the treasure is on the right bank of the Wissahickon, and that he must find the place, though my Hessian told me twice to be sure to tell him about the blazed tree and the crooked man."

"And then what?" I asked.

"Then we'll agree upon a night—"

"Night!" I exclaimed. "Must we go at night?"

"Why, of course, Bee," he replied, surprised at my question. "Who ever heard of hunting treasure in the daytime?"

"To be sure, that's true," I answered, admitting the force of this argument. "But Mrs. Mummer would never let me go."

"There's my m-m-mouse's h-h-hole," suggested Peg, crossly; "you can g-g-go by that if you w-w-want to."

"What's that?" Bart was curious.

"T is a queer passageway she found, down through the nursery chimney and out by the spring-house," I explained.

"Allan McLane w-w-went out b-b-by it once, and he was s-s-so big that he n-n-nearly s-s-stuck," Peg remarked, good-humored once more. Her little tempers were only surface tantrums and never endured for long.

"So you can go, Bee, if you only will," Bart pleaded.

"But of what use can I be to you?" I asked.

"You could help with the gold," he replied, "and watch and see that old Schmuck did n't bash me over the head when my back was turned. You could carry a pistol, could n't you?"

"Aye, I could carry a pistol," I said a little doubtfully, "but 't would be better to take one of the black boys along."

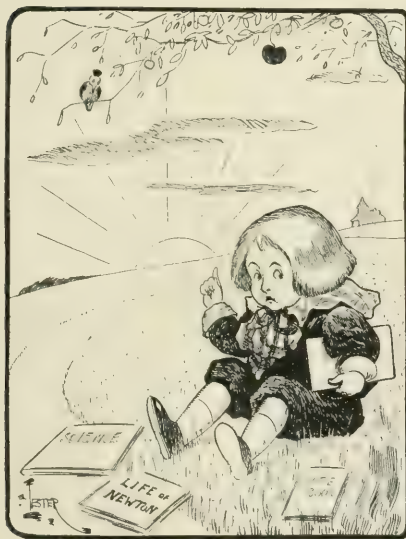
"Nay, they would be frightened out of their wits," Bart protested.

"Not Charley," I insisted. "Moreover, he is strong and could help with the digging. Please take Charley," I ended pleadingly.

"Will you go if I do?" he questioned eagerly, and I nodded in agreement.

And so, swept off my feet by my wish to help Bart, by my desire to aid the cause, and not a little influenced, if it must be confessed, by the thought of the adventure itself, I found myself committed to the expedition. It is passing strange how matters turn out, and a wiser head than mine could not have foreseen how much depended on my answer to his pleading; but had I refused to go, I might have been spared many, many weeks of anxiety.

(To be continued)



## TRIALS OF SCIENCE

BY C. F. LESTER

WHEN an apple fell  
And hit  
Sir Isaac Newton  
On the head,  
He discovered then  
The law  
Of gravitation!  
So I've read.

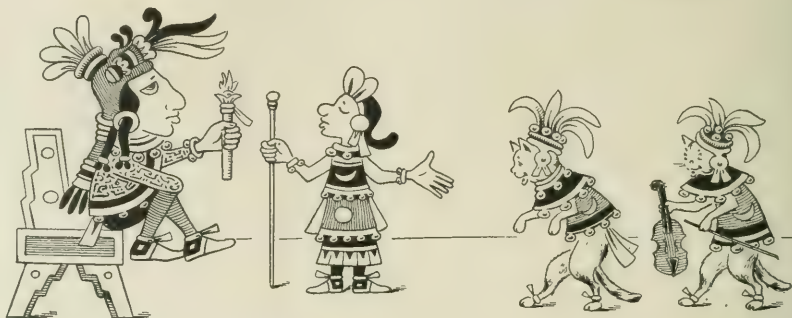
But I've sat here  
Two hours, now,  
Watching, till I'm  
Late for tea,  
And that obstinate  
Old apple  
Simply will not fall  
On me.



## A Royal Release

The Aztec King could neither smile nor dance,  
Life held him in a fixed and formal trance,  
Until one day the Cheerful Cats  
Glimmered at Court in wondrous hats

and then -



This picture tells the rest of this Romance.



Francis.



## "A DUTCH TREAT"

BY GIULIA HOSSFELD

TED CUNNINGHAM closed his chemistry with a slam, and pushed it across the table. "That 's the last of chemistry for this week," he said cheerfully to his room-mate. "Another try at that last problem in trig, and I 've finished my work for to-day."

"I 'm glad you take it so pleasantly," returned Robert Burling, dryly, as he looked up from his work with a frown. "I still have another half-hour's work on my Latin. I should be very glad to have you explain to me the use in granting the students a half-holiday, if every one of the professors gives out so much extra work that a fellow has to spend his whole afternoon and evening over his books."

Ted threw back his head and laughed. "Poor old Bobs! You *are* down, are n't you! I knew the sole-leather you were eating last night would make a pessimist of you to-day, though you were charitable enough to call it pie."

Some one was coming up the stairs three steps at a time, and a moment later, Harvey Ransom threw open the door and stepped in, without the formality of waiting for an invitation.

"Get out of here," growled Robert, inhospitably. "I 'm not half through with my lessons, and I can't have you racketing around."

The intruder caught the leather pillow which had been aimed at his head with a polite "Thank you," and, throwing it down on the floor, seated

himself upon it. He looked up at Ted inquiringly: "What 's the matter with the senator? He seems to be on the war-path to-night."

Ted shook his head. "Oh, he 's all right so long as you pay no attention to his growling. He thinks that the earth is n't running in its accustomed orbit to-day, but it 's only that the pie he got down at that little corner restaurant last night gave him bad dreams."

Harvey grinned. "We all have to learn by sad experience," he remarked sententiously, then hurriedly dodged a second pillow that came perilously near its mark. "But fortunately not all of us develop this homicidal tendency."

Robert closed his book and leaned back in his chair. "I had to spend the whole afternoon over that assignment in trig, and the everlasting grind is spoiling my disposition," he explained apologetically.

"You 're quite right there," returned Harvey, encouragingly; then added in a more serious tone, "You two fellows spend too much of your time here in this stuffy room. If you 'd get out with the rest of us once in a while, you 'd be a great deal better off. I 've come over here this evening with a special invitation for you to join us in a lark we 've planned for to-night, but I have n't a doubt but that it will be declined with thanks."

"I hope you have n't been counting too much on a refusal," said Ted, "for I 'm ready for any

fun that may come my way to-night—not because I'm taking your advice to neglect my work, but simply because I am practically through with it, and feel ready for a frolic. You play all the time, Harvey, so you are never in a position to really appreciate your good times," added Ted, teasingly.

Harvey was not in the least disconcerted by this allusion to his well-known aversion to study. "You'll soon be called upon to fill the chaplain's place if you persist in giving us these choice sermonettes—your eloquence deserves a larger audience. How about you, Senator?"

"Oh, well, I guess I can finish my Latin in the morning before class, so I'm with you, too. What's the program?"

Harvey had already risen, and was pulling on his cap. "This is better luck than I had expected. But we're already late, so take your hats and let's be off. I'll explain as we go."

When they had crossed the campus, Harvey led the way down a little side street which neither of the boys could remember having traversed before. "Where does this road lead, Harvey?" inquired Ted, curiously. "And what have you fellows in view for to-night?"

"This road leads out into the fields west of town, to the best of my knowledge, and you are on your way to partake of a 'Dutch treat,'" replied their leader with a comical air of secrecy.

Ted thrust his hands down into his trousers pockets and jingled the coins he found there. "I trust it's not the same sort of a 'Dutch treat' that the watermelon party we had last year turned out to be—you remember that Bobs and I chanced to be the only ones who had any change in our pockets on that occasion, and we were therefore forced to foot the bill. We're not freshmen this year, and, besides, I only have thirty-seven cents with me—and perhaps the quarter that I think I feel may chance to be a nickel when it is brought to light."

His two companions chuckled reminiscently. "This is a Dutch treat without money and without price," Harvey reassured him.

"Oh, come now!" protested Robert, "tell us where we are going."

"We'll have to cross this field," said Harvey, vaulting the fence. "We're to meet the rest of the fellows over near the Westville road, and then all of us are to go on to Professor Donnerberg's, where refreshments will be served."

The two other boys stopped short. "But he has n't invited us!" exclaimed Ted.

Harvey laughed. "That need n't worry you, for he has n't invited any of us. It's something in the nature of a surprise party, in fact."

"That's not much better," returned Ted. "I don't even know Professor Donnerberg by sight, and I doubt whether Bobs here does. He'll wonder to what he owes the honor of our call."

Harvey seemed more amused than ever. "There, the fellows are already waiting for us, but before we join them, perhaps I'd better relieve your minds of the fear of meeting the professor. You see, there's some sort of a reception to the faculty over at Dean Wright's to-night, so the professor will unfortunately be unable to be present at our little gathering."

"What's the joke?" asked Robert, impatiently. "I thought you said that we were going out for a Dutch treat."

"And so we are," returned Harvey, coolly.

"Then just where does Professor Donnerberg come in?" insisted the other.

"He comes in on the 'Dutch,'" explained Harvey, soberly. "He looks Dutch, acts Dutch, and was christened 'Old Dutch' the first day he set foot on the campus. His special hobby is a vineyard which is just now in its glory, as you shall presently see, for we are now on our way to pay it a visit. Need I further demonstrate the fitness of the term 'Dutch treat'? Hello, there, fellows! Are we the last ones?"

"Every one else has been here fifteen minutes," replied Winston Carter. "Hello, Burling! Hello, Cunningham! If you'll take the lead now, Ransom, we'll get under way at once."

Ted and Robert had paused uncertainly on the edge of the little group, but as Ransom was about to set off, Ted called him aside. "I'd a little rather you'd count us out of this, Harvey," he began rather angrily. "If you had told us in the beginning that you were going out to rob some one, you might have spared yourself and us this trouble."

Harvey remained unruffled, and, laying a hand on the shoulder of either boy, he drew them on with him. "Don't be foolish, boys!" he protested under his breath. "The fellows would never forget it if you were to go back on us now, and it's all right at any rate. It's a regular class 'stunt' down here to do something like this, and no one ever thinks of calling it stealing."

The two chums fell into step without making any reply, for Harvey's words had silenced but not convinced them. But the dozen boys who made up the party were a jolly, fun-loving lot, the night was glorious, dark but clear, and as they made their way quietly, yet with many a whispered joke and much gay banter, through the fields and around to the back of Professor Donnerberg's vineyard, both Ted and Robert forgot their scruples and were quite carried away by the

feeling of adventure, touched with just enough of danger to make them tingle pleasantly with excitement.

The boys came to a halt just under the high stone wall that separated the vineyard from the

a sound. Carter came last, having been drawn up by two of his fellows.

"Every one here?" whispered Ransom. "All right then. We'll go right up to the center path, where we're not so apt to be heard or seen from



"ONE AFTER ANOTHER OF THE BOYS SCALED THE WALL."

fields. "Here!" said Ransom, in a whisper, "some one lend me a shoulder, and I'll go over first to see whether the coast is clear."

They heard him drop softly onto the turf on the other side of the wall, and then, after a few moments of anxious waiting, his muffled call of "All right." Carter and Dick Walton lent willing shoulders, and one after another of the boys scaled the wall and joined Ransom with scarcely

the street and house, and then we'll scatter out a little."

Just as the boys turned to follow Ransom's lead, there came a blinding flash of light. The little group stood as though petrified for a moment, then turned to run, but a hearty voice, with a strong German accent, arrested their flight. "I'm very sorry that my flash-light startled you so, gentlemen, but I did n't want to lose



the opportunity to get a good photograph while I had you all together. I should have been very sorry to have broken up the party, though, for I refused one invitation for to-night in order not to forego the pleasure of meeting you here."

The boys were still too amazed for words. The flash-light had died down, but a small search-light was still turned full upon them, and into this circle of light stepped Professor Donnerberg. He extended his hand cordially to Ransom, who was in the lead. "I'm very glad to welcome you here, Ransom," he said cordially. "And you, Sargent; how do you do, Parr? I am very agreeably surprised to find you here to-night. When I heard that you were too ill to attend my class this morning, I feared that you might be seriously indisposed."

Parr blushed crimson, but the professor appeared not to notice his confusion, and went on down the line, greeting each one of his guests by name. When he came to Ted and Robert, who brought up the rear, he paused a moment. "I believe I have not had the pleasure?" he said inquiringly.

"My name is Robert Burling, sir," replied Robert, a little unsteadily.

"I am happy to know you. And this gentleman?" He turned to Ted.

"Theodore Cunningham, sir."

"Is your father a Princeton man?" inquired the professor, eagerly.

"Class of '83, sir," replied Ted, in surprise.

The professor held out his hand again. "Then I am doubly glad to meet you. Your father and I are old classmates, and I am delighted to know his son." He turned again to the whole group. "But I know that you are becoming impatient of all these preliminaries and are eager for the real business of the evening to begin. Are you all armed with pocket-knives? Yes? So much the better. Now if you will just follow me, I'll show you where the best table grapes grow."

He led the way into the vineyard, talking as he went. "There was a party of boys out here from town last night, but they neglected to tell me of their coming, and, left to themselves out here in the dark—they had even neglected to bring lanterns—they got hold of the poorest grapes that grew here this year." He took the search-light from the grinning negro who had held it, and threw the light over the vines. "You'll find the best black grapes on those small vines there in the northeast corner. Personally I prefer the red ones—those little fellows there at your right—they are so much sweeter. And if any of you are partial to the white grapes, you'll find a late variety on those large vines that are trained over

the arbor, but I can't recommend them very highly—I can't raise good white grapes here in this climate, though I've tried it again and again. If you'll just gather several bunches while you're about it, you can bring them to the big table in the arbor, and we can talk while we eat."

The professor continued his pleasant talk while they ate, but the boys found it very difficult to keep up their end of the conversation. It was not, however, because they were too busily engaged with their grapes—eating and talking seemed equally difficult, and in spite of their host's urgent invitation, they did not return to the vines for a second supply of fruit.

When, at last, they rose to leave, Professor Donnerberg shook hands with each of them again, assuring them that he had greatly enjoyed the evening, and then led the way toward the street. "Let me show you the gate," he said cheerfully. "It is really a much more convenient entrance than the one you chose to-night, and I hope that you'll make use of it often in the future."

The boys walked down the street in absolute silence, but as they neared the campus, Ransom said with a groan: "I've already got some black marks from last year, so I suppose this means expulsion for me!"

"You'll have plenty of company at least," returned Carter, grimly. "And by the way, Ransom, it was a fine old 'Dutch treat'—wasn't it?"

"I thought those grapes would choke me!" put in Parr. "I never want to see another grape-vine the longest day I live."

"It seems to me, just now, that I could bear choking or expulsion better than the professor's politeness," said Ted, whose face looked drawn and haggard.

"He was awfully clever to get that picture of us before we knew he was there. There was n't any use in even trying to run after that," groaned Sargent, dejectedly.

THE expected notices, summoning them to appear at the president's office, were not received the next day nor the next. Then a week went by, and the boys, in anxious uncertainty, decided that "Old Dutch" was waiting to bring the matter up at the next meeting of the faculty. But the faculty meeting was held, and again a week went by without any mention having been made of the "Dutch treat." The boys began to breathe a little more freely. Ted Cunningham had twice been invited to take supper at Professor Donnerberg's home, but on neither occasion had any mention been made of their first meeting.

Then one evening in early November, Robert and Ted invited their companions of that Septem-



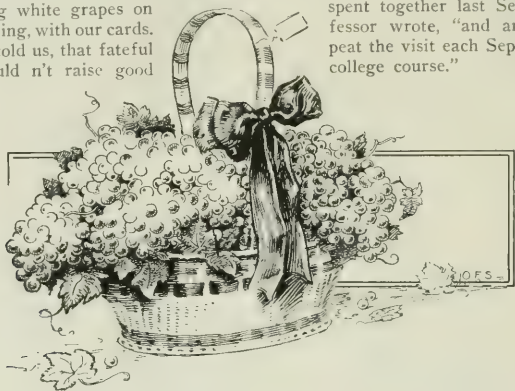
"INTO THIS CIRCLE OF LIGHT STEPPED PROFESSOR DONNERBERG."

her excursion to assemble in their room, and Ted took the floor.

"I don't know how the rest of you fellows feel about the 'Dutch treat' Professor Donnerberg gave us six weeks ago," he began, "but I think the professor a perfect brick." (There was a hearty chorus of assent.) "I've felt all along that we fellows owed him some sort of an apology, and it has occurred to me that we might send him a basket of those big white grapes on Thanksgiving morning, with our cards. You remember he told us, that fateful night, that *he* could n't raise good

white ones. But perhaps one of you will have some better suggestion to make."

That first suggestion, however, was adopted unanimously, and the order despatched at once. The morning after Thanksgiving, each one of the donors received a personal note of thanks from "Old Dutch," and in each was inclosed a photograph of a startled group of boys—"as a souvenir of the very pleasant evening we spent together last September," the professor wrote, "and an invitation to repeat the visit each September during your college course."



## MY GIRL

BY PAULINE FRANCES CAMP

THE dear little children who pass all day,  
I watch from my window above,—  
Darlings, with blue eyes and black and gray;  
But *one* little girl I *love*.

It is n't because of her lovely face;  
Her hair is as straight as a string.  
It is n't because of some wondrous grace;  
She's a round, little dumpy thing.

But she always mothers the littlest tots,  
And is kind to the weak and small.  
Swift on her two busy feet she trots,  
To comfort and help them all.

Once, when the circus was passing by,  
And the band was blaring along,  
At the sound of a baby's piteous cry,  
She turned from the hurrying throng.

She lifted the baby, and kissed the smart;—  
(I saw from my window above.)  
She lost the circus, but won my heart,  
This dear little girl I *love*.

# HIS HIGHNESS THE YOUNG RAJA

SOME OF THE FUTURE RULERS OF INDIA

BY MABEL ALBERTA SPICER

MARBLE palaces, jeweled carpets, golden carriages, elephants resplendent with gold and silver trappings and silken blankets, princes gorgeous with aigrets, epaulets, ear-rings, bracelets, anklets, and rings, all gleaming with jewels, throngs of servants in rich liveries with gold lace,—could any place come nearer being fairy-land realized than India, where all of these splendors abound? India, where princesses and wealthy ladies are shut up in palaces and allowed to look out only through latticed windows, and the poor women cover their faces when they go out in the streets; where most of the people eat too little, and the others eat too much, and everybody all he can get; where the people have brown skins and wear curious clothes that look like carnival costumes? Would not all this be as interesting to see as the land of "Arabian Nights"?

Yet I could never forget that it was just the earth after all, for was I not obliged to eat three meals a day of potatoes and cauliflower (boiled without even salt), and tough chicken or goat? And when I was looking at the most wonderful things, would not a swarm of mosquitos attack me, or the sun beat down so fiercely, or the rain fall in such torrents, that I could not forget who or where I was? The odors in the streets, moreover, would never be permitted in a properly regulated fairy-land.

The most interesting parts of India to visit are those governed by the native princes. So long as they remain loyal to the king-emperor in England, and do not violate his ideas of justice and good government, they are allowed to rule quite independently, issuing their own currency and postage, making and executing their own laws. A resident or political agent, appointed by the British, acts as intermediary between the imperial and state governments.

Some of these princes claim to trace their lineage back to the sun, and others to the moon. They have little respect for a person who cannot

boast of a long line of illustrious ancestors. The chief in a Hindu state is usually called a raja (prince) or maharaja (great prince), and, in a Mohammedan state, a nabob, sometimes Nizam. The title is hereditary, but often the chief dies without a son, and a successor is chosen from among the nobles of his family. Self-indulgence and high living cause many of them to die early or to lose their health. At present, in a number of states, the chief is a minor. In such cases, the British government appoints an administrator to take charge of the state until the chief becomes of age, when he is installed on the *gadi*, or throne, with great ceremony.

It is almost impossible for an American boy or girl to imagine the extravagance and luxury that surround some of these young princes. Servants attend them night and day, fan them, dress them, and obey their slightest wish. If a wind stirs while they sleep, curtains are drawn that they may not be disturbed. When they drive out, a mounted escort accompanies them, and all the people salaam as they pass. Once, when taking tea with a raja in his garden, I was amused to notice that, as he moved about among his guests, a servant followed carrying a cup which he kept always within reach of his master's hand. The raja would take a sip of tea, and, with perfect unconcern, set his cup down in mid air. With unflinching dexterity, the saucer was placed under it by the servant in time to avoid accident. One prince had, suspended from the ceiling, a silver couch which was kept gently swaying while he slept or read. Another had a beautiful vine-covered arbor where artificial rain was made to fall, while the nabob sat under a marble canopy in the center, cool and refreshed, with the rest of the world broiling about him.

In Baroda, one of the largest states, I saw the heir, a boy of three, at the flower show, with his little sister and nurse, in a small golden carriage drawn by white ponies with gold harness. The





MAYO COLLEGE, AIMUR, INDIA, DEVOTED TO THE EDUCATION OF RAJPUT PRINCES.  
The main building, composed entirely of beautiful white marble.



THE CRICKET PAVILION AT MAYO COLLEGE.

cushions were of cloth of gold, and the livery of the coachman and grooms was ornamented with gold lace. These children are much loved by their grandfather, the Gaikwar of Baroda, the present chief. Their father died recently, leaving his baby son heir to the gadi. They live in a palace set apart for them by the gaikwar, where an English nurse, assisted by native servants, cares for them, and is rearing them much like English boys.

Many of the princes now have English nurses and tutors for their children. In Palitana I had tea with the young chief, Bahadur Singji Mansingji, a minor of twelve years. During his minority, the state is being administered by a very capable Englishman, Mr. Tudor Owen, whose wife acts as tutor to the young chief. When I arrived, the young prince was playing tennis with a cousin, who lives with him as companion. When the set was finished, he came into the drawing-room where Mr. and Mrs. Tudor Owen were receiving several guests. His eyes were sparkling, and he could scarcely wait to greet us before announcing that he had won. His manners were those of any well-bred English or American boy.

Later, when we were all sitting about the dining-room table having our tea, Bahadur Singji whispered anxiously to a servant, who thereupon reminded Mrs. Tudor Owen that it was jam day. It seemed that, sometime before, the boy was getting very fat, and the doctor prescribed less jam. He was consequently restricted to jam once a week, and this happened to be the gala-day. Had he been reared in strictly Hindu fashion, of course he could not have eaten of our food, nor even have sat at table with those not of his own caste, or social class.

He was dressed in a simple native costume of white linen, and wore a bright-colored turban. For an Indian to appear without his turban would be a mark of disrespect to his guests. Next year the young Takor Saheb, as the chiefs of this district are called, will attend Rajkumar



HIS HIGHNESS THE MAHARAJA OF PALITANA, THE FORMER SIKH PRINCE OF INDIA, AS HE APPEARED AT THE CORONATION OF KING EDWARD VII.

His Highness is now twenty-two years old, and has a heavy black beard which he parts in the middle and twists up over his ears, as is customary with the Sikhs.

College (college for the sons of princes), at Rajkot, and later go to England to complete his studies. He is being brought up as any American boy of wealthy parents might be, and without the extravagance of many of the native courts.

The little Nabob of Junagarh, somewhat younger than Bahadur Singji, received us in state, wearing silks and bedecked with jewels. He understands very little English, so we had to resort to an interpreter. The poor child made a brave effort to appear a cordial host, but it was

His Highness the Maharaja of Jodhpur, a charming boy of thirteen, and his brother, Maharaj Umed Singh, an unusually attractive boy of eight, have recently gone to England with their English tutor to complete their studies before the young chief is installed.

Many of the young princes are now sent to school in England, in spite of the fact that the training received there often unfits them for the lives they are destined to lead later at home.

The education received in the Indian colleges is much better adapted to giving the princes an understanding of the people and country over which they are later to rule. There are several colleges exclusively for the sons of chiefs. The principal one is Mayo College at Ajmir, which is maintained by the chiefs of the Rajputana district. These Rajput princes represent the purest Hindu blood, and have an air of distinction at times wanting in the other tribes.

At Mayo College, each boy has a separate establishment, with his own cook and servants. It is customary for Hindus to eat in private, but the boys sometimes invite one another for a meal. Athletics play as important a part in the college life there as in America or England. Cricket and polo are the chief sports. Most of the boys bring a number of ponies with them. Nowhere can one see polo to better advantage than in India,

the recreation hour, and he wriggled and squirmed and smiled slyly at his young cousin in his impatience to shed his finery and be off for a game of ball—his favorite sport. He wrote his autograph on his picture for me, talked a few minutes, then went off to the playground, and was soon running and laughing like any other boy.

where the princes have stables filled with ponies of the finest breeds, and are never hampered by having to use a tired horse. On the contrary, many of the ponies, I am told, die for lack of exercise. The game is much faster than at home. These dark-skinned riders produce a most picturesque effect as they dash after the ball with



THE YOUNG NABOB OF JUNAGARH—TEN YEARS OLD



HIS HIGHNESS THE MAHARAJA OF JODHPUR, AND HIS BROTHER,  
MAHARAJ UMED SINGH.



unparalleled abandon, the streamers of their gayly colored turbans floating behind them. Most of them, especially the Rajputs, are consummate horsemen.

The college was opened in 1875 by Lord Northbrook. The main building is a beautiful structure of white marble, showing modern Indian architecture at its best. Surrounding it are the

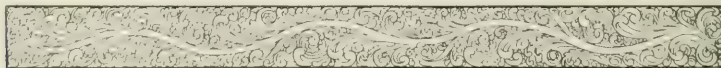
India is now going through one of the most critical stages of its history, and its future welfare depends largely upon these young princes. New and wholesome ideas from the West are making themselves felt. A great many changes have already taken place, railways, public instruction, hospitals, and sanitation have been introduced. With tact and sympathy and trust



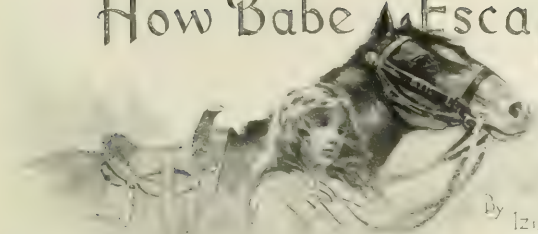
THE "DIPLOMA" OR GRADUATING, CLASS OF MAYO COLLEGE.

dormitories erected by the different states. Under the supervision of a highly cultured English gentleman, Mr. C. W. Waddington, these young princes are given the education best adapted to the lives they are to lead. Here they are all treated as equals and are removed from the luxury and intrigues of their own homes, where they are pampered and spoiled by underlings. On the other hand they escape the snares to which so many succumb when sent to foreign countries.

between the British and Indians, the transition may be made naturally and harmoniously, whereas a false step might plunge both nations into untold bloodshed and misery. The stand taken by the native princes will be very important in reconciling popular opinion to the changes, and England has every reason to expect hearty coöperation from this generation of intelligent boys who are preparing to represent the Indian nation. Long live his youthful highness, the minor raja!



# How Babe Escaped Polo



By Izola Forrester

MARIE LOUISE rode slowly, chin up, eyes half closed, perhaps to keep back the tears. She did not look at Slim, beside her on the white-footed bronco, but Slim pretended not to notice, and talked just as if he were being answered.

"You see, it's this way, M'ree. A pony's a pony, but a trick pony like Babe is worth an awful lot of money. That chap from the East has offered Dad one thousand in cold cash for her; a whole thousand, M'ree. She's going to be a polo pony, and move only in the upper classes; ain't you, Babe?"

Slim leaned over and gave Babe a playful pat, but she curveted away from him easily.

"See that side-step she can do!" exclaimed Slim, excitedly. "Would n't that make them easterners' eyes bulge? And it ain't any teaching she's had. It's just nature. Why, M'ree, you ought to be glad she's going to be a pampered pet. That's what I heard the man tell Dad."

"She's my pet, and I love her, and I don't think Dad ought to sell her when she's mine," protested Marie Louise, forcibly. Marie Louise was likely to be forcible at strenuous moments. Back at the ranch, when the fur started to fly, old Louis Buteau, father of both children, would shake his head, and say, with shrewdly smiling lips:

"Non, non, M'ree Louise, and you named for the queen most charming!"

To-day Marie Louise had clearly forgotten the precedent in manners set by the "queen most charming." She was just a ranch girl, born and bred, tanned, keen-eyed, and not very pretty. But there was a grace and vitality about her at fifteen as she rode Babe over the hills that many a city girl would have envied. Even Slim's eyes rested on her admiringly.

She halted abruptly at the topmost point in the

mountain trail. Below them lay the Buteau ranch, a little, low, log shack, with many straggling lean-tos wandering back from it. The sheep grazing along the lower hill-slopes looked like dull gray rocks, their heads bent low. It was late October, and nearly all of the trees were swept bare of leaves. Their trunks stood out in sharp silhouette against the red-and-yellow-colored ground, ankle deep in the dry leaves.

Babe lifted her soft, sensitive nose, and sniffed the air restlessly. She started to back on the narrow path, and Marie Louise pulled her up almost crossly.

But Slim leaned forward in his saddle, and looked down below them over the rocky ledge. There was a strip of timber there, and from it curled upward through the hazy, still air a thin white cloud of smoke, hardly visible. Slowly it rose, and settled, hanging above the trees like a cloud.

"M'ree!" gasped Slim, tense and alert on the instant with the true scout's instinct that scents danger, "the timber's afire! It's those eastern chaps. They rode through there this morning, and both of them smoking cigarettes. What do they care where they throw the stubs? It ain't their woods. I wonder if Dad sees the smoke yet."

"He can't!" answered Marie Louise, shortly. "He's gone with the men fishing."

"It's got a bully start." Slim was off his pony, lying face downward over the ledge, scanning the scene below. "It will reach those spruces in an hour, crawling as it is through the leaves. I could keep it back that long—maybe, M'ree. I can take my saddle-blanket and wet it in the little waterfall back yonder, and ride down—"

Marie Louise met his eyes then, and there was a flash of understanding between them. They knew each other well, and they knew, too, what



"SHE LET OUT HER SPEED WHERE THE ROAD LAY CLEAR AHEAD."

it would mean to the timber belt, and perhaps the ranch itself, if a forest fire started raging through the valley.

"You do that, Slim," she said, turning Babe around on the narrow trail. "I'll go and tell Dad."

"Don't run all the way," Slim shouted after the flying streak, as it vanished down the mountain, but she did not even turn to wave. Four miles lay between her and the trout brook, not level miles on a good road, but mountain miles, of rough, dangerous roads, where a single misstep in places would land pony and rider hundreds of feet below on the gray crags of the deep ravines.

The smell of smoke seemed to have set Babe half crazy. Ears back, nose out, she took to the trail as if pursued. On her back, Marie Louise clung, riding like Slim himself, knees gripping the pony's sides, sitting well back, swaying with every move of the slender, supple body beneath her. Several times she half turned to look back at that pale cloud of smoke that hung over the timber. It looked like the smoke from a great camp-fire. Not two miles away from it, she knew, lay a stretch of good grazing-ground, where a bunch of choice cattle was herded. One whiff of the smoke, and they would all stampede, perhaps dash headlong over the brink of a half-hidden ravine, and be killed.

She knew that Slim would do his best to beat it back, but the strength of one boy was little against a fire that had got a good start amongst the dry leaves, and might be smoldering in twenty places. So she leaned forward over Babe's neck, and tried to make her understand what was expected from her.

Babe realized it. Carefully she picked her way down the dangerous places in the trail, then let

out her speed where the road lay clear ahead. Never had Marie Louise enjoyed a ride as she did that one, which she thought was her last on Babe. The very next day her pet was to be sold, and shipped east for a polo pony. A polo pony! Even in the excitement of the ride, a surge of indignation swept through Marie Louise's heart, to think of her wild, light-footed ranch pet spending the rest of her life chasing polo balls! And safely away from Slim's boyish chaffing, she let the tears fall freely on Babe's glossy neck.

Buteau was out in midstream, trolling contentedly for rainbow and brown beauties in the deep pools of Little Laramie River, when he heard the clear "Coo-ee!" above him on the hillside. He knew the signal of danger, and, without a word, left his fishing.

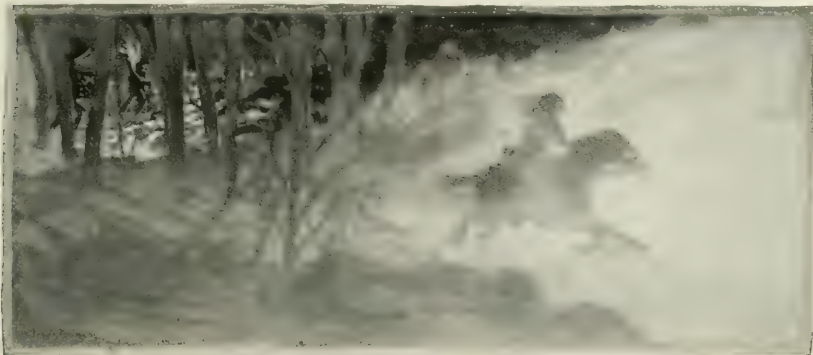
"The timber 's burning, Dad!" cried Marie Louise, galloping toward him, and Buteau, shouting the news down-stream to his two eastern guests, scrambled toward his own horse.

All night the men from the ranch worked fighting back the fire, and all night Marie Louise rode between the ranch and the fighting line, carrying fresh coffee and food, on Babe. When it was over, and the last smoldering embers stamped out, she stood beside her father, looking at the blackened trees. Babe was near by, nosing hungrily around.

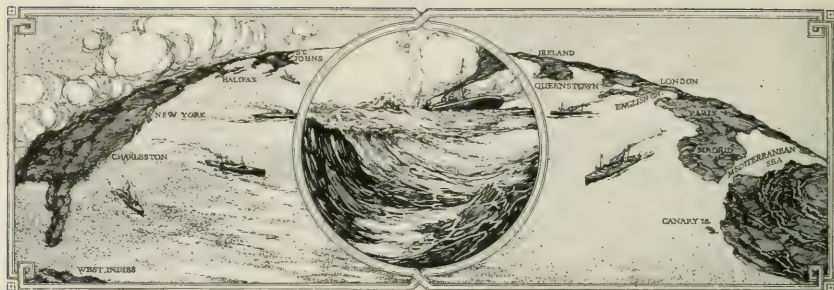
"That was a good ride you took to warn me, M'ree," the old ranchman remarked proudly. "I don't think ten thousand dollars can buy that pony, eh?"

Marie Louise flashed her quick smile at him, and said nothing. She knew Babe was safe from polo! Slim turned to grin happily at her.

But Babe only lifted a hungry nose, sniffing toward where the home ranch lay.







## ACROSS THE ATLANTIC BY WIRELESS

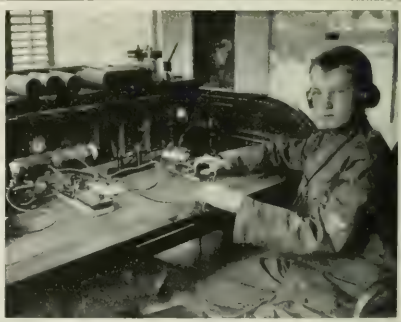
BY FRANCIS ARNOLD COLLINS

SAILING day finds the wireless operator early at his post. Long before the passengers come aboard and commence to search for their state-rooms, the wireless booth is a center of activity. The machinery is carefully overhauled, supplies are looked to, and a number of test messages are sent out. The operators do not call up any one in particular at this time, but depend upon the sharp crack of the sending apparatus to tell them if everything is working properly. Every detail of the apparatus is examined, including, of course, the aërials strung from the topmasts. The tests are made fully three hours before sailing, when the operators are free until the boat leaves, almost the only carefree interval they will have until the steamer is docked on the other side of the Atlantic.

The first regular wireless message is sent out

as the steamer slowly backs from her pier. It is timed just five minutes after sailing. The sharp crack of the sending apparatus is usually drowned by the roar of the whistle calling for a clear passage in midstream. All transatlantic steamers send to the wireless station at Sea Gate, while the coastwise steamers call up the station on top of one of the skyscrapers on lower Broadway. This is merely a formal message, but no wireless log would be complete without it. This first message is known as the "T R," no one seems to know just why. The wireless station replies as briefly as possible, and the wireless operator shuts off.

Business soon picks up. Before the passengers are through waving farewells, some one has usually remembered a forgotten errand ashore, or decided to send a wireless (aërogram) is the



BOY AMATEURS WITH WIRELESS OUTFITS. BOYS FREQUENTLY CATCH WIRELESS MESSAGES FROM OCEAN LINERS.

word), and visitors begin to look up the wireless station. It is usually a detached house on the uppermost or sun deck, just large enough for the mysterious-looking apparatus and a bunk or two. Before the voyage is over, most of the passengers will have become very familiar with the station, for it is, after all, about the most interesting place aboard. If no messages are filed for sending, the operator picks up the shore station and clicks off the name of his ship, as, for instance, "*Atlantis*. Nil here" (meaning "nothing here").

Should the operator have any messages to file, he will add the number, for example: "*Atlantis* 3."

The receiving station picks this up and replies quickly. If it has no messages to send, it will reply, "O K. Nil here."

Should there be any messages to deliver, it will reply, "O K G." (Go ahead.)

All the way down the harbor, the great ship is in constant communication, sending and receiving belated questions and answers. The passengers, who have been calling their farewells from the ship's side as the waters widen, are merely continuing their conversations with the shores now rapidly slipping past. Your message, meanwhile, will be delivered almost anywhere in the United States within an hour, and in near-by cities in much less time.

The wireless service is the last detail needed to give one the impression that the steamer is a great floating hotel. A steward comes to your room to deliver an aërogram written ashore a few minutes before, as any messenger-boy would look you up at home. If you are walking on deck, or lounging in the social-room or library, you are "paged" exactly as in a hotel. Meanwhile a bulletin, posted at the head of the main companionway or in the smoking-rooms, announces the latest weather forecast, the land station, and the various ships then in wireless communication. A

little later, the daily newspaper will be published. A novel diversion of a transatlantic crossing, nowadays, is a game of chess or checkers played between passengers on two steamers hundreds of miles apart. The squares of the boards are numbered and the moves announced by simply telegraphing these numbers, when each move is made.

One of a thousand advantages of having the wireless apparatus aboard is the control it gives the captain if his ship should chance to ground down the harbor. The ship's owners know all



A CHESS GAME BY WIRELESS.

The other player may be hundreds of miles away. Each, by a wireless message, communicates his move to the other.

about the trouble almost immediately, and assistance can be rushed from the nearest point within a few minutes. There is the case, for instance, of the great liner with a thousand passengers which sailed from New York one Election Day, and stuck her nose in the mud just inside Sandy Hook. Late at night, a tug filled with newspaper men ran down the bay and came

alongside. To their surprise they found the passengers in high good humor, lining the decks and shouting the latest election returns, which were being announced meanwhile in the cabin exactly as on any newspaper bulletin board.

The ship keeps its wireless connection with land through the Sea Gate station for several hours, even after the point has been left far astern. If the vessel is bound down the coast, a formal report will be sent to the Ambrose lightship, and later to the Scotland lightship. The transatlantic liner keeps her instrument carefully attuned to the tall masts at Sea Gate until she has left them about ninety miles behind. About this time she will add "Good-by" to one of her messages, and turn to the next wireless station on her course, at Sagaponack, Long Island. Throughout the long run along the shore of North America, she will let go one wireless grasp only when another is within easy reach.

Out here on the Atlantic, far out of sight of land, the wireless station becomes much more interesting than it is on shore or alongside the

for all the news must reach one through this channel.

It is considered a great privilege to "listen in" during an Atlantic crossing. There are very few hours, indeed, when a visitor to the wireless house, or cabin, would not be seriously in the way. If a corner of the cabin be found for you, however, and the receiving apparatus clasped to your ears, you will be amazed to find how busy the apparatus is kept. The air above New York harbor is as crowded with wireless messages as are the waters with ships. You are, besides, in easy range of many commercial stations and hundreds of amateurs. Long after the shores have disappeared from view, the buzz of wireless talk continues. There are hundreds of amateur wireless stations along the Atlantic seaboard listening to ships' messages. It is comforting to know that if, by an accident, the powerful shore stations should fail to catch our messages, an army of alert boys are on guard.

Some four hours after your ship has passed out of Sandy Hook, or after a ninety-mile run,

the operator bids the Sea Gate station good-by, and begins to feel ahead for the next station at Sagaponack, or even the one at Siasconset, on Nantucket Island. If your ear is sensitive enough, you have probably heard her call sometime before. For a few minutes all sending and receiving is stopped while the ship throws out her name, over and over again. Soon the wireless man catches the Nantucket's reply, and explains that he could recognize the operator's sending among a thousand.

Then he plunges

into the work of sending and receiving messages. It was the Nantucket station, he will explain to you, that first picked up the C Q D call of the ill-fated *Republic*, and, by its promptness, gave the rescue steamers the news in time to save all



LOOKING DOWN FROM THE WIRELESS ROOM ON A FREIGHTER'S DECK DURING A HEAVY SEA.

dock. At sea, this invisible link with the land is always more or less in one's mind. The door of the wireless booth seems to lead to a bridge which spans the ocean. The wireless room has all the fascination of a newspaper bulletin board,

on board. The first call of a station is always listened to with a thrill of expectation.

An incessant chatter of shore talk reaches every ship, but your boat, you will find, has no time for idle gossip. But let a faint call flash from the Atlantic, and every nerve is strained to catch it. From now on, you will be constantly picking up news from the incoming steamers, and their messages are certain to be interesting. When a steamer is far out on the Atlantic and out of direct communication with the stations near New York, it is cheaper to relay messages from one steamer to another than to send to the far northern stations, and have them cable New York. In other words, the steamers scattered along the ocean lanes are used as stepping-stones to communicate with New York and Europe.

About this time you may look for news from the steamers on "the banks," as the region along the eastern shore of Newfoundland is called. Such news is of the greatest importance, and must be carried instantly to the captain, who makes his plans accordingly. The incoming steamer reports the weather, the presence of fogs or icebergs, and their exact location. News of this kind takes precedence over everything else, and the apparatus is tuned to catch these reports, whether it gets the regular messages or not.

Your wireless operator seems to be on the friendliest possible terms with all the wireless stations. The men are constantly changing about between the ships and the shore stations. To this group of operators the world seems small indeed. The men may not meet for years, and yet, in stations thousands of miles apart, their friendship is kept alive by almost constant conversation.

When Siasconset is dropped astern, the apparatus is attuned to the lonely station at Cape Sable, on the bleak shores of Nova Scotia. The steamer has been plowing steadily ahead for two days over the trackless ocean, but is still in almost instant communication with its last port. The wireless man will probably find time for a friendly word or two to cheer up the lonely watchers in these northern stations. The opera-

tor on one of our crossings explained that on his westward trip, a few days before, this station had been silent for as much as half an hour. There had been a slight accident to the machinery, and, in this isolated position, the wireless man must make his own repairs. Our operator understood perfectly, but he found time to ask



RECEIVING A WIRELESS MESSAGE ON DECK.

his friend if the fishing were good, and received instantly an indignant reply.

After Cape Sable, the ship continues its shore messages through the wireless station at Sable Island. Our ship is far north now, and the wireless stations are well up toward the verge of the snows. If you have sailed out of New York on a hot summer's day, it will be difficult to picture to yourself the man who is now talking to you, perhaps wrapped in heavy winter clothing, looking out on a field of ice. It is not uncommon to receive messages from the tropics and from the stations not very far below the arctic circle at the same moment. If the operator wishes to do so, he can tune his instrument now to pick up the series of wireless stations scattered along the Labrador coast. These stations are not used by the transatlantic steamers, but work only with the vessels, sealing expeditions, etc., plying in these waters.

The good ship is now nearing the easternmost point of North America, and at Cape Race



picks up the last land station. Once more a batch of messages is received and despatched. Cape Race is not a post to be coveted. It is one of the most isolated in the world, and throughout the greater part of the year perhaps the coldest. Operators stationed here have gone blind from the glare of the sun upon unbroken ice-fields. In leisure hours they have some compensation in hunting wild northern game. Yet, through the long winters, they have snatches of the news only a few minutes later than the newspaper offices in London or New York. An operator stationed here once broke the monotony of his life by chatting, with the wireless men on the ships, about the base-ball games, which were reported to him inning by inning.

Ever since the steamer left New York, the editors of her daily newspaper have been receiving the latest news and publishing it in their daily editions, exactly as in any well-equipped newspaper ashore. This news is sent out regularly from a station at Cape Cod. The news of the world, including the latest stock-exchange quotations, is boiled down to 500 words, and is sent broadcast out across the Atlantic at exactly ten o'clock every night. It is thrown out for about 1800 miles in all directions, so that any vessel between America and the middle of the ocean may catch it. When the despatch is completed, there is a pause of fifteen minutes, when it is repeated over the same enormous area, and the repetitions continue steadily until 12:30. The ships suit their own convenience, picking up the news, at any time between these hours, when they are not engaged with other messages.

When the calls from the Cape Race station grow faint and are finally cut off, our steamer ends its direct service to shore. We are now more than one third of the way across the Atlantic. Nevertheless, the ship is very rarely completely out of touch with the shore throughout the crossing. The ocean lanes are so peopled with great ships that a message can be relayed from ship to ship to the land station in an incredibly short time.

And for some hundreds of miles farther, as we go across the Atlantic—to the very middle of the ocean—the news service still follows our ship. Regularly every night at 10:30, the operator tunes his instrument to the Cape Cod station and writes down the latest news at the dictation of the operator, now more than a thousand miles away.

Half-way across the Atlantic, before the Cape Cod messages have died away, our operator catches his first wireless from Europe, flung out to welcome him from the powerful station at Poldhu, on the Cornwall coast. There is scarcely

a moment on the broad Atlantic when we cannot listen to one or the other of these stations. Poldhu sends out news and the stock reports, just 500 words of it, exactly as does Cape Cod, beginning every morning at two, and repeating the messages at regular intervals until three. And so the wireless newspaper you pick up at your breakfast in any region of the Atlantic, is quite as up-to-date as the one you read at home.

Even in the middle of the ocean, there is very little rest for the wireless operators. There is scarcely an hour when our ship is not in communication with one or more vessels. On a single crossing, aboard one of the great liners, there are usually from 500 to 600 wireless messages transmitted and received. When a ship is picked up, a notice is posted in the companion-way, smoking-room, and elsewhere, announcing that messages may be sent to such a vessel up to an hour, easily calculated, when she will be out of range.

The first direct landward messages are sent to the station at Crookhaven, on the Irish coast. Land will not be sighted for many hours, but the passengers are at once busied with preparations for going ashore. There are scores of messages filed for both sides of the Atlantic, announcing a safe arrival—for under the protecting arms of the wireless one feels himself almost ashore—greetings are exchanged, invitations extended, and the details of land journeys arranged.

When Crookhaven is dropped, the Liverpool steamer next picks up the wireless station of Rosslare at Queenstown, and Seaforth at Liverpool. For the other steamers there are the Lizard, Bolt Head, Niton, and Cherbourg, passing in rapid succession. But the thrill of the ancient sea-cry of "Land ho!" has been anticipated a thousand miles offshore.

#### A SAMPLE LOG OF A WESTWARD VOYAGE

1911

- Sept. 28—In communication with Liverpool all day.
- Sept. 29—In communication with Crookhaven all day.
- Sept. 29—12:40 A.M., signaled Scheveningen Haven, 315 miles.
- Sept. 29—1:50 A.M., signaled Pola, Austria, 930 miles.
- Sept. 29—9:20 P.M., signaled Scheveningen Haven, 600 miles.
- Sept. 30—12:20 A.M., signaled St. Marie-de-la-Mer, 920 miles.
- Sept. 30—1:11 A.M., signaled Seaforth, Liverpool, 400 miles.
- Sept. 30—2:40 A.M., signaled Scheveningen Haven, 705 miles.
- Sept. 30—10:39 P.M., signaled Seaforth, Liverpool, 800 miles. Sent messages.
- Oct. 1—3:20 A.M., signaled Seaforth, Liverpool, 890 miles.
- Oct. 1—9:30 P.M., signaled S.S. *Cameronia*, 1000 miles.

Oct. 2—1:40 A.M., signaled Cape Race, 900 miles. Sent messages.  
 Oct. 2—2 A.M., signaled Seaforth, Liverpool, 1250 miles.  
 Oct. 2—7:45 P.M., signaled Cape Race, 550 miles. Sent messages.  
 Oct. 3—In communication with Cape Race all day.  
 Oct. 3—11:59 P.M., in communication with S.S. *Kaiser Wilhelm II*, eastbound, and remained in touch until 8:50 P.M. on Oct. 5, making over 1000 miles ahead and astern. *Kaiser* says, "We cannot get out of your range."

Oct. 4—In communication with Cape Race and Sable Island all day.  
 Oct. 5—In communication with Sable Island and Cape Sable all day.  
 Oct. 6—In communication with Cape Sable, Siasconset, Sagaponack, Cape May, Sea Gate, all day.  
 Oct. 7—In communication with Sea Gate. Docked 8 A.M.

On October 2 the *Cedric* was in communication with both Cape Race and Seaforth together; the signals from both stations were very good, the total distance covered from Cape Race to Seaforth being 2190 miles.

## "WHOM THE KING DELIGHTETH TO HONOR"

(A case where "the office" certainly "sought the man")

BY JOHN K. CREE

THE old saying, "Some have greatness thrust upon them," was never better exemplified than when, in 1516, Sultan Selim of the Ottoman Empire wished to promote his secretary, Mohammed, to be his Grand Vizir. This secretary was a man of high scientific attainments whom the sultan had appointed to the post of secretary as a mark of his regard, and in recognition of his learning.

A question came up one day in regard to declaring war against the Sultan of Egypt, Kanssou-Ghawri. The secretary, Mohammed, spoke so strongly in favor of war that the sultan, as a mark of his approbation, promoted him to the post of Grand Vizir on the spot. The position of Grand Vizir at that time was, in addition to the honor, one of some insecurity, also, for Sul-

tan Selim was a monarch of quite uncertain temper, and his vizirs seldom enjoyed their office for much over a month before they received a visit from their sovereign's mutes with the fatal bowstring. In fact, most of them kept their affairs settled up to date, and their wills made out, immediately from their accession to the office. Mohammed, therefore, while he appreciated the honor that Selim desired to confer upon him, expressed a desire to be excused from accepting it. Selim, however, was so bent upon having him for his vizir, that, with his own royal hands, he applied the bastinado to the unhappy secretary until he cried for mercy and expressed his willingness to accept the proffered honor.



"MOHAMMED EXPRESSED A DESIRE TO BE EXCUSED."

# The Marathon

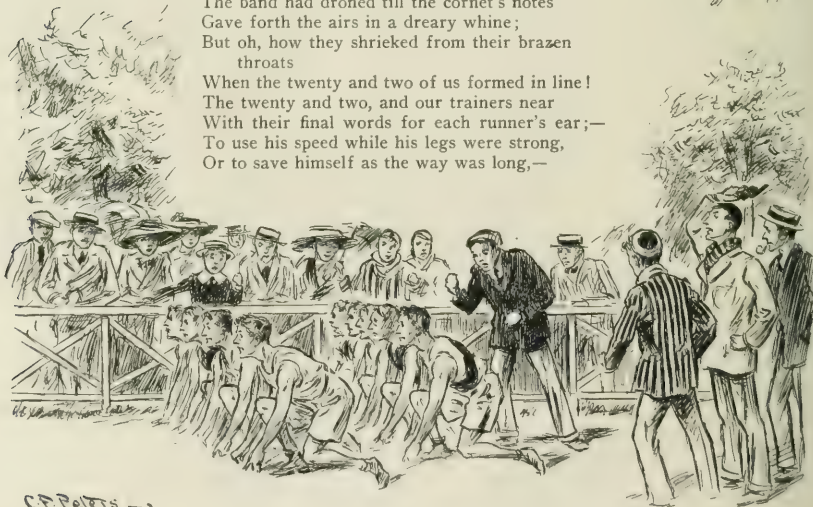
BY  
FRED JACOB



**T**HE heroes of muscle come and pass, men cheer  
and forget each name;  
Swiftly the glory blooms and dies in Marathon or  
game;  
But I'll tell you the tale of the race I ran when I  
made my bid for fame.

The band had droned till the cornet's notes  
Gave forth the airs in a dreary whine;  
But oh, how they shrieked from their brazen  
throats

When the twenty and two of us formed in line!  
The twenty and two, and our trainers near  
With their final words for each runner's ear;—  
To use his speed while his legs were strong,  
Or to save himself as the way was long,—



CAPELLS

But Tom said nothing of speed or heat,  
Only, "Bill the Spike is the man to beat."

Away! We spread till the mass of men  
Stretched like a serpent along the track;  
The Spike was leaping along in front;  
He led through the gate; I knew that then  
He would reach the hillside and there come back—

We all had heard of his "sprinting stunt";  
He would settle down in a mile or so,  
And it worried no one to see him go.



There comes a time, while the race is young,  
When your heart throbs fast and your pulses beat  
Till they seem to batter your brain and ears;  
Your hot breath scorches your throat and tongue,  
And your shoes are weights on your weary feet;

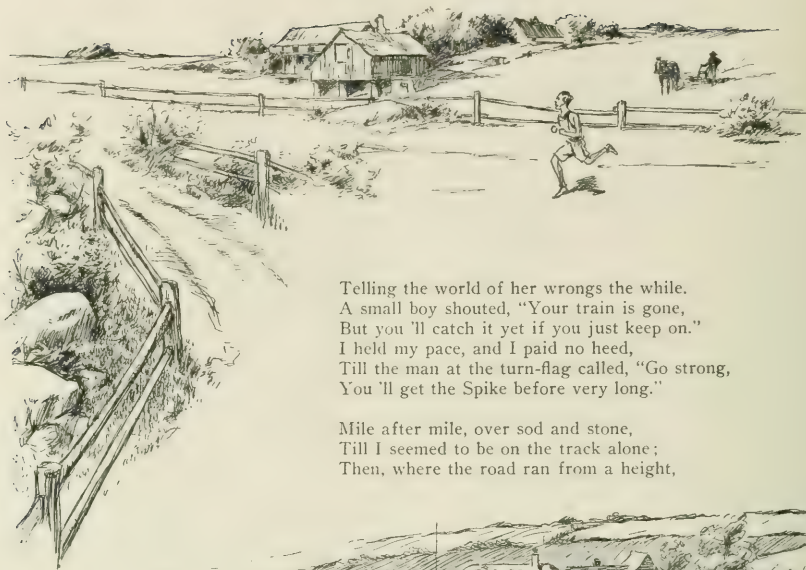
But just as you falter, your eyesight clears,  
Your strength comes back, and your step grows  
light,  
Till your spirit leaps with the love of fight.

'T was where the wood to the road creeps down  
Till it seems a pathway among the trees,  
Losing the touch of the dusty town;  
There where the clover scent fills the breeze,  
I felt the joy of the race grow keen.

But where were the twenty, and where was Bill?  
I lost him first when he topped the hill,  
But not a runner could now be seen.  
Out from the bushland, across a farm,  
And never a man as a test of speed;  
A chicken raced me in wild alarm,  
Then dodged from the roadway beside a stile,







Telling the world of her wrongs the while,  
A small boy shouted, "Your train is gone,  
But you 'll catch it yet if you just keep on."  
I held my pace, and I paid no heed,  
Till the man at the turn-flag called, "Go strong,  
You 'll get the Spike before very long."

Mile after mile, over sod and stone,  
Till I seemed to be on the track alone;  
Then, where the road ran from a height,



I saw him far off; he had lost his vim,  
But I knew the Spike would still show fight  
If ever a runner came up to him.

I dared not sprint—I reserved my speed  
For the struggle to come when we were abreast;  
And Bill would falter a while to rest,  
While step by step I cut down his lead.



On a long bare stretch, where the sun beat down,  
He noticed me as we neared the town;  
He threw his head back and burst away.

I followed. The sun rays seemed to play  
Straight on the dusty road, that lay  
Parched as the noon of an August day;  
The fields and the fences all grew gray;  
I saw the shrubbery swim and sway,  
But each throb in my muscle seemed to say,  
"This is the crisis, your strength must stay."

Could he keep the pace? Was he falling back?  
The world before me was growing black—  
We were breast by breast. I could hear his breath  
Gasp from his nostrils like long-drawn sips;  
His eyes were staring, his face like death,  
His teeth shone white between bloodless lips.



I had him! I had him! and yet again  
He stiffened himself, and I felt him strain  
To throw me off. I could hold him! No,  
Slowly I weakened and let him go.



We passed the gate and were on the track,  
When his shoulders trembled, his wiry back  
Shrunk and collapsed; he clutched the air;  
Then one bony hand ran through his hair  
As I heard him utter a weary moan,  
And his frame sank down on the stretch like  
stone.

I saw the crowds swarming from the stands,  
And felt on my shoulders my trainer's hands.

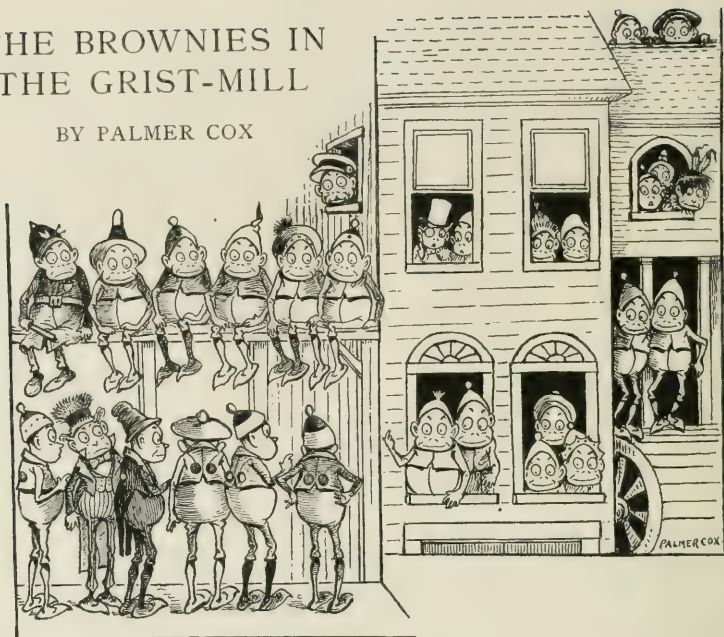
He led me away, and my breath came fast,  
But I gasped: "I did it; he could not last.  
I kept him in sight, it was hard to do,  
But I got in front, at the right place too."

Said Tom: "There were twenty in front of you."



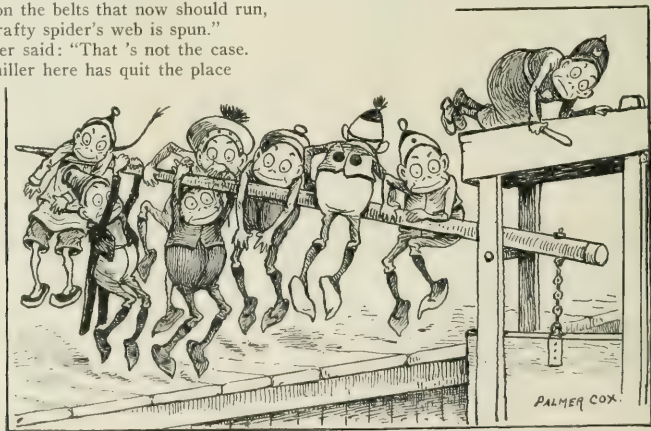
# THE BROWNIES IN THE GRIST-MILL

BY PALMER COX



AROUND a mill the Brownies strode  
Where wheels were still, though water flowed.  
Said one: "A labor strike, I fear,  
Has made it so deserted here;  
And, on the belts that now should run,  
The crafty spider's web is spun."  
Another said: "That 's not the case.  
The miller here has quit the place

Because complaints of lack of skill  
Were piled much higher than the mill.  
Some said the bread was slow to rise,  
More found no joy in cakes or pies.



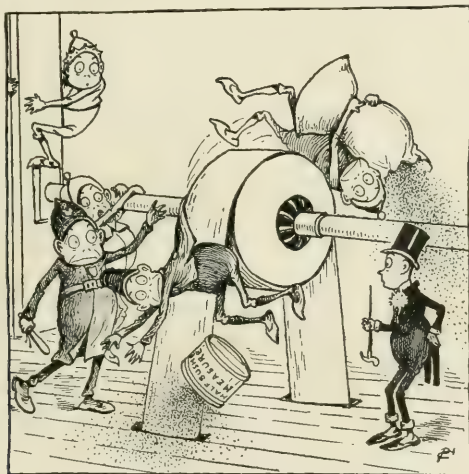
The bread, indeed, was not a treat,  
But frost had spoiled the farmer's wheat;  
But, that the flour might go around,  
The wheat must in the mill be ground.  
The corn, no better as a crop,

No second-rate, makeshift affair  
Should in the face of diners stare,  
But something that would praise inspire,  
And make one edge the table nigher.  
We'll find the grain, in cars around,



Refused to ripen, or to pop;  
And so the children felt their share  
Of hardship and misfortune there.  
The hopper must take up its clack,—  
We'll bring the hum of business back,  
And stir the spider in her net;  
We've several hours to midnight yet.  
It is, you know, the time of year

That to some foreign land is bound;  
It could not serve a better end  
Than to folks here at home befriended.  
The Chinamen can boil their rice,  
And Filipinos live on mice,—  
We understand that naught can run  
Around on legs beneath the sun,  
Or crawl about in sand or clay,



For puddings, cakes, and all good cheer,  
When pies should from the oven slide,  
A father's joy, a mother's pride,  
To nothing say of younger eyes,  
Where quality gives way to size,  
And criticism as to make  
Rest easy on both pie and cake.

But to their kettles finds its way.  
Let work in which we'll take delight  
Now occupy our time to-night."  
Another cried: "We'll start the mill,  
And set things moving with a will.  
We've but to let the water go  
Upon the wooden wheel below,





And everything that rests above  
Will get a most decided shove;  
For water that goes bubbling by

The idle cogs begin to mesh,  
And start each other's work afresh,  
And soon you 'll hear the rumbling sound



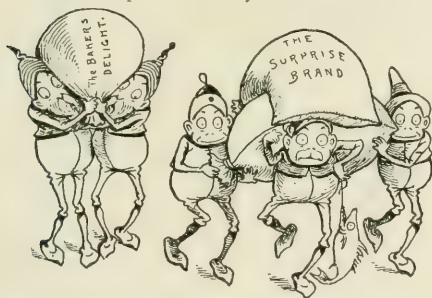
Contains a power that makes things fly.  
The belts will then commence their race,  
As though to find a hiding-place,

The miller hears the season round."  
Some ran for oil with eager zeal,  
And with it eased the whirring wheel.

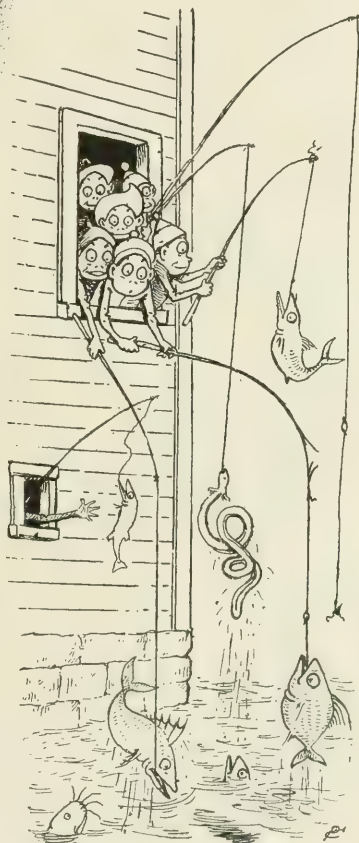
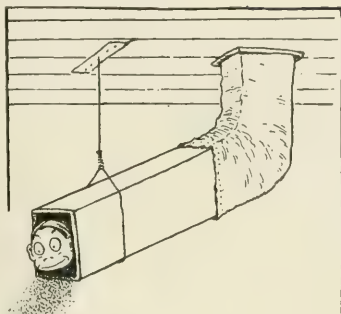
Though some was lost through leaky cans,  
 'T was not enough to spoil their plans,  
 And rusty bearings here and there  
 Ran as if cushioned on the air.  
 The mill, with heavy post and beam,  
 That stood half-way across the stream,  
 Was made to start at dead of night,  
 Before the touch of Brownies bright;  
 For they knew how the gate to raise  
 As if they 'd done it all their days;  
 Could shake the bolt, and pick the stone,



And run the business as their own.  
 United effort was required  
 To raise the gate as they desired,  
 But let alone the Brownie band  
 To carry out a scheme as planned!  
 Unfinished work is seldom found  
 Behind the sprites when day comes round.



It may take strength, it may take weight,  
 It may take action more than great,  
 But gates will rise, and floods will flow,  
 And wheels will turn, as well we know.  
 It takes good work to run a mill,  
 For hands may never long be still;  
 And eyes must note when oiling dries



Or hoppers chatter for supplies.  
 But with the Brownies at the task,  
 The mill itself no more could ask.  
 For every worker had his toil,  
 And every bearing had its oil,  
 While every belt was tight with strain,  
 And every hopper heaped with grain.  
 In such a place, with wheels at play,  
 'T was hard to tell where danger lay;  
 On shafts and belts, when off their guard,  
 A few went through some trials hard,  
 And, but that friends with courage grand  
 And action prompt were near at hand,  
 They might have needed some repair  
 To bones as well as outer wear.  
 A few who, in their secret way,  
 Had watched the miller, day by day  
 In summer-time, when grists were slow  
 And fish were running to and fro,  
 Come from the mill if signs were fine  
 And drop a while his work, and line,  
 Were quick to take the miller's stand  
 And bring some handsome fish to land.



They little cared what took the bait  
 As long as it had life and weight.  
 Said one: "A touch of sport you 'll find  
 Well rooted in a Brownie's mind,  
 A pleasure-seeking trait that will  
 Assert itself through trials still.  
 And that is well; why should one toil  
 Nor lift his eyes above the soil?"

Where we both work and sport unite  
 We play our Brownies' part aright."

THE story goes, next morning found  
 A full supply of bushels ground;  
 And better still, nigh every door,  
 In all the place, two bags or more  
 Of flour as fine as one could wish  
 Were standing ready for the dish;  
 And then such pudding, pie, and cake  
 That carried not a pain nor ache.

Then cookies rolled without a stop,  
 Like buttons in a tailor shop,  
 Upon the table, chair, and floor,  
 And still the fingers spread for more.  
 The children from the blankets crawled,  
 The babies in their cradles bawled,  
 To take a hand at mixing flour  
 The Brownies ground through mystic power.



# The First Thanksgiving Day

## A One-Act Play for Schools

By Agnes Miller

In order to make this play practicable for general use, the scenery and stage-directions suggested have been made as simple as possible. Regarding costumes, it may be said the play can be effectively produced when the children wear ordinary clothes, the Puritan costume being suggested by white caps and deep collars and cuffs for the women characters, and broad-brimmed hats and wide collars for the men. These accessories can be easily made of very inexpensive material, and copied from any of the well-known Puritan pictures. The Indians may either appear in the Indian costumes possessed by so many boys, or, in case these are unavailable, they may be draped in gay blankets and wear feather head-bands, which may be easily imitated.

CAST:

John Winthrop, Governor of the Massachusetts Bay Colony.

William Pierce, Captain of the ship *Lyon*.

Thomas Dudley, Deputy-Governor of the colony.

John Wilson

Roger Clap

Mrs. Freeman

Mrs. Garrett

Patience Freeman, aged 8, daughter to Mrs. Freeman.

Samuel Garrett, aged 10, son to Mrs. Garrett.

Chief of the Narragansett Indians.

Young Narragansett brave.

Man-servant to Governor Winthrop.

SCENE: A room in Governor Winthrop's house in the Massachusetts Bay Colony. The front door of the house opens at center back of stage, and has small windows on each side of it. A door on the left opens into the next room. The room is very

plainly furnished, and is evidently used for transacting business. On the right of the front door is a settee, with a chest standing near it, and on the left of the door is a chair. Near the front of the stage, on the right, stands a flour barrel, and beside it, a table with weighing-scales. On the left side of the room there is a chair before a desk covered with papers, etc. Several portraits and old prints hang on the walls.

(A knock is heard on the front door. Enter Servant, at the left, who crosses to front door, and opens it, disclosing Mrs. Freeman and Patience. Mrs. Freeman has a basket on her arm.)

MRS. FREEMAN. Is the Governor at home?

SERVANT. Yes, madam; he has just come in.

MRS. FREEMAN. Will you let him know that I am here?

SERVANT. Directly, madam. Please be seated. (Motions them to settee, and exit, left; Mrs. Freeman and Patience sit down on the settee. Patience breathes on her hands, to warm them.)

PATIENCE (fretfully). Mother, do you really think the Governor will give us some more corn? I'm so tired of having nothing good to eat!

MRS. FREEMAN. Why, Patience, of course he will if he can spare us any; but you must remember how many sick people there are in the colony, who need it more than we do.

PATIENCE. Yes, Mother, but why can there not be enough for everybody?

MRS. FREEMAN. I hope that there may be before long, my dear. We must try to think that our ship with provisions is coming in soon. 'Sh-h! I hear the Governor coming! Now remember your manners! Rise and curtsy as I have taught you.



(*Winthrop enters at left; bows to Mrs. Freeman. She and Patience curtsy.*)

WINTHROP. Good day, Mistress Freeman. I trust that you and all your family are well.

MRS. FREEMAN. All well, Your Excellency, and thankful to be so in this season of want and cold. All that we could complain of is that our larder is getting low, so I came to see if I could buy a few pounds of corn.

WINTHROP. (*evidently worried, but trying to conceal the fact.*) Why, Mistress Freeman, it is about just that matter that I am awaiting tidings. This morning I sent word to the chief of the Narragansetts that we should like to trade with him for corn. I expect that Master Dudley and Master Wilson, who took the message, will be back soon. Can you not wait till their return? If our trade is good, we shall doubtless have plenty of food for all.

(*Mrs. Freeman and Patience sit down on settee. Winthrop sits on chair at left.*)

MRS. FREEMAN. I suppose Your Excellency has, as yet, no word of the good ship *Lyon*?

WINTHROP. Not yet. No doubt the date of her sailing was deferred.

MRS. FREEMAN. It would seem so, for Captain Pierce sailed last August to fetch us provisions, and here it is now February.

WINTHROP. If we were all in health, the delay would not matter so much. But when half our people are too sick to leave their beds, we long to give them some of the comforts they left in England.

(*Knock on front door. Servant enters at left, and opens door. Enter Mrs. Garrett, who curtsies to the company. Exit Servant.*)

Ah! Mistress Garrett! I was lamenting to Mistress Freeman that we had few English comforts for our sick, but I did not forget that we brought the best nurse in England with us!

MRS. GARRETT. Your Excellency is very kind. I could only wish that I might do more in all the homes where sickness has entered. I thought, however, that you might like to hear that Master Humphrey and his wife are much better of their fever. (*Sits at center.*)

WINTHROP. I rejoice to hear such good news, and I trust that you can give as good an account of your other patients.

MRS. GARRETT. I would that I could, Your Excellency, but what with this biting cold and our poor victuals, it goes hard with them. Is there still no hope of the *Lyon*?

WINTHROP. No immediate hope, madam, but I am expecting that we may be able to buy corn from the Narragansetts.

(*Knock on the front door. Enter Servant at left, opens door to admit Dudley, Wilson, the Narragansett chief, and the young brave. Dudley and Wilson greet the company, and, with the Indians, come forward*

*ward to right center of stage. Servant stands in background, at left of front door.*)

DUDLEY. (*To Winthrop*) We have brought the chief back with us, Your Excellency, as you directed, but he does not seem favorable to making a trade. However, we can but try. (*Dudley and Wilson then endeavor to conduct the trade, in dumb show, as follows: Dudley beckons the chief over to the flour barrel, and indicates to him by gesture that it is empty. He and Wilson then go to the chest, and take from it several long and showy strings of beads, which they offer to the chief, suggesting by their*



*motions that the Indians may have the beads if they will fill the barrel. The chief shakes his head. Both men urge him in vain for some time. Winthrop then takes a red blanket from the chest, approaches the chief, and offers it in similar fashion. Finally, after all three men have persisted in their offers for some time, both the chief and the young brave shake their heads decidedly, and by pointing to their own mouths and showing their empty hands, indicate that they themselves have not enough to eat. Upon this Winthrop lays down the blanket upon the table, and Dudley and Wilson cease their offers, in apparent despair. The Indians then file stolidly out of the front door, which is opened for them by the Servant. Exit Servant.*

(*A silence falls on the company. It is broken by Patience, who is frightened, and begins to cry.*)

PATIENCE. (*Clinging to her mother's hand*) Mother!

MRS. FREEMAN. Yes, what is it, little daughter?  
PATIENCE. If we had only stayed in England, we should have had plenty to eat!

(Mrs. Freeman does not answer her, but puts her arm around her, and turns to Winthrop.)

MRS. FREEMAN. Is it not hard sometimes, Your Excellency, for all of us to realize how much more precious liberty is than the comforts we gave in exchange for it?

WINTHROP. You speak truly, Mistress Freeman.



But we have crossed the sea in safety; we have been kept from harm among the savages; we have founded a colony where freedom is to be the birth-right of every citizen. I believe that we have a right to expect to receive our daily bread. Whatever happens, we must not give up hope. I will proclaim a day of prayer and fasting for to-morrow. We must not lose faith, for all may yet be well.

(Wilson, who has been standing by the table, crosses to the barrel and glances into it.)

WILSON. See, there is still some corn in the bottom of our last barrel. May not this be a sign that we shall be fed until help comes, even as we read in the Scriptures that the widow's handful of meal lasted till the famine was past? (As the company nod approval to his words, there is a knock on the front door. Servant enters at left, and opens door to admit Roger Clap. Clap is wild-eyed and shivering, and looks distractedly about until he sees Winthrop. Servant stands at left of door.)

CLAP (impetuously crossing stage to Winthrop). Your Excellency, my wife is dying, and my children have been without food for two days. Can you give me nothing for them?

(Winthrop goes to barrel, and scoops out a small portion of meal.)

WINTHROP (sadly). This is the last of our corn. (Looks at Mrs. Freeman.)

MRS. FREEMAN (promptly). Let Clap have it, by all means. What say you, neighbors?

ALL. Yes, let him have it, to be sure!

(Winthrop puts meal in a dish, which he is about to hand to Clap, when there is a knock on the door. It opens before the Servant can reach it, and Samual Garrett rushes in.)

SAMUEL. (To Winthrop, breathlessly) Your Excellency, the Lyon has come! (The company are startled and surprised, and scarcely believe him.)

WINTHROP. Boy, is this the truth? How do you know?

SAMUEL. Indeed, Your Excellency, it is nothing but the truth! I was down on the shore, when I looked across the bay, and saw a great ship entering the harbor. And as I ran up to bring you word, I heard a man saying that Captain Pierce was even now being rowed ashore.

(Before any one can speak, there is a loud knock on the door, and as the Servant hastily opens it, Captain Pierce appears on the threshold. Winthrop rushes to meet him, and seizes him by both hands.)

WINTHROP. Never was man, or ship, more welcome! William Pierce! Thank Heaven!

(The others crowd around Pierce, and greet him with joyous and grateful exclamations.)

PIERCE. (To Winthrop) Your Excellency, I have the honor to report the safe arrival of the Lyon!

WINTHROP. An hour ago we had well-nigh given you up!

PIERCE. We have met with many unforeseen delays on our voyage.

WILSON. Did you meet with storms?

PIERCE. Many of them, one so severe that one of our sailors was washed overboard. But our greatest delay was caused by our meeting a dismasted bark, which we must needs tow back to Bristol. We could only imagine what you must suffer in our absence. I, too, thank Heaven we have arrived!

DUDLEY. Have you provisions aboard?

PIERCE. Yes, verily, a goodly store. We have wheat, peas, and oatmeal; we have beef and pork

and cheese and butter! (*Great relief and thankfulness shown by the company.*)

(*To Winthrop*) If Your Excellency will ask a few men to volunteer to go down to the *Lyon* and help us unlade her, we shall have everybody fed within the hour.

SAMUEL (*eagerly*). I will volunteer!

(*All laugh. Pierce pats him on the shoulder.*)

PIERCE. You shall come down to the ship with

me. There is plenty for smart lads to do as well as men.

WINTHROP. Friends, I will now proclaim not a day of fasting and prayer, but one of praise and thanksgiving for our deliverance. However great the destiny that may await our colony, struggling here in the wilderness, this day must never be forgotten!

(CURTAIN)



## ON DAYS OF STORM

BY MARGARET JOHNSON

I LOVE the sunny days for play,  
And all the outdoor things we do;  
But days of storm—they shut me in,  
Yet they 're the ones I wait for, too.

For somehow, when the floods come down  
And pour through all the tossing trees,  
And all the windows, streaked with rain,  
Look out as if on foaming seas;  
When, streaming from the roaring boughs,  
The yellow leaves in crowds are blown,  
And all the furious gutters choke,  
And thick the weltering ways are sown;  
When dimly show the driving clouds  
The sweeping rain and tempest through,—  
It 's then, not on the sunny days,  
The splendid story-things come true!

The tumult rises in the trees,  
And through it, where I, sheltered, stay,  
I hear the din and clash of arms,  
And battles raging far away.  
Then plumed knights on neighing steeds  
Career across the swelling storm;

Strange scents from ladies' scarfs are blown,  
And swinging censers, rich and warm.  
The trampling hoofs of hosts go by,  
With banners torn and rending cries;  
Crusaders shout their battle-hymns  
Above the havoc of the skies;  
Beleaguered castles heave and fall;  
Great conflagrations heavenward roar;  
And shouting breakers run and plunge,  
Tumultuous, on the crashing shore;  
The blare of bells where kings are crowned,  
The trumpet's peal, the rolling drum,  
The surge of cheering multitudes,—  
Still on across the storm they come;

I hear the fury and the rout,  
And watch the proud parade go by,  
Till something swells into my throat  
That almost makes me want to cry!

And though the sunny days are best,  
Perhaps, for men who work and fight,  
Someway, on stormy days like this,  
I know what makes the poets write!





"CALLING!" DRAWN BY GERTRUDE A. KAY.





## “SHELTIE”—THE CHILDREN’S FRIEND

BY FLORA MACDONALD



MAKING FRIENDS.

lived developed in him a gentle, affectionate nature. Especially did the children come to love him and take him for their playmate, and when some of these ponies were brought to America, the children soon claimed them for their own.

In the Shetland Islands, far up in the cold North, two hundred miles beyond Scotland, there lives a shaggy, strong little horse called a “Sheltie,” that has been for generations the friend and helper of the simple inhabitants. The steep, rugged hills made his little feet strong, the great cold gave him a thick, warm coat, and the friendly hearts of the people among whom he

They grew to be such good friends that every child wanted to have a pony of its very own. Fathers and mothers gladly gratified this wish, for they saw how “Sheltie” helped the children to grow strong and healthy, full of life and courage.

A Shetland pony is not only an ornament and a child’s plaything, but is useful about a place in many ways—in running errands or taking the children to school. His care and keep are very simple matters, as grass is his best food in summer, and no object on a lawn is more attractive than a pony. In winter, his food is hay, cured while still green, with the addition of a little grain, especially if he is much used.

A very young pony will be easily broken by the children playing with him. They will naturally climb upon his back to ride him, and hitch him to a sled in winter, or a little cart in summer. He is soon accustomed to any and all uses. But an older pony needs to be broken to the saddle and harness by one who understands how to do it patiently and gently. He is keen to learn anything in a friendly way, and is naturally fearless.



SUMMER OR WINTER, THE "SHELTIE" IS A JOY.

The cost of a pure Shetland pony is not large. It depends upon his age, breeding, beauty, and value for children's use. One can be bought as soon as it can leave its mother for from sixty to eighty dollars, while a mature pony, of three or four years of age, is worth from one hundred and

ridden her pony up the steps into our house, where he has walked through the rooms, a most welcome visitor. Especially is this a pretty incident at a time like Christmas. They do no more damage than a dog, and can manage the steps nearly as well. At one time, we had a young



GOOD COMRADES.

twenty-five to two hundred dollars. The purchase of a Shetland for children is strongly advised by Dr. S. B. Elliot, of the Belle Meade Farm, at Markham, Virginia, the largest pony farm in the east. He says, "If a young pony is given to a little child, they will grow up together and become the best of friends, each acquiring confidence to the extent that the breaking to saddle and harness is hardly noticed by either. Furthermore, when the Shetland is well taken care of, he matures rapidly, and can be used moderately at fifteen months' of age. He often lives to be thirty or forty years old."

The Shetland pony becomes of greater use where he is made a real member of the family, loved and petted by all. Then he is in the best condition for his development, if his simple wants are attended to carefully. My little girl has often

English cook who loved animals dearly, and the ponies seemed to know it, for they would come to the kitchen window and neigh till she gave them a bit of bread or other titbit. When she went out to the garden for vegetables, they would follow her, till often her pan would be half empty when she reached the house, especially if it contained carrots, of which they are very fond. I have known them to rattle the door-latch or knob till she came to see them. All animals have a language of their own, and where friendship exists between man and an animal, the animal will learn to let his wants be known in strange sounds and queer ways.

The baby ponies are as full of fun as human babies, and play just as hard. My little daughter and I have often gone to the fields where the mothers and colts were pastured, at about four

o'clock in the afternoon. After their noon meal, they take a good sleep, and as it gets cool, they wake, full of the spirit of fun. Two or three little ones will act as if they were playing tag, tearing across the field after each other. Instead of tagging, they suddenly wheel about and kick each other in the funniest way, their tiny heels making a drumming noise as they strike. Then off they fly again like the wind, keeping it up till they are tired, and glad to lie down and roll over in the cool grass. Their coats, as babies, are like silk plush, and every movement is full of grace. Their faces are very pretty, with a soft, innocent expression that makes one long to hug the dear little things. It is also a great pleasure to see their love for their mothers, and the care the mothers give them.

There is a side to the value of ponies to children which is not generally understood. Physicians frequently recommend them as playmates, and repeatedly children have been known to obtain rugged health and develop rapidly when given a pony. It is quite true that a child who has a pony is happier and will take more exer-

cise in the open air, but that is only part of it. A child of four or five years learns to ride as easily as it does to play, and he has a natural love for a horse of any kind. Having a pony of his own develops in a child a sense of ownership and control, and he learns to govern other natures; this child will, I believe, develop into a finer, more robust, and more able man or woman than he would have done without the pony. My own little girl began to ride as soon as she could sit up on a pony, and now, at seven years old, she is very strong and active, well-grown, and almost never ailing. We believe her years of riding have greatly helped to develop her into the strong, muscular child she now is. As to her mental development, I find that ruling animals in an active, country life has made her not only intelligent and acutely alive, but has strengthened her will power and self-control. It has also fostered a deep love and sympathy for all animal life, which must ever be a help and blessing to her. Animals were intended by our Creator to be our friends and helpers, and in our childhood especially there is no better friend than a pony.





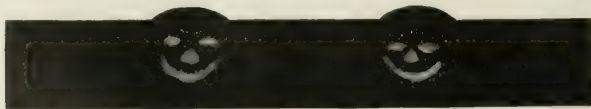


## PUMPKIN TIME

BY EDITH MALLERY

Now the autumn leaves are falling  
 And the chilling breezes blow,  
 And the clouds that sail above us  
 Tell of ice and sleet and snow;  
 Yet the children all are happy,  
 Singing many a cheery rhyme,—  
 Need you ask of me the reason?  
 Boys and girls, 't is pumpkin time!

Here they come with song and laughter,  
 Merry elves with face aglow!  
 Each one, from small, chubby fingers,  
 Swings a pumpkin to and fro.  
 As you look across the corn-field,  
 Smiling fairies may be seen;—  
 Need you ask of me the reason?  
 Boys and girls, 't is Hallowe'en!



# “WHEN I 'VE BEEN BAD”

BY ANNA MAY COOPER

WHEN I 've been bad, my mother says,  
“All right, son. Just you wait!”  
And when night comes, we listen  
For my father at the gate.  
And if it's me that hears him first,  
I run to let him in,  
And tell him all about it  
Fore my mother can begin.

And sometimes when I 've finished,  
He looks down at me and grins,  
And says that it reminds him  
Of his own boyhood sins;

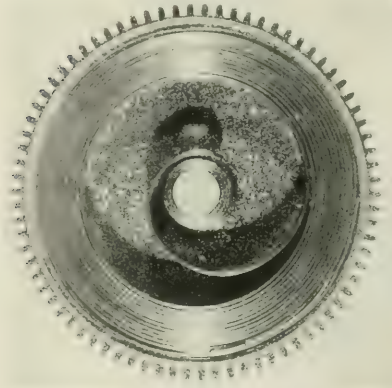
Then he leads me in to Mother,  
And he says, “Poor little lad,  
I really don't think, Sweetheart,  
That he 's been so *very* bad.”

But last night, by the window,  
While I watched the shadows creep,  
My eyes got very heavy,  
And I, somehow, fell asleep.  
I could have told him, easy,  
Just why I screamed and kicked;  
But Mother was ahead of me,—  
And that time I got licked!



### THE MACHINERY OF A WATCH

THE power to keep in motion the machinery of a watch is supplied by the mainspring. In winding a watch, this spring is coiled in the central part of its holder, known as a "barrel." The mainspring in its constant endeavor to uncoil turns this barrel in one direction, and its power is transmitted through the teeth on the outer rim of the barrel to the "train" of wheels.



THE MAINSPRING, COILED IN THE "BARREL," IS THE POWER THAT DRIVES THE WATCH  
(Magnified about five times.)

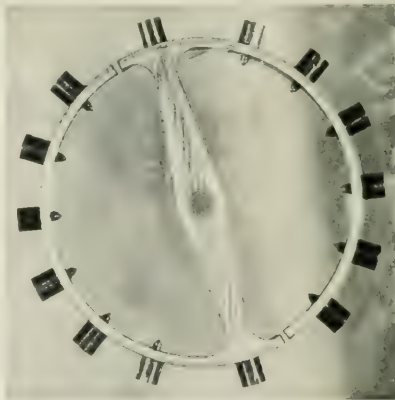
The motion is prevented from being too fast by what is known as an escape-wheel, the cogs of which work in connection with the "pallet and fork." This lets the motion "escape" in a series of short stoppings, well known as the ticking of the watch. In connection with the "pallet and fork" is the balance-wheel, whose vibrations regulate the speed at which all shall move. This balance-wheel serves the same purpose in a watch that the pendulum does in a clock.

The vibrations of the balance-wheel are the result of the action of two forces, one being the force of the mainspring acting through the "train" of wheels and the escapement, to turn

the balance-wheel on its axle, and the other being the opposing force of a very small spring, known as the hair-spring, coiled loosely about the balance-wheel, and which thus tends to regulate the power of the mainspring.

The bearings for the ends of the tiny shafts of the wheels give better service if they are not made of metal but of some hard mineral or jewel, as, for example, garnet, chrysolite, ruby, etc. The lower-priced watches have these minerals in only some of the most important bearings. The better classes of watches have more jewels. If all the important wheel bearings have these minerals, the watch is said to be "full-jeweled." The jewels are held in place by screws so small as to be almost invisible without the aid of a microscope. Very small screws are also used in other parts of the watch.

Ask some one you know to let you look at the works of his watch, or, better still, as watches nowadays are often made with a protecting plate that conceals all but a few parts of the mechanism, ask some friendly jeweler to let you see the



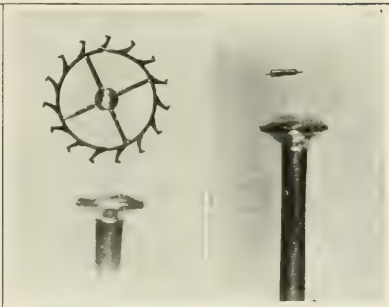
THE UNDER SIDE OF THE BALANCE WHEEL  
This regulates the speed  
(Magnified about five times.)

machinery of a watch from which he has removed this outer plate, and to explain it to you.



TWELVE TINY SCREWS AND SIX JEWEL-PINS

(Magnified and photographed with the head of a medium sized pin to show relative size.)



AN ESCAPE-WHEEL

AN ESCAPE-PINION.

### THE WONDERS OF A WATCH

It is a matter of every-day occurrence for a person to say to his watchmaker, "Here is a



THREE TINY SCREWS HOLDING A SMALL JEWEL.

(Greatly magnified.)

watch which you sold me ten years ago. It has gone well till lately, when it has taken to stopping without any apparent cause."

The people who speak in this way little think of the amount of work that a watch has performed in this space of time, and may be astonished at the following figures:

"In ten years," says London "Answers," "which include two leap-years, and consequently a total of 3652 days, the hour-hand has made 7306 and the minute-hand 87,648 revolutions. The end of an average minute-hand has traveled more than 10,280 yards—more than six miles. The second-hand has made 5,258,880 revolutions, and its extremity has traversed on the dial a distance of nearly 123 miles. The escape-wheel has made 52,588,880 revolutions, and as it has fifteen teeth, it has come 788,832,000 times in contact with each pallet. The balance-wheel has made

1,577,664,000 vibrations, and any point on the outside of the rim has covered a distance of about 50,000 miles, and that is equal to twice the circumference of the earth."

These amazing statements and figures have been submitted to the Elgin National Watch Company of Elgin, Illinois, and Mr. George E. Hunter, the superintendent, says that they are almost right for an Elgin watch, small changes being due to the size of the watch. In the Elgin No. 16 size, the end of the minute-hand in ten years travels 11,473 yards; in No. 18 size, 12,238 yards. The second-hand in No. 16 travels 130.38 miles; in No. 18, 143.42 miles. A point on the outside rim of the balance-wheel of 16 and of 18 respectively, travels 44,511 and 48,891 miles.

Interesting as these figures are, and surprising as are the distances traversed, one's interest is increased by a knowledge of the amount of force,



THE "PALLET" AND FORK, WHICH WORKS IN CONNECTION WITH THE ESCAPE-WHEEL.

(Magnified about three times.)

in horse-power, required to drive an Elgin watch, size 18. Of this Mr. Hunter says: "All watches are built to run for at least thirty hours, and on that basis, the power required to drive an 18 size



watch is approximately 192-10,000,000,000 horse-power." One hundred and ninety-two ten-billionths of one-horse power! The distance traveled is enormously great, the power needed is enormously small, if I may be allowed to use such an expression, and one's astonishment is increased when he remembers that a single horse-power is the power to lift 33,000 pounds one foot in one minute.

A copy of the item from the London publication was also sent to the Waltham Watch Company of Waltham, Massachusetts. Mr. E. A. Marsh, of that company, adds the following even more astonishing facts as to the accurate work done by a watch:

"In addition to the above it ought to be said that, however astonishing the statements as to the enormous amount of work which is performed by the pocket watch, the truly remarkable feature concerning it is the marvelous accuracy with which that work is done. The following brief statements will help to show how wonderfully accurate the work of a running watch really is:

"In nearly all modern watches the mechanism is so designed that, in order to obtain accurate 'mean sun time,' the balance-wheel must vibrate *exactly* eighteen thousand times (18,000) every hour. We say '*exactly eighteen thousand*,' for if there should be one vibration in each hour less than the required number, the watch would *lose two and two fifths minutes in a month*. Such an error would be serious."

An interesting comparison may be made in this way: in a No. 16 watch (the ordinary size for men), the balance-wheel makes about one and one quarter turns for each vibration, and its rim, in each vibration, will travel two and three quarters inches. In a single day this will amount to rather more than sixteen and one half (16.61) miles, or farther than most persons care to walk in a day.

If you planned to walk exactly the 16.61 miles, and should fall short of that distance by only ten feet, or by only about five steps, it would be a trifling matter; but if the watch balance should make a similar failure, it might become serious in its results, for the watch would then lose nine and four fifths seconds a day, or four and nine tenths minutes a month. A watch that kept no better time than that would be exceedingly unsatisfactory.

Wonderful as are the achievements of a watch, it is still more wonderful that man has been able to invent machinery of such marvelous delicacy, that, when set in operation, it will automatically manufacture the microscopic parts required.

### THE PYGMY HIPPOPOTAMUSES



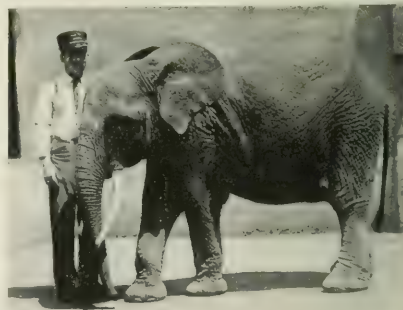
By permission of the New York Zoological Society.

THE New York Zoological Park has recently obtained a pair of the rare and strange pygmy hippopotamuses (*Charopsis liberiensis*) recently obtained in Africa. Director Hornaday thus describes them:

"This adult male is thirty inches high at the shoulders, seventy inches in length from end of nose to base of tail, and the tail itself is twelve inches long. The weight of this animal is four hundred and nineteen pounds. All these figures are offered subject to correction.

"The female is believed to be only two years old. It stands eighteen inches high at the shoulders, and weighs one hundred and seventy-six pounds.

"The pygmy hippo is characterized first of all by its midget size, which, in the adult animal, is about equal to that of a twelve-months-old baby



By permission of the New York Zoological Society.

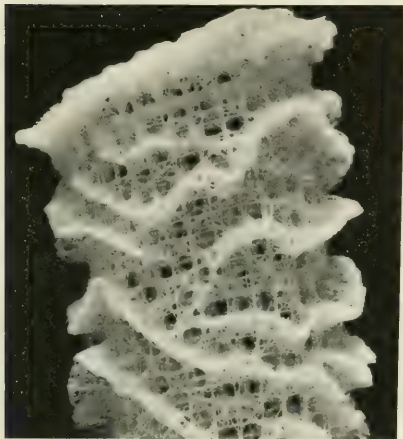
A PYGMY ELEPHANT.

hippo of the large species. Its skull is more convex, or rounded, on its upper surface, than that of *H. amphibius*; its legs are longer and more slender in proportion, and its eyes do not "pop" out of its head, like those of the giant species. Another striking character is the long tail, which, in proportion, is about twice as long as that of its only living relative, *H. amphibius*.

"The face of the pygmy is relatively smaller than that of the large species, which brings the eyes nearer to the median line of the skull. The lower jaw of the pygmy bears only two incisor teeth, while the large species has four; and while the eyeballs of *C. liberiensis* are large, they are proportionally less elevated than those of the large hippo. As the latter swims nearly submerged, the eyes seem to float on the surface of the water like two shiny glass marbles."

Pygmy elephants were discovered in 1905. The specimen at the New York Zoölogical Park is about fourteen years of age.

#### A SPONGE OF GLASSY MATERIAL

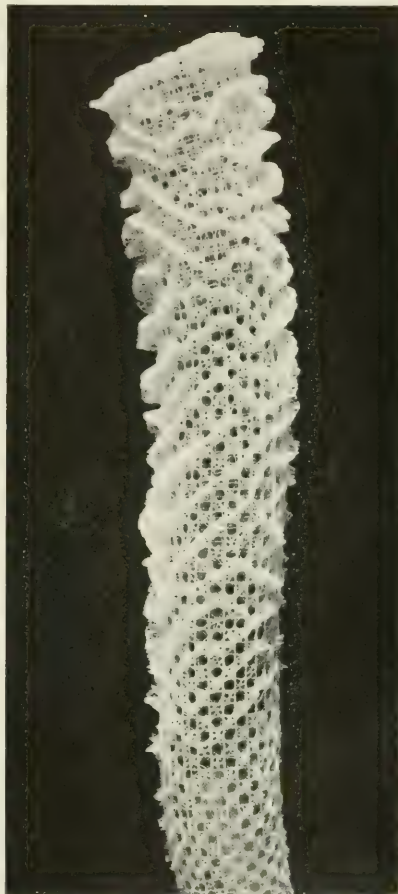


THE INTERLACING FIBERS OF ONE END OF THE VENUS FLOWER-BASKET.

Our young people are undoubtedly familiar with the fact that the sponge, as we ordinarily know it, is in reality the flexible skeleton of a colony of salt-water animals.

The Venus flower-basket, a favorite and beautiful object found in many natural history collections, is a similar growth, only its skeleton is composed of silica, which in appearance resembles colorless glass. For this reason the name

"glass-sponge" is often applied to the framework of this group of animals. The animal tissues of this sponge, as of others, cover the interlacing fibers of the framework which acts as a supporting structure. The skeleton itself is sometimes



NEARLY THE ENTIRE LENGTH OF A "GLASS-SPONGE," KNOWN AS VENUS FLOWER-BASKET, (*Euplectella aspergillum*)

formed, as in this example, of needle-like structures, which are called sponge-spicules. In other sponges, these spicules may take the form of

anchors; of hooks that may be single or double; of a long axle with a wheel-like body on one or both ends; of a long, tapering rod with a knob at one end roughened by projecting spikes, and various other graceful and beautiful shapes. In the Venus flower-basket these spicules are scattered throughout the sponge walls, and often are welded together or so interlaced as to form a very beautiful network. The specimen from which the accompanying illustrations were made, is about a foot in length; not quite all of one is shown in the illustration.

### REINDEER IN ALASKA

THE herding and breeding of domesticated reindeer, introduced as an experiment a number of years ago from a small herd imported by the Government from Siberia, have now become the most prominent feature of the industrial education of many thousands of the natives of arctic Alaska. The means of living, formerly obtained by hunting and fishing, have been greatly lessened by the destruction of the fish by canneries, and of the fur-bearing animals and game by white trappers. The reindeer industry is therefore an important part of life in many Eskimo villages. The total number of reindeer in Alaska is now over thirty-three thousand; of these the natives themselves own sixty per cent., or more than twenty thousand, and are always anxious to obtain more, preferring deer rather than cash for their services. The Government does not sell

reindeer. This is done entirely by natives and the missions. It has been found necessary by the Government to put the young native Eskimo through a course of training, and those who get their deer directly from the Government have to serve as reindeer apprentices for four years. With careful training they make good herders. They are taught how to care for the reindeer, to harness and drive them, to throw the lasso, and



RIDING A REINDEER.

to protect the fawns from the attacks of wolves and dogs. At the end of their apprenticeship, the herders have about fifty deer, which, with the



SOMETIMES THE YOUNG PEOPLE IN ALASKA RIDE REINDEERS TO SCHOOL OR FOR AMUSEMENT.



A HERD OF REINDEER AT HOME

yearly increase, provides a good income for the future. Well-trained sled-deer have been used to carry the United States mail from Barrow to Kotzebue, a distance of six hundred and fifty miles. This is the most northern mail-route in this country, and the most perilous and desolate mail-trip in the world. The average speed is from forty to fifty miles per day.

At Barrow, "the jumping-off place" of the American continent, there is a herd of more than seven hundred deer. Here about one hundred and twenty Eskimo boys and girls attend the Government school. They are the most northern school children in the world. Some of the boys get up at three or four o'clock in the morning and walk five miles to the open water to capture a seal for their mother, but they always get back in time for school at nine o'clock. Occasionally the young people ride reindeer for amusement, but it is not a customary method of travel in Alaska, as it is in Siberia.

#### LEGENDS ABOUT PLANTS

In early times, certain trees were invested by human beings with a mystic or a sacred character, and many plants were associated with religious beliefs. One of the best examples of the last is the passion-flower. When the early Spanish settlers in South America saw this flower, they fancied that they had discovered a marvelous symbol of the crucifixion, and they devoutly believed that it was an assurance of the ultimate triumph of Christianity. One of their writers, Jacomo Bosio, according to "The Folk-Lore of Plants," obtained detailed knowledge of how the Mexicans regarded it, and gave a minute description of the blossom.

The ten colored petals and sepals represent the ten apostles present at the crucifixion (Peter and Judas being absent).

Inside the corolla is a showy crown of filaments, by some taken to represent the crown of thorns, by others the halo.

It is interesting, in the study of plant life, to note the extent to which various peoples have

assigned to plants qualities and meanings that existed only in their own ideas or beliefs. Some of these have been beneficial, as, for example, the idea that a tree has a soul, and for that reason should not be cut down, lest one should hear "the

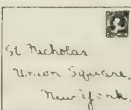


THE PASSION FLOWER

wailing of the trees when they suffer in this way." It might be a good thing if certain people, nowadays, had such beliefs as would lead them to treat considerably not only trees and plants, but birds and four-footed animals as well.



? "BECAUSE WE  
WANT TO KNOW"  
????????????



#### A CAT'S EYES OF TWO COLORS

KANSAS CITY, MO.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I have a little two-months-old Persian kitten which has one light blue eye and one green gray eye. Could you please tell me why it is so?

Your very loving reader,

LOUISE MITCHELL (age 11).

Such differences in the color of the eyes often happen with white kittens, both long- and short-haired, but with a cat of no other color of which I have ever heard. Such cats are called by fanciers "odd-eyed," but I have never heard any cause given, or, rather, explanation offered, for the phenomenon. I have several at the cattery now, and they are curious-looking "little beasties." The mother, in both cases, is endowed with the most beautiful of blue eyes. The blue eye is the ideal color for a white cat. The orange eye makes it second best, all other points being equal. But the blue eyes in the white cat are frequently accompanied by deafness, while the orange- and odd-eyed cats never are deaf, except, of course, from local trouble, as sometimes happens to any animal or human.

J. R. CATHCART.

#### A RACCOON AS A PET

NASHVILLE, TENN.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: My uncle has a pet 'coon which washes everything he eats; you give him a nut and he will wash it and wash it, and then he eats it. This 'coon is very mischievous, and has to be kept chained. He seems to know when they have ice-cream, for he hears them freezing the cream, and whines until they give him some. If you give him a pan of clear water and some soap, he will wash his face and hands with the soap. Then give him some more clear water, and he will wash the soap off and wipe his hands and face. He always likes to play with some one, but when there is no one to play with him, he goes to sleep.

If he is let loose, he climbs into a little hole in the roof, and stays in there all day and sleeps, and comes out at night. I don't think it would be better to let him roam in a cage, for he loves to play in the grass. We feed him anything, mostly nuts and bread, and he likes everything sweet.

He is kept chained in the garden in the shade in the summer, and under the house in the winter, and sometimes on the back porch.

Your friend,

EDWARD WESTON HAMILTON.

The lovableness of a 'coon depends upon the age at which it is taken from the wild woods. Ernest Thompson Seton truly says, "The old raccoon is sullen, dangerous, and untamable if

kept captive, but the young, if taken at an early age—that is, before they have begun to hunt for themselves—make intelligent and interesting



A YOUNG RACCOON TAKING MILK FROM A BOTTLE.

pets, being easily tamed and evincing considerable affection for their master."

The editor of "Nature and Science" recently found a very young raccoon in the woods, and it is now attracting much attention by the eagerness with which it takes milk from a bottle.

#### A RAINBOW AT NIGHT

ELIZABETH, COL.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: Will you please tell me the cause of a rainbow in the night? Last fall, about nine o'clock in the evening, a rainbow appeared in the north, and no one knew the cause of this. I shall be very grateful if you will explain this for me.

Yours respectfully,

MARGUERITE BARNETT.

Nothing can make a true "rainbow" except a combination of sun or moon and rain or fog. At nine P.M. a rainbow should not be visible unless the sun or moon is shining. Possibly you have mistaken a bow of the aurora borealis, or "northern lights," for a rainbow. We have some reports of aurora on October 10 in northern New York. We shall be glad to get particulars as to the date and appearance and location of the "rainbow" before we can speak more definitely. Could it have been a meteor?—CLEVELAND ABBE.

# WHY METALS SEEM OF DIFFERENT TEMPERATURE FROM THAT OF SURROUNDING OBJECTS

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: Will you please tell me why any metal is always cooler (if not in the sun or a hot place) than anything else? I am very much interested in the Science Department.

Your constant reader,

HELEN KAY (age 12).

Practically all common objects, except metals, with which we come in contact are non-conductors of heat, that is, heat will not flow through them readily. Such objects are wood, paper, cloth, etc.; but metal objects, generally speaking, conduct heat readily. All objects, including the two classes just mentioned, are, as a rule, at a lower temperature, or colder, than our bodies; hence, when we touch an object, as wood, which will not conduct heat readily, no heat flows from the hand into the object, and it does not give us the impression of being cold; but when the warm hand comes in contact with an object which is a good conductor of heat, such as metal, heat flows from the hand into the object, tending to warm it to the same temperature as the body. This loss of heat on the part of the hand gives us a sensation of coldness. Of course, if the object has been placed in the sun or any hot place where it has acquired a temperature above that of the body, the phenomenon is reversed, in that the metal gives its heat rapidly to the hand, while the wood, being a poor conductor of heat, does not; consequently, the metal feels warmer than the wood under such conditions.—PROFESSOR F. R. GORTON, State Normal College, Ypsilanti, Michigan.

It is interesting to notice that the hand, which is exceedingly sensitive to differences of touch, is not as sensitive to heat and cold as the face, so that when you try the cold feeling of metals, it is best to apply them to your cheek or nose.

Some things besides metals feel cold, as you will find if you step with bare feet on a cold winter morning upon a piece of oil-cloth instead of upon the carpet. This also is caused by its power of conducting heat.

Different metals vary in their heat conductivity, silver and copper being the best conductors, and alloys, such as brass, German silver, and so on, being much poorer ones. If you put solid silver spoons and plated spoons into a cup of hot water together, you will find that the heat goes much faster up the handles of the solid spoons than up those of the plated ones.

An expert will distinguish between a ball of quartz crystal and a similar ball of glass by touching his tongue to both, because the tongue is very sensitive to cold, and the quartz, as it conducts heat more rapidly, feels much colder.—PROFESSOR H. L. WELLS, Yale University.

# A CAT THAT WASHES ITS FACE WITH BOTH PAWS

DETROIT, MICH.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: In January's "Nature and Science" you said that you had never seen a cat use both paws at once to wash her face. You asked if any of the children had. I have. My kitten used to amuse us very much doing it. She would sit up on her hind legs and then "scrub" her "arms," one after the other, over her ears and head. She looked sometimes just as if she folded her arms when she was through.

Your very interested reader,

BETTY PENNY (age 12).

It is a very clever cat, indeed, that can sit on its hind feet and wash its face with both paws at once! I do not imagine it has any significance beyond that. A cat can be taught to sit up and beg, and from that point I suppose this other feat would be only a step. Possibly this cat bears the same relation to the rest of her tribe as the man who must do things in double-quick time bears to his fellow-men.—JANE R. CATHCART.

# A TREE IN THE FORM OF A BASKET

(From one of our older readers.)



A MULBERRY-TREE THAT HAS BEEN TRAINED INTO THE FORM OF A BASKET.

CAZENOVIA, N. Y.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: The inclosed photograph of a forty years' trained growth of a mulberry-tree in the Umbrian plains (Italy) may be of interest to your Nature and Science department.

M. F. H. LEDYARD.

# His Birthdays



When Dickey Brown was two years old,  
His cheeks were round as plums.  
He liked to sit upon your lap,  
And suck one of his thumbs.



ut when four years had rolled around,  
Among his greatest joys  
Were riding on his rocking-horse,  
And playing with his toys.





When six years old, he did not care  
For toys and nursery play,  
But wanted to stay out-of-doors  
With other boys all day.



ut that fine day when he was eight,  
Was one of joy and pride:  
With cart and donkey all his own,  
He took his friends to ride!



### THE SENTINEL

BY STANLEY BONNEAU REID (AGE 14)

(Gold Badge)

High o'er the pass, behold him stand,  
Austere and silent, grim and cold;  
Keeping his watch o'er all the land,  
This mighty sentinel of old.

He lifts his rugged brow on high,  
His granite chest is rough and torn,  
As, piercing through the clouded sky,  
He laughs the centuries to scorn.

What though the years beyond recall  
Have come and gone and passed away;  
Not e'en the color of his wall  
Has changed beneath their endless sway.

He heeds them not, nor does he care,  
But firm and sure his task fulfils;  
His make is strong—he 's born to bear,  
Who stands—the Guardian of the Hills.

THE subject assigned for Verse this month, "The Sentinel," called forth a great number of really admirable contributions from League members. There were tributes to "sentinels" of many kinds, and in many forms; but perhaps the most sonorous and impressive was the four stanzas printed above, which are worthy to rank as a humble companion-piece to Oliver Goldsmith's famous lines:

As some tall cliff that lifts its awful form  
Swells from the vale and midway leaves the storm,—  
Though round its breast the rolling clouds are spread  
Eternal sunshine settles on its head

Not all of the verse was in this lofty strain, however; and many of our clever young poets found in the subject, we are glad to say, inspiration of an altogether different sort. Their little poems showed a touch of humor, of freakish fancy, or of homely sentiment that were all equally deserving of praise. And as for the pictures, the League pages this month fairly bristle with fun and jollity—especially in the photographs. But do not let their gaiety tempt you to overlook the excellent prose essays sandwiched in between the pictures and the rhymes.

### PRIZE-WINNERS, COMPETITION No. 153

In making the awards, contributors' ages are considered.

**PROSE.** Silver badges, Margaret M. Caskey (age 15), Morristown, N. J.; Helen J. Barker (age 13), Melrose, Mass.; Eunice Eddy (age 15), Auburn, N. Y.; Jean E. Freeman (age 14), New York City; Marion Shedd (age 12), Columbus, O.; Mary Dixon-Welch (age 13), Columbia, Conn.

**VERSE.** Gold badge, Stanley Bonneau Reid (age 14), Oakdale, Cal.

Silver badges, Elizabeth Morrison Duffield (age 14), South Orange, N. J.; Vernie Peacock (age 14), Rockford, Ill.

**DRAWINGS.** Silver badges, Harry Sutton, Jr. (age 15), Salem, Mass.; Lucie C. Holt (age 12), Oak Lane, Pa.; Frances M. E. Patten (age 12), Rockville Center, L. I.; Jacob White (age 16), Brooklyn, N. Y.

**PHOTOGRAPHS.** Gold badge, Margaret M. Benney (age 15), Sewickley, Pa.

Silver badges, Edmund Booth (age 16), Omaha, Neb.; Ruth Coggins (age 13), Covington, Ind.; Ellen Tooth Lacy (age 9), St. Joseph, Mo.; Alice Vernon (age 14), Portland, Me.

**PUZZLE-MAKING.** Gold badges, Ernest S. Crosby (age 14), Buffalo, N. Y.; Isidore Helfand (age 14), Cleveland, O. Silver badge, Antoinette Mears (age 15), Portland, Ore.

**PUZZLE ANSWERS.** Silver badge, Albert Reynolds Eckel (age 16), St. Joseph, Mo.



"A STREET." BY MARY ELLI DUNING, AGE 16.



"A HILL." BY CAROLYN AKCHOFF, AGE 16.

## THE SENTINEL

BY MARION E. STARK (AGE 17)

(Honor Member)

Upon a mighty mountain high  
The chamois feed;  
Their haughty leader stands near by  
To guard in need.

In yonder tow'ring, tapering tree  
Are crows at rest;  
The feathered sentinel will see  
That none molest.

A little child lies sound asleep  
In whisp'ring grass;  
Her faithful collie watch doth keep  
On all who pass.



"A FROLIC." BY MARGARET M. DENNEY, AGE 15. (GOLD BADGE)

A valiant host, at set of sun,  
Have pitched their tents;  
The lights gleam on the picket's gun  
Who guards the regiments.

Where'er we turn, we find the brave.  
On guard they stand,—  
On guard against the wretch and knave,  
With ready hand.

'T is thus with bird, or beast, or man;  
They know the call  
To help the weak, to guard their clan,  
For the Father of them all.

MY FAVORITE HEROINE IN HISTORY—  
AND WHY

BY MARGARET M. CASKLE (AGE 15)

(Silver Badge)

My favorite heroine! Shall I tell you what I see when I read those words? I see a peaceful French village; I see a peasant girl tending her flocks in the field; I hear her telling of a vision she has had, of voices she hears which bid her to deliver France from the yoke of the hated English. I see the villagers mocking and ridiculing, but the maiden stands firm.

The scene changes. I see the French court. In the midst stands the Dauphin, and at his feet kneels the peasant girl. Clad in man's armor, she leads him forth

to battle, and brings him home victorious; she walks with him in his coronation procession, and then, having completed her heaven-directed mission, she prepares to return to her native village. But the king begs her to stay, and she consents, although she longs for peace.

Then I see, her in the power of the English, before a merciless tribunal. I see her trapped and snared into contradicting herself, and finally condemned to die by fire.

I see her standing on the scaffold, in the midst of a sea of hostile faces, alone, deserted by those for whom she is giving her life, yet firm and steadfast.

O "Maid of Orleans," deliverer of France in her darkest hour, to you we give all homage and honor, who left home and kindred for what you considered your divine mission; who were not disobedient unto the heavenly vision, even when death was sure to be the penalty; and who, in the end, did not hesitate to offer on the altar of France your own life, that your nation might live.

## MY FAVORITE HERO IN HISTORY—AND WHY

BY HELEN J. BARKER (AGE 13)

(Silver Badge)

My favorite hero? There have been so many men who have been deemed heroes in the eyes of the public, that it is hard to decide; but I think that my favorite historical hero has always been Abraham Lincoln. And why?—But I will answer that later.

There is one picture of Lincoln that I have always loved. It hangs in the Chandler School, and is a beautiful photograph of the life-size statue of Lincoln which stands in Lincoln Park, Chicago. The background of the picture is made up of feathery bushes and trees, so close to the statue that they almost touch it, appearing to form a canopy over the chair of the great statesman. The sky just shows through the close shrubbery and above the shoulders of Lincoln, who stands with head slightly bent and foot advanced, in the act of delivering one of his famous speeches. It is a picture that would make any American proud. For when can the picture of Lincoln appear without causing Ameri-



"A FROLIC." BY EDMUND BOOTH, AGE 10. (GOLDEN BADGE)

cans to admire it? Not for its beauty, certainly, for though his eyes are beautiful, because they are so kind and tender, his shoulders appear drooped, and his whole figure awkward and ungainly. Not because he ever was made a hero in the eyes of his country through military fame, nor yet through great learning or inheritance.



What Lincoln accomplished was done by himself and through himself. And no man ever faced a greater task.

But Lincoln was admired for his perfect manhood. He was beloved for his great kindness, and he was made great through his unselfish devotion to his country. And these things combined make Lincoln my favorite hero.

the war was over at last, when the people were beginning to appreciate him, and he was looking forward to a well-earned rest, he was suddenly taken away, dying a martyr's death. The American people, yes, and the whole world also, were plunged into grief at their loss. There is but one man who answers to this description—Abraham Lincoln.

### MY FAVORITE HERO IN HISTORY—AND WHY

BY MARY DIXON-WELCH (AGE 13)  
(Silver Badge)

THERE are so many great men in history that it is very hard to choose a favorite, but the one I admire most is General "Stonewall" Jackson.

He had a heart as tender as it was stout, faith that never failed, and the unspoiled simplicity of a child.

He was a poor boy and an orphan, and began his career as a worker in Cummins Jackson's mill. While he worked steadily there, he was diligently trying to "get an education."

No officer in the army in Mexico was promoted so often for meritorious conduct, or made so great a stride in rank.

He carried into every detail of daily existence the military law of wisdom and fidelity, but he was aggressive in nothing. His reverence for women was deep and unfeigned, he was gentleness itself to little children, and all that he had and was, belonged first to God, and then to his wife.

From the first victory of Manassas, until he was mortally wounded by his own men, Stonewall Jackson was the flashing star that guided the Confederate army to glorious success.

When his brigade halted on the march to Manassas, long after dark, an aide asked Jackson if a guard should not be set. Jackson replied, "Let the men sleep. I will do guard duty." All through the long watches of the night he stood, a solitary sentinel. I do not think there could be a more heroic theme in history to write on than Stonewall



"A PROLIC," BY ELLEN TOOTH LACY,  
AGE 9.  
(SILVER BADGE)

Jackson standing guard over the soldiers who were soon to make his name immortal. When told that he was dying, he received the news with perfect calmness, and said he preferred God's will to his own.

Jackson's courage, determination, and faith have made him my favorite hero in history.



"A PROLIC," BY RUTH COGINS, AGE 11.  
(SILVER BADGE)

### ON GUARD

BY ELSIE P. MURPHY (AGE 16)

He stands in the midst of traffic's full tide,  
A tower of strength for the weak and the old;  
His keen, watchful eye is ever alert,  
And heedless he seems of sunshine or cold.

His uplifted hand brings all to a stop,  
And great, puffing monsters of iron and steel  
Respond to his call, as he pilots across  
The timid who tremble at hoof and at wheel.

You may speak of the soldier who stands at his post,  
And nobly he does his duty, and well.—  
The policeman on guard for the law and the home,  
Is a much greater blessing, as many can tell.

### MY FAVORITE HERO IN HISTORY—AND WHY

BY EUNICE EDDY (AGE 15)  
(Silver Badge)

THERE have been many heroes in the ranks of history, men who have fought and died for home and country, men who have had great intellect and high education, and who have done great deeds, but, to my mind, one stands out as the greatest of them all.

He is an American, a man who was born of a humble Kentucky family. When a boy, he had an insatiable desire for learning, and he also had, what was more, ideals which were high and noble. He became a lawyer and an ardent foe of the great evil which had become rooted in our land—slavery. He was elected to be President of the United States. His administration came at a time when our country was torn in conflict, when it needed a guiding hand, and that guidance was given by this man. Quiet and unobtrusive, he stood at the helm and led the nation to peace and justice. When



BY MARGARET DART, AGE 10



BY ALICE VERNON, AGE 14. (SILVER BADGE.)



BY WILLIAM S. THIEFF, AGE 11.



BY RALPH INGERSOLL, AGE 11



BY F. EDWIN WHITE, AGE 15



BY ELEANOR S. FERGUS, AGE 12



BY LOUISE M. FELLEU, AGE 17

## "A FROLIC."

## SENTINELS

BY RACHEL LYMAN FIELD (AGE 17)

*(Honor Member)*

WHEN darkness comes, and in the sky  
The moon glides calmly, like a shepherdess,  
Guiding the stars, her straying sheep,  
Across the quiet meadows of the sky;  
And far below, among the hills,  
The lights of a small village twinkle forth,  
The white church spire rises through the trees,  
In the pale light it gleams, a slender shaft;  
And far above, like ponderous giant forms,  
The dark, grim mountains stretch mysteriously—  
Majestic sentinels who guard the sleeping town.

MY FAVORITE HEROINE IN HISTORY—  
AND WHY

BY JUAN E. FREEMAN (AGE 14)

*(Silver Badge)*

My favorite heroine in history is Joan of Arc, and it is not so difficult to tell why, for the dauntless spirit of the maid has inspired many to reverence her.

The theme of her bravery is an old one, but I admire her not only for her fearlessness, but for her absolute trust in God, for her perfect courage while facing the condemning judges, and for the spirit with which she even met death itself.

Hers was always a truth-loving and upright character, full of justice and strength, and under the mask

of meekness and patience lay concealed courage and a noble spirit which would have graced any man.

To me she is a very far-away mythological figure, this little maid of Domremy, and somehow I can never



"ON THE SQUARE." BY HARRY SUTTON, JR., AGE 15.  
(SILVER BADGE)

dream of her as the dauntless Joan whose name passes with awe from lip to lip, but always as the gray-eyed mistress of the flocks, dreaming and listening on the verdant hillsides of France.

#### MY FAVORITE HERO IN HISTORY—AND WHY

BY MARGARET L. BEAKES (AGE 17)  
(Honor Member)

No one would be quicker than he himself—tall, awkward, homely, unpolished in manner and speech—to object to having the name Abraham Lincoln classed as that of a hero. But since Lincoln's day, to Americans at least, the word hero does not always bring to the mind the picture of a man young, good to look upon, a leader of men; gallant, daring, the idol of his followers, a figure about which innumerable romances are woven. Many Americans have, as I have, taken for their favorite among heroes, Abraham Lincoln, the man from the poor, uneducated classes who, by strength of character and endurance, won for himself an education and pulled himself up, little by little, to the highest honor which the United States offers her sons.

From a long line of heroes, brave men and true, I have chosen him because, with such small opportunities, he lived his life so well—as rail-splitter, storekeeper, lawyer, debater, President.

We honor him the more because, saddened as he was by the war which threatened to divide the country, he always had a kind word, a smile, or a jest for those he met. Because no matter how busy, he never refused help where his help was needed. And though worn with the affairs of a nation which was torn with civil strife, he yet found time to see that his countrymen received whatever of justice and mercy he could give them.

The United States is honored in having had Abraham Lincoln for a President.

#### ON GUARD

BY ELIZABETH PRATT (AGE 11)

A MOTHER bird sat on her nest,  
Guarding her babies, who were at rest;  
Those baby birds will never fear,  
Under the wings of their mother dear.  
There she sat, as brave as could be,  
While the wind shook the slender tree;  
But the mother bird sat still, her wings outspread  
To cover her babies in their warm bed.  
She nestled closer in her nest,  
And her babies drew nearer to her breast.  
How the wind whistled, the storm was hard,  
But there sat the mother bird—on guard!

#### MY FAVORITE HERO IN HISTORY—AND WHY

BY IVA PRENTICE JAMISON (AGE 15)

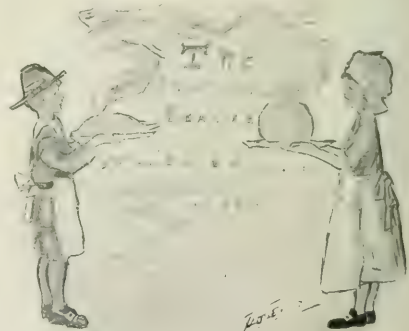
THERE are many heroes in history whom I greatly admire, but my favorite is Robert E. Lee.

I do not love and admire him for his military genius alone, but for his courage, his unselfishness, his modesty, and his gentle, generous nature.

He was always cheerful, and full of love, sympathy, and kindness. When a boy, he was the comfort of his mother, who was an invalid and a widow. An incident, small in itself but illustrative of his compassionate character, occurred during one of his fiercest battles. When shot and shell were falling all around, and he was in danger of being killed any moment, he stooped and picked up a young bird which had fallen to the ground, and, walking to a tree, put it on a limb in a place of safety.

He was not ambitious. He never thought of his own glory, but always did what he thought best for his country's welfare. He always did his duty.

After the war was over and Lee had sworn never again to bear arms against the United States, he did not



"A HEADING FOR NOVEMBER" BY LUCY HILL, AGE 12  
(SILVER BADGE)

cherish bitter feelings against the North, though he remained a prisoner on parole until his death. Nor did he try to draw himself away from the government. Instead, he did all he could to help reestablish the Union.

Lee was always fearless, hopeful, and persevering. He was a man of high principles, and of devout religious faith, pure in thought and deed.

## ON GUARD

BY ELIZABETH MORRISON DUFFIELD (AGE 14)

(Silver Badge)

EVER and always the sea gazes longingly at the shore;  
It washes against the sandy beach and the stones, with  
a muffled roar;  
It swishes and gurgles gleefully in the calm of a summer's night,  
But the wind springs up, the skies grow dark, then 't is  
a thing of might.  
It hurls its walls of water 'gainst the vanguard of the land,  
Those cruel green walls of water naught human can  
withstand;  
It pounds its heavy cannonade against the fickle sands,  
Which change and shift and mingle, as the tide flows  
over the lands.



"A HEADING FOR NOVEMBER." BY MARGARET COUTY, AGE 16.  
(HONOR MEMBER)

But we have an army mighty, to resist the sea's attack,  
A mighty army and sturdy, to force the wild sea back;  
They never flinch nor waver, steady and strong are they,  
Their age-long vigil keeping from morn 'till break  
of day.

The waves may beat upon them, the spray may o'er  
them dash,  
But still they stand, as giants, awaiting a mighty crash.  
Ever and always the sea gazes longingly at the land,  
But forever on guard the great brown rocks, like silent  
sentinels, stand.

## MY FAVORITE HERO IN HISTORY—AND WHY

BY MARION SHEDD (AGE 12)

(Silver Badge)

THERE are many heroes of war who are honored the world over. While many are famous because of their bravery in struggles against tyranny, many are great simply because of their wonderful military power, and not their motives.

My ideal is a hero of peace—Robert Louis Stevenson. He was a man who had to fight against poor health all his life, and yet he did not become sour and unlovable, but made the world better, not only through his books, but by his life and deeds. Stevenson the author is no greater than Stevenson the man.

He spent his boyhood in his native country, Scotland, and it is there that in childhood he beguiled the long hours by imagining himself in fairy-land, or hunting, sailing, and fighting, while in bed or by the fire.

But the climate did not agree with his health, and for many years he traveled through France, America, and the British Isles.

Finally, he went to the Samoan Islands. All the latter part of his life was spent there, and there he wrote

VOL. XL.—12.

his best books. He gained wide knowledge of the people he saw by making notes in a book which he had with him constantly, and from memories of his childhood.

In the Samoan Islands he acted as missionary and friend to the ignorant savages. So much did they love him that they dug a road which he had wanted.

This is the man who, with all his troubles, could say:

The world is so full of a number of things  
I am sure we should all be as happy as kings.

Who really did the most—Napoleon, forcing nations into subjection, or Stevenson, leaving something better than territory?

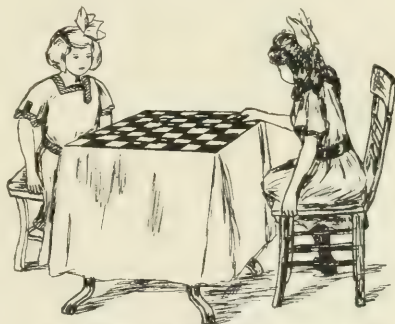
## MY FAVORITE HEROINE IN HISTORY—AND WHY

BY MURIEL AVERY (AGE 17)

(Honor Member)

SHE was not a queen of ancient time, my favorite heroine in history. Her noble deeds are still fresh in the hearts of the whole world. The veteran, thinking of bloody battle-fields, sees again that quiet figure moving from cot to cot in the field hospital, feels a soothing hand upon his heated brow, and murmurs, with uncovered head, her name, "Clara Barton." She was "the angel of the battle-field" to them. During sixteen of the fiercest battles in the Civil War, she stayed at the front, following fearlessly in the wake of smoke and powder, caring for the wounded, nursing the sick, and comforting the dying.

Then, having spent four years, at the close of the war, among prisons and unidentified graves in a search for missing soldiers, she went to Europe, completely broken down in health. But scarcely had she settled there, when the Red Cross Society sought her aid in the Franco-Prussian War. Here the greatness of her nature was shown, for she consented, and again entered



"ON THE SQUARE." BY FRANCES M. F. FATTEN, AGE 12.  
(SILVER BADGE)

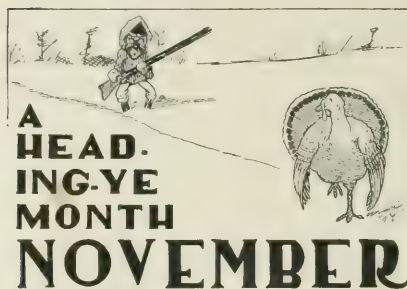
those scenes of horror—a strain which resulted in a long and severe illness.

It was here that she first became interested in the Red Cross work, and that she promised to give the remainder of her life, if necessary, in bringing America to signing the Red Cross treaty.

Hers was a life of unselfishness, spent in the service



of others. Wherever calamity fell upon a people, there she took her stand. Nor did her influence cease with the close of her life, for the American Red Cross Society now carries out the humane work to which she devoted her life, and will stand forever as a memorial to one of America's greatest women.



"A HEADING FOR NOVEMBER" BY JACOB WHITE, AGE 16.  
(SILVER BADGE)

### ON GUARD

BY VERNIE PEACOCK (AGE 14)  
(Silver Badge)

He stood there like a martyr, just inside the nurs'ry door,  
And warned me not to make a bit of noise;  
So I stood right where I was, never moving, not an inch,  
Until, at last, I really found my voice.  
"But why," I asked, "can't I come in? why do you keep me out?"  
He grinned the biggest grin that he could do;  
But though I asked the question 'bout a dozen times or more,  
This little "guard" would not tell what he knew.  
  
Just then I started in, yes, inside that nursery door,  
When all at once, he grabbed me by the arm;  
"I will not let you go in there!" he cried, in tragic voice,  
"I will not let you do my princess harm!"  
"What did you say just then?" I asked with eyes that twinkled bright,  
And then he told me everything and all;  
"Our princess lies inside," he said, in whispered tones so low,  
"And must not be awakened, 'cause she's small."

"And so my mama put me here to watch her till she wakes.  
And she said not to let a person in;  
And so I minded Mother dear, and watched our princess sweet;  
And that is all," he ended, with a grin.  
I grabbed this little mischief up, and kissed his dimpled face;  
But just then something stirred, not very hard;  
Then we both went in the room, and the little "princess sweet"  
Held out her tiny arms to her small "guard."

### THE ROLL OF HONOR

No. 1 A list of those whose work would have been used had space permitted  
No. 2 A list of those whose work entitles them to encouragement.

#### PROSE, 1

Constance Crichtett  
Julie Westfield  
Richard Cooch  
Eliza A. Peterson  
Margaret Briggs  
John J. Hanighen  
Virginia Gohn  
Elizabeth Macdonald  
Dorothy M. Rogers  
Winifred S. Stoner, Jr.  
Mary C. Williams  
Eleanor S. Cooper  
Selma Brenner  
Willard Purinton  
Rose Sigal  
Fredrika W. Hertel  
Lydia S. Chapin  
Mary Frost  
Eugene W. De Kalb  
Yvonne Tomes  
Margaret Pratt  
Marie H. Taylor  
Doris Rowell  
Emily L. Talbert  
Elmer H. Van Fleet  
Thyrza Weston  
Lucile Luttrell  
Jacob Feld  
Maureen G. Husband  
Tilton Singer  
Annie F. Napier  
Martha L. Clark  
Thais Plaisted  
Ione Cocke  
Mary E. Van Fossen  
Eleanor Hussey  
Clara Holder  
Ellen W. Warren  
Beatrice Brown  
Elsie Terhune  
James M. Israel  
Marjorie E. Logie  
Nathaniel Dorfman  
Henry W. Hardy  
Evelyn Frost

Rhoma Phipps  
William W. Ladd  
Vivian E. Hall  
Mary V. Farmer  
Lile E. Chew  
Susan Nevins  
Rebecca Marshall  
Julia M. Herget  
Edgar Gibbs  
Dorothy Robathan  
Elsie M. Stevens  
Dorothy M. Russell  
Mary Dawson  
Jessie M. Thompson  
James Sheehan  
Edith M. Levy  
Katharine B. Nesmith  
Katherine Bull  
Alice Lee Tully  
Miriam Goodspeed  
Ruth B. Brewster

#### PROSE, 2

Ruth Wineland  
Isabel Tovey  
Lillias Armour  
Fanny L. Rich  
Mary E. Taggart  
Florence Patton  
Jane Morgenthau  
Julia Sherman  
Marion Wittichell  
Elizabeth E. Bratton  
Myrtle Doppmann  
Edyth Walker  
Anna Rosenzi  
Florence Gallagher  
Elsie Daubert  
Louise S. May  
Pauline F. May  
Jack Jackson  
Sophie H. Duvaill  
Helen Gould  
Mary Flaherty  
Mary Daboll  
Eleanor C. Bates

#### VERSE, 1

Pauline P. Whitlesey  
Eva Albanesi  
Isaet Hepburn  
Lucile E. Fitch  
Albert R. Eckel  
Marian Shaler  
Rebecca K. Merrill



"ON THE SQUARE." BY BEATRICE WINELAND, AGE 14.

Mary Porter  
Eleanor Leete  
Sarah B. Randolph  
Daniel B. Benschoter  
Martha H. Comer  
Alexina Haring  
Louise Stuermer  
Vera Bloom  
Helen G. Rankin  
Eleanor King Newell  
Evelyn G. Pullen  
Francis C. Hanighen  
Margaret C. Weatherup

D. Grace Ziegler  
James F. Whelan  
Katharine Hall  
Anita Delafield  
James E. Macklin, 2d  
Hilda Mabley  
Louise Northrup  
Margaret Pennewell  
Lazare Chernoff  
Anna Schein  
Marjorie M. Carroll  
Alfred Valentine  
Catalina Ferrer  
Frances E. Price

John C. Farrar  
Helen P. Loudenslager  
Bertha E. Walker  
Mildred Willard  
Helene M. Roesch  
Josephine C. Wall  
Louise E. Paine  
Miriam F. Carpenter  
Carol Marsh  
Anita L. Grannis  
Thelma Tipton  
Josephine N. Felts  
B. H. W. Cresswell  
Mattie Hibbert

Laurencia Vradenburg  
Winifred Birkett  
Jewell  
Eleanor Collins  
Margaret Finck  
Howard Bennett  
Ben Sleeper  
Bruce T. Simonds  
Josephine L. Livingston

## DRAWINGS, 2

Eleanor Johnson  
Naomi E. Butler  
Claire H. Roesch  
Leslie Eagar  
Lee Stephens  
Renée Geoffrion  
Hazel Roberts  
Emanuel Farbshtein  
Verna B. Hall  
Evelyn Dunham  
Josephine Richards  
Louise Cramer  
Caroline F. Ware  
Helen Tolles  
Arthur H. Nethercot  
Suzanne Branger  
Jennifer W. Burton  
Laura Hadley

## VERSE, 2

Heather F. Burbury  
Lloyd Dinkelspiel  
Dorothy Hurns  
Ruly H. Keeney  
Alice Trimble  
Ambrose C. Dugger  
Margaret C. Bland  
Edith H. Walton  
Elmer F. Hopkins  
Byrona Larkelle  
Grace Grimes  
Julia Goetze  
Edna Friedlander  
Martha W. Stanford  
Katherine Wogaman  
Georgene Davis  
Miriam Abrams  
Evelyn Waterman  
Ruth Hanchett  
Evangeline Ansell  
Eleanor Perkins  
George Meiste  
Margaret H. Benson  
Katherine Pearce  
Ruth Andrew  
Frances S. Brown

## DRAWINGS, 1

William Burkley  
S. Dorothy Bell  
Katharine Reynolds  
Nellie L. Leach  
Leura Yeomans  
Frederick Agnew  
Margaret F. Foster  
Iris L. Kahane  
Margaret Ager  
Francis W. Wright  
Thompson Blackburn  
Margaret L. Ayer  
Madeline Zeisse  
Eugenie Hatfield  
Evelyn B. Sloat  
Copeland Hovey  
Kenneth Davis  
Bennie Farbshtein  
Ellen Johnson  
Courtney W. Halsey  
Katharine H. Seligman  
Isabella B. Howland  
Catherine M. Clarke  
Marion Hoyt  
Margaret F. Metcalfe  
Horatio Rogers  
Jean Davis  
Jean E. Peacock  
William Keveres  
Stella Bloch  
Raymond Gleeson  
Gladyes E. Mead  
Margaret Jewell  
Kelly S. Vaughan  
Marjorie Flack  
Howard K. Sherman

Jean Dorchester  
A. Gordon Grove  
Josephine Fisher  
Chester W. Slack  
Sarah F. Marimon  
Rose G. Martin  
Ruth S. Thorp

## DRAWINGS, 2

Lucy Hunt  
Lois C. Myers  
Albin V. Thorp  
Mary McPheters  
Violet Roberts  
Jennie E. Everden  
Caryl Peabody  
Hester B. Curtis  
Elizabeth M. Brand  
Margaret M.  
McGregor  
John Argens  
Edward Lascher  
Mildred Greenfield  
Elizabeth M. Brand  
Meredith Brown  
Nellie Melrose  
Malcolm E. Anderson  
Caroline L. Ingham

## DRAWINGS, 2

Vandervoort  
Lily Madan  
Antoinette Van Liew  
Wilford E. Yost  
Caroline Lyder  
Ellen B. Hinds  
Esther Hopper  
Bertha M. Tilton  
Alice J. Longbrun  
Elice Gouldberg  
Isabella Cargit  
Douglas Sprunt  
Walter K. Frame  
Adaline Kent  
William H. Fry  
Ruth E. Thompson  
Esther Rosenthal  
Janice Dunker  
Marion B. Cook  
Helen T. Stevenson  
Arlene A. Bessner  
Venetta M. Willard  
Elizabeth W. Clark, Jr.  
Charles F. Patterson  
Henrietta H. Henning  
Oscar Banhan  
Henrietta C. Archer  
Lucile Means  
Jessie E. Alison  
Gladys Melndrum  
Dorothy Curtis  
Hayworth Michener  
Helen D. Rohner  
Clara Leitman  
Marie J. Cooke  
Ruth Putnam  
Helen Brown  
Cathleen Trask  
Illa Williams  
Mary Younglove  
Frances Wait  
Madeleine Marshall  
Marcia E. Stewart  
Norman A. Kelly  
Constance Felix  
Rebecca Johnson  
Reba Goldstine  
Edith Maurer

## DRAWINGS, 1

William Burkley  
S. Dorothy Bell  
Katharine Reynolds  
Nellie L. Leach  
Leura Yeomans  
Frederick Agnew  
Margaret F. Foster  
Iris L. Kahane  
Margaret Ager  
Francis W. Wright  
Thompson Blackburn  
Margaret L. Ayer  
Madeline Zeisse  
Eugenie Hatfield  
Evelyn B. Sloat  
Copeland Hovey  
Kenneth Davis  
Bennie Farbshtein  
Ellen Johnson  
Courtney W. Halsey  
Katharine H. Seligman  
Isabella B. Howland  
Catherine M. Clarke  
Marion Hoyt  
Margaret F. Metcalfe  
Horatio Rogers  
Jean Davis  
Jean E. Peacock  
William Keveres  
Stella Bloch  
Raymond Gleeson  
Gladyes E. Mead  
Margaret Jewell  
Kelly S. Vaughan  
Marjorie Flack  
Howard K. Sherman

## DRAWINGS, 1

Edward De W. Wines  
Willard Vander Veer  
William P. Jacob  
Lois Whitney  
Ellen K. Hone  
Clyde N. Kemery  
W. Robert Reed  
Ester K. Harrington  
Princess Fanny  
Hohenloke  
Margaret G. Thomson  
Miriam Hizar  
Truitt Epstein  
Gladyes Smith

Elizabeth Phillips  
Catherine Norris  
Betty Humphreys  
Genevieve Blanchard  
Mary Everett  
Katherine L. Guy  
Hester M. Dickey  
Gordon Snow

## PHOTOGRAPHS, 2

Frances Pogue  
Gertrude McInnes  
Jessica B. Noble  
Nancy Eggers  
Louis Clark  
Elizabeth K. Brown  
Marion C. Holmes  
Esther Detmer  
Elizabeth Cains  
Philbrick McCoy  
Dorothy G. Schwarz  
Catharine Tarr  
Dorinda Marks  
Benjamin Alvord, Jr.  
Betty M. Weaver  
A. S. Weeks  
Dorothy Hall  
Alice Moore  
Eleanor O. Doremus  
Betty Comstock  
Alice G. McKernon  
Alice B. Eggleston  
Elverson Morrison  
John Rosenfield  
Junior Scruton  
Louis Joseph  
Florence M. Seward  
Ruth M. Simonds  
Elliot J. Ward  
Justus Wakelee  
Helen M. MacDonald  
Jean W. Wagner  
Margaret Anderson  
Alan Gray  
Katherine Abbott  
Leslie Gray  
Judith V. Hanna  
Elsie Apel  
Eric B. Bessner  
Alpheus B. Stickney  
Valerie Underwood  
Sarah D. Roubush  
Priscilla D. Howard  
Alexander M. Greene  
Margaret Powers  
Julia F. Brice  
Dorothy Deming  
Ruby Britts  
Elizabeth C. Carter  
Mary Barnett  
Virginia P. Bradford  
Addie E. Smith  
W. Coburn Seward  
Frances M. Sweet  
Elizabeth La Boyteaux

## PHOTOGRAPHS, 2

Frances Pogue  
Gertrude McInnes  
Jessica B. Noble  
Nancy Eggers  
Louis Clark  
Elizabeth K. Brown  
Marion C. Holmes  
Esther Detmer  
Elizabeth Cains  
Philbrick McCoy  
Dorothy G. Schwarz  
Catharine Tarr  
Dorinda Marks  
Benjamin Alvord, Jr.  
Betty M. Weaver  
A. S. Weeks  
Dorothy Hall  
Alice Moore  
Eleanor O. Doremus  
Betty Comstock  
Alice G. McKernon  
Alice B. Eggleston  
Elverson Morrison  
John Rosenfield  
Junior Scruton  
Louis Joseph  
Florence M. Seward  
Ruth M. Simonds  
Elliot J. Ward  
Justus Wakelee  
Helen M. MacDonald  
Jean W. Wagner  
Margaret Anderson  
Alan Gray  
Katherine Abbott  
Leslie Gray  
Judith V. Hanna  
Elsie Apel  
Eric B. Bessner  
Alpheus B. Stickney  
Valerie Underwood  
Sarah D. Roubush  
Priscilla D. Howard  
Alexander M. Greene  
Margaret Powers  
Julia F. Brice  
Dorothy Deming  
Ruby Britts  
Elizabeth C. Carter  
Mary Barnett  
Virginia P. Bradford  
Addie E. Smith  
W. Coburn Seward  
Frances M. Sweet  
Elizabeth La Boyteaux

## PHOTOGRAPHS, 1

Deborah Iddings  
Edith Armstrong  
Gustav Deichmann  
Katharine K. Spencer  
Margaret P. Spaulding  
Gertrude Bendheim  
Margaret Scarborough  
Henry D. Knower  
Isabel Conklin  
Constance Griffith  
Henrietta Archer  
Elizabeth M. Brand  
Margaret D. Kittinger  
Rachel Souhami  
Elizabeth P. Robinson  
Fannie Ruley  
Pearl Miller  
Margaret P. Cooke  
Edith Leach Weart  
Mary Fraim  
Margaret Waddell  
James Stanisewsky  
Mary Bancroft  
Margaret M. Horton

## PHOTOGRAPHS, 1

Deborah Iddings  
Edith Armstrong  
Gustav Deichmann  
Katharine K. Spencer  
Margaret P. Spaulding  
Gertrude Bendheim  
Margaret Scarborough  
Henry D. Knower  
Isabel Conklin  
Constance Griffith  
Henrietta Archer  
Elizabeth M. Brand  
Margaret D. Kittinger  
Rachel Souhami  
Elizabeth P. Robinson  
Fannie Ruley  
Pearl Miller  
Margaret P. Cooke  
Edith Leach Weart  
Mary Fraim  
Margaret Waddell  
James Stanisewsky  
Mary Bancroft  
Margaret M. Horton

William Waller  
Ruth Browne  
Norah Heney  
Robert Crawford  
Louise D. Patterson  
Helena A. Irvine

## PUZZLES, 2

Warren W. Pierson  
Marg't W. Billingham  
Charles Pearson, Jr.

Margaret E. Herbert  
Estella V. Johnson  
Lucy E. Cooke  
Alice Heyl  
Horace Yeomans  
May H. Doolittle  
Mary H. West  
Ruth Dorchester  
Katharine Skinner  
H. A. Moffat  
Eva Garson  
William Ehrlich, Jr.

Alice Bell  
Bessie Burch  
Blanche W. Billstein  
John D. Cooper  
Helen Westfall  
Adele Chapin  
Hannah Ruley  
Sarah Y. Macklin  
Mary L. Sperry  
Rosetta Gilmore  
Francis Westcott  
Jamison D. Roberts

## PRIZE COMPETITION No. 157

THE ST. NICHOLAS League awards gold and silver badges each month for the best *original* poems, stories, drawings, photographs, puzzles, and puzzle answers. Also, occasionally, cash prizes of five dollars each to gold-badge winners who shall, from time to time, again win first place.

**Competition No. 157** will close **November 10** (for foreign members **November 15**). Prize announcements will be made and the selected contributions published in ST. NICHOLAS for **March**.

**Verse.** To contain not more than twenty-four lines. Subject, "A Song of Home."

**Prose.** Essay or story of not more than three hundred words. Subject, "Luck and Work."

**Photograph.** Any size, mounted or unmounted; no blue prints or negatives. Subject, "Caught."

**Drawing.** India ink, very black writing-ink, or wash. Subject, "Ready for Winter," or a Heading for **March**.

**Puzzle.** Any sort, but must be accompanied by the answer in full, and must be indorsed.

**Puzzle Answers.** Best, neatest, and most complete set of answers to puzzles in this issue of ST. NICHOLAS. Must be indorsed and must be addressed as explained on the first page of the "Riddle-box."

**Wild Creature Photography.** To encourage the pursuing of game with a camera instead of with a gun. The prizes in the "Wild Creature Photography" competition shall be in four classes, as follows: *Prize, Class A*, a gold badge and three dollars. *Prize, Class B*, a gold badge and one dollar. *Prize, Class C*, a gold badge. *Prize, Class D*, a silver badge. But prize-winners in this competition (as in all the other competitions) will not receive a second gold or silver badge. Photographs must not be of "protected" game, as in zoological gardens or game reservations. Contributors must state in a few words where and under what circumstances the photograph was taken.

**Special Notice.** No unused contribution can be returned by us *unless it is accompanied by a self-addressed and stamped envelop of the proper size to hold the manuscript, drawing, or photograph.*

## RULES

ANY reader of ST. NICHOLAS, whether a subscriber or not, is entitled to League membership, and a League badge and leaflet, which will be sent free. No League member who has reached the age of eighteen years may compete.

Every contribution, of whatever kind, *must* bear the name, age, and address of the sender, and be indorsed as "original" by parent, teacher, or guardian, *who must be convinced beyond doubt that the contribution is not copied*, but wholly the work and idea of the sender. If prose, the number of words should also be added. These notes must not be on a separate sheet, but on the contribution itself—*if* manuscript, on the upper margin; *if* a picture, on the margin or back. Write or draw on one side of the paper only. A contributor may send but one contribution a month—not one of each kind, but one only.

Address:

The St. Nicholas League,  
Union Square, New York,

## BOOKS AND READING

BY HILDEGARDE HAWTHORNE



A PIONEER PALACE CAR.

### THE STORY OF THE PATH-MAKERS

THE Hunters' Moon will still be hanging yellow in the sky when you are reading this number of ST. NICHOLAS, so it is not yet quite time to turn away from the adventurous life of the great outdoor spaces to rooms and streets and trolley-cars, and all the confinements of civilization. Or, at least, if turn we must, since school and office call back hunter and camper and sailor to desk and bench, we may yet keep a hand stretched out to the rough grip of nature, and a backward eye on her nights of stars and days of lusty winds, ripening orchards and reaped grain, yellow woods and white-laced brown brooks running under the dark pines.

Wherever in this broad land you may have spent the summer and autumn, you have got there with comparative ease. Trains have rolled you over the vast plains or through the mountains, have brought you to the open door of the forest or the shores of lake or sea. If you went into the wilderness, you passed through sweet and flourishing farm districts and lively villages, and even though you crossed the prairies that roll up to the foot of the Rockies, you have seen the irrigated land turned green and gold with growing corn and hay.

But a little time ago, even as we human beings count time, none of this was so. There were the mountains and the plains, the forest and the wilderness, and no way of getting across them except by foot or on horseback, a perilous way, fit only for the strongest and the most daring.

Thinking of these things as my train whirled on its eastward journey, I remembered two books that tell in graphic style the story of the change

—the wonderful change from the wild times of the path-finders and path-makers to the present day, with its Pullman cars flashing over the iron roads, going farther in a day than it was possible to go in a month when the wilderness was at home all over the continent.

These two books are written by men who were among the pioneers and adventurers who rode the long and dangerous trails from East to West, and who saw the whole great drama played out, helping a deal in the playing—or, rather, the fighting, for there was a considerable amount of the latter and precious little of the former in the whole big business from beginning to end.

These men are Colonel Henry Inman, U. S. A., and Colonel Cody, or "Buffalo Bill," whom you have probably heard of before; and the books are "The Old Santa Fé Trail" and "The Old Salt Lake Trail." The Salt Lake book has been written by the two in collaboration, while the other book is by Inman alone, with an introduction by Buffalo Bill. They are big, fat books with many illustrations, and they tell a tale as amazing and exciting as it is true. Now, as you know well that truth is stranger than fiction, you can form some notion of just how stirring these volumes are.

Here are told the great hardships, the high endeavor, the noble endurance, and the wild enchantment of that western life, a life so recently passed away that its memory is distinct in the minds of living men, and yet so utterly vanished that it seems to have belonged to another age than ours, or to be a romantic story told at twilight when the fancy plays.

Yet here are the pages written by the very men who tramped and rode the desperate miles

across the continent, back and forth, meeting all the perils of the trail, and escaping hardly with more than their lives; men who saw the vast hordes of the buffalo and the tepees of the Indians disappear before the trapper, the hunter, and the grazer, and these again vanish before the farmer and the homesteader. Surely, in all the story of this world's adventures, so much history was never before packed into so short a space of time.

It was in 1861 that the telegraph was finally stretched from ocean to ocean, putting an end to the famous Pony Express. And in 1880, that the first train of the Atchison, Topeka, and Santa Fé Railroad ran over the new rails and killed the old trails. This was the beginning of the end, the beginning of To-day, and our easy hurrying over the routes mapped out by the pioneers.

In "The Old Santa Fé Trail" we follow the tracks of Kit Carson, and many a story is told of him, and of Dick Wootin and other famous scouts and Indian fighters. There is a lot of fighting in these pages, for Indian and white disputed every step with the rifle and the scalping-knife—it was, first of all, a war-path, this way across the country.

There seems to be no end to the number of stories told in the two books. There is the Mexican War, as it affected the scouts and trappers and cavalry of the army; there is the great tale of the first wagon expedition across the Divide and the Plains, a record of amazing hardship and grim endurance, in which the few who won out were compelled to finish on foot, wagons and baggage abandoned.

And oh, the hundreds of anecdotes of bear- and beaver-trapping, deer- and buffalo-shooting! It was the ruthless slaughter of the buffalo that first aroused the hatred of the Sioux, or Dakotas, which was the real name of the nation. These Sioux, with the Comanches, became the terror of the whites, and left a trail of blood behind them as they were slowly driven back. The Pawnees were troublesome too, but, on the whole, more friendly. There is one story Buffalo Bill tells of a Pawnee baby who was adopted by a Pony Express rider, known by the name of Whipsaw, which reveals the devotion of an Indian to his friend. Whipsaw had rescued the three-year-old child from a wicked-looking old Sioux warrior who had stolen him from his own people, and after that the boy would have nothing to do with the redskins; in fact, he hated them, and never lost a chance to do them harm.

In the end, the little boy, who was called Little Cayuse, saved not only Whipsaw, but several other Express riders from murder by the Sioux. It is a good yarn, as you 'll find out in reading it.

The picture Buffalo Bill gives of these riders is a wonderful one. The service was so dangerous that few men were willing to undertake it, and of these scarcely one escaped quite unhurt. The lightning speed at which they rode, the loneliness, the heat, cold, and drought they suffered, are thrilling to read of. At any moment, as they fled along, an enemy might rise up, a shot whistle past—not always past! Then, after the mailbags were tossed to the waiting rider at the next post, who immediately started at full gallop, the drop into a sleep of utter exhaustion, rolled in a blanket on the floor of the cabin.

There are, especially in "The Old Salt Lake



A MOUNTAIN HUNTER

Trail," a number of Indian legends and beliefs, and much concerning their customs, both in their tribal life, and when they came into contact with the intruding white men. Tales, too, that were told at night by the old scouts and trappers as they sat smoking round the fire. One of the most famous of these men was known as "Old Hatcher," and we hear one of his stories as he sits "under the silvery pines, with the troops of stars overhead," one of a group of buckskin-clad men, speaking in his western dialect, with telling gestures, his pipe always in his mouth, and his eyes fixed, with a far-away look, on some glowing spot in the fire as though he were seeing the scenes and adventures he described.

There is a good deal told of General Sherman, and of the great task of building the Union Pa-



cific. With the last spike driven in that road, the Salt Lake Trail followed the Santa Fé out of existence.

Buffalo Bill tells many of his own adventures as a scout for the United States Army, and anecdotes of the many officers he met in that capacity.



WHERE AN EMIGRANT TRAIN HAD PASSED.

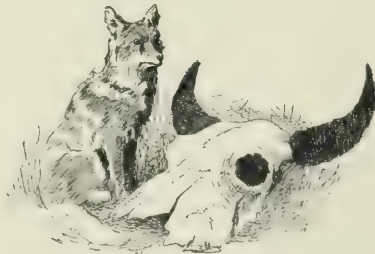
Another wonderful story is that of the creation of the Overland Stage Route. The coaches were huge, swinging affairs, drawn by six horses or mules, the finest to be had, and these were usually driven at a gallop over the rough trails and breakneck descents. They went as fast as a hundred miles a day, the horses being changed every ten miles at the roadside houses. The drivers of these stages were men of character and of a dare-devil bravery. Adventure was the order of the day, and not a driver among them but had his score and more to relate. Hold-ups were common, for the stages went almost as heavily loaded with gold as with passengers, on many of their trips. What rides they must have been! The towering mountains, the wild cañon road between the pine-covered slopes, the beautiful horses go-

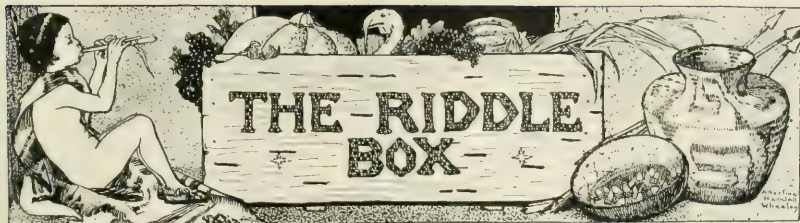
ing at full tilt, with the heavy coach swaying behind them, its little group of travelers on top, the driver swinging his long whip, the conductor, who was responsible for the mail, looking out, gun in hand—then, suddenly, two or three mounted desperadoes barring the route!

Many a rough joke these wild men played, and many a harrowing deed is recorded of them and of their enemies. Many a foolhardy risk they took, and many an act of gentleness and kindness is "chalked up" to them. They were much like children, simple and natural, taking things as they came, and loving adventure like boys. The life they lived has no place in our civilization, but it was fine and manly for all its faults. Without men of their caliber we should scarcely have subdued the West, turning the wilderness into the granary of the world, and opening the golden mountains for their wealth. Thanks to them, peace has come now, and the wild miles are sweet and smiling.

If you want a true notion of how America grew to be what she is, and desire to see at firsthand the men, or some of them, who had a hand in this growth, you cannot do better than read these two books. As for interest and excitement, you won't fail to find plenty. But the fact that the stories are thrilling does not make them the less true, which is one of the comforts of life. It is history—but it is adventure too! It is as valuable as it is thrilling. The settling of the West had many phases, but here we get the beginning of them all, "that first fine, careless rapture" we never can recapture, and which belongs to youth, to first times, and the beginnings of things, and is usually lost in what follows.

Perhaps, while you read in the dark November evenings, the wind will shriek in the windows, rattling the blinds, until it seems to you that you hear the war-cry of the Sioux and the clatter of horses' feet. Snuggle down more closely by the fire, and turn the pages. It is only fancy now—but fifty years ago . . . !





## ANSWERS TO PUZZLES IN THE OCTOBER NUMBER

GEOGRAPHICAL PRIMAL ACROSTIC. Martin Van Buren. Cross-  
 words: 1. Maine. 2. Aiken. 3. Rhine. 4. Tunis. 5. Indus. 6.  
 Nubia. 7. Volga. 8. Andes. 9. Natal. 10. Banff. 11. Utica. 12.  
 Rhone. 13. Essex. 14. Negro.

WORD-SQUARES. I. 1. Brine. 2. Rosin. 3. Islet. 4. Niece. 5. Enter. II. 1. Maple. 2. Again. 3. Paint. 4. Liner. 5. Entry.

TRIPLE BEHEADINGS AND CURTAILINGS. Abraham Lincoln. Cross-words: 1. Ant-arc-tic. 2. Bar-bar-ism. 3. Int-rod-uce. 4. Adv-ant-age. 5. Arc-hit-ect. 6. Imp-art-ial. 7. Geo-met-ric. 8. Abo-lit-ion. 9. Fus-ill-ade. 10. Hyp-not-ism. 11. Chi-can-ery. 12. Abs-orb-ent. 13. Col-lea-gue. 14. Mag-net-ize.

**ZIGZAG.** Thomas Moore. Cross-words: 1. Tangle. 2. Chisel. 3. Clover. 4. Primal. 5. Appear. 6. Famous. 7. Column. 8. Choose. 9. Closet. 10. Prison. 11. Emerge.

ILLUSTRATED NOVEL ACROSTIC. Reynolds, Lawrence. Cross-words: 1. Ruler. 2. Eland. 3. Yawls. 4. North. 5. Opera. 6. Lance. 7. Ducks. 8. Sheep.

TO OUR PUZZLERS: Answers to be acknowledged in the magazine must be received not later than the 10th of each month, and should be addressed to ST. NICHOLAS Riddle-box, care of THE CENTURY CO., 33 East Seventeenth Street, New York City.

ANSWERS TO ALL THE PUZZLES IN THE AUGUST NUMBER were received before August 10 from Albert Reynolds Eckel—"Queenscourt."

ANSWERS TO PUZZLES IN THE AUGUST NUMBER were received before August 10 from L. C. Holmes, 9—George S. Cattanach, 9—"Dixie Slope," 9—Harmon B., James O., and Glen T. Vedder, 8—Theodore H. Ames, 8—Edith H. Heymann, 7—Dorothy B. Goldsmith, 8—Gertrude M. Van Horne, 6—Joseph B. Kelly, 6—Phyllis Brooks, 5—Eleanor O'Leary, 3—Virginia Beggs, 2.

ANSWERS TO ONE PUZZLE were received from L. S.—E. T.—R. C.—R. T.—J. D.—K. K. S.—F. L. K.—C. A. H.—A. R. F.—D. R.

### SQUARES CONNECTED BY DIAMONDS

(Gold Badge, St. Nicholas League Competition)

UPPER LEFT-HAND DIAMOND: 1. In Telemachus. 2. Quick of apprehension. 3. Cognizant. 4. A variety of dog. 5. To quaver. 6. A snake-like fish. 7. In Telemachus.

UPPER SQUARE: 1. An Eastern salutation. 2. Old womanish. 3. Lawful. 4. To arrange in a line. 5. Measures.

UPPER RIGHT-HAND DIAMOND: 1. In Telemachus. 2. A fishing bob. 3. A large pill. 4. Mercury's winged sandals. 5. An engraver's tool. 6. Crime. 7. In Telemachus.

LEFT-HAND SQUARE: 1. The Mohammedan evil spirit. 2. A newly married woman. 3. Utmost extent. 4. An imbecile. 5. A conflict in boxing.

CENTRAL DIAMOND: 1. In Telemachus. 2. A writing-instrument. 3. Puzzled. 4. A cube of marble used in mosaic work. 5. In great want. 6. Parched. 7. In Telemachus.

NUMERICAL ENIGMA. "How sharper than a serpent's tooth it is to have a thankless child."

PERSIAN P1 "An untried friend is like an uncracked nut."

DOUBLE DIAGONAL. Bryant, Lowell. Cross-words: 1. Bushel. 2. Creole. 3. Gayety. 4. Reward. 5. Iodine. 6. Linnet.

CONNECTED SQUARES AND DIAMONDS. I. 1. M. 2. Lad. 3. Mania 4. Din. 5. A. II. 1. Inane 2. Newel 3. Award. 4. Nerve. 5. Elder. III. 1. S. 2. Woe. 3. Solar. 4. Eat. 5. K. IV. 1. T. 2. Rot 3. Total 4. Tax 5. L. V. 1. Trait. 2. Raise 3. Aisle. 4. Islet. 5. Teeth. VI. 1. E. 2. End. 3. Envy. 4. Dot 5. Y.

CROSS-WORD ENIGMA. Constitution.

Cross-words: 1. Re(v)el. 2. Ch(a)in. 3. Pa(s)te. 4. Li(s)ps. 5. St(a)ir. 6. Fa(r)ce. 7. Vi(c)es. 8. Sto(p)op. 9. Co(l)on. 10. So(l)ar. 11. Br(e)ad. 12. Re(gal). 13. Sp(e)ar.

RIGHT-HAND SQUARE: 1. To frighten. 2. To sing joyfully. 3. Fragrance. 4. A famous people. 5. The Cape elk.

LOWER LEFT-HAND DIAMOND: 1. In Telemachus. 2. To bore into. 3. Rum distilled from a low grade of molasses. 4. A silken fabric. 5. A fragment. 6. Consumed. 7. In Telemachus.

LOWER SQUARE: 1. Manila hemp. 2. A household article. 3. A large artery. 4. Cottages. 5. To gather.

LOWER RIGHT-HAND DIAMOND: 1. In Telemachus. 2. To imitate. 3. A perfume made from roses. 4. Destitute of wings. 5. In good season. 6. A beam of light. 7. In Telemachus. ERNEST S. CROSBY (age 14).

ERNEST S. CROSBY (age 14).

## THANKSGIVING PL

ADEPEH ni het loshwol fo eth ěvroġ, teh unutama saveel  
eli edad,  
Yeth uisret ot het dyendig stug, dan ot eth tribsab dater.

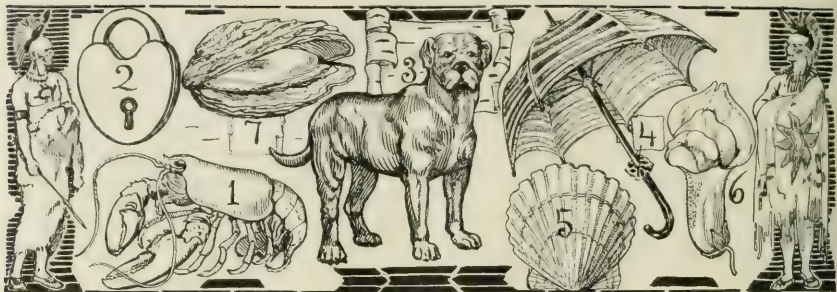
### DOUBLE ZIGZAG

(Silver Badge, St. Nicholas League Competition)

EACH of the words described contains the same number of letters. When rightly guessed and written one below another, the zigzag through the first and second columns will spell the name of a great statesman, and through the third and fourth columns the name of a famous general.

CROSS-WORD: 1. To decrease. 2. A city famous for its tower. 3. Part of the face. 4. Besides. 5. An island. 6. Rescue. 7. Fasten. 8. Thin. 9. Hooks used on steam-engines. 10. A musical part. 11. A river in Italy. 12. A girl's name. 13. Weakens. 14. A famous volcano. 15. Used in a boat. 16. An insect. 17. Level.

ANTOINETTE MEARS (age 15).



### ILLUSTRATED DIAGONAL

If the pictured words are written one below another, the diagonal, beginning at the upper left-hand letter, spells the name of a famous explorer.

E. R. E.

### NUMERICAL ENIGMA

My whole consists of seventy-nine letters and forms a quotation from Walter Scott.

My 29-50-12-51-42 is ground. My 5-59-70-11 is part of a fork. My 21-23-24-45-13 is a dwelling. My 17-65-14-6 is a Biblical character. My 43-37-34-2-64 is obtained from Africa. My 15-36-40-4-37-6 is what gold is. My 48-19-67-7-31 is subjected to a pecuniary penalty. My 63-54-61-78-25-69 is chiefly. My 1-46-22-72 is of the highest excellence. My 8-16-35-28 is by the sea. My 58-75-30-39-20-10 is the fireside. My 74-71-26-57 is immense. My 66-73-56-9-49 is a dimension. My 33-41-32 is in what condition. My 62-18-55-53-60 is pertaining to a country in Europe. My 52-27-63-3 is a place we love. My 44-38-79-77-47 is often given as a prize.

WINTHROP SLADE, JR. (age 11), *League Member*.

### CONCEALED SQUARE WORD

(One word is concealed in each couplet)

If you can't settle where to buy,  
For umpire Stephen we will try.

A shop in every street you 'll find  
With bargain sales just to your mind.

A suit like yours so warm and light  
So nice and trig I'd buy at sight.

There goes the sun; I tell you, friends,  
That heavy cloud a shower portends.

For shopping I'm no more inclined,  
Some destination we must find.

HELEN A. SIBLEY.

### QUINTUPLE BEHEADINGS AND CURTAILINGS

(Gold Badge, St. Nicholas League Competition)

EXAMPLE: Quintuply behead and curtail prescience, and leave the present time. Answer, forek-now-ledge.

In the same way behead and curtail: 1. Causing uneasiness, and leave a conjunction. 2. Support, and leave a fragment of cloth. 3. Pertaining to a crystalloid, and leave every one. 4. Improper administration, and leave a horse. 5. One of the United States, and leave a vehicle. 6. The act of sparkling, and leave sick. 7. The art of the actor, and leave a male child. 8. One skilled in

arithmetic, and leave joined. 9. Belonging to Lent, and leave era. 10. Pertaining to type, and leave to strike. 11. Impairments through neglect, and leave a feminine name. 12. That which is brought back into a country from which it was taken, and leave a fragment. 13. Concerning different nations, and leave a masculine nickname.

When correctly guessed, and written one below another, the primals of the remaining three-letter words will spell the name of a famous American general.

ISIDORE HELFAND (age 14).

### ADDITIONS

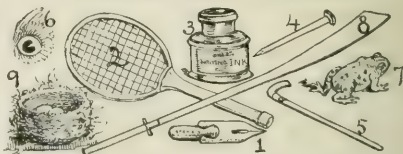
EXAMPLE: To a beast of burden add to be the matter with, and make to attack. Answer: ass-ail.

1. To an animal add to bite, and make an aromatic plant. 2. To strike add a pronoun, and make to this place. 3. To an insect add an edge, and make a song of praise. 4. To decay add a number, and make unsound. 5. To a ballad add human beings, and make the laity. 6. To part of the head add a pronoun, and make terrestrial. 7. To the ocean add a male child, and make a division of the year. 8. To confine water add a period, and make injury. 9. To a tavern add devoured, and make natural. 10. To a vehicle add to caress, and make a floor covering. 11. To a young goat add a doze, and make to steal a human being. 12. To the termination add part of the head, and make to make beloved. 13. To a negative word add to freeze, and make to observe. 14. To a luminary add to place, and make a time of day.

When correctly guessed and written one below another, the primals of the resulting six-letter words made will spell the name of a famous novelist.

EDITH PIERPONT STICKNEY (age 13), *Honor Member*.

### ILLUSTRATED PRIMAL ACROSTIC



In this puzzle the words (of unequal length) are pictured instead of described. When rightly guessed, and written one below another, the primals spell the name of a famous institution.

CHARLES M. ALFORD (age 9), *League Member*.

# ST. NICHOLAS

VOL. XL

DECEMBER, 1912

No. 2



## The Nursery Rhymes of Mother Goose illustrated by Arthur Rackham

© A. R.



I

Ring a ring o' roses  
A pocket full of posies!  
Hush! Hush! Hush! Hush!  
We all fall down together!



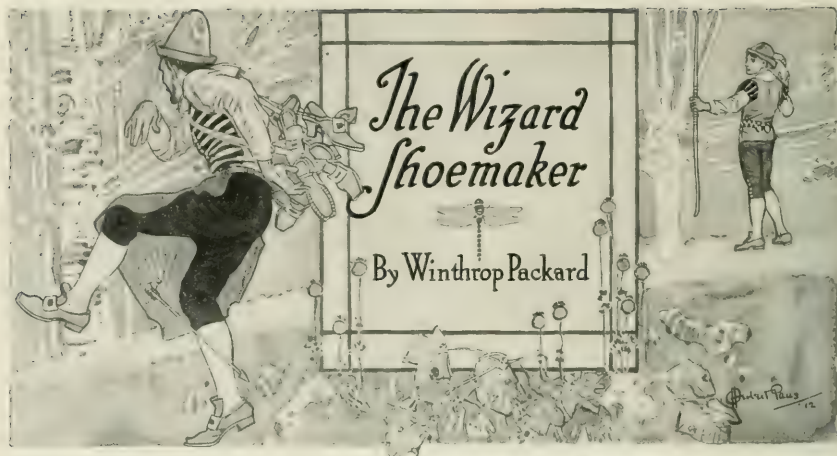
II

Little Tommy Tucker  
Sings for his supper.  
What shall he eat?  
White bread and butter.

How can he cut it  
Without e'er a knife?  
How can he marry  
Without e'er a wife?







THERE was a boy who shot an arrow at a tree. It flew swift and straight, but glanced from the tree and tore a big hole in the leather apron of a shoemaker who was standing near. Soon the boy came running up, saying, "Please excuse me for thus tearing your apron. I shot at a tree, but the arrow glanced."

But the shoemaker was very angry, and said: "I am a wizard shoemaker, and unless you mend my apron so that it is as whole as it was before, I do not know what I shall do to you, but it will be something dreadful. There is but one kind of needle that will mend a wizard shoemaker's leather apron, and neither man can give it to you, nor woman can give it to you. There is but one kind of thread that will do it, and neither man can give it to you, nor woman can give it to you; and there is but one kind of leather that will suffice, and neither man nor woman can give that to you. So, however hard you try, you will fail, and I shall have my revenge."

"These things," said the boy, "I shall try to find, and, by good fortune, I may do it."

So he set forth in the world, going up and down in it, by wood and field, seeking for needle, thread, and leather. He had passed many a pleasant field and many a tall forest, when, at an open space in the wood, he suddenly heard a cry for help.

"Help!" it said, "I am drowning!" Nor could he see water in which any one could drown. But he followed the direction whence the call came, and presently he found a deep well, and heard a splash and the cry from the water below.

"Be of good cheer," he called down, "I am coming to help you." Then he began to descend, putting his fingers and toes firmly in the chinks between the stones, and taking care lest he fall. In the dark water at the bottom, he found something splashing. This he lifted carefully to his shoulder, and climbed out again. When he had set it upon the ground, he saw that it was a porcupine, that shook the water from its quills, and said:

"Thank you, kind boy, for taking me from the well. I should surely have drowned had you not come to my rescue. Because you helped me, what can I do to help you?"

"I am glad to have aided you, but I fear there is nothing you can do to help me," replied the boy; "I am journeying far to find a certain kind of needle. This morning I shot my arrow at a tree, but it glanced, and tore a big hole in the wizard shoemaker's leather apron. I must mend this, or he will do me harm, and to do it I must have a certain kind of needle which neither man can give me, nor woman can give me; so I do not see how I am to get it."

Then the porcupine smiled. "Perhaps I can help you in that, little brother," he said. "Take hold of one of those long quills in my back, and shut your eyes, and do just as I bid you."

This the boy did, and the porcupine then said: "Pull, little brother; pull as hard as you can!" The boy pulled, and felt the quill coming out of the porcupine's back as he pulled. So he stopped pulling, not wishing to injure his



friend. But the porcupine said again: "Pull as hard as you can, I tell you; never mind me!"

So again the boy pulled, and he felt the quill come out in his hands. Then the porcupine said: "Open your eyes, little brother, and let us see what we have here."

So the boy opened his eyes, but, to his astonishment, instead of a porcupine's quill in his hands he found a long, keen, steel needle that he, somehow, knew was just the thing to mend the wizard shoemaker's leather apron.

So he said to the porcupine: "Thank you, good porcupine, for giving me this splendid needle."

But the porcupine replied: "Thanks should be from me, for I surely should have drowned if you had not come to my aid. Besides, I go up and down in the world quite a bit, and I have always seen you helping some one; and I am sure that a boy who helps others will find help himself."

So the boy stuck the needle carefully under the lapel of his coat, and went on his way. He had passed many a sunny hollow and many a shady wood, when he heard a deep "Moo-oo" of distress, and ran in the direction whence the sound came. Soon, in a sunny glade, he found a big mother-cow, calling loudly and looking this way and that, while tears rolled down her cheeks.

"Why, good mother-cow!" the boy cried, "what is the matter?"

"Alas!" said the cow, "I have lost my little calf. Always he waits for me in this sunny glade, but to-day I came back, and he is not here. I do not dare go to hunt for him lest he come while I am gone, so I can only stand here and call."

"Be of good cheer," said the boy, "I will help you find your little calf. Wait here, and I will bring him back to you"; and off he ran as fast as he could.

He had passed many a flowering shrub and many an ancient tree, when he came to a dark space in a tall wood whence came a faint cry of "Ma-a! Ma-a!" and he knew that he heard the voice of the little calf. Out of a big box-trap it came, one that men had set to catch a bear alive. Into this the little calf had wandered, and had sprung it.

"Be of good cheer," called the boy, "I will soon let you out." And he pulled with all his might at the door of the trap. But it had been made strong enough to hold a bear, and he could not move it. So he said again: "Be of good cheer, I will find some one stronger than I am to help me pull, and we will let you out." And on he ran as fast as he could.

As he ran, he heard a sound of laughter com-

ing from a sunny glade, and there he saw a big donkey, sitting down in the grass, his hind legs sticking straight out in front of him, his front hoofs planted between them, and his head wagging up and down, and his ears flopping. Every time he wagged his head he laughed, "Hee ha-aw! Hee ha-aw!" and, seeing him, the boy looked about in astonishment.

"Why, good donkey," he said, "what is the joke?"

"I am," replied the donkey, "and I am laughing at myself. Every day I draw big loads and love to do it, for I am quite the strongest donkey anywhere about. But to-day I thought I would have a vacation and rest here in the sun, and, do you know, I am so homesick for a good load to pull, that I do not know what to do."

"Good!" said the boy, "come with me, and I will find for you the hardest pull you ever had." Whereupon the donkey leaped to his feet, and ran with the boy toward the bear trap, laughing, "Hee ha-aw! Hee ha-aw!" as he went, so glad was he that he was to find hard work once more.

At the bear trap, the boy fastened the donkey securely to the door, took hold himself, and both pulled as hard as they could. It was a strong door, but nothing could withstand the joyous pull of that donkey, and with a crash they ripped it off the trap. The calf trotted out immediately, but neither he nor the boy had time to properly thank the donkey, who went right on, up the hill and through the wood, dragging the door after him, and laughing all the way in his joy at finding such hard work to do.

But the boy and calf ran as fast as they could to the sunny glade where the big mother-cow was waiting for them. Very glad, indeed, she was to see the calf, and soon he was eating his dinner while the mother-cow cried a little still, but now for joy, and smoothed his ruffled fur with her big red tongue.

"Thank you, kind boy," she said, "for finding my little calf. I do not know what I should have done without your help. Now tell me, what can I do to help you?"

"I am glad to have aided you," replied the boy, "but I fear there is nothing you can do to help me. I am journeying far to find a certain kind of thread. This morning I shot my arrow at a tree, but it glanced, and tore a big hole in the wizard shoemaker's leather apron. I must mend this, or he will do me harm, and to do it I must have a certain kind of thread which neither man can give me, nor woman can give me; so I do not see how I am to get it."

Then the cow smiled. "Perhaps I can help you in that, little brother," she said. "Take hold

of those long hairs in my tail, shut your eyes, and do just what I tell you."

This the boy did, and the cow then said: "Pull, little brother; pull as hard as you can." The boy pulled, and soon he felt the hairs coming out in his hands.

Then the cow said: "Open your eyes, little brother, and let us see what we have here."

So the boy opened his eyes, but, to his astonishment, instead of hairs his hands were full of just the finest kind of brown threads, just the thing, he was sure, to mend the wizard shoemaker's leather apron.

"Thank you, kind cow," said he, "for giving me this splendid thread."

But the cow replied: "Thanks should be from me. I should never have seen my calf again without your help. Besides, I go up and down in the world quite a bit, and always I have seen you helping some one, and I am quite sure that a boy who helps others deserves help himself."

So the boy put the thread carefully in his pocket, and went on his way. He had passed many a sandy hillside and many a rocky cliff, when he again heard a cry for help. This seemed to come from a cave among big rocks, and when he ran into it, he saw there a bat that had been caught by a big snake.

"Help!" cried the bat, and the boy replied by snatching up a big stone and throwing it at the snake. It hit him—tunk—and the snake turned an inquiring eye upon the boy, who immediately caught up another, larger stone, and hit the snake with a louder tunk. Thereupon the snake turned both eyes inquiringly on the boy, and, seeing him pick up a third even larger





stone, he dropped the bat, and glided with much haste far down into holes among the stones at the bottom of the cave.

"Thank you, kind boy," said the bat, "for saving me from that dreadful snake; but I am bitten so deep that I fear now I shall die unless I can anoint my wound with some of the honey-dew bee-balm that is made at the hive of the fairy bees."

"Be of good cheer," said the boy, "I will bring this balm. Wait for me here, and I will soon be back." And away he ran as fast as he could to the hive of the fairy bees. There he saw a big working bee, pausing a moment on the door-step with a load of wax.

He was about to speak, when the busy bee said: "I know what you are after. I go everywhere for miles, and I see everything. You want balm for the injured bat up in the cave. Wait here for me a moment, and I will bring it out for you. But please keep very quiet, for within they are putting some of the baby bees to sleep."

"I will keep very quiet," said the boy, and soon he saw the busy bee coming out.

"Well!" said the bee, "I'm glad to see you again. Here is an acorn-cup full of honey-dew bee-balm for your friend up in the cave."

The boy took the balm, thanked the bee, and ran as fast as he could to the cave, where he found the bat still alive, though feeling quite weak. No sooner had they rubbed the balm on his wound, however, than he revived, and the wound healed immediately.

"Thank you, kind boy," said the bat, "for bringing me this balm, without which I should surely have died. You have been







of great help to me: what can I do to help you?"

"I am glad to have aided you," said the boy, "but I fear there is nothing you can do to help me. I am journeying far

to find a certain kind of leather. This morning I shot my arrow at a tree, but it glanced, and tore a big hole in the wizard shoemaker's leather apron. I must mend this, or he will do me harm, and to do it I must have a certain kind of leather which neither man can give me, nor woman can give me; so I do not see how I am to get it."

Then the bat smiled and said: "Perhaps I can help you in that, little brother. Take hold of my wing, shut your eyes, and do just what I tell you."

This the boy did, and the bat then said: "Pull, little brother: pull as hard as you can!" The boy

said: "Open your eyes, little brother, and let us see what we have here."

To the boy's astonishment, the bat still had two wings, and in his hand, instead of one of them, was the softest and finest leather he had ever seen, just the kind, he was sure, to mend the wizard shoemaker's leather apron.

"Thank you, good bat," he said, "for giving me this splendid leather."

But the bat replied: "Thanks should be from me. I should have died without your help, and besides, I go up and down in the world quite a bit, and I have always seen you helping some one; and I am very sure that a boy who helps others deserves help himself."

So the boy put the leather carefully in his other pocket, and started for the village where

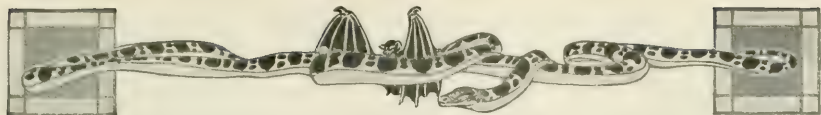


"THE WIZARD SHOEMAKER WAS SO ENRAGED THAT HE SPRANG CLEAR TO THE CEILING." (SEE PAGE 103.)

did, but when he felt the bat's wing coming off in his hands, he stopped, for he did not wish to injure his friend. But the bat said again: "Pull as hard as you can, I tell you; do not mind me!"

So again the boy pulled, and soon he felt the bat's wing come off in his hands. Then the bat

he knew the wizard shoemaker was waiting to see him come back unsuccessful. But, running as fast as he could, he paused at a pond where he saw three dragon-flies, one silver, one gold, and one blue in color. Driven by a sudden gust of wind into the water, they were about to drown.



"Great as is my haste," said the boy, "I cannot leave these gentle creatures to drown." So he ran to a boat that was near by, paddled to the dragon-flies, lifted them to the gunwale of the boat with his paddle, then paddled ashore and started again, leaving the dragon-flies drying their wings in the sun. But before he was gone, they called to him.

"Thank you, kind boy," they said. "We fly everywhere, and we shall surely know when you are in trouble, and come to your aid."

"So!" said the wizard shoemaker when he saw the boy, "you have come back unsuccessful. Neither man nor woman could give you that needle, so how could you expect to get it, I should like to know!"

"But I *have* the needle!" said the boy. "My friend the porcupine gave it to me."

The wizard was so enraged at this that he sprang high in air and came down on the floor with a bang that made the windows rattle. "The thread!" he said, "you never could get the thread! Neither man nor woman could give it to you, so how could you expect to get it?"

"But I *have* the thread!" said the boy. "My good friend the mother-cow gave it to me."

Thereupon the wizard sprang again in air, coming down with two bangs on the floor, making the windows rattle twice. "But the leather!" he cried, "you never could get the leather! Of that I am sure!"

"I have the leather," replied the boy. "My good friend the bat gave it to me."

This time the wizard jumped higher yet, and the bang with which he came down made the windows rattle three times. Then he smiled a cunning smile. "Oh, well!" he said, "you never can mend it, for all that."

But the boy took the apron and tried, for all that. Strange to say, he could do little. The needle unthreaded itself as fast as threaded, and the leather persistently curled out of place. He was almost in despair, and the wizard shoemaker

was fairly dancing for joy at his ill success, when the three dragon-flies came sailing up. The silver one and the gold one took the wizard shoemaker by each ear and held his head back against the wall. He was in great fear of them, and was trembling like a leaf.

Then the blue one said gently: "Let me show you, little brother. See," he said, "the needle has two ends; let us try the other end. The thread has two ends as well; let us try the other end of that."

The boy did so, and the thread fairly leaped into the eye of the needle and remained there.

"Now," said the dragon-fly, "observe that a piece of leather has two sides; let us try the other side."

The boy did so, whereupon the leather fairly cuddled into place, and the needle seemed to fly back and forth through it of itself, the thread making so fine a stitch that, when the work was done, which it soon was, the apron showed no patch, nor any sign of one, but was as whole as it had ever been.

When the dragon-flies released the wizard shoemaker, and he saw this, he was so enraged that he sprang clear to the ceiling, banging his head against it, and had no sooner alighted on the floor than he rushed with bowed head through the door, butting it open in his haste; rushed through his front fence in the same way, and went on across a field and through the neighboring wood, where he soon was out of sight; but he could be heard for long after, bang-butting his way along among the trees.

No one has ever seen him come back, but the people of that town, to this day, when they hear a sudden wind crashing through the forest, smile and say, "There goes the wizard shoemaker!"

As for the boy, he did not wait even a minute to see whether the wizard shoemaker came back or not, but ran home to tell his mother all about it; and I think that he ran faster than than at any other time during the day.



# AUNT 'PHRONEY'S BOY

by

L. FRANK BAUM

AUTHOR OF  
THE "OZ" BOOKS,  
"QUEEN ZIXI OF IX," ETC.

Illustrations

By George Avison

THE boy realized he had made a mistake before he had driven the big touring car a half-mile along this dreadful lane. The map had shown the road to Fennport clearly enough, but it was such a roundabout way that, when the boy came to this crossing, he decided to chance it, hoping it would get him to Fennport much quicker. The landscape was barren of interest, the farm-houses few and far between, and the cross-road seemed as promising as the main way. Meanwhile, at Fennport, the county fair was progressing, and there was no use wasting time on the road.

The promise faded after a short stretch; ruts and ditches appeared; rotten culverts and sandy hollows threatened the safety of the car. The boy frowned, but doggedly kept going. He must be fully half-way to another road by this time, and, if he could manage to keep on without breaking a spring or ripping a tire, it would be as well to continue as to turn back.

Suddenly the engines began muttering and hesitated in doing their duty. The boy caught the warning sound, and instantly divined the reason: he had forgotten to replenish the gasoline before starting, and the tank was about empty. Casting a quick, inquiring glance around, he saw the roof of a farm-house showing through the trees just ahead. That was a joyful sight, for he had scarcely dared hope to find a building upon this unused, seemingly abandoned lane. He adjusted the carbureter, and urged the engines to feed upon the last drops of the precious

fluid they could absorb. Slowly, with staggering gait, the automobile pushed forward until just opposite the farm-house, when, with a final moan, the engines gave up the struggle, and the car stopped dead.

Then the boy turned and looked at the lonely dwelling. It was a small, primitive sort of building, ancient and weather-stained. There was a simple garden at the front, which faced the grove and not the lane, and farther along, stood a rickety, rambling barn that was considerably larger than the house.

Upon a tiny side porch of the dwelling, directly facing the road, sat an old woman with a battered tin pan full of rosy-cheeked apples in her lap. She was holding a knife in one hand and a half-parad apple in the other. Her mouth was wide open in amazement, her spectacled eyes staring fixedly at the automobile—as if it had been a magical apparition and the boy a weird necromancer who had conjured it up.

He laughed a little at the amusing expression of the old woman, for he was a good-humored boy in spite of his present vexations. Then, springing to the ground, he walked toward the porch and removed his cap, to make a graceful bow. She did not alter her pose, and, with eyes still fixed upon the car, she gasped:

"Laws-a-me! ef it ain't onc o' them no-hoss keeridges."

"Nothing wonderful about that, is there?" asked the boy, smiling, as he reached the porch.

"Why not?" said she; "ain't they the mos' wunnerful things in all the world? Mart'n Luther 's seen 'em in town, an' told me about 'em, but I never thought as I 'd see one with my own eyes."

Her awe and interest were so intense that, as yet, she had not glanced once at the boy's face. He laughed, in his quiet way, as he leaned over the porch rail, but it occurred to him that there was something pathetic in the fact that the lonely old woman had never seen an automobile before.

"Don't you ever go to town yourself?" he asked curiously.

She shook her head. "Not often, though sometimes I do," she replied. "Went to Fennport a year ago las' June, an' put in a whole day there. But it tired me, the waggin jolts so. I'm too old now fer sech doin's, an' Mart'n Luther 'lows it ain't wuth payin' toll-gate both ways for. He has to go sometimes, you know, to sell truck an' buy groceries; he's there to-day, 'tendin' the county fair; but I've stayed home an' minded my own business 'til I hain't got much hankerin' fer travel any more."

During this speech, she reluctantly withdrew her eyes from the automobile and turned them upon the boy's face. He was regarding her placid features with a wonder almost equal to her own. It seemed so strange to find one so isolated and secluded from the world, and so resigned to such a fate.

"No near neighbors?" he said.

"The Bascomes live two miles north, but Mis' Bascome an' I don't git on well. She ain't never had religion."

"But you go to church?"

"Certain sure, boy! But our church ain't town way, you know; it's over to Hobbs' Corners. Ev'ry Sunday fer the las' year, I've been lookin' out fer them no-hoss waggins, thinkin' one might pass the Corners. But none ever did."

"This is a queer, forsaken corner of the world," the boy said reflectively, "and yet it's in the heart of one of the most populous and progressive States in the Union."

"You're right 'bout that," she agreed. "Silas Herrin 's bought the latest style thrash'n'-machine—all painted red—an' I guess the county fair at Fennport makes the rest o' the world open its eyes some. We're ahead of 'em all on progressin', as Mart'n Luther 's said more 'n once."

"Who is Martin Luther?" asked the boy.

"He's my man. His name 's Mart'n Luther Sager, an' I'm Aunt 'Phroney Sager—the which my baptism name is Sophroney. Mart'n Luther were named fer the great Meth'dis' leader. He

had a hankerin' to be a Baptis' in his young days, but he das n't with such a name. So he j'ined the Meth'dists to make things harmoni'us, an' he's never regretted it."

The boy smiled in an amused way, but he did not laugh at her. There was something in her simple, homely speech, as well as in the expression of her face, that commanded respect. Her eyes were keen, yet gentle; her lips firm, yet smiling; her aged, wrinkled features complacent and confident, yet radiating a childlike innocence.

"Ain't ye 'fraid to run the thing?" she asked, reverting to the automobile.

"No, indeed. It's as simple as a sewing-machine—when you know how."

"I'd like to see it go. It come so sudden-like past the grove that when I looked up, you 'd stopped short."

"I'd like to see it go myself, Aunt 'Phroney," the boy answered; "but it won't move a step unless you help it. Just think, ma'am, you've never seen a motor-car before, and yet the big machine can't move without your assistance!"

She knew he was joking, and returned his merry smile; but the speech puzzled her.

"As how, boy?" she inquired.

"The 'no-hoss keerridge' is a hungry monster, and has to be fed before he'll work. I hope you will feed him, Aunt 'Phroney."

"On what?"

"Gasolene. I forgot to fill up the tank before I started, and now the last drop is gone."

"Gasolene!" she exclaimed, with a startled look; "why, we don't keep gasolene, child. How on earth did you expect' to find sech a thing in a farm-house?"

"Don't you cook with gasolene?" he asked.

"My, no! We use good chopped wood—splinters an' knots. Mis' Bascome had a gas'lene stove once, but it bu'sted an' set fire to the baby; so they buried it in the back yard."

"The baby?"

"No, boy; the stove. They managed to put the baby out."

The statement puzzled him, but his mind was more on the gasolene.

"Does n't your husband use gasolene around the farm?" he inquired.

"No, 'n deed."

"And you have n't any naphtha or benzine—just a little?"

"Not a drop."

"Nor alcohol?"

"Mercy, no!"

The boy's face fell. "Where is the nearest place I might get some gasolene?" he asked.

"Lemme see. Harpers' might have it—that's



six mile' west—or Clark's store might have some, at Everdale. That 's seven mile' off, but I ain't sure they keep it. The only place they 're sure to have it is over to Fennport, which is 'leven mile' from here by the turnpike."

The boy considered all this seriously. "Can I borrow a horse from you—and a buggy?" he asked.

"Mart'n Luther 's gone to town with the only team we own. We ain't had a buggy fer twenty-two years."

He sighed, and sat down on the steps, looking disconsolately toward the big touring car that was now so helpless. Aunt 'Phroney resumed her task of paring the apples, but now and then she also would glance admiringly at the automobile.

"Come far?" she presently inquired.

"From Durham."

"To-day? Why, Durham 's thirty mile' from here."

"I know; that 's only an hour's run, with good roads."

"Mercy me!"

"But the roads are not good in this neighborhood. I wanted to run over to Fennport to see the fair. I thought there might be some fun there, and I 'd jog over this morning and run back home to-night. That would n't have been any trick at all, if I had n't forgotten the gasoline."

"Live in Durham?" she asked.

"Yes; Father has the bank there."

"Pretty big town, I 've heard."

"Why, it 's only a village. And a stupid, tiresome village at that. Lonely, too. That 's why Father got this touring car; he said it would help to amuse me. May I have an apple?"

Aunt 'Phroney smiled indulgently, and handed him an apple from the pan. The idea of one who lived in the thriving, busy town of Durham becoming lonely filled her with amusement. For her part, she had n't left the old farm-house, except to go to church, for nearly two years, and days at a time she never saw a human being other than her silent, morose husband. Yet she was not lonely—not really lonely—only at times did her isolation weigh upon her spirits.

"Got a mother, child?" she softly inquired.

He nodded, biting the apple.

"Mother 's an invalid. She does n't leave her own rooms, and keeps two trained nurses and a special cook, and she studies social science—and such things."

"What does that mean?"

"I don't know; it 's only a name to Father and me. But Father has the bank to interest him,

and as I 'm not ready for the bank yet, he lets me run the automobile."

Aunt 'Phroney gave him a pitying look.

"Guess I un'erstan' your hist'ry now," she said gently. "You need n't say no more 'bout it. Hev another apple?"

"I will, thank you. They 're fine. Grow 'em here?"

"Yes. Mart'n Luther 's entered a peck at the county fair, an' hopes to git the premium. It 's two dollars, in cash. He 's put up our Plymouth Rock rooster an' some pertaters fer prizes, too, an' seein' he 's entered 'em, it don't cost him anything to get into the fair grounds—only the ten cents fer toll-gate."

"Why did n't you go with him?" asked the boy.

Aunt 'Phroney flushed a little. "That 's some more hist'ry—the kind that 's better not studied," she remarked quietly. "Mart'n Luther took it from his pa, I guess. His pa once cried like a baby when he lost four cents through a hole in his pocket. After that, ev'ry penny was kep' strapped up in his leather pocket-book, which were never unstrapped without a groan. Yes, Mart'n Luther 's a 'honest man, an' God-fearin'; but I guess he takes after his pa."

The boy finished his apple.

"Come out and see our touring car," he said.

"I 'd like to show it to you, although I can't take you to ride in it."

"Thank you," she eagerly replied. "I 'll come in a minute. Let me git this apple-sass started cookin' first."

She went into the kitchen with the apples, but soon came back, and with a brisk air followed the boy across the patch of rank grass to the road.

"I can't walk six miles or more, you know," he remarked, "and lug a can of gasoline back with me; so I 'll have to wait until your husband comes back to-night with the team. You don't mind my staying with you, do you?"

"Of course not," she answered. "I like boys—boys like you, that is. We—we never had no children of our own."

He showed her all the parts of the automobile, and explained how they worked and what they were for, all in a simple way that enabled her readily to understand. She was in a flutter of excitement at her close proximity to the wonderful invention, and the luxury of the seats and interior fittings filled her with awe. At first, he could not induce Aunt 'Phroney to enter the car and sit down upon the soft cushions, but, after much urging, she finally yielded, and was frankly delighted at the experience.

"It must 'a' cost a lot o' money," she observed.

"I guess your pa is pretty good to you. Like enough *he* did n't take after any one with a strapped pocket-book."

"No," laughed the boy; "Father is always kind to me. But I wish—I wish—"

"What, child?"

"I wish we lived together on a farm like this,

good deal more here than we shall need in heaven. Does any one get what he needs, I wonder?"

"Some may, but not many," she rejoined cheerfully. "Some of us don't get even gasoline, you know. Funny, ain't it, how such a little thing 'll spoil a great big creation like this? Why, in



"IT WAS NEARLY ELEVEN O'CLOCK WHEN THEY ENTERED THE FAIR GROUNDS." (SEE PAGE 190)

where we could enjoy each other. All day he 's at the bank, you know."

"If he worked the farm," said the woman, "you would n't see much of him then, either, 'cept at meal-time. Mart'n Luther gits up at daylight, works in the fields all day, an' goes to bed after supper. In heaven we may find time to enjoy the sassiety of our friends, but p'r'aps there 'll be so much company there, it won't matter."

"I think," said the boy, solemnly, "we need a

some ways, it beats Silas Herrin's new thrash'n'-machine; but it ain't so useful, 'cause the thrash'n'-machine runs along the road without horses to where it wants to go, an' then its in-jynes do the thrashin' better 'n hands can do it."

"I 've never really examined one," he replied thoughtfully; "it must be very interesting."

"Come into the barn," she said, "an' I 'll show you Silas Herrin's new one. He brought it here yest'day, but he an' all his crew are at the fair

to-day, an' they won't begin thrashin' our crop till nex' Monday."

He followed her to the barn, willing to while away the time examining the big thrasher. It filled nearly all the clear space on the barn floor, and towered half as high as the haymow. With its bright red body and diverse mechanical parts, the machine certainly presented an imposing appearance. The boy examined it with much curiosity.

"There are two distinct engines," he said musingly; "one a motor, I suppose, and one to do the work. The big one runs by steam, but this smaller one seems a gasolene engine."

"Perhaps it is," said the woman; "I never had it explained to me like you did your own machine."

"If it is," he suddenly exclaimed, "there must be some gasolene among Mr. Herrin's traps to run it with! If I can only find it, I'll borrow enough to get me to Fennport."

Eagerly, now, he began the search, the woman looking on with interest. In a short time, he drew out from the interior of the thrasher a ten-gallon can, which proved to be filled with the fluid he sought.

"Hooray!" he cried joyfully. "We'll have our ride, after all, Aunt 'Phroney."

"It—it ain't stealin', is it?" she asked doubtfully. "This all b'longs to Silas Herrin, you know."

"It's a law of the road, ma'am, that any one needing gasolene has the right to help himself—if he pays for what he takes. I'll pay Silas Herrin a good price, and he'll have plenty left to run his engine with."

He got a bucket, measured out about three gallons, and placed a silver dollar on top of the can for payment. Then, when he had "fed" his automobile, an operation watched carefully by the old woman, the boy turned and said:

"Aunt 'Phroney, I've a proposition to make. Get on your things, and I'll take you to the fair at Fennport and give you a good time."

"Land sakes, boy!" she cried, holding up both hands; "I could n't think of it."

"Why not?"

"There's the work to do."

"Cut it out for to-day. Martin Luther's having a holiday, and I'm sure you're entitled to one, too."

"He—he might be mad."

"I don't see why. It won't cost him a cent, you know, and perhaps we won't see him at all. We'll have a good dinner somewhere, see all the sights, have a fine auto ride, and I'll fetch you home in plenty of time to get supper for your husband."

The temptation was too strong to be resisted. Aunt 'Phroney's face broke into a beaming smile, and she hurried into the house to get on her "bes' bib an' tucker."

Her reappearance caused the boy's eyes to twinkle. She wore a plain, black gown, baggy and ill made, an old-fashioned "Peasley" shawl wrapped around her shoulders, and a wonderful hat that no milliner would have recognized as modern head-gear. But the boy did not mind. He helped her to the seat beside him, saw that she was comfortable, and started the engines slowly, so as not to alarm her.

The lane from the farm-house to the Fennport turnpike was in much better condition than the other end, which Aunt 'Phroney said was seldom used by any one. They traversed it with merely a few bumps, and on reaching the turnpike glided along so smoothly, that the old woman was in an ecstasy of delight.

"I almos' hope Mart'n Luther *will* see us," she remarked. "Would n't he be s'prised, though, to see me in this stylish no-hoss keeledge?"

"I think he would," said the boy.

"An' jealous, too. Mart'n Luther says I take life easier ner he does, 'though my work's jus' as hard fer me as his is fer him. Only diff'rence is, I don't complain."

"Is—is your husband a poor man?" the boy hazarded.

"Goodness, no! Mart'n Luther's pretty well off, I'm told. Not by him, mind you. He only tells me what he *can't* afford. But our minister once said he would n't be s'prised if Mart'n Luther had a thousan' dollars laid up! It's a pretty good farm, an' he works it himself. An' he's so keerkful o' spendin'."

"Does n't he give you money for—for clothes and—and things?"

"Oh, yes; he's good 'bout that. We made an agreement, once, an' he's stuck to it like a man. Ev'ry New-Year's, he gives me five dollars for dresses an' hats, an' ev'ry Fourth o' July I git fifty cents an' no questions asked."

The boy's eyes grew big at this.

"Does n't he spend anything on himself, either?" he inquired.

"A little, of course. He gits his clo's second-hand from the drug-store keeper, who's about the same size as Mart'n Luther, but some fatter, an' he puts five cents in the contribution box ev'ry Sunday, an'—an'—well, there's the toll-gate he has to pay for ev'ry time he goes to town. That toll-gate makes him orful mad. We're comin' to it pretty soon. *You* don't mind, do you?"

"Not at all," he cried, laughing merrily.

"Mart'n Luther 's savin', an' no mistake," she continued musingly. "He would n't let me put him up no lunch to-day, 'cause he said Tom Dwyer would be sure to ask him to eat with him, an' if he did n't, he could easy get hold o' some

She heaved a little sigh.

"He says he can't afford any more," she replied, "an' I 'm satisfied, as things be. I used to long to buy pretty things an' go 'round, once in a while, but I 've got all over that now. I 'm happy, an' the Lord takes keer o' me. Did n't He send you here to-day with the—this—orto—orto—machine o' yours?"

"I wonder if He did?" returned the boy, gravely. "Oh, here 's the dreadful toll-gate, Aunt 'Phroney."

It was nearly eleven o'clock when they entered the big gate of the fair grounds. The automobile attracted considerable attention, although there were two or three others in Fennport. As the boy assisted Aunt 'Phroney from the car, she was recognized by several acquaintances who frequented her church, and it was good to witness the old woman's pride and satisfaction at the looks of bewilderment that greeted her. She took the boy's arm and passed through the crowd with her chin well up, and presently they were in the main pavilion, where the largest part of the display was centered.

"Let 's look at the fruits an' veg'tibles," she eagerly exclaimed. "I want to see if Mart'n Luther 's won any prizes. Do you know, boy, he promised me all the money he won that come to over four dollars?"

"Did he really?"

"Yes, he were feelin' quite chirky this mornin', 'fore he left, so he promised it. But if he won first prize on ev'rything, it 'd be only five dollars altogether, so I guess he did n't risk much."

They found the fruits, but Martin Luther's red apples had no ribbon on them, either blue or red.

"They don't look as good here, 'longside the others, as they did to home," sighed Aunt 'Phroney; "so I guess the judge was correc' in



"COME! LET 'S GO AFORE I FAINT DEAD AWAY!" (SEE PAGE 110)

fruit on exhibition. He said to save the food for his supper to-night, an' he 'd git along somehow."

"He ought to be worth several thousand dollars, at that rate," observed the boy, not without indignation. "But what good is his money to him, or to you, if he does n't enjoy it? You ought to have a better allowance than you do, for you 've certainly helped him to accumulate the money."



lett'n 'em pass by. Let 's see how the pertaters turned out."

Martin Luther's potatoes had failed to win. They lay just between the lots which had drawn the first and second prizes, and even the boy's inexperienced eyes could see they were inferior to the others.

"They bake well," murmured Aunt 'Phroney, "an' they bile jus' fine; but they ain't so pretty as them others, thet 's a fact. I guess Mart'n Luther won't hev to give me any of his prize-money this year—'specially as he don't git any."

"Did n't you say you had a chicken in the show?" asked the boy.

"Yes, an' a mighty fine rooster he is, if I do say it. I 've looked after him myself, ever since he were an egg, an' he 's that high an' mighty, I named him 'The Bishop.' Seems to me he 'll be hard to beat, but p'r'aps when he 's compared to others, the Bishop 'll be like the apples an' 'taters."

"Where is he?"

"The poultry show 'll be in a tent somewheres."

"Let 's find him," said the boy, almost as interested as his companion.

They inquired the way, and, in passing through the grounds to the poultry tent, they passed a crowd surrounding one of those fakers so prominent at every country fair. Aunt 'Phroney wanted to see what was going on, so the boy drew her dexterously through the circle of spectators. As soon as they reached a place of observation, the old woman gave a violent start and grabbed her escort's arm. A lean, round-shouldered man with chin whiskers was tossing rings at a board filled with jack-knives of all sizes and shapes, in a vain endeavor to "ring" one of them. He failed, and the crowd jeered. Then he drew a leather wallet from his pocket, unstrapped it, and withdrew a coin with which he purchased more delusive rings. The boy felt Aunt 'Phroney trembling beside him.

"See that ol' feller yonder?" she asked.

"Yes," said he.

"That 's Mart'n Luther!"

They watched him with breathless interest, but not one of the rings he threw managed to capture a knife. Others tried them, undeterred by the failure of the old farmer, and, after watching them a short time, out came Martin Luther's leather pocket-book again.

"Come!" whispered the woman, in deep distress; "let 's go afore I faint dead away! Who 'd believe Mart'n Luther could be sech a spen'thrift an' prodigal? I did n't b'lieve 't was in him."

The boy said nothing, but led her out of the crowd. To solace his companion's grief, he

"treated" Aunt 'Phroney to pink lemonade, which had the effect of decidedly cheering her up. They found the poultry tent almost deserted, and, after a brief search, the woman recognized the Bishop. A man down the row of cages was even now judging the fowls and attaching ribbons to the winning birds as he went along.

"He 'll come to the Plymouth Rocks in a minute," whispered Aunt 'Phroney; "let 's wait an' see what happens."

It did n't take the judge very long to decide. Quite promptly he pinned a blue ribbon to the Bishop's cage, and Aunt 'Phroney exclaimed: "There! we 've got a prize at last, boy!"

The judge looked up, saw the boy, and held out his hand with a smile of recognition.

"Why, how are you, Mr. Carroll?" he exclaimed cordially; "I thought I was the only Durham man on the grounds. Did you drive your new car over?"

The boy nodded.

"They sent for me to judge this poultry show," continued the man, "but it 's the poorest lot of alleged thoroughbreds I ever saw together. Not a really good bird in the show."

"That ought to make your task easier," said the boy.

"No, it makes it harder. For instance, there 's the Sweepstakes Prize for the best bird of any sort on exhibition. Tell me, how am I to make such an award, where all are undeserving?"

"Very well, I 'll tell you," returned the boy, audaciously. "If I were judging, I 'd give this fellow"—pointing to the Bishop—"the Sweepstakes."

"Eh? This fellow?" muttered the judge, eying Aunt 'Phroney's pet critically. "Why, I don't know but you 're right, Mr. Carroll. I had it in mind to give the Sweepstakes to that White Leghorn yonder, but this Plymouth Rock seems well set up and has good style."

The Bishop had recognized his mistress, and was strutting proudly and showing to excellent advantage. While the judge considered him, he flapped his wings and gave a lusty crow.

"I 'll take back my statement," said the man. "Here is a really good bird. Guess I 'll follow your advice, Mr. Carroll"; and he pinned a bright yellow ribbon marked "Sweepstakes" next to the blue one on the Bishop's cage.

Aunt 'Phroney drew a long breath. Her eyes were sparkling.

"How much is the Sweepstakes, jedge?" she inquired.

"It 's the largest money prize offered—twenty-five dollars—and there 's a silver water-pitcher besides. I 'm sorry such a liberal premium did



"TRY THIS ONE ON, AUNT 'PHRONEY, URGED THE BOY." (SEE PAGE 112.)

not bring out a better display. But I must hurry and make my report, for I want to catch the two o'clock train home. Good day, Mr. Carroll."

As he bowed and left the tent, Aunt 'Phroney was staring proudly at the Bishop.

"Twenty-five dollars!" she gasped, "an' two dollars first prize for Plymouth Rocks! Twenty-seven dollars an' a silver pitcher! Boy, do you know what this means? It means I 'll git twenty-three dollars—an' Mart'n Luther 'll git jus' four."

"Will he keep his promise?" the boy asked.

"Yes. Mart'n Luther 's a' honest man, an' God-fearin'—but he ain't got much jedgment 'bout ringin' jack-knives. Dear me, who 'd ever think he 'd turn out a squanderer?"

The boy took her away to the big dining-hall. It was divided into two sections by a rail. On one side was a sign reading: "Square Meal, 25c." On the other side was the legend: "Regular Dinner, with Oysters and Ice-Cream, 50c."

Disregarding his companion's protests, the boy led her into the latter section, which had few

patrons compared with the cheaper one. No sooner had Aunt 'Phroney tucked her napkin under her chin than she grew pale and stared amazed across the rail. The boy's eyes followed hers and recognized Martin' Luther seated at a table facing them, and eating with ravenous industry.

"Twenty-five cents gone—an' he might 'a' took the lunch I offered him!" wailed the old woman. Perhaps the magnetism of their combined gaze affected Martin Luther, for he raised his eyes and encountered his wife's horrified stare. The man was justified in being equally astonished. Motionless, with a piece of beef poised half-way to his mouth, he glared alternately at the strange boy and at Aunt 'Phroney. His face betokened bewilderment, shame at being discovered, and, at the last, an unreasoning panic. He slowly rose to his feet, turned his back, and ignominiously fled from the hall.

"Never mind," said the woman, her lips firmly set, "he 'll know he 's got somethin' to explain

when he gits home; an' if Mart'n Luther ever hears the last o' them jack-knives an' his prodigal 'square meal,' my name ain't Sophrony Sager!"

After the dinner, with its accompanying luxuries of oysters and ice-cream, was over, they saw the balloon ascension and the races; and then, early in the afternoon, the boy put Aunt 'Phroney into the touring car and they drove to Fennport, where the tank was filled with gasoline. During this operation, the boy noticed that the old woman shivered slightly in the cool autumn weather, and drew her thin shawl more closely around her as she sat waiting in the car.

"You ought to have brought a heavy coat," he said.

"Why I have n't got any," she returned, smiling at him cheerfully.

"No coat! What do you wear in winter, when you go to church?" the boy asked.

"When it's real cold, I wrap a comforter 'round me on the way, an' then wear this shawl into church. Aunt Sally left it to me when she died. It's real Peasley."

"Get out of the car, please, Aunt 'Phroney," the boy said quietly.

"Why cert'nly, if you say so; but what for?"

"I had a birthday last week, and Father gave me a check. I want to buy a present for my best girl at this store, and I wish you to help me pick it out."

She went in, then, full of interest, and the boy whispered to the clerk, who began to display a collection of thick, warm coats in sober colors.

"Try this one on, Aunt 'Phroney," urged the boy. Suddenly she became suspicious, and flushed like a school-girl.

"Boy," she began, "if you dare—"

"Hush, please!" he pleaded. "Do you want to shame me before all these strangers? And spoil my birthday? And prove that I have n't any best girl?"

The appeal was effective. The old woman meekly submitted to the "try-on," and presently he said to the clerk: "This one will do. Mrs. Sager will take it with her and wear it home, as the air is a bit chilly."

Before she could recover from her dazed condition, they were once more in the automobile and speeding down the turnpike toward the farm.

"Feel warm enough, Aunt 'Phroney?" asked the boy, turning a merry face toward her. Then he saw that her eyes were full of tears. She nestled closer to him and murmured softly: "You know, boy, we—we never had a chick or a child of our own!"

That evening father and son were seated in the banker's library.

"I spent twenty dollars of my birthday money, to-day," said the boy.

"Indeed. In what way?"

"Trying to make an old country woman happy."

"Really, my son?"

"Really, Father; and I think—I'm quite sure—that I succeeded."

And then he told him the whole story.



## JUST BE GOOD

BY JAMES ROWE

If you need a lot of things  
Such as dear old Santa brings—  
Trumpets, bats, and things with springs—

Just be good.

He won't come within a mile  
Of the boy who has no smile  
And is grumbling all the while.—

Just be good.

If you need some whips or drums,  
Or a top that "sleeps" and hums,  
Every day, till Santa comes,  
Just be good.

Santa never tries to see  
Any bad boy's Christmas tree.  
"I've no use for him," says he.  
Just be good.

He would never wish a boy  
To be missing fun and joy  
Just to get some little toy.

No. He's fair.

Keep a manly, smiling chap  
Underneath your little cap!  
Then you need not care a rap.—  
He'll be there!



"I'VE SOMETHING FOR YOU!"

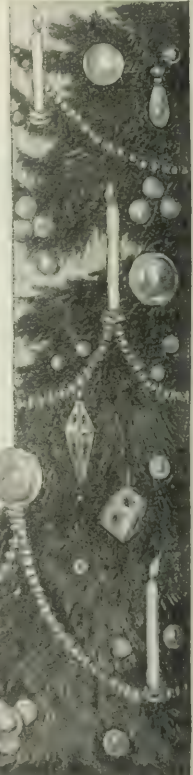




## OUR CHRISTMAS

WHAT does Christmas mean to me?  
Splendid, dazzling Christmas tree,  
Stockings dangling in a row,  
Stuffed by Santa, top to toe;  
Heaps of gifts for Jack and me  
And for all the family,  
Dinner-table piled up high,  
Christmas goose, and hot mince-pie!

Then, when dusk begins to fall,  
That 's the bestest time of all:  
Mother tells about the star  
And the wise men from afar;  
How the shepherds of the plain,  
Wakened by the angel's strain,  
Hurried through the night to greet  
Just a sleepy baby sweet.

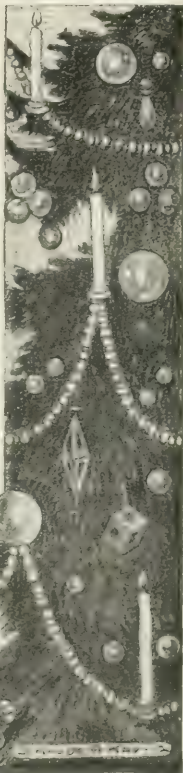




Though we know the story old,  
Yet we love to hear it told.  
And I shut my eyes tight—so,  
Till I see the star aglow;  
Hold my breath, and, listening,  
Hear the angel chorus sing,  
And the mother, crooning deep  
O'er the baby fast asleep.

While we sit so quiet there,  
Daddy tiptoes from his chair,  
Lifts the curtain, and we spy  
One bright star shine in the sky,  
Just as if it came to say,  
"This is happy Christmas Day;  
And to every girl and boy,  
Love and peace and Christmas joy!"

*Alice Lovett Carson.*



# BEATRICE OF DENEWOOD

(A sequel to 'The Lucky Suspense')

BY EMILIE BENSON KNIPE AND ALDEN ARTHUR KNIPE

## CHAPTER III

### A MYSTERIOUS MAGUS

A WEEK passed before Bart's plan for the treasure hunt was matured, and in the meantime, Brother John was detailed for special duty under General Arnold in Philadelphia. And although I was disappointed, because I had hoped he would be home for good, it was a comfort to know that he would be stationed so near to us and in no danger. His own company, under Captain McLane, was with Washington, and had John been there, I should have been constantly anxious, for that troop was ever on the outlook for danger, waiting not for it to come to them, but rather going forth to find it with a right good-will.

Brother John and I had long talks about Dene-wood and how we were to manage; for although under ordinary circumstances there was more than enough money, and John was a rich man, owning many ships, trade was at a standstill, and what hard money he could find was given to Washington and the cause, which came before all in his heart. So we were forced to plan and contrive in many ways to feed the household and the slaves on the place. While, of course, Mrs. Mummer was first in these matters, certain responsibilities were given to me, and, in John's absence, mine was the final word, though I took no advantage of that, and looked to Mrs. Mummer to guide me in all things.

Therefore I had, in a measure, lost sight of Bart's treasure hunt, and one morning, when he tapped me on the shoulder and whispered, "T is to-night," I did not take his meaning.

"I've arranged it all with old Schmuck, the Magus," he added, and then I knew what he was talking about.

"What did he say?" I asked eagerly.

"He was n't much for it at first," Bart replied; "said he was engaged, but he soon came round. All he wanted was a larger fee."

"You did n't tell him of the blazed tree?" I questioned.

"Nay, not a word," Bart answered. "We leave the house at eleven o'clock. That will give us time to reach the creek before midnight, for I will have the horses ready in the lane back of the spring-house."

I thought a good deal of our adventure

throughout the rest of the day, and questioned more than once whether it had been wise for me to agree to Bart's schemes; but I could not have played the informer and gone to Brother John with it, and I knew Bart well enough to be sure he would go alone, as he said he might, unless I accompanied him. In this way I salved my conscience, and looked forward eagerly to the quest.

Since the British had left Philadelphia and we had no one quartered upon us, we had rearranged our sleeping quarters, and I was back alone in my own chamber, while little Peg slept in a small room beside mine. We had n't breathed a word to her of our plans, and I was somewhat worried for fear she would insist, as she often did, on sharing my bed. But this night she brought a kitten up with her from the kitchen, and said naught of sleeping with me.

"Why have you brought the kitten?" I asked her, as she prepared for bed.

"To w-w-watch the m-m-mouse's h-h-hole," she answered readily. "Mrs. M-M-Mummer says 't is good to begin training them y-y-young,' she went on gravely; "and b-b-besides I g-grow tired of d-d-doing all the w-w-work myself."

"Go to bed, goosie," I said; "some day you'll really see a mouse in that hole of yours, and you'll be frightened out of your wits."

"Not if it's a m-m-mouse with t-t-two legs," she laughed back at me, and a few minutes later was in bed, and I had blown out the candle.

In my own room I saw to it that my preparations for the adventure were complete, and put out riding-hat and boots, a cloak that came well down below my knees, and, most important of all, a pistol, which Bart had given me. Then I tied up my hair in a queue and I was ready.

But when these arrangements were completed, there was still a good two hours of waiting, and I dared not lie down for fear of dropping off to sleep and so missing my engagement. I had not thought to bring a novel with me, so I had recourse to my little book of Maxims, in which had been set down all my doings and sayings since I was a small maid of six years. This book was one of my most cherished possessions, and a close link between me and my old home in England. The covers were of silk, embroidered by dear old Granny herself, and many of the writings put down in it were in her neat hand.

As I turned the pages idly, I could n't help wondering how she liked living with her daughter, Madam Van der Helst, in Amsterdam, a town which she despised. Poor old Granny! I loved her truly, and wished she were in America with me, but she would have been quite as out

Dower-House together. 'T was not her fault that we were forced to leave the only home we had known, and seek shelter among strangers till Horrie should come into his inheritance, upon the death of our cousin, 'Sir Horace Travers, of Frobisham in Kent. 'T was not her fault that

Mr. Van der Helst, her son-in-law, insisted that I be sent to the Americas, though it did seem as though my fate was to be a sad one. But, oh! how different it had turned out from my expectations, and how truly welcome Cousin John had made me! I had indeed found my fortune across great waters, as a Gipsy woman had foretold when I was but a babe, and

and I came to my senses with a guilty start, for I had been napping, and, jumping to my feet, turned to the clock, fearing I had missed my meeting with Bart, at eleven; but 't was only ten.

I closed my book of Maxims with a snap. Clearly this thinking back over the past was no good way to keep awake. I must find another means to prop my eyes open.

I picked up a copy of the Pennsylvania "Evening Post" and glanced at the news it contained.

A party of the American Light-Horse pursued them very close [which meant the British], and took a great number of prisoners, some of whom were refugees. Soon after the evacuation, Honorable Major-General Arnold took possession of Philadelphia with Colonel Jackson's Massachusetts regiment.

A few weeks before, that news had been most exciting, because Brother John was with the light-horse, but now it was stale, though I clipped it out, and have kept it because it was about John.

Then, for want of better employment, I started to read the advertisements, in the hope of finding sufficient entertainment to keep me from dozing again.



A DARK, WEIRD FIGURE SILHOUETTED AGAINST THE SKY. SEE PAGE 120.

of place with the "barbarians," as she styled those who dwelt in the colonies, as in Amsterdam.

But though Granny loved her dish of gossip as well as another, she loved her orphaned grandchildren more, and my brothers, Hal and Horrie, had shared with me all the luxuries her small means could afford so long as we lived in the old



John Fisher, Brush-maker near the Gaol in Lancaster, has powder, shot, and raisins for sale.

"'T would be a heavy cake if he should mistake and sell shot for raisins," I said to myself, smiling at such a funny combination of commodities. Then I read:

Francis Gurney and Company offer green and Bohea tea, shalloons, lanthorn-horns, ruffled shirts, and best snuff and tobacco in hogsheads.

Shalloons and ruffled shirts in hogsheads seemed monstrous comical things, and I laughed aloud, but 't was a sleepy laugh, and had I been broader awake, I think I should not have been so amused.

A little way down the page, I found another advertisement that interested me, which read as follows:

Ran away, on the night of August third last, from the subscriber, living in Coombes's alley, a servant-lad named Mark Powell, about fourteen years of age, of American birth, who has between four and five years to serve. Had on, when last seen, a whole suit of homespun, yarn stockings, and heeled leathern shoes with large brass buckles. He is marked by a great scar over his left eye, is very active, can run almost as fast as a horse, and is a good hand with narrow or broad ax, whipsaw, and most Carpenter tools. Whosoever takes him up and secures him in the Philadelphia jail shall have TWO POUNDS reward and reasonable charges. Jonathan Willis.

 His wrist is so large that he cannot be secured with common handcuffs.

I know not quite why it was so, but I felt a great sympathy, not for Mr. Jonathan Willis, who had lost a bond-servant, but for the runaway boy, who was just about my age. Surely his lot must have been a hard one for him to have risked a public whipping at the Town Hall if he was captured. While the British and Hessians were about, many slaves and servants had run away from fright, who were glad enough to return to good homes when their fears were allayed. But this boy evidently meant to stay away, and I doubted not he had been badly treated. Then, too, I was impressed by the item about the unusual size of his wrists and his fleetness—that he could run nearly as fast as a horse seemed to me wonderful, if it were true. Altogether I thought no little of this poor boy, Mark Powell, and read the advertisement through several times.

But by this time, the hands of the clock showed that the moment for meeting Bart had arrived, and all other thoughts flew out of my head as I prepared to go down to him.

Now that the hour had come, I had misgivings, but it was too late to back out. My fingers trembled from excitement as I drew on my boots, threw the long cape over my shoulder, and ad-

justed my hat. I took a last look at myself, and, putting out the light, tiptoed to the door.

The house was still as I moved along the hall toward the nursery, and in another moment, I was groping in the fireplace for the entrance to the secret passage that little Peg called the "mouse's hole." I found it without trouble, for I had been that way before, and breathed easier as I took my first step down.

But it was exceeding dark, and I wished I had had the forethought to fetch a lanthorn with me. However, it was out of the question to go back, and I groped my way as well as I could in the blackness that was but ill-relieved by the faint, gray light that showed through the pigskin covering the chinks in the masonry.

At the bottom, the passage turned toward the spring-house, and I was startled by the sound of splashing water. I halted, my heart doubling its beat, but there was no further sound, and, thinking I had been mistaken, I went on, until, at length, I was at the end of the passage beside the spring-house door.

As I stepped out I met Bart.

"Is it you, Bee?" he asked in a whisper, which, though low in tone, showed his excitement.

"Who else could it be?" I questioned back, with a little shiver of nervousness.

"It could be no one else, I suppose," he answered, "but I just came up, and, before I reached here, I fancied I saw something move out of the house, and was afraid I'd missed you. Come along. Charley is with the horses, and we must not delay, or we will be too late."

In the darkness we stumbled badly as we picked our way toward the road.

"We 'll need a light, Bart," I said; "I should have thought of it."

"Charley has one and a spade, too," he answered. "You can trust me to be prepared, no matter what may come," and, though I could n't see him, I was sure he had thrown back his head confidently, which was a trick he had acquired since he had become a soldier.

He led me by a short cut through the orchard, and so out into the road a few hundred yards from the house; and here we came upon the horses.

"Hurry now!" said Bart, stepping up to set me upon my beast, "we have n't any time to lose"; and he reached out his hand.

Then, to our surprise and consternation, a little figure sidled up beside us.

"You may h-h-help me too, an it p-p-please you," said Peggy, for it was she, looking, in the darkness, with her peaked hood and brown cloak, like a gnome sprung from the underworld.

DOWN THE BRAN TO MOVE ACROSS THE OPEN SPACE, SEEMINGLY LED BY THE ROD HE ARMED. SEE PAGE 122



For a moment neither Bart nor I could say a word, so chagrined were we; but at last he found his tongue.

"What 's the meaning of this?" he burst out angrily; "you have no business here, and now you 've spoiled it all!"

"How could you, Peggy!" I almost sobbed with vexation. "You should n't have come."

"Nay," she answered, "I was in the s-s-secret too, and I meant to c-c-come all the time, only I did n't say so, knowing it might d-d-delay you."

"But how did you know we were going?" demanded Bart. "Did you tell her, Bee?"

"Not a word!" I answered. "I thought she was sound asleep."

"I was n't," she chuckled. "But you w-were once, 'c-c-cause I p-peeped in. You had y-y-your eyes sh-sh-shut. I thought I sh-sh-should have to w-w-wake you."

"What are we to do with her?" Bart asked helplessly.

"T-t-to t-t-take me w-with you," said Peg. "'A w-w-wilful w-w-woman w-w-will have her w-w-way,' as M-M-Mummer says."

"You can't ride bareback!" I snapped, a little crossly, for there might be danger to be met, and I liked not that Peggy should run risks.

"There 'll be a p-p-pillion on one of the s-s-saddles," she answered calmly. "I told Ch-Ch-Charley to p-p-put one on, and he s-s-said he would, b-b-but he looked queer about it."

I was inclined to laugh, but Bart was angry and perplexed, for we had scant time to argue if we were to meet the Magus at the appointed hour.

"You must go back at once!" he ordered; but Peg shook her head with equal positiveness.

"Please, Peg," I began, but she cut me short.

"'T is no use to s-s-say p-p-please, B-B-Bee, so let 's be going or we shall be late."

It was plain that if we were to go at all, she must make one of the party. Though I called her a naughty child, and Bart threatened her with all sorts of violence, she never budged, and all the while the minutes were flying.

"Then I suppose you must go!" he flung out at last. "'A wilful woman must e'en have her way,' so up with you; but I like it not, and if you come to harm, you have none to blame but yourself."

A moment later we were off, Bart leading the way with the lantern, little Peg mounted on the pillion behind me, while Charley brought up the rear with the spade. "We meet the Magus at the Rittenhouse Mill Road," Bart said, still angry, and for a while we rode on in silence, though the impish little maid behind me chuckled slyly.

It was a black and cloudy night, for the moon that we had counted on was overcast; but when our eyes had grown accustomed to the darkness, we could see well enough, and the horses seemed to have no difficulty in picking their way.

As we neared the Rittenhouse Mill Road, I, for one, had a fast beating heart, for the real beginning of our adventures was at hand.

We first saw the Magus atop the rise, a dark, weird figure silhouetted against the sky, sitting motionless upon a small mule which our horses liked not at all to go in company with.

He was dressed entirely in a tight-fitting suit of black satin, which served to enhance the thinness of him, and on his head he wore a wide, flapping hat, also black, but relieved by one blood-red plume, which, standing straight up, seemed to add a foot to his already extravagant height. He was indeed monstrous tall, though no thicker than a sapling, and his legs hung down on each side of his steed till I thought they must touch the ground.

He greeted us civilly enough, but with many long and uncouth words, and I was surprised when he made it plain that he thought me a boy. At first he did n't see Peggy, but when at last he discovered her, he remarked that he had not counted upon a female child being one of the party, and he misdoubted how the spirits would like it.

"'T is not likely I will fright them," Peg answered for herself, for she feared the Magus no more than she feared anything else on earth; after which Schmuck said naught further on that subject.

We turned our horses toward the Wissahickon Creek, and it was evident from the very beginning that old Schmuck was bent upon frightening us.

Such tales of ghosts and fibbertigibbets as he related were enough to chill the blood, and one in particular, of a spectral coach driven through the streets of Philadelphia by a fiendish spirit, was most uncanny. But whether he overdrew his tales, or whether we were too well instructed to be befooled, I know not; 't is certain that we maids were not unduly terrified, though I was soon to learn that one of our party had been affected.

"Touching the driver of that ghostly coach," said Bart, coolly, "his beasts must have been spirits too, seeing that he could guide them. Faith, I knew not before that horses had souls. But 't is not the ghosts I so much depend on as good Hans Kalbfleisch," he added carelessly.

"Hans Kalbfleisch!" exclaimed the Magus, the tone of his voice showing extreme astonishment.

At the same time, he spurred his beast so that it jumped about the road, disturbing our calvacade greatly. 'T was some time before we could bring our horses down to order again, and then Bart questioned the man pointedly.

"You repeated Hans Kalbfleisch as if the name was not unfamiliar to you. Tell me, do you know him?"

"I said the name!" retorted the Magus, and his manner was almost rough. "Nay, you must have misunderstood. I am but a poor horseman, and the shying of my animal nigh unseated me."

"Yet I, too, heard you say the name," I put in.

"Then it must have been that I repeated it because it struck my ear with a certain quaintness," the Magus answered, "but come, we must hurry on"; and as an example to us, he spurred his little donkey forward.

From the moment Bart unwittingly mentioned the name of Hans Kalbfleisch, the manner of the Magus underwent a complete change. Heretofore he acted as one who played a rôle, with his stories of ghosts and spirits intended to fright the ignorant, intent only upon earning his fees and maintaining his reputation as a wizard. Now, however, he became eager and rather silent, answering shortly what questions were put to him. I noted that he muttered to himself, yet seemed to be making an effort to control some strong excitement he felt.

Thus, for a time, there was silence, until, a half-mile farther on, we stopped and dismounted. We took the horses along a narrow path to a small clearing, where we tethered them, and were about to proceed, when a queer, rattling noise attracted my attention. I turned to see Charley trembling beside me.

"Please, Miss Bee," he mumbled between his chattering teeth, "you all don't want these here horses stayin' alone in the dark like this, does you?"

It was plain that our black boy was in abject fear and ready to run off at any moment, if we insisted upon his accompanying us, so I called to Bart, who was a little ahead with the Magus, and he came back to where I stood.

I explained the situation, whereupon he scolded Charley roundly in an undertone, for we had no wish to inform the Magus that his stories had been taken seriously by one of our party.

Bart pondered the matter for a moment.

"We 'll have to do our own digging, Bee," he whispered, then, raising his voice, "Charley, you stay here with the horses, but come at once when I call. We 'll be within hail."

"Yes, sir," answered the boy, immensely relieved, and we turned to rejoin the Magus.

I had felt a little uneasy at Schmuck's manner, and as we came up with him, I was far from reassured.

"Come! lead on!" he ordered gruffly. "Think you I can wait all night while you pick your way so daintily? Come on, come on!"

"Nay, there 's no hurry," I said. "Light the lantern, Bart, and we 'll look to the priming of our pistols."

I spoke in as deep a voice as I could muster, but I was far from feeling courageous, nor was I reassured when the light Bart kindled showed me the face of the Magus, for he was an evil-appearing man, and in that dim glow his eyes glittered ominously and had a look of avarice, as if something for which he had long sought was about to come within his grasp.

He scowled at the sight of the pistols, but at the same time, his manner changed again, and he became once more the servile, cringing charlatan we had first known.

"Which way, young master?" he asked, and his tones were very humble.

"Lead on, Bart," I said. "I 'll follow Schmuck"; and I balanced the pistol in my hand carelessly.

#### CHAPTER IV

##### I DIG FOR TREASURE

As we picked our way in single file through the dark woods bordering the stream, the Magus tried again to terrify us with tales of ghosts and such-like supernatural creatures. How they impressed Bart I could not tell, but I found myself glancing about nervously, and beginning to be afraid of—I knew not what.

On the road with a sturdy horse under me, this talk of evil spirits scarce had any effect, but in the damp forest with croaking frogs and the plaintive call of a whippoorwill to accent the silence, I confess I was ill at ease. Before me the Magus strode along, the blood-red plume touching the lower branches of the trees, a queer, gaunt figure against the swaying light of the lantern.

Little Peg was the least concerned of any of us, I think. She was close beside me, and at each stumble over root or stone, she would chuckle or give vent to some stuttering utterance that on another occasion would have made us all laugh; but I never felt less like laughing, and wished with all my heart that we had never come upon this quest, and, most of all, that Peg was safe in bed. But such wishes were vain. I picked my way behind old Schmuck, holding my pistol in a trembling hand, and fearful lest I might have to use it before the night was over.



Presently Bart turned sharply to the right, and after a few paces stopped.

"'T is here," he said, in an undertone, as we all drew up beside him; "take your wand, Magus, and begin the search."

Schmuck drew forth a long, lithe wand which seemed to wave of itself in the uncertain light of the lantern. His excitement was apparent, though he strove to appear indifferent, or, at least, to preserve his character of seer or diviner. But, although I was near beside myself with anxiety and eagerness to have done with the matter, I could not help seeing the intentness with which the man peered about him in the darkness, as if in search of something.

Evidently he found it not, for, after a moment, he asked Bart to let him have the lantern.

"Nay, your wand needs no light nor your spirits neither," answered Bart. "I'll keep the lantern."

"But where shall I begin?" whined the Magus, taking on again his most humble mien. "'T is needful that I find a suitable place. You have n't told me all you know, young master," he ended.

"If I knew the exact spot," answered Bart, "there would be small use in taking a Magus at some expense."

'T was plain that Schmuck was perplexed, for he hesitated a moment, as if undecided how to proceed.

"How near to the white stone is the place?" he demanded, so suddenly that I was taken by surprise.

"The white stone!" cried Bart, suspiciously. "What know you of a white stone?"

"Naught, naught," answered the Magus, evasively; "I saw such in a vision, perhaps."

"Humph! more dreams!" muttered Bart to himself; and I was sure that he realized, as I did, that old Schmuck knew more of the matter than he was willing to divulge. To me, indeed, it seemed that each had some special knowledge that he neither dared nor cared to trust to the other, so that there was like to be a deadlock.

'T was now Bart's turn to hesitate, but, after a moment, he evidently reached a decision.

"Come on," he ordered, and led us to a spot a few paces nearer the creek, where he took his stand with his back against a big tree.

"'T is here or hereabouts. Now let us see what good your magic is."

With a curious, sidelong glance at us, the Magus took his peeled wand and set it between the palms of his hands. The clouds had parted a little, and a pale light seemed to come from both the water and the sky, so that the diviner in his black suit was plainly visible.

Slowly he began to move across the open space, then back and forth in circles, seemingly led by the rod he carried extended in front of him, so slight and willowy was his form. At length he stopped.

"There is naught here," he said despondently; but, even as he spoke, the clouds parted still further, and a pale trickle of light spilled upon a great white stone that had previously been shadowed.

"The white stone!" we all gasped together, and for a full minute, we stood staring at it in silence.

Bart was the first to recover himself.

"Try over this way!" he cried, leaping away from the tree against which he had been standing, and running toward the stone. But, for an instant, a flash from the lantern had lighted up the trunk of the tree, and there, rudely carved in the bark, I caught a glimpse of a skull and cross-bones. 'T was the blazed tree of which Hans Kalbfleisch had spoken, and I knew we must be near the pirates' hoard!

I followed Bart, and so did the Magus, and, as he ran, I saw the wand in his hand drawn downward to the earth till it bent like a fishing-rod when one has hooked too heavy a fish.

"'T is here!" he gasped, like one in heavy pain. "'T is here. I feel it!"

"Then let 's begin to dig," said Bart, quite valiantly, I thought, for his voice sounded indifferent enough, and he made a movement toward the spade.

"Not yet," cried the Magus, with a gesture of horror. "Wouldst have the spirits that guard the spot destroy us?"

"Nay," answered Bart, a little anxiously, "'t is to guard against those gentry I brought you along."

"Then come nigh while I draw the magic circle," the Magus commanded.

For a moment, Bart hesitated, then stepped toward him.

"Come," he said to me, "we'll get out of reach of the spirits," and he tried to laugh as if he cared not, but made a failure of his attempt.

"I'll s-s-stay h-h-here," said little Peg, seating herself on a boulder; "I think it's s-s-s-safer."

I confess I would like to have remained with Peggy, but that would be to desert Bart, so I went forward with him.

When we had taken our places, Schmuck leaned down as if he meant to draw the magic circle of which he had spoken, but, ere he began, he straightened up again.

"Lay aside all cold metal, for if you have aught of that upon your persons, we are lost," he said.

"I have naught but a lucky sixpence about my throat," I hastened to tell him, for his tone was most ominous.

"Nay, good silver will not matter. 'T is cold iron that is fatal," he answered in a hard voice. And then I saw that he meant our pistols, and I became doubly suspicious.

"Come," I said to Bart, and he walked with me to where little Peg was seated.

"'T is the pistols," I murmured, so that none save he could hear me.

"Aye, I guessed that," he returned; "but I mean we shall keep them all the same."

"How will you manage it?" I asked.

"Do as I do," he whispered, "but first hide the pistol under your cape."

When we reached Peg, Bart stooped as if to lay his pistol down.

"We 'll put them here on the ground," he said aloud, so that the Magus could n't fail to hear him, and then, as I bent to do the same, he whispered in my ear, "Find a billet of wood about the size of a pistol, if you can."

I searched the ground with my hand, and found a dead branch of about the right length.

"I have it," I answered.

"Good," muttered Bart, under his breath. Then aloud he went on: "No, we had better lay them on the rock; the grass is damp"; and with that we rose, and Bart placed a piece of wood beside Peg. I did the same with my stick, and, at a little distance, in that dim light, they looked enough like pistols, and I thought Bart's trick was rather clever.

Back we walked to the Magus, who began again to make his circle.

He chanted some strange words, and we watched him slowly move his wand in a wide ring about us. As he neared the end, he stopped his chant and spoke again to us.

"Spirits dire and dread are all around. We stand above a pirate treasure. The treasure is here," the Magus went on, "but the evil spirit that watches over it is strong. Utter no word nor step without the magic circle, or all is lost. It boots not what you hear or see, utter no sound. Dost understand?"

"Aye," answered Bart.

With that the man, chanting as before, drew the last line, and the circle was complete. Then he raised himself up and, holding aloft his hands, stood for a while as if offering a silent invocation. He made a weird and curious figure stretched to his full height, his long, bony arms seeming to tower above his head, and between them the waving plume. I shuddered a little,

wishing with all my heart that the matter was finished, but I caught a half-smile on Bart's face which showed me that he, at least, still had his wits about him.

I had supposed that the end of the ceremony had come, when the Magus dropped his long arms, but in this I was mistaken. First he bowed three times to the north, to the east, to the south, and to the west. Then, again taking the wand, he held it out before him, and the stick seemed like a thing alive. Lithe and agile as the man was, the writhing thing in his hands was quicker, for suddenly it leaped from between his palms and stood bolt upright, as if rooted in the ground. Of all that happened that night, this was to me the strangest, for in truth the rod seemed a quickened thing, shaking and shivering at our feet.

The Magus, with a nod to Bart, pointed to the spade. Without a word he took it up, and in a moment was hard at work.

He had made a fair-sized hole before he tired of his task, but found nothing; and, at length, stepping out of the space he had dugged, he handed the spade to the Magus.

That individual took it and went to work for ten minutes or so without result, though we looked eagerly into the rapidly widening hole. At length he passed the spade to me, and, seeing that Bart was about to interpose, I forestalled him, sticking my pistol into my belt so that I might have both hands free, and took up the task, meaning to do as much as, or more than, any boy.

I was surprised to find how light the soil was, and, proud of the ease with which I increased the depth of the excavation, labored with a right good-will.

Suddenly the spade ceased to cut through the sand, and, thinking I had struck a root, I pressed with all my force. But though the object yielded somewhat, I could not dig it up, and when I attempted to withdraw the spade, it seemed as if something grasped and held it. For a moment, I knew not what to think, and then, with a lively shriek, I was out of the hole.

"Bart! Bart!" I screamed.

"Run! Run!" shouted the Magus, as he jumped toward the spot where he supposed our pistols to be lying. "'T is the pirate's ghost. Naught can save you now. The spell is broken!"

The terror the Magus managed to put into his tones was very infectious, and I seized Bart by the wrist, intent upon dragging him away.

"Come, Bart!" I cried in desperation; but he would not move.

"Nonsense!" he exclaimed, "I don't see any ghost, and I won't run until I do."

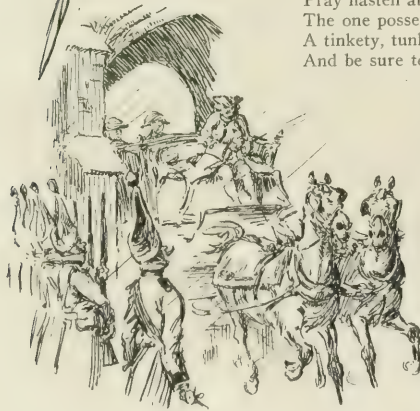


# THE QUEST FOR THE JIMBLEJOCK

by Ellen Manly

M

y dear," Her Majesty said to the King,  
The redoubtable ruler of Chingoling,  
"I have many a beautiful thing, 't is true,  
But the Christmas gift that I crave is new,  
And never a queen hath yet been known  
This rare and elegant prize to own.  
Pray hasten at once to the town to buy  
The one possession for which I sigh—  
A tinkety, tunkety Jimblejock,  
And be sure to be back by seven o'clock!"



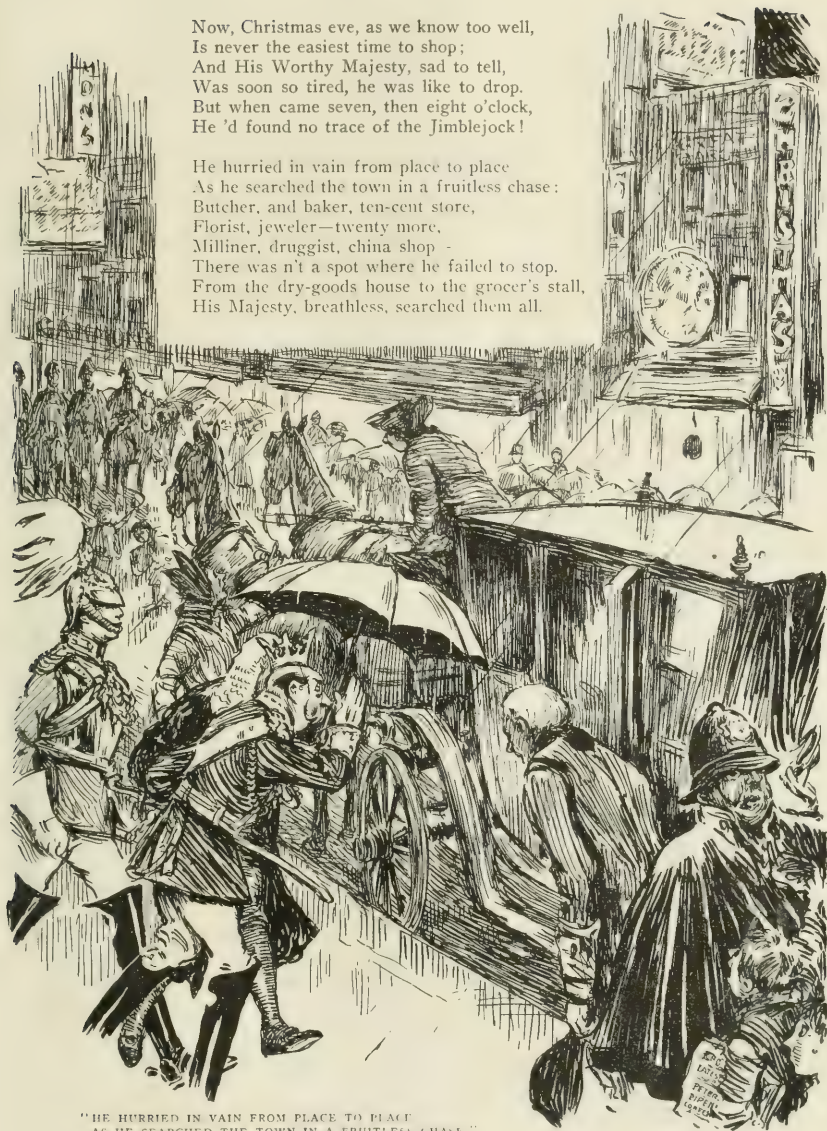
"Whoever hath heard of so strange a thing!"  
Quoth the mystified monarch of Chingoling.  
"She hath silver, and gold, and jewels rare;  
More gowns than ever a queen could wear,  
With furbelows, feathers, and frills to spare;  
And now, instead of some fine new frock,  
She insists on this tinkety Jimblejock!  
Pray what in the world is a Jimblejock?  
And how can I find it by seven o'clock!"

"Is it little or big? is it wood, or glass,  
Cotton, or silk, or gold, or brass?  
Something to eat, or something to wear—  
I only know it is painfully rare!  
I have n't the least idea," quoth he,  
"Whatever a Jimblejock may be!"



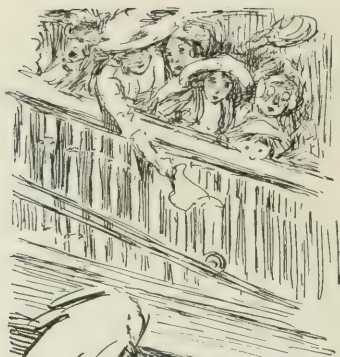
Now, Christmas eve, as we know too well,  
Is never the easiest time to shop;  
And His Worthy Majesty, sad to tell,  
Was soon so tired, he was like to drop.  
But when came seven, then eight o'clock,  
He 'd found no trace of the Jimblejock!

He hurried in vain from place to place  
As he searched the town in a fruitless chase:  
Butcher, and baker, ten-cent store,  
Florist, jeweler—twenty more,  
Milliner, druggist, china shop -  
There was n't a spot where he failed to stop.  
From the dry-goods house to the grocer's stall,  
His Majesty, breathless, searched them all.



"HE HURRIED IN VAIN FROM PLACE TO PLACE  
AS HE SEARCHED THE TOWN IN A FRUITLESS CHASE."





"Pray what may it be?" they each inquired;  
 "Did we know the article so desired  
 To please Your Grace, you may well depend,  
 We would search our shelves from end to end.  
 But we doubt if we ever have had in stock  
 Any such thing as a Jimblejock;  
 And, should we find it, it might not be  
 The tinkety one you wish to see!"

Then the King was ready to tear his hair,  
 (Had he just a bit on his head to spare,)  
 For the hours flew by at a shocking rate,  
 And he knew full well it was growing late.

'T was nine, then ten, then eleven o'clock,  
 And he had n't discovered the Jimblejock!



"AND, SHOULD WE FIND IT, IT MIGHT NOT BE  
 THE TINKETY ONE YOU WISH TO SEE!"



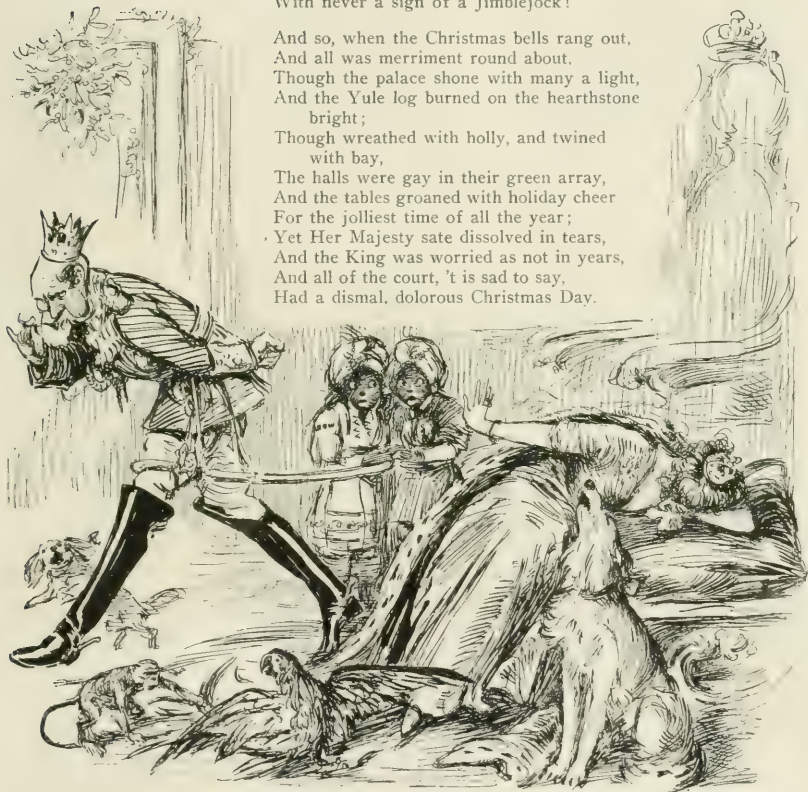
So the Queen she waited, much at a loss,  
Till at length to the palace, tired and cross,  
His Majesty came, at *twelve* o'clock,  
With never a sign of a Jimblejock!

And so, when the Christmas bells rang out,  
And all was merriment round about,  
Though the palace shone with many a light,  
And the Yule log burned on the hearthstone  
bright;

Though wreathed with holly, and twined  
with bay,

The halls were gay in their green array,  
And the tables groaned with holiday cheer  
For the jolliest time of all the year;

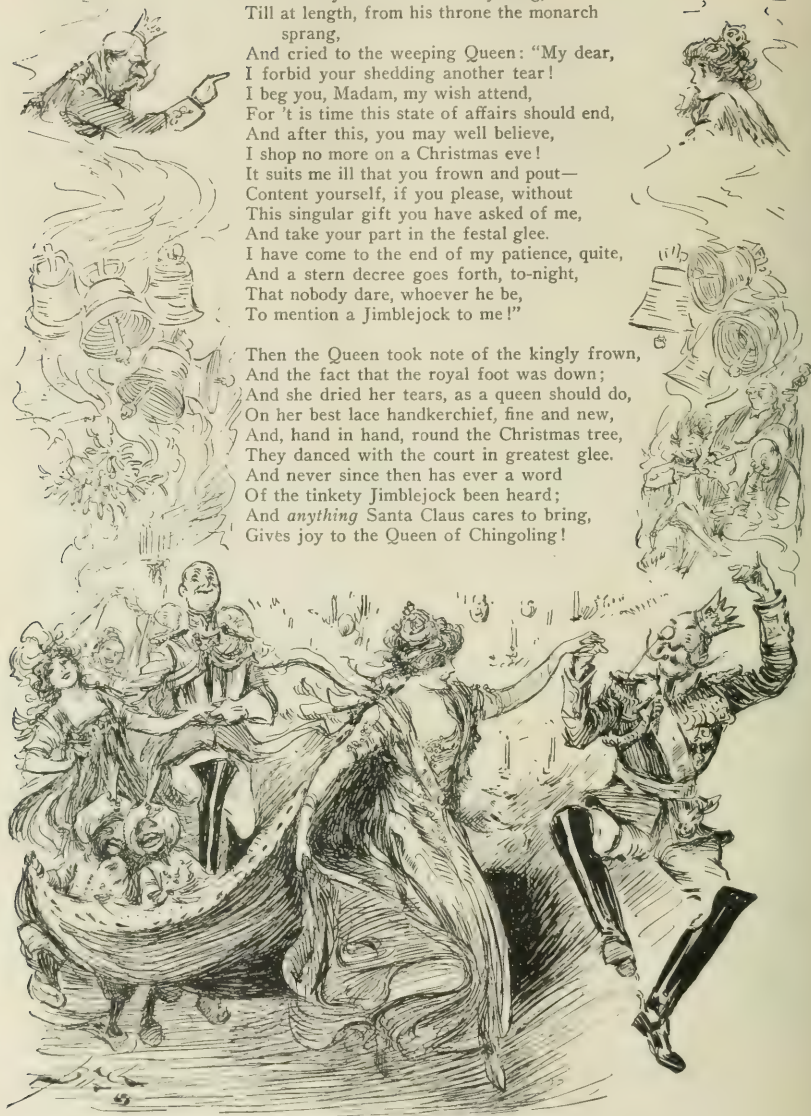
Yet Her Majesty sate dissolved in tears,  
And the King was worried as not in years,  
And all of the court, 't is sad to say,  
Had a dismal, dolorous Christmas Day.



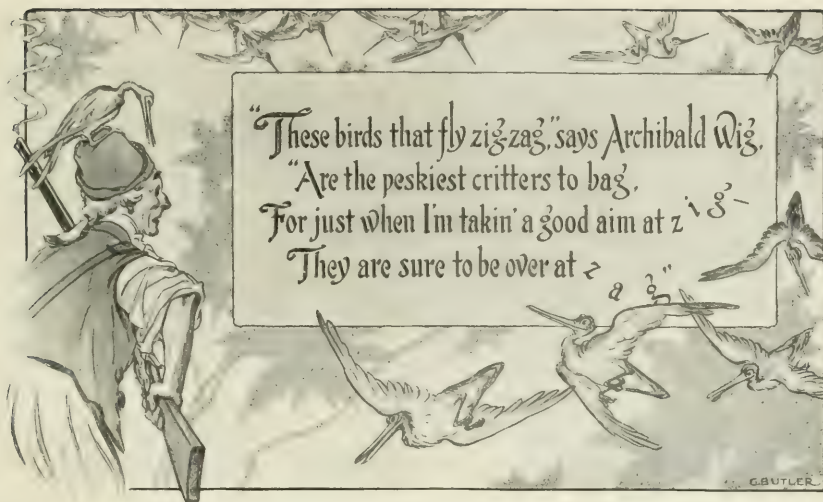
## THE QUEST OF THE JIMBLE JOCK

But merrily still the bells they rang,  
Till at length, from his throne the monarch  
sprang,  
And cried to the weeping Queen: "My dear,  
I forbid your shedding another tear!  
I beg you, Madam, my wish attend,  
For 't is time this state of affairs should end,  
And after this, you may well believe,  
I shap no more on a Christmas eve!  
It suits me ill that you frown and pout—  
Content yourself, if you please, without  
This singular gift you have asked of me,  
And take your part in the festal glee.  
I have come to the end of my patience, quite,  
And a stern decree goes forth, to-night,  
That nobody dare, whoever he be,  
To mention a Jimblejock to me!"

Then the Queen took note of the kingly frown,  
And the fact that the royal foot was down;  
And she dried her tears, as a queen should do,  
On her best lace handkerchief, fine and new,  
And, hand in hand, round the Christmas tree,  
They danced with the court in greatest glee.  
And never since then has ever a word  
Of the tinkety Jimblejock been heard;  
And *anything* Santa Claus cares to bring,  
Gives joy to the Queen of Chingoling!





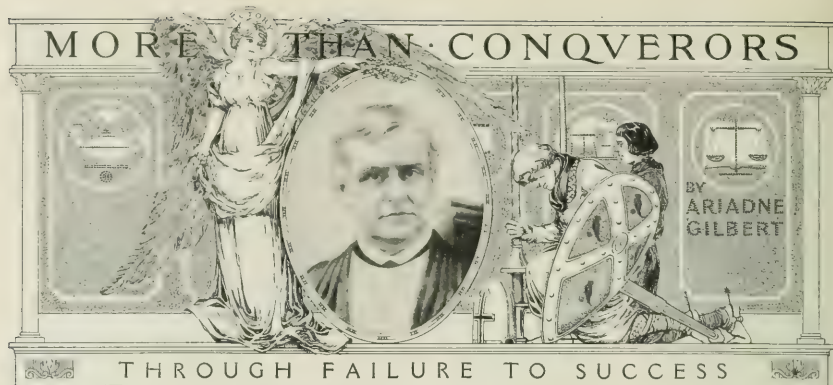


## A SMALL ORDER

THIS is all that I expect  
 Santa Claus to bring to me:  
 One large boat—my old one 's wrecked;  
 One large, lovely Christmas tree;  
 Then I need a larger drum,  
 That says "boom" instead of "tum";  
 And I want a nice long whip  
 That will make our tom-cat skip;  
 Then I hope to get a ball  
 That will dent the hardest wall,  
 And a bat that will not split  
 Ev'ry time that it is hit;  
 Next I 'd choose a pair of skates  
 Just as nice as Sister Kate's,  
 And a bright large monoplane  
 That will carry rag-doll Jane;  
 Then I 'd like a lot of things  
 That are run by hidden springs—  
 Rats and spiders, and the like;  
 And I need a brand-new "bike"  
 With a coaster-brake that will  
 Make work easy down a hill.

There! that 's all I asked him for.  
 Still, I 'm hoping (since he 's Dutch)  
 That he 'll bring a few things more,—  
 As I have not asked for *much*!





Two compositions lay on the dark-haired boy's desk. They were his last and hardest school efforts; they had both been written for prizes; and they had both failed. One was on "Mathematical Pursuits,"—a prose composition of 5000 words; the other was a poem on "The Shipwreck." On the back of the long envelop the boy had written in his half-formed handwriting, "Given in for prize at the Public Latin School. Both unfortunately failed. *Ah me miserum!*"

He was only fifteen, this boy, and yet his school-days were behind him and he was a Harvard freshman. Though so young, he was already six feet three inches tall. Perhaps his rapid growth had robbed him of his strength for a time, for he did not care for athletics or even long walks; and though he entered naturally into all the college interests, this sudden manhood made him feel awkward and shy.

Longfellow was teaching modern languages at Harvard; Louis Agassiz, biology; Asa Gray, botany; Professor Child, Early English; and many other great teachers and great men stood ready to pour their glad wisdom into every open mind. And the dark-haired fellow, Phillips Brooks, knew there was a wealth better than gold in these men's brains, and he did not scorn it. Poetry he read for mere pleasure, wandering, as in all his reading, with no guide but his fancy. He loved literature and the languages; he loved history for the sake of the men who made it. But he hated mathematics because he could not work the problems; and he hated elocution because it seemed a sham. Long years after, however, his training in elocution proved very useful, though it never made him conquer his rapid speech.

More than any lessons, however, Brooks loved the college life. Jolly, cordial, true, he won his

place naturally in all hearts. During his four years, he was made a member of six different societies, and he was one of the commencement



"THEY HAD BOTH FAILED."

speakers. Without knowing why, some of his friends almost worshiped him. There was an in-

tangible charm about him,—a winning playfulness,—that made them want him with them; and yet a reserve that kept them from drawing him out. In college, by gaining prizes for English essays, he half canceled the memory of the Latin School disappointment. No success or popularity could spoil him, though, for he was too unconscious of self to know that he was either brilliant or lovable. When he was a senior, he had a way of encouraging timid freshmen, who might even have gone hungry through shyness. Looking at them with his great, kind eyes, he would push

each founded a Phillips Academy, one at Andover, the other at Exeter. Ever since he was a child, he had heard of these great schools. And during his college life, the idea had dimly grown that he, too, might be a teacher. For the sake of experience, he thought, he might take almost any position, later study abroad, and, finally, be a professor. Accordingly, when the chance came to teach in the Boston Latin School, he seized it eagerly.

No chapter in Phillips Brooks's life is so sad as this teacher chapter. None is so hopeless. And



PHILLIPS BROOKS WRITING A HOME LETTER FOR A WOUNDED SOLDIER. (SEE PAGE 131.)

things their way at the table. Sometimes, when he met them alone, he would say, "The college is more for freshmen like you than seniors like me."

When Phillips Brooks graduated, he was only nineteen, and, like many other young fellows, he had not decided on a profession. Alive in him, however, was the strong desire of most graduates—to do something at once; and this desire was strengthened by the fact that he was one of six boys, four of whom, younger than himself, were still to be educated. From his mother's side of the family Phillips inherited a love of teaching,—his grandfather and his great-uncle having

yet he began his work with hearty enthusiasm, and the first few months were happy ones. He had "splendid little boys," as he said, and he worked with interest. Late in the fall, however, he was given an older class, fellows only three or four years younger than himself. In letters to his friend "Top Sawyer" he wrote: "They are the most disagreeable set of creatures, without exception, that I ever met with." . . . "I am teaching them French which they don't, Greek which they won't, and Vergil which they can't, understand or appreciate." In his own belief, he was not only unpopular at school, but was even hated,

and he said that if he met any one of his pupils socially, he would need a suit of chain armor for protection. "I feel a little blue to-night, . . . and I come now to you and wish you with all my heart a very Happy New Year."

The truth is, his discipline was weak. Loving the subjects he taught, he took it for granted that his pupils loved them. These boys were mischievous and rowdyish. They had already vanquished three teachers, and, like Indians, were eager for another scalp. Besides, their boyish teacher wore glasses,—much less common then than now,—and they were not at all sure how much he could see. After plugging the thermometer with snow, they shivered and chattered, and then built an "insufferable fire." One boy threw a handful of shot in Brooks's face, and then, when the teacher looked, was sitting most innocently, perfectly still, his hand meekly raised to ask a question. Another scattered the heads of snapping matches all over the room, and there was no way to trace the explosions. Brooks could not manage the boys himself, and he had no help from Principal Gardner, a fine athlete, who ruled by his strong right arm. According to Gardner, discipline was the first mark of a good teacher, and any one who failed in that was hopeless.

When at last, weak in heart and worn in courage, the boy-teacher resigned, the unseeing principal met his resignation with, "The man who fails at teaching will fail at everything." It was a sharp and cruel shot. Brooks long remembered those words. It is beautiful to know, however, that the boy never harbored a grudge against the man who hurt him most, and, years later, he even praised him in a public speech. It is still more beautiful to remember that this very defeat was the highroad to victory. Principal Gardner lived long enough to find his own quick judgment false and the boy-failure a mighty success.

And yet, from the day of his resignation, there

were hours, days, and months that spelled utter failure to Phillips Brooks. Inactive, empty-handed, the poor fellow went back home,—the only one in his big family with nothing to do. Though he secured a little private teaching to fill a few hours, the rest of the time he had to think,



"WHEN THE HAND OF PHILLIPS BROOKS GRASPED THE HAND OF ABRAHAM LINCOLN." (SEE PAGE 134)

to know he was a disappointment to his parents, to his five brothers, to every one who loved him best. Bitterest of all, he was a cruel disappointment to himself. Could it be that the life which lay before him, full of ambition, and once full of hope, was to be a failure? On his long walks he met different classmates; but they all seemed to be doing something, and knew what they meant to do. When the summer came, bringing vacation, their holidays were earned; his were the continued indolence of an idle man.

And yet, through all this despondency, something told Phillips Brooks to hope. He seemed to realize that no one really knew him, that he

even did not know himself, boyish and commonplace conclusions enough, but alive with a sense of discovery. Loving biography as he did, every "life" he read brought him to the same conclusion: millions of hearts were lonely; millions of others would love to sympathize; but it seemed impossible. Then from the young man's soul went up a kind of prayer that he might "know the strange language in which his neighbors' lives were written"; and, finally, with this self-forgetfulness, there was given, slowly, strangely, a wonderful gift—the conviction that God could understand him fully, and that God knew he need not be a failure.

Up to this time, Phillips Brooks had shown no interest in religion. Sunday after Sunday, he had sat, half-bowed, at the end of the family pew, but neither preacher nor parents nor his best friends knew anything of his inmost thoughts. They were closed to all the world. But we know that he passed through a troubled time of doubt.

Dr. Walker, the president of Harvard, must have had some influence over him. Phillips had heard him preach in Chapel Sunday evenings, and, like other college boys, had been won by his character and power. He was a man in whom it was easy to confide, and to whom many students had bared their souls. And now one day, late in the summer, Phillips Brooks entered his study for advice. What was said behind that closed door no one knows; but the young man who came away was white and trembling—Dr. Walker had advised him to preach.

We can no more guess the throbbings in a soul with this solemn thought of life before it than we can guess the mysteries of the ocean. Let these things be as they are made—deep, silent, and hidden. After much thinking, Phillips Brooks went to his rector, Dr. Vinton, to ask what steps he should take to enter the ministry.

Phillips Brooks did not veil from Dr. Vinton, or his family, or himself that it was only a *trial*. The dismalness of failure had cut itself so deep into the young man's heart that he took up the new work at the Theological Seminary in Alexandria, Virginia, with a very wavering confidence. Because he entered a little late, he had to choose his room from the left-overs. It was a cold, dark, cheerless place in the attic, with a ceiling too low for him to stand straight, and a bed too short for him to stretch out. The students dined in a large, low room, down cellar, on such things as tomato-pies and boiled rice. When "potatoes were limited," Hebrew and moral philosophy were supposed to satisfy hunger. Popular as Brooks had been at Harvard, here he made few friends,—only two in the first year; and, of

all the professors, Dr. Sparrow was his only inspiration. Many nights the young man would lie awake, doubled up in his short bed, knowing



"WELL, IS IT WORTH IT?" (SEE PAGE 137)

well that if he were not "twenty-one, he should call himself homesick."

And yet those years in Alexandria proved one thing: that *handicaps are benefits*. In spite of bleak surroundings, friendlessness, and starvation-instruction, the Phillips Brooks who had wrung from his failure at teaching a new impetus for life, now wrung from his very leisure a new power for work. No inadequate teaching could shut from him the world of books, or the world of nature, or the world of men. His open mind could feed itself. He plunged into whatever tempted him: Greek and Latin classics, biography, history, poetry, theology, the vast



beauty of the outdoor world, if only caught from a car window, and always the exhaustless wonder of the human heart. Though he was sometimes impatient with the seminary and with what it did not give, he wrote in his note-book and in his soul, "We must despair of growing great unless we can feel that we are given to the cause to work for it, and not it to work for us"; and, "It must be, not what the world can do for me, but what I can do for the world." Self-forgetfulness had saved him in the Latin School failure, and it saved him now in the Virginia desert. By earnest searching, he found an oasis of blessing in a strong and joyous belief—the "new-found confidence of Christian faith."

There is nothing sweeter in a strong man than uncloaked boyishness, and this was eternal in Phillips Brooks. Home was a temple in his heart. Never in his long life did he resent the close guard of his mother nor the frank advice of his father. In his turn, he helped his younger brothers, but with no sense of aloofness, and no desire to pry into their souls. When he came home for vacations, he loved to go to the menagerie with "the boys," and begged to be excused from preaching and to sit "alongside of Mother" in the pew. From now on, the years had three burning interests for Phillips Brooks: his work, his home, and the war.

Like the others at the seminary, as part of the prescribed work, he practised preaching in the small pulpit at Sharon Mission, and was nicknamed "practiser" or "parsonet." At first, he did not succeed particularly well. During his senior year, however, he had the chance to teach in the Preparatory Department at a salary of \$300 and board, and, by this means, he gained money and training, while completing his studies. Then he went on a three-months' trial to the Church of the Advent in Philadelphia; but he fell so far short of his own aims that, before the term was ended, he suggested to one of the vestrymen that perhaps he had better leave at once. His parishioners, however, were more than satisfied. Though their young preacher was reserved with individuals, he offered his whole self to his congregation. His words were alive. As his fame spread, calls to other and larger churches poured in. "Don't let it make you proud, Philly," came from the watchful mother. Proud? He did not know what that meant. Gravely he answered the invitations,—happy to be wanted; happy to be used. But he thought too much of others to have room for himself, and just now he was stirred to the depths over the slavery problem.

In 1862, he moved to Holy Trinity Church, in Philadelphia, where his influence would be

greater, but where, as before, his position as rector still hindered him from speaking his whole heart on what he felt to be the sin of slavery. When news came that his younger brother George, his particular chum, had enlisted as a soldier, and his Aunt Susan had volunteered as a nurse, the young minister yearned for the good-bys and the drum-beat. Still he kept his post, hard as it was to "buckle down" to preaching in war time. Before long, however, when Lee threatened Philadelphia, Phillips Brooks and other clergymen bought spades and marched out to dig trenches. Then came the news of Gettysburg—one quarter of the army slain, wounded, or taken prisoners. At that, the great man was off to the hospital, distributing clothing, writing letters, and sleeping in a tar shop when he could find no better place. Now his heart had its double sorrow, for, just before the great battle, his brave young brother George had died in camp of typhoid pneumonia.

But, somehow, Phillips gave him up, locked away the brother-love as a sacred, lasting thing, and turned to the great, needy world. There was a day when the hand of Phillips Brooks grasped the hand of Abraham Lincoln, and it was a day for each to remember. Long before, these great men had joined hands in purpose. When, at last, the slaves were free, Phillips Brooks pleaded for the colored man. He felt the slave's weight of ignorance and our responsibility for his education. His speech on the life and death of Lincoln, and his prayer at the Harvard Commemoration for the soldiers, were two of the greatest utterances of his soul. Of the first we have a few beautiful fragments; but of the second we have only the memory of those who heard it.

Like all other great lives, his was so full that it cannot be told in a few pages; it can only be suggested. He was continually sought by different churches as their rector, and by colleges and divinity schools as president or professor. Of all the calls that he resisted, the chance to be head of the Cambridge Theological Seminary was the strongest temptation. Something tugged at his heart,—the old longing for that intimate association that is given to teachers; and, like Emerson, he had to go alone among the hills for his decision, for he never made a great decision lightly. Of the thronging calls to churches, he accepted only three; two in succession in Philadelphia and one in Boston. And the changes that he made were never made for money.

In Trinity Church, Boston, he preached for twenty-two years, until he was made Bishop of Massachusetts. This gave him a chance, by tak-

ing the service at Appleton Chapel, to keep up the dear associations with Harvard College. No words can tell his power—his influence was far too sacred to be called "popularity." Yet, excusing that shallow word, he was so "popular" that his own father was afraid the congregation would applaud him,—a thing that Brooks could not have borne.

While he was happy to be loved, he hated lionizing and had no patience with conventional flattery. He laughed at the handkerchiefs of his first Christmas as a pastor, "enough to last a lifetime"; the slippers, accumulating till they filled barrels, and were shipped by him to the missionaries; and the daily flowers, which he re-sent to hospitals. Too simple and too unconscious to be vain, he never seemed to know why people loved him or to dream that he was great. Crowded as his own church was, he exclaimed to a friend, "Grey, what a splendid congregation you have!" On one of his ocean trips he wrote: "The only celebrity on board was Mr. Froude"; and from England, "To-morrow I go to Oxford, where I spend three days . . . looking at all the great men." (The mirror could have shown him one.) Meeting Huxley and Tennyson, being entertained by Browning and Gladstone, or preaching before the Queen—none of these things could spoil him. When he was asked to furnish facts for his college class-record, he wrote: "I have had no wife, no children, no particular honors, no serious misfortune, and no adventures worth speaking of. It is shameful at such times as these not to have a history, but I have not got one, and must come without." And when his photograph was sent home, he wrote:

And is this, then, the way he looks—  
This tiresome creature, Phillips Brooks?  
No wonder, if 't is thus he looks,  
The church has doubts of Phillips Brooks.  
Well, if he knows himself, he 'll try  
To give these doubtful looks the lie.  
He dares not promise, but will seek  
E'en as a bishop to be meek;  
To walk the way he shall be shown,  
To trust a strength that 's not his own,  
To fill the years with honest work,  
To serve his day and not to shirk,  
To quite forget what folks have said,  
To keep his heart and keep his head,  
Until men, laying him to rest  
Shall say, "At least he did his best."

What gave Brooks his great power? "Love of truth and his love of souls"—his humbleness made all men his equals, and his tolerance drew them to his heart. People remember him leaving an ocean steamer, and, as he stepped aboard the tug for the cabin passengers, lifting his hat to

the steerage in good-by. And they remember that he sturdily voted against compulsory prayers at Harvard because, to him, no prayer could be *compelled*.

To doubters and believers, alike, he seems to say, "I know just how you feel"; and to the discouraged his tested hardihood still shouts, "There is no man here who has not failed; but is there any man here in all this multitude who has given up?"

His influence gripped men of all creeds. When people were in trouble, he had a way of going to sit with them and letting them talk, sometimes hardly speaking at all himself. "Men like to be talked to better than to be preached at," he said. "They prefer the easy-chair to the pulpit." Thus he stood: never on a height, but shoulder to shoulder on a common ground. Except for church, he wore the dress of a simple citizen. Instead of driving, he took a car. "On long canoe journeys, the guides were three weeks before they found out that he was a clergyman. On walking trips abroad, he looked a little like a gamekeeper."

Forms, titles, and robings sank into insignificance beside the high calling of truth. "I won't be called Dr. Brooks," he wrote to a friend, "and you may stop that for me when and where you can." Just before he was made bishop, he went to New York, and ordered "a set of the preposterous garments that bishops wear."

First a man and then a clergyman, that is what he was, though he loved his life as a preacher with a deep, abiding love. "I would n't be anything but a parson for the world!" he exclaimed; and "The pulpit of Trinity is the dearest spot of earth to me,—in other words, is home."

To know this great man more perfectly, we should see him with children, go with him in his travels, read his open letters, hear him in the pulpit, and talk with him alone. Even then we can hardly catch the spirit of fun that danced over the surface of his seriousness, as phosphorus sparkles in the sea.

Children were Phillips Brooks's special delight. Welcome as he was in hundreds of homes, the grown folks took back places when the children were around. He sometimes told the little ones who seemed shy, that it was "great fun to be a minister." Once he played Goliath so that a tiny boy might "shoot him with a sling." When, at the death of his parents, the old North Andover home became his, he made it a rallying-place for other people's children. A stove was put up in the old corn barn so that his nieces, Agnes, Gertie, and "little Tood," could play at cooking, and he used to take tea with them there—big, jolly, and at home. For the little children he kept always

a big doll, and there were older sports for the others. "I never see a lot of boys," he said, "without wanting to be among them, and wishing they would let me into their company. I hate to think that boys of sixteen think of me as I used to think of men of thirty-seven when I was their age! Most of the wisdom of old age is humbug."

It always seems as if he should have had a wife

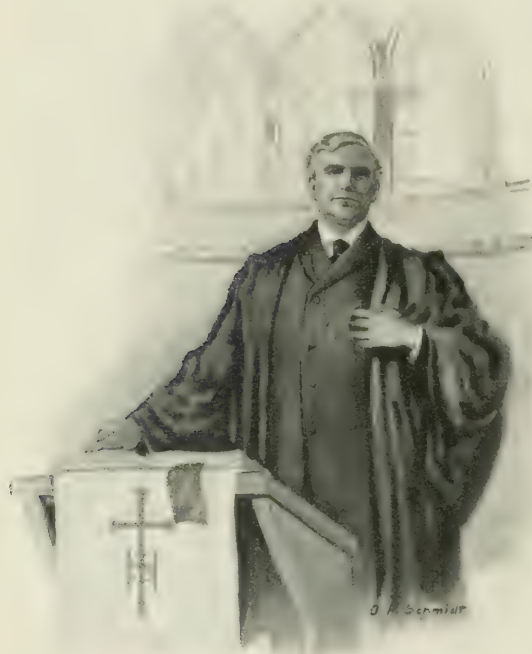
Keller, to whom his loving touch was most familiar, gives her glad witness with the rest.

It is a great task for any one to be, at once, a fine preacher and a faithful visiting pastor. Phillips Brooks was both. Sometimes, for five months together, he would not have an evening free. While he was giving playtime to children and work-time to their parents, he was using up his own vitality, so that rest became indispensable.

As we all know, change is the happiest rest. His journeys included the West in our own country and eleven trips abroad. He saw the palms and bamboos and bungalows of India, and the "second highest mountain in the world, blazing with snow in the sunshine"; the Swiss valleys "overrunning with water"; the "sweet green hills" on the other side of Como, "sound asleep in the sunlight which they like"; "the world of vines and oranges" near Los Angeles; the Yosemite Valley, "ringing with cataracts"; Italy, the Holy Land, and merry Japan,—besides many other places common to the tourist. The little people of Japan thought he was a strange kind of giant, and wanted to measure his hands and feet. They did not "quarrel with his bulk," however, but dragged him around in their jinrikishas as if he were a "jolly joke." Nevertheless, Phillips Brooks insisted that the coolie who carried him across a torrent on his back would "never forget it any more than I shall!"

In the Holy Land, with deepest reverence he walked on the hills of Palestine and all the sacred places where Jesus must have been. It was on the Christmas spent in Christ's birthplace that his beautiful carol, "Oh little town of Bethlehem!" began to sing itself into his soul. Yet the man was so closely wrapped in the minister, that even from Bethlehem he ended a letter with, "I wish I were going to bed in that back room at home."

His letters, better than anything else, give his boyish, homesick, playful, human side. Let us



PHILLIPS BROOKS IN THE PULPIT. (SEE PAGE 133.)

and children of his own instead of that house of empty rooms, kept for him by his faithful servant Katie; and, though the great preacher sought companionship in books, he was too warm and vital to be satisfied by print. "I cannot beg, borrow, or steal a wife and children," he said, "so this poor working-man's heart will never leap with joy, or at least only half-way." Yet, like the Great Master, his tender arms cradled the babies, and all the children circled round his knees. The deaf, dumb, and blind child, Helen

look into some of them just as they come to our hands. For one thing, the great man with the boy heart never lost his school-boy homesickness. He was homesick for "Trip's bark," and "Bridget's flapjacks," and even for his "mother's stocking-bag." On Christmas in the Holy Land, he was homesick for men nailing up spruce boughs and men "carrying home turkeys by the legs." "Who beats now on the base-ball ground?" he writes from Athens to his brother Arthur; and another time sends the combined news from America to Europe: "They have chosen Bishop Talbot to be Bishop of Georgia. Harvard beat Yale in the boat-race." His letters are full of "God bless you alls" and "Lots of love to all," and of the superlatives of a beauty-loving nature.

More than one place he called "the most beautiful in the world," and he "enjoyed everything hugely." No boy could have been more rollicking with fun or have panted more eagerly for the holidays, when he was to swim and paddle, tramp and ride horseback. "Glory, glory, gloriation! ten more weeks before vacation!" is one of his jovial cries.

The nieces, who had their full share of his letters, must have been used to his jokes. From India he wrote, "I think I met Isaac and Jacob on two skinny camels, just outside the gates of Aden. I asked them how Esau was, but Jacob looked mad, and would n't answer—but I feel quite sure it was they, for they looked just like the pictures in the Bible." And to Bertie from Jeypore: "All the little girls, when they get to be about your age, hang jewels in their noses. I have got a nose jewel for you, which I shall put in when I get home, and also a little button for the side of Susie's nose, such as the smaller children wear. Think how the girls at school will admire you!" In one of his letters he said that a policeman in California came running toward him shouting, "A letter from Tood! A letter from Tood!" And in Berlin: "Only two houses up the street lives the Emperor! He and his wife are out of town now, or, no doubt, they would send some word to Toody."

This is his picture of Venetian bathing: "When the little children in Venice want to take a bath, they just go down to the front steps of the house and jump off and swim about in the streets. Yesterday I saw a nurse standing on the front steps, holding one end of a string, and the other end was tied to a little fellow who was swimming up the street. When he went too far, the nurse pulled in the string, and got her baby home again."

No letters are sweeter or more characteristic than the ones which speak of presents for the

children, his great generous heart delighting in the toy-shops:

Dear Bertie,

I bought the prettiest thing you ever saw for you the other day. If you were to guess for three weeks, making two guesses every minute, you could not guess what it is. . . . When you see it, you will jump the rheumatism right out of you.

And one more. Over a month before Christmas he sent a letter headed:

VERY PRIVATE!!

Dear Bertie,

This letter is an *awful secret* between you and me! If you tell anybody about it I will not speak to you all this winter.

Then he went on to say that she was to get the Christmas presents for him that year for all the children, finding out what they wanted in the "most secret way," and that she could spend five dollars apiece.

You must ask yourself what you want, but without letting yourself know about it, and get it, too, and put it in your own stocking, and be very much surprised when you find it there! . . . Perhaps you will get this on Thanksgiving Day. If you do, you must shake the turkey's paw for me.

It is no wonder that a man like that won all natures, old and young, grave and gay. While many stories of his personal kindness have been printed, many more lie buried in remembering hearts. Perhaps there are alive to-day two Harvard men who remember a call from Phillips Brooks one morning in their college room. They had been drinking the night before, and the great preacher must have known it, although he showed no signs. Instead, he sat down chummily to talk over the college interests,—the crew, the baseball team, the coming vacation. Finally, just as he was going, he stood up, and, putting a big hand on the shoulder of each, looked down lovingly with a, "Well, is it worth it?" and was gone without an answer. Yet how that heart of his must have ached, for he was the same man who, at Lincoln's death, burst out: "I go about our city and shudder (when I think of such a man as he) at the frivolous, weak, and inefficient lives our young men lead! I see them mere dawdlers in society. I see them spending their time like mere babies when there is a man's work to be done."

His wonderful tact, however, often kept him silent and gave his silence greater power than speech; those young Harvard men were touched more deeply by being treated as his comrades than they would have been by many sermons.

One day a poor woman came to him to ask for Trinity Chapel for her daughter's marriage.



"Why not take the church?" he answered.

"But that is not for the likes of me."

"Oh, yes it is," warmly, "for the likes of *you*, and the likes of *me*, and the likes of every one!"

And so the daughter was married in Trinity Church, with all its sacred majesty, and the great organ played her march of joy.

We are not surprised that the man who had carried a spade in war time gave material help as well as spiritual. At the time of the great Boston fire, in which old Trinity was burned, Phillips Brooks, after saving a few things from the church, rushed across the street to offer his services to a great jewelry store which was in danger. One of the partners filled two large bags with costly gems, and, through the dark streets, Dr. Brooks carried the treasure to a place of safety.

So much we have said of his life and so much of his helpfulness; let us go now to hear him preach. In imagination we join the vast throng that crowds its way into Trinity, filling the vestibule and the aisles and the camp-chairs in the aisles, and even pushing toward a place on the pulpit steps. One listener has come all the way from Canada to hear this man. Many will stand through the whole service; many more cannot even get standing room, for there are twice as many as the church can hold.

Presently the white-robed choir sings its way into the church; the great congregation rises; and the service begins. At last the sermon. Six feet four and broadly filling his large surplice, Phillips Brooks mounts the steps and, almost before he has reached the pulpit, announces his text and has begun to preach. You have to listen very closely, for the words pour out in torrents that cannot be stayed. Whatever the Bible text, as Phillips Brooks has told us, he has "but one sermon,"—"I am come that ye might have *life*, and that ye might have it more abundantly." And now, as he goes on with his plea, you have forgotten yourself; you have forgotten Phillips Brooks; you are remembering God. The whole congregation is looking up into that strong, open face and those wonderful dark eyes, and young and old, rich and poor, wise and ignorant, are held as one man. The preacher stands away from the desk. Now he spreads his arms wide in "loving invitation" meant for all the world; and now, with one broad hand over his heart, throws back his head and looks up, up into the dome. You know he has his power straight from above. There is not a particle of posing; not a thought of dramatic effect. He is telling you that you are a child of God by nature. "God has come to live in each separate soul in the congregation, and to

allow Him to live in you is the first and only thing to be thought of." He touches with tender understanding on all sincerity. "Waiting for the Lord is having," he says gently. You find yourself made strong—filled with his courage for life. "It does not take great men to do great things," he says; "it takes consecrated men. Be absolutely simple. Be absolutely genuine. Never say to any one what you do not feel and believe with your whole heart." People of "all beliefs and of no belief" are listening hungrily.

Can this be the boy-failure? The man who, failing at teaching, was to "fail at everything"?

So he brought men to the Divine Companion who had understood and comforted him through all his own hard experience. He had had the training of failure when he tried to teach; he had had the training of doubt before he found his faith; and he had had the training of many sorrows. First came George's early death, and then his brother Fred's—the bright young clergyman who, walking home one dark night from a sick friend's, fell through an open drawbridge and was drowned. A few years later, both father and mother had been taken home, and the loving boy, who was none the less a loving boy because he was a great man, found himself lonely for the ones he used to go to as a child.

But his reunion with those dear ones was nearer than he thought. On January 17, 1893, he took a cold which developed quickly into a bad sore throat, and then into diphtheria. And early in the morning of Monday, January 23, Phillips Brooks entered the larger life. His books and his faithful house-servant were his only companions at the last; but a man with his faith was never really lonely.

There was a beautiful service in Trinity Church while between ten and twenty thousand stood outside in Copley Square. When the procession reached Harvard University, eight of the tallest college seniors, walking all the way, bore the precious body on their shoulders across the grounds. And, as they entered, the bell tolled solemnly, for Phillips Brooks had been a Harvard boy, and a Harvard preacher to other boys and men.

His own two younger brothers—Arthur and John C. Brooks—both ministers—read the service at Mount Auburn, and there the lovable boy and conquering man was laid to rest close to his father and mother and Fred and George. A faded flag flutters over the soldier's grave, and over Phillips Brooks's is cut in stone:

"Him that overcometh will I make a pillar in the temple of our God."

# PLAYING SANTA CLAUS

BY PAULINE FRANCES CAMP

ONCE PETER AND PATTY AND POLLY  
WENT OUT FOR A RIDE ON THE TROLLEY  
A QUARTER AND DIME  
EACH HAD AT THE TIME  
TO SPEND ON SOME SWEET CHRISTMAS  
FOLLY.

POLLY AND PATTY SAID "CANDY,"  
WHILE PETER, A BIT OF A DANDY,  
DECIDED TO BUY  
A DAINY NECKTIE  
TO MAKE HIMSELF LOOK SPICK  
AND SPANDY

AND THEN—ON THE CORNER STOOD MOLLY,  
THIN, RAGGED, AND QUITE MELANCHOLY  
AND SOBBING ALOUD  
IN THE HURRYING CROWD  
FOR SHE'D FALLEN AND BROKEN HER DOLLY.

SUCH A POOR LITTLE MIDGET THEY THOUGHT HER,  
THAT RIGHT UP BETWEEN THEM THEY CAUGHT HER;  
TO A TOY-SHOP THEY WENT,  
EVERY FENNY THEY SPENT,  
AND A LOVELY NEW DOLLY THEY BOUGHT HER.

WHAT A CHRISTMASY THING! AND SO JOLLY,  
THAT PETER AND PATTY AND POLLY,  
ALL OUT FOR GOOD TIMES  
WITH THEIR QUARTERS AND DIMES,  
SHOULD HAVE CHOSEN TO SPEND THEM  
ON MOLLY!



RACHAEL ROBINSON ELMER

# A CHRISTMAS CATCH

By Cecil Cavendish

Out, run, and jump, and skip, and hop,  
We're going to town to Christmas shop!  
The rough wind blows, and makes your nose  
Look like a frozen cherry.  
We'll buy a bouncing ball for Ted,  
A bat for Fred,  
And skates for Ned;  
And for Mama an emery red  
Shaped like a large strawberry.



C. B. BIRD



Oh, dance, and prance, and laugh, and sing,  
We're going to buy most everything!  
A puzzle map, a white fur cap,  
A scarlet ostrich-feather;  
A string of turquoise beads for Nan,  
A doll for Fan,  
A sled for Jan,  
A topaz ring for Sister Ann,  
And shoes of gilded leather.

Oh, whirl, and twirl, and jig, and spin,  
We're going to bring the holly in!  
Search high and low for mistletoe—  
Green leaf and waxen berry,  
Ivy and box we'll wreath and twine  
With fragrant pine,  
In quaint design,  
To deck the tree where candles shine,  
And make our Christmas merry!





# THE LAND OF MYSTERY

BY CLEVELAND MOFFETT

Author of "Careers of Danger and Daring," "Through the Wall," "The Battle," etc.

## CHAPTER IV

### JACK MCGREGGOR'S STORY

DAYS passed, and nothing more was heard of Mrs. Wicklow Evans. Her disappearance was as complete and unaccountable as that of her husband the year before. It was evident that another crime had been committed, but whether there was any connection between the two, the authorities were at a loss to say. The American consul at Cairo, and various English and Egyptian officials, did what they could in the way of an investigation. Then liberal rewards were offered, and a search was made in Cairo and various Egyptian villages, but all to no avail.

"It's incredible!" declared the American consul. "We have no clue to the criminal, no motive for the crime, and not the slightest indication as to what really happened. All we know is that on a certain afternoon, Mrs. Evans strolled casually out of the Meza House, leaving all her things, clothing, money, jewelry, and never came back. At one moment she was there by the pyramid, and the next moment she was gone."

During the first sad days that followed his mother's disappearance, Harold found much comfort in the companionship of John McGregor, or Jack, as he soon learned to call him, who proved himself, in this emergency, a loyal and sympathetic friend.

"You stuck to me that day in the pyramid," said Jack, "and now I'll stick to you."

Together the two boys went over every circumstance of this mysterious case, weighing scraps of evidence, searching for motives, questioning the men, and arguing, like two detectives, over various theories of the crime. Harold confided fully in his companion, telling him of his mother's extraordinary vision, if vision it was, and of her firm conviction that Dr. Evans was still alive; he also showed Jack the unfinished message that he had found in the third chamber of the pyramid.

"Talk about mystery stories!" exclaimed McGregor. "This beats anything I ever read!"

Then, for the twentieth time, they speculated as to what could have happened to make Dr. Evans break off his message in the middle of a sentence.

"What gets me," reflected Jack, "is how your father imagined that you would ever find his mes-

sage in such a freak place. He might as well have written it on top of the north pole."

"Perhaps he wrote messages in different places—where they took him—just on the chance," suggested Harold.

"Perhaps your mother is writing messages now—somewhere. Excuse me, old boy, I did n't mean to make you feel bad."

"It's all right, Jack. We've got to talk this over," said Evans, bravely. "I guess I'd go crazy if I did n't have you to talk to."

After much discussion, the boys decided that it was best to say nothing to the authorities about the message that Harold had found.

"Here's the point, Sandy," argued Jack. "Your father and mother have been carried off by the same party—that's certain. He must be a rich and powerful old mogul who has some reason that we don't know about. Am I right?"

"Why do you think he's rich?" questioned Harold.

"He must have money to get away with such a thing—money and power. We're up against a crafty one, Sandy, and we don't want to let him know the cards we hold. I say cards; as a matter of fact, we've only got one card up to date—your father's message. We want to get to that Greek monk just as quick as we can, and we must n't let the rich old mogul know we're after him."

"You mean after Basil?"

"Sure! The thing for us to do, after we've done all we can here to find your mother—I'm afraid we've done that already—"

"I'm afraid we have."

"The thing for us to do, Sandy, is to hurry across to Jerusalem just as fast as we can without letting any one know we're on the track of anything. I would n't even tell that big Turk of yours."

"Deeny? Oh, he's all right."

"Don't I know that? Just the same, he might not hit it off so well with our Greek carpenter. And we don't want Brother Basil dropped into a well until we've got his secret out of him. Do we?"

Harold smiled.

"I see. I'll be careful." Then he was silent a moment. "Say, Jack," he went on awkwardly, "it's mighty good of you to take this interest in my troubles, but—tell me, are you—are you thinking of going to Jerusalem *with me*?"

"Am I thinking of it? Does a man leave a ball game in the seventh inning—with the score tied and three men on bases? I'm going to see that Greek carpenter, if it's the last thing I do. You can't drive me away with a club—that is," he added, with a keen glance, "unless you'd rather not have me."

"Oh, no!" answered Harold, quickly. "There's nothing I'd like so much as to have you come along, Jack, and—see what we can do—only I was afraid you might have other plans and—er—"

"Other plans?" laughed McGregor. "I've got the smoothest collection of other plans you ever heard of. I s'pose you've been wondering what I'm doing over here anyway, knocking around Egypt looking for trouble instead of being back where I belong, grinding out Latin verses and proving that the square of the hypothenuse is equal to—to some other foolish thing."

"This is vacation," suggested Harold.

"Yes, but I'm not going back to boarding-school *after* vacation. I'm a bird of the air. I'm free. No more hypothenuses in mine. I'm on my way around the world."

"That's great!"

"Maybe not. Maybe I'm a dunce, as my distinguished father has insinuated. Sit down, Sandy, and I'll tell you the sad story of John McGregor."

Then Jack explained how a serious disagreement between himself and the elder McGregor had grown out of the double question of Jack's going to college and Jack's yearly allowance.

"You see I don't want to go to college, Sandy. The governor never went, and why should I?"

"Does he want you to go?"

"He's crazy about it—says he'd be a bigger man if he'd gone. But I don't want to be a rah-rah boy with a pretty ribbon on my hat. I want to go into business with Father."

"I've always wanted to go to college," said Harold, thoughtfully. "Could n't you go into business afterward?"

"And waste four years? And get all out of the business idea? I've told him this, but he won't listen. No—college is the thing, according to Father. So I finally compromised. I said, 'All right, I'll go, but I've got to have a big, big, big allowance! Take me into business, and I'll get along on fifty dollars a month pocket-money,' I said, 'but if it's college, then I want a lot of money, please.' I put the figure high to discourage my dear old dad, but it did n't work. Dad's awfully stubborn. He hung fast to his original proposition, and at last we compromised on—say, *that* was a great idea—took me a whole

night to land it. Listen! I make this trip around the world—with three thousand dollars that the governor advances. And if I come home *after* the trip, with the three thousand still to the good, then he admits that I've got business ability, and takes me in with him, and forgets about the college. *But*, if I just have the trip and blow in the three thousand, then I admit I'm not as smart as I thought I was, and I stop kicking, and go to college—with a ribbon on my hat. Savvy, Sandy?"

Young Evans listened to this explanation with growing wonder.

"Oh, yes—I understand, but—say, you've got your nerve all right!"

"How so?"

"I've heard of fellows working their way through college, but when it comes to working your way around the world, and—stopping at first-class hotels—how will you ever do it?"

"Tell you how, Sandy. My father's in the show business."

"Oh!" said Harold, blankly.

"Moving-picture houses—five and ten cents—you know. He's got a string of 'em all over the country. Packed all the time. Everybody goes—everybody. Barrels of money in it, but it's hard to get good films—a new idea—a snappy story—something different. See?"

"What's this got to do with your round-the-world scheme?"

"A whole lot. Good films with a novelty are worth money, and I'm out to get good films. I've got the finest moving-picture outfit there is. I'll show it to you—up in my room. That's what I was looking the old pyramid over for—thought I might strike something—was going to have Arabs race up and down and do stunts, but—there's not enough story in that. You've got to have a *story*."

Harold was becoming interested.

"I wish I could help you, Jack, to think up a story," he said.

"Help me? Why, you *have* helped me! This is the first big idea I've had—this—excuse me, Sandy, you know I'm sorry, but—just as a story—this family adventure of yours is a regular headliner—you know that!"

"You mean you could—you could make some money out of it?" hesitated Harold.

"Make some money? I'll bet it's worth a thousand dollars before we get through with it—that means five hundred for you, Sandy."

Harold gasped in amazement. "Five hundred dollars for—for what?"

"Well, you talk Turkish, don't you?"

"Yes."

"And Deeny talks Arabic?"

"Sure."

"There 's ten dollars a day saved right at the start. Would n't I have to pay an interpreter to drill the company—you know—in the moving-picture story? Besides, Deeny can pose as a Turkish pasha, or a Circassian bandit, or an Armenian prisoner. It 's a case of hire a costume and dress him up. He 'll make a *great* bandit—great!"

"Yes, yes, but—" the boy hesitated a moment, reflecting that ten dollars a day would come in wonderfully well to help out the small store of money he had found among his mother's things. Still it did not seem right or—or delicate to allow his father's misfortunes to be used in a moving-picture story.

"Can't you see this thing opening out?" rattled on Jack. "The Circassian bandits with their prisoner are fleeing over the desert on their camels—say, *there 's* a moving picture for you!"

"Circassians live in the mountains, and they ride horses," objected Harold.

"All right, they 're fleeing over the mountains—on horseback. Mountains are better anyway—you can have 'em fall over precipices. And along comes Brother Basil—on a mule—"

"Hold on!" broke in Sandy, suddenly. "I—I don't want that Greek monk put in the story."

Jack looked at his companion in surprise.

"You don't?"

"No, and I don't want anything that has to do with my father's message put in, either."

McGreggor took out his gold watch and studied it with irritating deliberation.

"I see. I did n't know you had bought up all Egypt and Palestine, Mr. Evans. You ought to have told me."

Harold's face grew white at this sarcastic fling, and, for a few moments, the two boys eyed each other steadily, without speaking. The thing had come so suddenly that neither Jack nor Sandy knew exactly what had happened, but both realized, by that strange subconscious understanding possessed by boys, that something had shifted, and—it was the first warning of the gathering storm.

## CHAPTER V

### THE STOLEN PURSE

Nothing happened, however, at the moment. The boys separated good-naturedly enough, and when they met the next day, there was no trace of resentment in either of them. On the contrary, they were more than ever friendly, as if they wished to forget this little tiff over a trifle.

More than two weeks had now passed since

Mrs. Evans's startling disappearance, and the boys agreed that they could gain nothing by staying any longer at the Mena House, where they were spending about eight dollars a day.

"We 'd better get a move on," said Jack. "We 've got to follow up this trail. If you like, Sandy, I 'll get the tickets."

And now, to his dismay, Harold discovered, after he had paid the price of his ticket and settled his hotel bill, that he had only a little over a hundred dollars left.

Jack noticed his friend's anxious look and broached the subject of money as delicately as he could.

"See here, old boy, we 're going into this thing together, a sort of partnership—share and share alike—am I right? We 'd better see how we stand. What 's mine is yours, and—"

"That 's the trouble," smiled Sandy, ruefully. "What 's mine is yours, too, but—there is n't enough of it. There!" He drew out a handful of English sovereigns from his pocket and spread them on the table.

"That 's enough for pocket-money," said McGregor.

"It is n't pocket-money."

"But—you have a letter of credit?"

"No."

"You have circular notes—or something?"

Harold shook his head wearily.

"No. That 's all I have in the world—every cent I have in the world, so when you talk about divvying up on your three thousand dollars—"

Jack coughed apologetically.

"I said I had three thousand dollars when I left Chicago. That was two months ago. It costs five dollars a day to live."

"Sixty days at five dollars a day," calculated Sandy, "that 's three hundred dollars."

"And my traveling expenses—that 's three hundred more."

"Six hundred."

"And two hundred and fifty for my moving-picture outfit."

"Eight hundred and fifty."

Jack pulled reflectively at his under lip.

"You have n't counted incidentals," he said finally. "You must add about—er—five hundred dollars for incidentals."

Harold stared at him.

"Five hundred dollars for incidentals—in sixty days?"

"Tell you the truth, old boy, I went pretty fast on incidentals. I spent a week in London. It 's a dingy old town, but they have a great line of tailors, and—er—I rather blew myself on clothes—about seventy pounds, there or thereabout."

"Whew! Three hundred and fifty dollars!"

"And then I met a man in Paris, an American dentist named T. Beverly Hickman from Chicago. I guess I'll remember T. Beverly Hickman."

"Why, what did he do?"

Jack shut his lips tight and nodded grimly.

"Do? He did me! Gave me a fairy tale about how he'd lost all his money, and could n't get home, and his wife and children were starving.

"Can we do it?"

Jack smiled in a superior way. "Can we do it? With the chances we've got? And Deeny to help us? And that pointer from the third chamber of the pyramid? Sure we can do it!"

McGreggor's confidence reassured Harold against his own misgivings, and, with a business-like hand-shake, the boys agreed to pull together loyally in this strange partnership.

Two days before their steamer was to sail for Jaffa (the port of Jerusalem), the boys moved to the Grand Hotel in Cairo, and here, on the very evening of their arrival, Jack McGregor got himself into an adventure that nearly spoiled their friendship and almost wrecked the entire expedition.

They had dined comfortably, and, about nine o'clock, Jack proposed a stroll through the languorous Esbekieh gardens. Sandy would have loved this, but his sense of duty bade him go to his room and answer a letter that had just arrived from the American Missionary Board in Constantinople in regard to Mrs. Evans. So Jack went off for his stroll alone.

About two hours later, as Sandy was preparing for bed and wondering what had become of his restless companion, he heard an angry muttering on the stairs, and presently McGregor burst into the room in a lamentable state, his clothes torn and his face cut. He was panting with rage.

"The scoundrels! The rascals!" he cried. "Look at me, Sandy!"

Young Evans sprang to his feet.

"Who did it? Who did it?"

"A gang of robbers—thieves. I was walking in the gardens when a little chap came along selling flowers—double geraniums and gardenias, and—anyhow, I bought a shilling's worth, and—I guess I let him see that I had plenty of money. Well, he went away, I thought, but about three minutes later, as I was looking down one of those queer narrow streets with carved balconies—you know—"

"Yes, yes."

"Up comes this same little chap again, calling, 'Murican gent'man! Murican gent'man!' and he grabs my hand and points down the street. Just then one of those heavy iron-barred doors in the wall swung open and three men ran out, a white man in European dress and two Arabs. The



A STREET IN CAIRO.

Anyhow, he got two hundred dollars out of me, and then I found out that he'd made up the whole story. I may meet T. Beverly some day, and if I do—" There was a world of significance in the flash of McGregor's keen, gray eyes.

"Too bad!" sympathized Sandy. "Anyhow, you've spent—let's see—eight hundred and fifty and five hundred and fifty—that's fourteen hundred dollars of your three thousand?"

"Right! I've got sixteen hundred left. And your hundred makes seventeen hundred. We have seventeen hundred dollars between us, Sandy, to—well, to find your father and mother and get the—er—the moving-picture stuff.

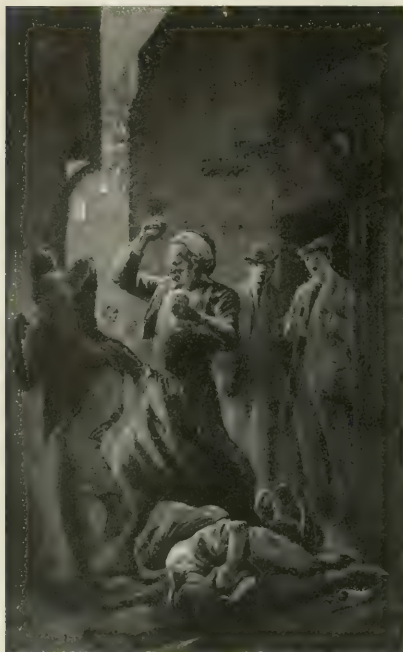


white man was trying to get away from the other two, but they held him. He kept calling, 'Help,' and I thought he was an American.

"I was feeling pretty fit, and I figured we'd be all right two to two. Besides, you can't turn your back on an American in trouble—you did n't, Sandy."

"Go on."

"So I jumped ahead and stood by the white



"ONE! TWO! THREE!" COUNTED MCGREGGOR, SLOWLY."

man, and as soon as I came up, the two Arabs stepped back.

"What's the matter?" I asked.

"The white man mumbled something, and, before I knew it, the Arabs had caught me from behind so I could n't move or yell or anything, and then the fellow I thought was an American—a fine kind of an American *he* was—he went through my clothes. Made a good haul, too, my pearl scarf-pin set with diamonds, and my gold watch, and five hundred dollars."

"Great Scott!" exclaimed Sandy.

"I drew out the money to-day, Bank of England

notes, so we'd have enough for our trip. Oh, if I could only have used my fists! But they held me tight, and, when they'd cleaned me out, they chucked me down in the gutter and skipped through the big gate back into the house."

Jack sank weakly into a chair. He was almost crying with anger and humiliation.

"Brutes!" muttered Sandy. "We'll make somebody pay for this!"

"That's what! We'll go to the police station. Come on, Sandy!" McGregor started for the door.

"Wait! I've got an idea that—I guess it beats the police station." Harold thought a moment. "It does! It beats it! We'll be our own police and our own detectives," went on Sandy. "And it might make a moving-picture story, too. It would!"

Jack shook his head disapprovingly.

"See here, this is n't a dime novel. It was real money I lost, and a real watch, and—and—"

"But you say they went into the house. I take it their business is robbing lonely wayfarers, is n't it?"

"Surest thing you know!"

"All right. What's the matter with letting 'em play the game with me?"

"With *you*? You mean—"

"Yes,—and you and Deeny trailing after? Eh?"

"Deeny!" repeated Jack, and a grin spread over his battered countenance as he began to get the idea. He saw visions of what the huge Turk would do to these prowling scamps if he ever laid hands on them.

"By Jove! Right you are, my boy! And it *docs* make a picture story,—a dandy!"

"I'll get Nasr-ed-Din and give him his line of work," said Harold. "We have n't any time to lose. It's nearly midnight."

FIFTEEN minutes later, a well-dressed young American might have been seen wandering through the now almost deserted Esbekieh gardens. On his waistcoat flashed a gold watch-chain which ended in a Waterbury watch, but no one knew this. The youth wandered on, leaving his coat carelessly open, and presently there began an Egyptian version of that always interesting farce, "The Biter Bit." The little flower-seller came forward pleadingly, as before, the three robbers appeared in the narrow street, tumultuously, as before, the youth answered the call for help chivalrously, as before, but, at this point, the sequence of events changed abruptly with the emerging of two crouching figures from the shadows. And one of them came armed with the terrible strength that nature had given him.



A VIEW OF CAIRO FROM OUTSIDE THE WALLS

"Now, Deeny!" shouted Harold, suddenly.

"One! two! three!" counted McGregor, slowly, as three times the Turk smote from the shoulder, and three men fell groaning.

Jack came forward and knelt over his prostrate adversary and quickly opened his coat.

"Now, my friend," he remarked, pleasantly, "you see the boot is on the other foot. I'll just take back my property—*this* pocket, I remember. No, no! Don't use little hands. Now then! Ah! Scarf-pin—watch—and the pocket-book! Every thing just as it was."

He rose to his feet and motioned to Harold, who was standing guard over the two Arabs.

"All right, Sandy." Then to the white man, cringing at his feet, "You hound! Now go!"

With a swift gesture, Harold gave the same order to the two terror-stricken Arabs, and, a moment later, the discomfited trio were scurrying away into the night.

"Well, we pulled it off, old boy!" rejoiced McGregor as they returned through the gardens.

"We certainly did."

"Say, was n't Deeny *magnificent*! I believe he could have picked those fellows up and pitched 'em clean over the wall. You're *all* right, Deeny!" Jack turned to the big Turk with a gesture of high commendation, at which Nasr-

ed-Din's usually impassive face lighted up with pleasure, and he salaamed and saluted with all his soul.

So exultant were the boys over this success, that they talked of their dangerous *coup* long after they had returned to their rooms; they even acted out the scenes of it over and over again.

"We must remember every bit of it; we must write it down," urged Jack. "If we can work this up in a big way, it'll be a top-liner in the moving-picture houses. Take my word for it. Two American boys held up by bandits! Won't they thrill when the Turk gets his fine work in and the boy finds his purse?"

Here, with a grand flourish, Jack produced the stolen purse. "And when he finds the nice, crisp bank-notes just as he left 'em!"

He opened the purse and drew out a bundle of bank-notes. But, suddenly, his whole expression changed.

"Great Scott!" he cried, counting the notes with feverish haste.

"What's the matter? What is it?"

For several moments Jack eyed his friend in solemn silence. Then he said slowly: "Sandy, I *know* I had five hundred dollars—that's a hundred pounds—in this purse. A hundred pounds, no more, and no less. I *know* just what I had."



JEROLD TAY

"Well?"

"Well, it 's my purse, all right, but Sandy, *there are two hundred and sixty pounds in it now!*"

## CHAPTER VI

### THE STORM BREAKS

"Two hundred and sixty pounds!" repeated Harold, in amazement.

"That 's what I make it," said Jack. "You count 'em." He pushed over to his friend the pile of notes, fives and tens, printed on clean white paper with very black ink, as is the custom of the Bank of England.

"Two hundred and sixty," verified young Evans. "There 's no mistake—that is to say, there 's a big mistake; there 's a mistake of—of one hundred and sixty pounds. Jack, are you *sure* you only had a hundred pounds?"

"Of course I 'm sure! That 's all I drew out of the bank."

"Then we 've got a hundred and sixty pounds, eight hundred dollars, that belongs to—those bandits."

"Not if they stole it."

"Well, it belongs to some one. It does n't belong to us."

"You 're right there, it does n't belong to us," nodded McGregor. "Say, this helps the picture story a whole lot."

"But we can't keep it, Jack—we *can't* keep it!"

"N-no, we can't keep it. And we can't give it back to those scoundrels either. In the first place, it is n't likely we can find 'em, and in the second place, they must have stolen it."

"I suppose they did," agreed Sandy. "Why not turn it over to the police?"

"But could you trust them? I have n't any too much confidence in the natives."

"That 's so," said Sandy, nodding. "Oh, well, let 's settle it to-morrow! It 's late, and we 're both too dead tired to think it out now."

The next morning the discussion continued. Harold suggested giving the money to the American consul and letting him do what he thought best with it.

But Jack objected.

"The American consul won't know what to do with that eight hundred dollars any more than we do."

"He may find the owner."

"And he may not. Cairo 's a big place."

"If he does n't find the owner, he can—well, he can give it to Americans who are in trouble. Lots of 'em get stranded over here."

"Great idea, Sandy! A fund for Americans in trouble. We 're in trouble, so—there you are!"

Harold looked indignantly at his friend.

"I did n't mean that," he declared.

"Mean what?"

"Why, you say we ought to *keep* this money."

"I did n't say any such thing," retorted Jack.

"You said it could be given to stranded Americans in trouble."

"But it was *your* idea that we might keep the money," Harold insisted. "You know very well that 's what you meant."

"See here, my young friend, suppose you let *me* be the judge of what I mean."

In McGregor's tone there was a note of sudden defiance that angered Sandy. In boys' quarrels it is not so much what is said as the way it is said that counts. Here was a deliberate challenge, and young Evans knew it. They were right at the danger point again, but this time neither boy drew back, and neither used conciliation.

"Very well," answered Harold, angrily, "you can be the judge of what I mean, too; and what I mean, Jack McGregor, is this"—his voice was steady enough, but his face was white—"what I mean is that you can take your airs and your money and your moving-picture outfit and go—"

Even now one little friendly word from Jack, or a friendly look, might have ended the trouble, but Jack's heart was hardened, and his answer only threw oil on the fire.

"Well, where can I go, Brother Basil?" he asked tauntingly.

"Straight to Jericho, for all I care," flashed Harold.

"I don't take that talk from anybody!"

"You know what you can do!"

McGreggor stepped nearer with eyes flashing and arm drawn back threateningly, as he growled out:

"If that 's what you want—"

"Not here in the hotel," warned Harold. "I 'll fight you this afternoon—anywhere you like."

"All right—out where we were—by the pyramid."

"Pyramid suits me. What time?"

"Five o'clock."

"Five o'clock."

"I 'll meet you there—five o'clock sharp."

It was shortly after four when Harold Evans stepped off a Gizeh trolley-car and found himself once more under the vast shadow of Cheops. He had come out early on purpose, so as to be alone. He wanted to get through with this thing, and then never see Jack McGregor again. The idea of suggesting that they should keep that eight hundred dollars!



"DO YOU HEAR THAT, JACK? YOU'VE WON!"

Sandy walked slowly in the direction of the pyramid, but turned away toward the palm-trees, and then turned away again. Both places made him think of his mother, and a boy with a fight on his hands does not like to think of his mother.

The shadows lengthened. Some drums in a neighboring village announced marriage festivities. A company of yelling riders circled the plain at amazing speed. They were jereed players, part of the two days' wedding celebration.



Young Evans sat down near the temple of the Sphinx. He wondered how he would come out with McGregor. Jack had the longer reach, but Harold was quick on his feet, and—he did n't care anyway, he was armed with the strength of a righteous cause. McGregor had insulted him, and—

Just then the harsh cough of a kneeling camel, by some odd association of ideas, brought back the memory of that last meal with his mother, there under the palm-trees. He could see her face, and her hands, and the wonderful light in her eyes. He remembered how her voice had quivered as she asked a blessing on their simple meal.

Sandy stood up and stretched himself. This was a silly place for a fight. He ought to have known better than to come here. Of course he would think of his mother, and—if he did n't look out, he'd be getting foolish, and—hello, here was Jack—climbing off the trolley.

Harold walked across the sand toward his adversary—his friend—the boy who had offered to divide all that he had with him and help him in his trouble and loneliness. This fight was a rotten thing, after all. He did n't believe McGregor had meant to keep that money. He'd like to tell him so, but—

The boys nodded coolly, and Jack put down a bundle he was carrying. Then they stripped off their coats and collars, while an Arab looked on indifferently.

The first round was fairly even. At the end of the second, Harold came in cleverly under McGregor's guard, and knocked him down. At the end of the third, he knocked him down again.

Jack staggered to his feet, still game.

"Wait a minute," said Sandy. "I want to tell you something. I think I'm in the wrong, Jack. I wanted to say so sooner, but—I could n't very well. You might have—you might have misunderstood. I don't believe you ever meant to keep money you were n't entitled to."

"I did n't, Sandy. I never meant to keep it. I give you my word I did n't," declared Jack.

"Then—then I apologize for what I said. I'm sorry. There's my hand or—if you want to punch me some more, why—go ahead."

He held out his hand and stood waiting.

McGregor answered awkwardly: "That's very decent of you, and—I accept it—the way you mean it, and—there!" He caught young Evans's hand in a strong clasp.

"I've got a vile temper," mourned Harold.

Then they sat down under the palm-trees and ate sandwiches and cakes that Jack had brought along in his little bundle.

And now a strange thing happened. The sun sank behind a mass of livid clouds, and suddenly the light changed to an uncanny olive hue, as if some great magic-lantern operator had slipped a piece of greenish glass before the sun. A low sighing wind came up from the desert. Both boys turned uneasily, and at this moment three distinct taps sounded on the ridge of rock beneath them.

"What was that?" cried Harold.

"Sounded like somebody knocking on this stone," said McGregor. "Listen! There it is again!"

"You're not doing that, Jack—with your foot or anything—are you?"

Jack shook his head solemnly. "It's prob'ly a bat, or a ghost, or something. Come on! Let's get out of this."

"Wait!"

Sandy's face was pale. He rose slowly and stood with hands clenched and nostrils dilating, looking down at a long line of gray rock that stretched away toward the pyramid.

"What's the matter?"

"Now! Do you hear that? *Do you hear that?*" he whispered. "It's the Morse code, one short and two long. That's W. Somebody's calling W. There! There! There!" Harold moved his hands up and down each time as the taps sounded—one short and two long.

McGregor turned wearily.

"What's this got to do with us? *I wish* you'd come along. It's prob'ly some Arab telegraphing his camel to take a bath."

Harold flashed a look at his companion that brought him to immediate seriousness.

"John McGregor, four years ago, when I was in Adana—I was a little shaver, but I remember the Armenian massacre, and—sometimes we could n't get from the compound where the missionaries lived to Father's dispensary; it was n't safe. So Father rigged up a telegraph line about half a mile long, and we all learned to click off messages. We had different calls for different people, and Mother had her own call for Father, and *Mother's call was W*!"

"Great Scott, Sandy! You don't mean—you don't think—" Jack stammered in excitement and stopped short.

"I think my mother is calling to me from somewhere through this rock, and *I'm going to answer her. Now listen!*"

(To be continued.)



## THREE GUESTS

BY JESSICA NELSON NORTH

I HAD a little tea-party,  
 This afternoon at three.  
 'T was very small,  
 Three guests in all,  
 Just I, Myself, and Me.

Myself ate up the sandwiches,  
 While I drank up the tea;  
 'T was also I  
 Who ate the pie,  
 And passed the cake to Me.



## "I 'VE GOT A DOG"

BY ETHEL M. KELLEY

I 've got a dog. The other boys  
Have quantities of tools and toys,  
And heaps of things that I ain't seen  
(Ain't *saw*, I mean).  
They 've oars and clubs and golfin' sticks,—  
I know a feller that has six,  
And gee! you ought to see him drive!  
But I 've

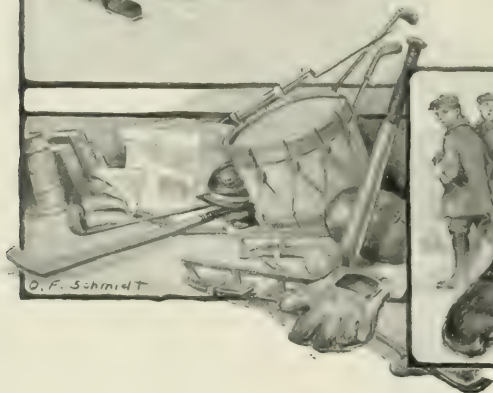
Got a dog!

I 've got a dog. His name is Pete.  
The other children on our street  
Have lots of things that I ain't got  
(I mean, *have not*).  
I know a boy that 's got a gun.  
I don't see why they have such fun  
Playing with things that ain't alive;  
But I 've

Got a dog!

I 've got a dog, and so, you see,  
The boys all want to play with me;  
They think he 's such a cunnin' brute  
(I mean, *so cute*).  
That 's why they leave their toys and games,  
And run to us, and shout our names,  
Whenever me and Pete arrive;  
For I 've

Got a dog!



# Jacob and Gretchen



By  
Elizabeth Atkins

GRETCHEN was in the kitchen-garden, weeding among the vegetables. "And you really want to marry me, Jacob?" she said.

"Yes, Gretchen," said Jacob.

"And for why, Jacob?"

"Well," said Jacob, "we are neighbors, and our joint property would make a farm larger than any in the country."

"No other reason, Jacob?"

"Well," said Jacob, "I think you are very beautiful, Gretchen."

"You are not the first, Jacob, to make that discovery," said Gretchen, laughing. "I count them on the fingers of my hand—Hans, the goldsmith, Fritz, the miller's son, Farmer Albrecht, Jan, the bailiff, Carl, the schoolmaster, Heinrich, the tailor, Max, the greengrocer, Parson Ludwig, and Burgomaster Wilhelm."

"Is it so?" said Jacob, and he pulled a longer face than usual, thinking of his nine rivals.

"Do you love me, Jacob?" said Gretchen.

"Humph!" said Jacob, "there are maids who would be quite content to love *me*, without asking that!"

"Let it be, then, Jacob," said Gretchen. "In spite of everything, I admire you greatly, and I will marry you on one condition: that you will come back again in seven days with at least five friends; old or young, rich or poor, wise or simple, it matters not, only that their affection for you will be such that they will not be content when separated from you, even for a moment."

"Humph!" said Jacob, crossly.

"And listen, Jacob!" said Gretchen; "leave your purse at home—promise me that! And now good-by, Jacob."

"Good-by, Gretchen," said Jacob. And he added to himself, "There are many as fair and none so impudent! Marry her indeed! She'll wait for me, that she will—I'll none of her!"



So he strode along at a great pace until he reached his own door, where he sat down under the grape-vine and smoked his pipe to soothe his feelings, which were somewhat ruffled.

Now I must tell you about Jacob. He was a worthy soul and a prosperous farmer, but one would never meet with a sourer face in a day's journey. Why, he looked at least as if he lived on pickles and sauerkraut and cider-vinegar, and a glass of sour lemonade now and then! He would have been handsome had his expression been more amiable. It was unfortunate that he had become so crabbed, for he had very little to be unhappy about. He was well-to-do, and had the finest farm in the neighborhood; he was strong and clever—in fact, he should have been quite contented. But he had become so used to flying into a temper and letting little mishaps get the better of his feelings, that he had come to be known as the sourest man in the country, and the children poked fun at him, and called him "Crab Jacob." And you may guess that that did not improve his disposition! He had scarcely a friend for miles around; in fact Gretchen seemed the only person who cared at all about him. "So, you see, that condition of Gretchen's, that he should bring her five friends who loved him, ranked exceedingly."

"Gretchen indeed!" he exclaimed to himself. "I'll not be marrying her. I'm rid of a bad bargain, that I am, and easily." But he sat there in the sunshine under the grape-vine and felt a little uneasy.

Whether he would or no, he could not put her out of his mind—that bright figure in the buttercup-colored gown, and the eyes of corn-flower blue under the big garden hat. And the smile—he could not forget Gretchen's smile, any more than could you or I, or the ten suitors she counted on her little fingers.

"She has fine eyes, Gretchen," said Jacob, watching the smoke wreaths. Puff! puff! "She has hair like the shine on a dove's wing," he added. He knocked the ashes out of his pipe. "She smiles like the angels, for all her impertinence," he said meditatively.

Then he got up and started down the path toward the gate. When he reached the gate, he stopped, felt in his pocket, and took out his purse, heavy with gold and silver coins. He went back to the farm-house and laid the purse on the deal table. Then he strode off again, staff in hand, and out of the gate he went, closing it carefully behind him, and kicked up the dust of the king's highway. "I'm not marrying her," said Jacob. "She is the soul of impertinence!"

He plodded along, with never a glance at her

farm, with its verdant acres stretching far and wide, its windmill and white barns and dove-cotes, its comfortable farm-house and garden gay with summer bloom. It was nearly noon and the sun high in the heavens, so he had hardly passed the hedge which bordered Gretchen's farm, before he sat down beneath a roadside tree to rest and meditate, for the heat tried his temper.

For a long while, he thought and thought, and at last he said: "There is something about Gretchen!" He thought of Fritz, the miller's son, and Parson Ludwig and the rest, and his heart swelled within him, for all one would have thought it of clay or stone.

"How can I go about gaining five faithful friends?" he groaned. For he had never in his memory had a friend except Gretchen, and he believed that magic itself could scarce entice five mortals to follow him for love. He was all bewildered.

As he sat there, tortured with his thoughts, an old woman appeared, seemingly from nowhere, and sat down beside him in the shadow of the tree.

"Why such a long face, lad?" she said.

Jacob, according to his usual fashion, was about to rudely reply, "Mind your own affairs, old woman!" But he checked the speech on his lips, and said: "I would marry a girl I know, but she has set a condition which I cannot meet."

"What is that condition, Jacob?" said the old woman.

"How do you know my name?" asked Jacob, astonished.

"That is neither here nor there," said the old woman. "Call me Mother Grethel, if you like, to square the bargain. But tell me what condition Gretchen sets."

"You are, indeed, a fairy!" exclaimed Jacob; "and the first, at that, that I have ever met."

"They only make themselves known to agreeable folk," said the old woman.

"Oh," said Jacob, half inclined to be angry. But he reflected, after all, that he had at last met a fairy, even though they had avoided him for more than twenty years. "If you're a fairy, Mother Grethel," he said, "you know it all without my telling you."

"That I do," said the old woman, "and if you will give me that scarlet feather in your cap, I will help you to gain all the friends you like."

"That's poor exchange, indeed, for such service," said Jacob, politely, taking the feather from his cap as he spoke. He found himself rather pleased with his own civil speeches, and the more polite he became, the more easily such speech flowed from his lips.

"Have you ever been really kind to any one, Jacob?" said the old woman.

Jacob looked up at the sky and then down at his boots.

"Well," he said, "I once gave a beggar a silver coin."

ready, Jacob," said the old woman, "and you look as handsome as the best when you smile, too."

"And you promise me, good Mother," said Jacob, "if I follow your advice, that many will love me—as many as five, so that Gretchen will be satisfied?"

"That I promise," said Mother Grethel, "and I bid you good day and good luck. And for the scarlet feather many thanks." Then she went on her way.

So Jacob brushed the grass off his clothes, and, adjusting his featherless cap at the briskest angle, he set out at a smart pace down the highway. He murmured to himself, contentedly, "Fairies only make themselves known to agreeable folk!" He was eager to begin his collection of affectionate friends as speedily as possible, for it seemed to him that it would be a most desirable novelty. And then to be marrying Gretchen as well! No wonder that Jacob hummed and whistled!

As he gaily went along the road, kicking up the dust, he heard some one call behind him, and, looking around, saw an old dame with a basket of lettuces.

"Hi there, young Master!" said she, "you fill a body's old eyes with dust at every step you take!"

Jacob almost forgot himself for a moment, and an impertinent speech rose to his lips. But whist! in the twinkling of an eyelash he remembered, and, lifting his cap in his best manner, exclaimed: "A thousand pardons, Madam!"

And he implored her to allow him the great pleasure of carrying her basket of lettuces on one arm, and offered the other that he might assist her over the rough places. So they walked, arm in arm, into the town, as gay as you please, chatting away, and the old dame thought she had never in the world met with so delightful a person as this handsome young man. Yes, he was, indeed, growing handsome, was Jacob, as fast as the time



"HOW DO YOU KNOW MY NAME?" ASKED JACOB, ASTONISHED."

"With a heart as cold as the silver, Jacob, I'll wager. But I'll not catechize you, Jacob. This is the secret: Be as kind as you know how to be to everybody you meet, and smile as much as you can. It's a magic talisman toward gaining affection. Whether you will or no, they'll all be fond of you."

"That sounds like wisdom, good Mother," said Jacob, and he smiled most amiably.

"You have planted the right foot forward al-

was flying, having left his long face behind him, together with his bad temper.

Now Jacob's cap was not much to boast of, especially since he had traded the scarlet feather for the old fairy's secret. As they neared the town, a crowd of small urchins eyed it mischievously. "Who would wear a cap without a feather?" cried one of them. And he picked up a clod and flung it at Jacob's cap, and knocked it off in the dust. You can imagine Jacob's old self leaped up at that!—that is, until he remembered Gretchen. Swallowing his rage, he picked up the cap, all begrimed as it was by the dust of the road, and he stuck it on one ear, and made such funny grimaces that the small urchins held their sides for laughter; and the one who had flung the clod ran up to Jacob and said: "Take me with you, sir, and I'll run your errands for as long as ever you'll have me!"

"Well," mused Jacob, "that 's two already." And he whistled softly to himself, and took the urchin by the hand.

They soon reached the market-place of the town, where there was a great crowd jostling and pushing. All of a sudden, Jacob saw twenty pies and half a gross of frosted cakes go rolling in the gutter, where the dogs snatched them up.

"Alack-a-day!" cried the pastry-cook, a fat little man with one eye, "some one jostled my tray, and there 's ruin for you!"

"Ho! ho!" said a rival, "none but dogs would eat your pies and cakes, One Eye!"

And everybody laughed and poked fun at the unfortunate seller of pastries—that is, everybody but Jacob. Up he strode, elbowing his way through the crowd, and said to the pastry-cook, "Could'st make a bride cake three stories high, with silver leaves, and a chime of bells, and pink Cupids, and a gross of sugar roses? For I would be married to Gretchen."

"That I can, Master," said the pastry-cook.

As for the rival pastry-cook, and all the other scoffers, they fairly gasped, for they knew that a bride cake such as Jacob described would put a pretty lot of silver coins in a pastry-cook's pocket.

"Well, then, come along," said Jacob to the pastry-cook.

But as soon as they were out of the marketing crowd, he said: "Good fellow, I would be honest with you." And he turned his pockets inside out, so that the pastry-cook could see that he had not even a copper penny.

"Is there no Gretchen, Master?" said the pastry-cook.

"Oh, yes," said Jacob; "she has eyes the color of corn-flowers."

"Gretchen is a lucky lass!" said the pastry-cook.

"Why so?" said Jacob.

"Why, to be marrying such a kind, honest, jolly fellow as you are, Master, to be sure!"

"Will you come and tell her so?" said Jacob.

"That willingly," said the pastry-cook, "and I'll make her a bride cake for a wedding gift." And he trotted along after Jacob, and the old dame, and the ragged urchin.

"That 's three already," said Jacob, and he whistled a little tune all to himself.

So they walked on through the town until they reached an inn, and there Jacob, and the old dame, and the urchin, and the pastry-cook sat down in the shade of the trees to rest; and the old dame, taking a lettuce from her market-basket, divided it among the four of them, and the pastry-cook cut up into equal shares the only cake he had left. Strange to relate, this meal, spiced and salted, you might say, with companionship, tasted to Jacob like a meal fit for a king. And after all the lettuce was eaten and every crumb of cake had vanished, Jacob was moved to sing a comic song which went something like this:

"Oh around and around again go,  
With a ha! ha! ha! and a ho!  
I could dance all my life  
To the whistle and fife,  
With a ha! ha! ha! and a ho!"

"Sing it again, dear Jacob," said the old dame. So as soon as Jacob had got his breath again, he sang it once more. The landlord of the inn, hearing the song, came to his door. He was looking as gloomy as a thunder-cloud, for custom was poor and his purse was thin; but he found the song so irresistible, that he needs must join in, with the others. And the end of it all was that they clasped hands and danced about on the turf, and were as merry as you please.

"Well, well," said the landlord, gasping for breath, "I've not had such a frolic since I was that high! It does a man good to limber up a bit. What care I if times *are* bad, Jacob, my boy!" And then he urged them to accept his hospitality for the night.

"I'll tell thee now, landlord," said Jacob, "we've not a penny between us!"

"What of that, Jacob, my boy?" said the landlord, clapping him on the shoulder.

"I could dance all my life  
To the whistle and fife,  
With a ha! ha! ha! and a ho!"

And he danced along the corridors of the inn, and gave the old dame the very room in which the king had slept when he visited that town.

Now when Jacob and the others were about to leave the next morning, the landlord locked up the inn and threw the key down the well.

"Wherefore, landlord?" said Jacob.

"If these other folk throw in their luck with you, I'm going along, too, that I am, to dance at Gretchen's wedding, 'With a ha! ha! ha! and a ho!'" said the landlord. And he executed a few fancy steps.

Jacob whistled. "Four already," he said to himself.

So they marched along the main street of the town, Jacob, and the old dame, and the urchin, and the pastry-cook, and the landlord. As they trudged along, they came upon a crowd gathered about a vender of gold pins and rings and bangles. Jacob needs must stop and admire.

"How well this would look on Gretchen's little finger! How fine that on Gretchen's slender wrist!" and he felt reflectively in his pocket for the coins that were not there.

Now there was a man standing by looking at the fine array, and while the vender's eyes were directed at something else, he deftly extracted two rings from the tray, and no one was the wiser—except Jacob. He had sharp eyes with the best, I can tell you! He seized the thief by the ear and shouted: "Give up those rings, rascal, or I'll lead you off to gaol myself!" So the man, seeing with whom he had to deal, wasted no time in returning what he had stolen, and was off before you could turn around twice.

"You have done me a good turn, Master," said the vender; "and you shall have one of my finest gold rings, that you shall!"

At that Jacob's face lighted up. "I would be marrying Gretchen," he said; "but I have no money wherewith to purchase the wedding-ring."

"How large is your Gretchen's finger?" said the peddler.

"Why," said Jacob, "it is very small and pretty, but I cannot tell you exactly."

"Well," said the peddler, "I would fain be walking along with you for the sake of your pleasant company. We will measure Gretchen's finger for the ring, and maybe I would like to give her a gold bangle on my own account."

So Jacob whistled again as they went along, and said to himself, "Five good friends have I!" At the thought he could not forbear laughing, and he laughed and laughed until the merry tears ran down his cheeks. His amusement became so contagious that the landlord guffawed as if he would never stop, and the urchin turned a hand-spring or two for merriment, and the old dame cackled. They were standing in front of a linen-draper's shop, and he came to his door just then.

"What's all the fun about?" he cried, and forthwith joined in the laughter, without stopping for a reply.

At last Jacob could speak. "I have five good friends," he said. And then, for no reason at all, they all laughed harder than ever!

"You have six, Master," said the linen-draper, "for you do the eyes good, that you do, with your merry face!" And he asked Jacob to come into the shop and have a chair and a chat, before he went on his way.

Now when Jacob saw the linen materials in the draper's shop, he admired them exceedingly, and in his mind's eye fancied Gretchen clad in a dress of the finest, and looking her prettiest. The linen-draper read Jacob's admiration, and said: "You have an eye for my fine materials, Master, that I see easily."

"Well," said Jacob, "I would be marrying Gretchen, and cannot help thinking how fair she would look dressed in this and that!" But he turned his pockets inside out, and showed the draper that they were quite empty.

"Look here, Master," said the draper, "I would be taking a little holiday, and will walk along with you and your merry company. So I can attend the wedding and make Gretchen a present of whatever cloth you choose."

"You are, indeed, generous!" said Jacob. And he chose a white linen cloth embroidered over with fleur-de-lis. Then the draper locked up his shop, hiding the key on top of the lintel, and marched along with Jacob, and the old dame, and the urchin, and the pastry-cook, and the landlord, and the peddler.

Now Jacob had a whole five days before Gretchen expected him to return, so he bethought himself that he would put in the time seeing the sights of the town, since he need have no uneasiness about fulfilling her condition. For, you see, he had five faithful friends and one to spare. He was quite blossoming under his popularity, moreover, and was not averse to gathering in a few more merry companions as he went along. In fact, he thought it would be quite a joke to take back with him to the farm as many as he could, just by way of a little surprise for Gretchen! So he marched along as gaily as possible, and, would you believe it? the next day he had added to his train a gaoler and a doctor, two lawyers and a parson, a carpenter and a shoemaker—and the shoemaker was possessed with a desire to measure Gretchen's foot for the neatest, prettiest little slipper in the world, and all for love of Jacob.

And on Friday, they all set out for Jacob's farm. And there were a whole hundred of them!



For by this time, Jacob had become the admiration of a joiner and a conjurer, a schoolmaster, two dressmakers, and a tailor, a clock-maker and a chemist, a farmer, two huntsmen, and a scullion, a gardener and a cowherd, a hairdresser and a butcher's boy, a scissors-grinder and a mason, a goosegirl and a soldier, a washerwoman

ing down the road after them as fast as his legs would carry him, his ermine-bordered gown flying out in the wind, and his wig all askew.

"Hi there!" said the Lord Mayor, as soon as he could gain his breath, "what do you mean, sir, by running away with half the population of my town?"



"THE LANDLORD GUFFAWED AS IF HE WOULD NEVER STOP.

and a stone-cutter, two musicians and a town crier, and ever so many more!

They started down the road, as merry a party as you'd see in a day's journey, and Jacob the merriest of them all! The town crier was ringing his bell, and the musicians were tooting on their instruments, and the landlord was singing,

"I could dance all my life  
To the whistle and fife,  
With a ha! ha! ha! and a ho!"

But they had scarcely gone twenty yards beyond the town, when Jacob heard a great halloo, and, turning round, beheld the Lord Mayor com-

Jacob looked at him without speaking, and then, taking a step forward, he smote the Lord Mayor on the forehead with the palm of his hand! At that the lawyer fainted away in the gaoler's arms, and there was general consternation!

"What does this mean?" said the Lord Mayor, growing very red.

"Do not be hasty," said Jacob. "I stunned him."

"Stunned who?" said the Lord Mayor.

"As big a wasp as I ever saw, old chap!" said Jacob.

At that the Lord Mayor fairly fell upon Jacob's neck and embraced him. "You're the first

man who ever dared to treat me as a human being," said the Lord Mayor. "I'm going along with you, that I am! I'll send in my resignation."

"Well," said Jacob, "come along." And he took the Lord Mayor by the arm, and they all started off once more down the road.

It was evening when they reached Jacob's farm.

"Well, I'll settle the matter," said the lawyer. And he produced a paper and wrote on it, "I hereby promise to return in half an hour." So Jacob, with a patient air, affixed his signature to the document, and then off he went to see Gretchen.

Gretchen was sitting in her kitchen, industri-



AND THE URCHIN TURNED A HANDSPRING OR TWO FOR MERRIMENT.

The moon was rising, and the white buildings of Gretchen's farm showed beyond Jacob's hedge.

"Friends," said Jacob, "I'll be going on to Gretchen's now, and would you kindly wait here until I return?"

"Leave us, dear Jacob!" exclaimed the pastry-cook. And his one eye filled with tears.

"Only for a half-hour," said Jacob.

"Oh, no, Jacob!" said the Lord Mayor, appealingly.

At that Jacob let his feelings get the better of him, for once.

"Am I to go a-courting with a whole hundred of you at my heels!" he exclaimed.

ously spinning by candle-light. Jacob knocked. Gretchen took up a candle and opened the door.

"I have come back, Gretchen," said Jacob.

"So I see," said Gretchen, and she lifted the candle high and looked at Jacob's face. She could hardly believe her eyes, he was so good-looking! His sour looks and long face had given place to merriment and kindness. She placed the candle on the table, and then she kissed him. And you may be sure Jacob was perfectly satisfied.

"The moon is risen, Gretchen," said Jacob.

"Let us take a walk, for the air is so sweet and fresh, and I smell the brier-rose in the garden."

So he led Gretchen round to his own farm, and all of a sudden, they came upon Jacob's hundred friends behind the barn.

Gretchen screamed, "Who are all these people!" for in her satisfaction at the change in Jacob's disposition, she had quite forgotten the condition she had set.

"Why, you told me I had to have five good friends before you'd marry me, Gretchen," said Jacob.

"Five!" exclaimed Gretchen; "there are twenty times five here!"

"Yes," said Jacob, "and they don't like me out of their sight, poor dears."

After the curiosity of Jacob's friends had been satisfied (and they all thought Gretchen charming), the two strolled off.

"Gretchen," said Jacob.

"Yes," said Gretchen.

"Could we be married to-morrow, do you think?"

"But I have no frock, Jacob."

"Oh, there's a linen-drawer here who has whole yards of white linen embroidered in fleur-de-lis, which he has brought you for a gift."

"But, dear Jacob, there is no one to make the dress!"

"Oh, yes, two dressmakers and a tailor over yonder behind the barn!"

"What about a bride cake, Jacob?"

"Oh, there's a pastry-cook who desires no greater happiness than to bake one three stories high, with silver leaves, and a chime of bells, and pink Cupids, and a gross of sugar roses."

"But then, Jacob, a ring; we can't get married without a ring!"

"Oh, there's a man yonder would measure your finger for a ring, my dear."

"But a parson, Jacob; we can't get married without a parson!"

"Oh, there's one behind the barn, Gretchen!"

"Well then, Jacob," said Gretchen, "we may as well get married to-morrow."

So the very next day there was a fine wedding. The Lord Mayor himself gave the bride away, and she wore a white linen dress embroidered in

fleur-de-lis, and little white slippers with real gold buckles; and Jacob put the most beautiful gold ring upon her finger. The musicians played "Tweedle-dum-te-dee," and everybody danced on the turf in front of the farm-house. Then Gretchen cut the bride cake, which was the largest and most wonderful confection they had ever beheld.

While all the company was still making merry, Gretchen and Jacob sat down under the grape-vine for a little chat.

"It is wonderful," said Jacob, with a contented sigh, "to have so many friends!"

"Indeed it is, Jacob," said Gretchen, "and you never told me yet how you charmed so many to follow you. Didst have a magic whistle or a fairy bell?"

"Oh, no," said Jacob, "but I met an old fairy woman who told me a secret."

"And what is the secret, Jacob?"

"Oh, just to smile at every one and do a good deed whenever you get the opportunity."

"A great deed—like slaying a dragon, Jacob?"

"Oh, no, Gretchen, just a kind word or look as you pass along, and a helping of people over the rough places."

Gretchen smiled. "Jacob," she said.

"Yes, Gretchen?"

"I have a confession to make, Jacob."

"Yes, Gretchen?"

"That old fairy woman was myself, Jacob, in Mother's old black quilted cloak!"

You can well imagine Jacob's astonishment at that piece of news!

"You, Gretchen!" was all he could say.

"Yes, Jacob," said Gretchen, and taking up Jacob's old cap where it was lying on the garden seat beside them, she stuck the scarlet feather back in its place.

"It looks better," she said, twirling the cap round on her finger.

Jacob drew a long breath. Then he kissed Gretchen on both cheeks, and laughed and laughed as if he would never stop.

"I have married a clever wife, that I have!" said Jacob.





THEY had always kept Christmas at home, even if in no very expensive way. On the very last one, Johnny had had his skates, tied to his stocking, and, inside it, an orange and nuts and raisins, and some little trick-joke, and a stick of candy; and Robby had had his sled, and Marnie her book, and Bessie her tea-set; and Mr. Murtrie, the father, had a pair of wristers that Nancy had crocheted, and a muffler that his wife had knit; and the mother had a needle-book that Marnie had made, and a bread-plate that Johnny had whittled out, and a piece of jig-saw work from Robby, and a muff from the father. And Marnie had written a poem to Father and Mother, which all the others criticized violently and ruthlessly, but which was privately regarded as a great achievement by every one of them.

But what was there to do here with sleds and skates! Great use for a muff out in the middle of the Texas prairie, to which they had come from the North. Why, yesterday the thermometer was just at summer heat, and roses were blossoming!

At home how gay it was with every one coming and going, with purchases and parcels and merry secrets, with the hanging of the green, with big snow-drifts, and coasting down Long Hill by starlight, with going to church in the forenoon, and coming home to turkey and cran-

berry sauce, and a pudding in blue flames! Here there was nothing, there was nobody. There was n't a shop within a hundred miles, and if there were, there was no money with which to buy anything. For Mr. Murtrie had come to grief in his business, losing, when all debts were paid, everything but this ranch, to which he had brought his family, and where it seemed like a new world.

At first, it had been so novel, no one thought of homesickness. Nancy herself had enjoyed as much as any one the singing of the mocking-birds at night, the flashing of the cardinal's red wings in the radiant mornings and the bubbling of his song, the fragrance of the jasmines, the beauty of the innumerable flowers, the charm of the wide landscape, the giant trees draped in their veils of gray moss; she had enjoyed hearing the boys tell about the bat-caves, with their streams of unnumbered wings going out by dark and coming in by dawn in myriads; she had enjoyed lying awake at night to hear the water gently pouring through the irrigation, ditches from the *madre* ditch, and drowning all the land in its fertilizing flood to the sound of slow music; she had enjoyed watching the long flights of wild ducks; seeing a spot apparently covered with yellow flowers that suddenly turned into a flock of birds that rose and flew away. She had



enjoyed the strange cactus growths that seemed to her like things enchanted in their weird shapes by old magicians; she had enjoyed the thickets of prickly pear, the green and feathery foliage of the mesquit bushes, many of them no higher than her head, but with mighty roots stretching far and wide underground, the Indians having burned the tops in their wild raids, year after year, long ago. But now Nancy was longing for the bare branches of her old apple-tree weaving their broidery on the sky, for the young oak by the brook which held its brown leaves till spring, for the wide snow-fields, the shadows of whose drifts were blue as sapphire. She was longing to hear the bells ring out their gladness on Christmas eve and Christmas morning, for the spicy green gloom of the church, for all the happy cheer of Christmas as she had known it. Bells? There was n't a bell within hearing; there was n't a church, except the ruins of an old Spanish mission three or four miles distant. How could there be Christmas green where there was n't a spruce or a fir! There was only this long, dreary prairie of the cattle-range under its burning blue sky. It was the very kingdom of loneliness. Christmas without snow, without an icicle, without whistling winds,—oh, it was n't Christmas at all!

And then suddenly, as the angry words resounded and echoed in her mind, she asked herself what made Christmas, anyway? Certainly it was n't the things people did. In some places they kept it with blowing of horns and burning of fire-crackers, as they did Fourth of July. Perhaps in that way they expressed as much gladness as others did with the pealing from belfries and the rolling of organ tones. For Christmas was a time to be glad that Christ came to make all Christendom good, and blessed, and happy.

And, just as suddenly, Nancy could not help asking herself what she was doing to express gladness or to make Christmas happy. North pole or south pole, Christmas was Christmas, and it was n't all in pleasures or all in gifts; and she got out of bed, and knelt down and said a prayer, and went to sleep in a better frame of mind.

But if it was n't all in pleasures or all in gifts, there must be *some* gifts; and next day, Nancy set herself to thinking out the problem. It was still some time before the great holiday, and every hour must be improved.

For the first thing, she betook herself to one of the men on the range who often came about the buildings; and he found for her several huge horns, and, with his help, and taking Johnny into her confidence, they took grease and brick-dust, and scraped and polished these horns till they

shone almost like silver. Then the three dug for a big mesquit root and secured one, at last, that grew from a great stock; and they scraped and polished that into a very handsome piece of wood; and, having a little knack of carpentry, they fitted the enormous horns into the mesquit root, and there was a chair for any palace. It was to be their father's, and was to stand on the gallery, where, some night, the night-blooming cereus that laced the whole front would open its slow, delicious flowers, and shed the balm of heaven about him.

They found it a little difficult to keep this secret, because they began work upon it before Mr. Murtrie went off on his hunting-trip with some friends; but after he had gone, things were easier, as the mother was not inclined to prowl about and look into everything, as the head of a house sometimes thinks necessary.

And for the mother,—they knew where some tall flat grasses grew, near a stream that was brimming at this season, and Johnny waded in and got them. Nancy plaited them into a low work-basket, and lined it with a bit of silk that had been her doll's skirt in her day of dolls. The doll, that had been religiously put away, was taken from her slumbers and furbished for Bessie's Christmas. "Why, really, it's going to be a Christmas, after all," she said.

"Only it's so queer to have it so warm," grumbled Johnny. "Winter without snowballing is n't winter!"

"Oh, I don't know," said Nancy, beginning to defend the thing she had adopted.

The man who had found the horns for her found also a little baby fox, and that was kept in great seclusion to become, on Christmas morning, a pet for Johnny; and Marnie and Nancy had great times together feeding it. He had the funniest little bark already. "Oh, we are coming along!" cried Nancy.

But there was more to be done. She remembered that once, when her father had taken her to see the ruins of the old mission, she had observed a number of Mexican "shacks," or huts, near by. She saw the dinner of one family, which consisted of half a sweet-potato and a red pepper. But she had also seen a big cage full of canaries. And so Nancy and Johnny set out to walk over to the mission, losing their way several times, but finding it again all at once. There an Indian woman, who was about thirty years old and looked a hundred, flung her baby, which was the loveliest little harmony of brown and rose you ever saw, into her husband's arms, and, after a great deal of pantomime and dumb show, sold, for the price of the last piece of silver in Nancy's

purse, a pair of the canarios in a cage made of reeds, each one an exquisite pinch of feathers, a lot of living gems, of all colors of the rainbow, blue, and yellow, and green, and purple, and red, and brown—iridescent little things, with a song like the faintest, prettiest echo of a Hartz canary's song. And there was Marnie's Christmas present settled.

But for Robby? Oh, there was the horned toad she had heard about. Robby had seen one in some show or other at home, and had longed for it. Here it was to his hand,—if she could find it. And with the help of the man who had helped her before, and who could not fancy what she wanted it for, find it she did. Robby would be delighted.

If Nancy had been born in the region, or was living in any town there, she would have found no difficulty in making Christmas presents like those she had hitherto given; but these gifts that she found possible were unique and unlike anything she could have obtained at her old home.

And now for sweetmeats. Well, they had dried some of the luscious grapes, and there were the raisins in the pantry, just oozing and crusted with sugar; and there was the barrel of molasses from the sugar-mill down on the Brazos; no one could make more delicate candy than Nancy could and did; and there had been a great harvest of pecan-nuts; and thus, so far as the stockings were concerned, Christmas had no more to ask.

The expected day was close at hand, and Nancy pictured to herself how it would all go off—how the stockings would be hung up, how Johnny would help with the chair and then be in bed before his own gift appeared, and how she would be up at the peep of dawn to go out and bring in that baby fox—the delicate, delicious, dewy dawn—and make his bed under Johnny's stocking, tying his leash to the toe, after fastening it securely to a hook in the chimney; and how she would untwist and unbind and unlace a great branch of the roses outside that were having a late blossoming on their luxuriant growth, and bring it into the window and train it all around the room under the ceiling. It would be—well, as beautiful as the Christmas green; it could n't be more beautiful, she said in her thoughts.

It was at this time that Mrs. Murtrie began to be a little anxious about her husband. He should have returned from his hunting-trip some days before, and he was still absent, no one could say where. And, of course, she was conjuring up all

sorts of frightful possibilities in the way of accidents, and Marnie was helping her; and Nancy herself, although ordinarily holding her father to be invulnerable, felt a degree of alarm as she thought what if he had fallen into some gulch, or lost his way, or drowned in one of the rivers that



"THE FATHER STOOD BEFORE THEM HOLDING AN IMMENSE BIRD."

rose, after a rain in the hills, so swiftly that, in a town below, a man had been overtaken before he could get off the bridge. As for Johnny, he was for going out to find his father, if he only knew which way to go. As night fell, and it was Christmas eve, the house was full of a sort of electric tension; no one said just what every one was thinking, till suddenly Bessie broke out with a great sob, and cried: "I want my papa!" Then every one fell to comforting her, and all were furtively wiping away tears, when steps rang on

the gallery, the door burst open, and the father, with his blue eyes shining out of his browned skin, and his great voice resonant, stood before them, holding an immense bird with wide-spread wings.

"It's a wild turkey," he said, after the up-

A turkey! And Nancy had but lately been bemoaning herself that the dinner would be without a turkey! She had gone to bed, and so she did not see her mother seize the wings of that wild trophy, and trim them, and run out to the kitchen in the adjacent building and dry them

well in a hot oven, and later trim them again, and bind them at the base with the palms of an old kid glove, and so finish, for Nancy's Christmas, as fine a feather fan as one could wish to wave on a hot summer afternoon.

But at last, when the house was quite still, Nancy crept out of her room and summoned Johnny to help her with the chair. Johnny was too sleepy not to be glad to be dismissed after that, and then she disposed of the presents exactly as she had planned, and wondered what the large parcel was, swinging by a string from her own stocking, and went to sleep to the tune of the song a mocking-bird sang, sweet, and strong, and joyous, in the pecan-tree outside, till a rising wind swept it away. And if you could have looked into the living-room of that bungalow next morning, you would have seen Johnny hugging his baby fox, and Bessie hugging her doll, and Marnie chirping to her birds, and their mother putting spools, and needles, and scissors into her work-basket, and the father taking his ease in his big chair with its shining supports, and Nancy leisurely fanning herself, as if there were not a norther blowing outside, which, had the casements been open, would have blown the rain quite across the



THE LOVELIEST, SILVERIEST, SOFT SNOW WAS FALLING.

roarious greetings, and as soon as they loosened their embraces. "I was resolved not to come back without a turkey for Christmas. And it's a great deal richer and sweeter than any home-made bird, as you'll see when it's roasted."

room. Rain? No, oh, no! For, see! look! For a wonder, the loveliest, silveriest, soft snow was falling, which, even if it melted to-morrow, made Nancy's northern heart feel, in her southern home, the spirit of Christmas everywhere.



# The Adventures of Billy Bowline

by Harriet L. Wedgwood

Illustrated by  
Fanny Y. Cory

ONCE upon a time, there lived a lady who had one son whose name was Billy. One day Billy said to his mother: "Mother, I wish for to set out on my adventures."

"Very well, my son," replied his mother; "how long shall you be gone?"

"A year, I guess, or more or less," answered Billy, "depending on the time it takes. What will you give me for my journey?"

"This gold chain," she said, "which may be of use to you; and ten pieces of gold for your purse."

"Thank you, Mother," said Billy.

Then he put the chain about his neck, the ten gold pieces in his purse, kissed his mother, and began to make ready for his journey.

First he went to the Old Woman of the Wood, and rapped three times on the door.

"Who 's there?" asked the Old Woman of the Wood.

"It 's I, Billy Bowline, going for to set out on my adventures."

"How long shall you be gone?" asked the Old Woman.

"A year, I guess, or more or less," replied Billy, "depending on the time it takes. What will you give me for my journey?"

"This stick," said the Old Woman. "Strike it on the ground to give yourself the strength and stature of a giant; wave it in the air when you wish to grow small."

"Thank you, Old Woman of the Wood," said Billy. And he stuck the stick in his belt and went on his way.

Presently he came to the house of Chanticleer, the White Cock, and he rapped three times on the door.

"Who 's there?" cried the White Cock, crowing lustily.

"It 's I, Billy Bowline, going for to set out on my adventures."

"How long shall you be gone?" asked the White Cock.

"A year, I guess, or more or less," replied Billy, "depending on the time it takes. What will you give me for my journey?"

"Spurs," said the White Cock.

"Spurs!" exclaimed Billy. "For what shall I need spurs on a voyage?"

"Do you expect to sail on forever," asked the White Cock, "and never come to land? A fine adventure that would be!"

Then Chanticleer, the White Cock, stooped



down and took off his spurs, and fastened them to Billy Bowline's heels.

"With these," said the White Cock, "you can ride anything that runs on four legs."

"Thank you, bold Chanticleer," said Billy, and went on his way.



"MOTHER, I WISH FOR TO SET OUT ON MY ADVENTURES."

Next he came to the house of the Silversmith, and rapped three times at the door.

"Who 's there?" asked the Silversmith, in a thin voice.

"It 's I, Billy Bowline, going for to set out on my adventures."

"When shall you return?" asked the Silversmith.

"In a year, I guess, or more or less, depending on the time it takes," said Billy. "And what can you give me for my journey?"

"This ring," said the Silversmith. "It will give you three wishes. Turn it three times on your finger and say your wish aloud, and whatever you wish for shall come to pass."

"May I wish anything I choose?" asked Billy.

"Anything you choose," answered the Silversmith.

"Then I wish," said Billy, turning the ring on his finger, "I wish that I may have six wishes instead of three."

The old Silversmith looked angry and stamped his foot; but soon he began to chuckle and grin.

"Six wishes it is then," he cackled; "six wishes

it is. But no more, Billy, no more. And you have wished one wish already."

"I shall do very well with the five I have left," said Billy. "Thank you, Old Man," and he went on his way.

By and by he came to the house of Linda, the Bakeshop Maid, and he rapped three times on the door.

"Who 's there?" asked the Bakeshop Maid.

"It 's I, Billy Bowline, going for to set out on my adventures."

"When shall I see you again, Billy Bowline?" asked the Maid.

"In a year, I guess, or more or less," said Billy, "depending on the time it takes. And what will you give me for my journey?"

"This bag," answered Linda, and she handed him a small leather bag drawn together at the top with a leather string. "Hang this on your arm, Billy, and you need never go hungry or thirsty. In it you will find all manner of good eating and drinking."

"Thank you, Linda," said Billy, with a sweeping bow, and he hung the bag on his arm.

Then Billy went on until he came to the Very Wet Sea; and when he was come to this sea, he saw that the water was blue as sapphire, the foam was white as snow, and the sunshine over all was yellow as gold.

"It is a fine day," thought Billy, "for to set out on an adventure. But first I must find a ship."

So he went to the house of Hans, the Shipbuilder, who lives at the edge of the Very Wet



"THEN CHANTICLEER FASTENED THE SPURS TO BILLY BOWLINE'S HEELS."

Sea, and who makes ships for the King. Billy rapped three times at the door.

"Who 's there?" asked Hans, the Shipbuilder.

"It 's I, Billy Bowline, going for to set out on my adventures."

"How long shall you be gone?" asked Hans.

"Oh, a year, I guess, or more or less," answered Billy, "depending on the time it takes. What kind of ship can you give me for my voyage?"

"What kind of ship do you wish?" asked Hans.

"Oh, anything at all," replied Billy; "anything at all that will carry me over the sea."

"Mercy on us," cried Hans, "what a hurry you are in! But I think you will have to wait, for I have nothing at all for you now."

"Nevertheless," said Billy, "I must have a boat now. I will take one of these models."

"I cannot part with any of them," said Hans; "they are my patterns, and I cannot spare them."



"HOW LONG SHALL YOU BE GONE?" ASKED THE OLD WOMAN.

"Then no doubt I can please you," said Hans; "I make ships for the King."

"Let me see them," said Billy.

"Now?" asked Hans, in surprise. "I cannot show you any now,—I build ships for people, and they take them away. I have none here now. But I can build a fine ship for you. See, here are my models." And he showed Billy many models of ships, long and short, wide and narrow, brigs, schooners, and men-of-war, with masts and spars and ropes and sails complete in every part.

"These are all very fine," said Billy, "but I cannot wait for you to build a ship,—I want a ship *now*, as I have set out on my adventures."

"No doubt you can make others," said Billy, "and I will pay you well"; and he laid three pieces of gold in the Shipbuilder's hand.

Then Billy took his pick of all the models, and chose one with a very large sail and a small wooden sailor standing in the bow. Then he took the boat in his arms and went down and launched it in the Very Wet Sea.

"It is plain," said Billy to himself, "that my boat must be larger or I must be smaller,—and I have a mind to leave the boat as it is."

Then he took the stick from his belt and waved it above his head. He felt himself slowly shrinking. The more he waved the smaller he got, and

he did not stop until he had grown as small as the wooden sailor.

"And now," said Billy, turning the ring three times on his finger, and speaking aloud, "I wish that the wooden sailor may come alive."

No sooner said than done. The wooden sailor began to move his legs and arms, and presently he took off his cap and made Billy a bow.

"Very good," said Billy; "you are a proper sailor. I shall call you Peter. I am Captain Billy Bowline, and this is my ship. You will be my mate and fellow-adventurer."

"Aye, aye, sir," said Peter; "will you come aboard?"

So Billy went aboard, and he and Peter set sail on their voyage over the Very Wet Sea. And

"Good day," said the Mouse; "and who might you be?"

"Two sailors are we in search of adventure."

"In search of adventure!" said the Mouse.

"Then you can do no better than to follow your noses till you come to the place where the Rat lives. He is himself a bold adventurer, but I advise you to keep clear of him. He is big and fierce and terrible, and will surely do you harm."

"I am not afraid," said Billy; "an adventurer is never afraid. I have a mind to meet him."

"Pray do nothing so rash," urged the Mouse; "he will surely eat you."

"I am determined to meet him," said Billy; "I am not afraid."

So Billy and Peter went on their way till they came to the place where the Rat lived. And the Rat stood in his doorway, pulling his long whiskers.

"Good day, Mister Rat," said Billy.

"Good day," said the Rat; "and who might you be?"

"Two sailors in search of adventure."

"Adventure?" said the Rat, with a little smile; "Pirates or Lost Princesses?"

"Pirates," said Billy. "Are there any hereabouts?"

"A few," said the Rat. "I am somewhat of a Pirate myself."

"I have no doubt of it," said Billy. "But are there men about who search for gold and hidden treasure?"

"There are a few of those also," said the Rat. "They do not greatly interest me,—I have adventures in plenty of my own."

"But I should like to see these men," said Billy. "Will you not carry us thither?"

"I think my ears deceive me," said the Rat; "for I almost thought I heard you ask me to carry you,—and that, of

course, could not be."

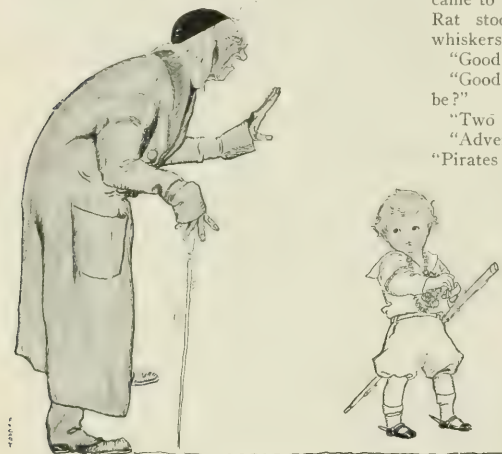
"Yes, but I did," said Billy; "and I will pay you well. I will give you this long gold chain which I wear on my neck." And Billy unwound the chain and held it up before the Rat.

"You are a bold lad," said the Rat; "but I had rather carry you in my stomach than on my back." And he threw back his head, opened his mouth, and laughed a wicked laugh.

But Billy did not flinch; he only stood holding up the gold chain in both hands.

Then the Rat looked down at Billy, and saw with surprise that Billy showed no fear.

"Ho, ho," said the Rat, "are you not afraid? Then I will make you afraid."



"I WISH," SAID BILLY, "I WISH THAT I MAY HAVE SIX WISHES INSTEAD OF THREE."

they sailed for sixty days and sixty nights, over blue water and green, through hurricanes and fair weather, till they came to a tropical island.

When they reached the island, Billy said to his mate:

"This, no doubt, is the place of our adventures. Let us go ashore and explore the island."

"Very well," said Peter; "but first let us eat and drink."

So they took out of the bag all manner of good things, and they ate and drank their fill.

Then they set out to explore the island.

The first live creature they met was a Mouse.

"Good day, Mistress Mouse," said Billy, with a bow, while the Mouse regarded them kindly.

He leaned down toward Billy, opened his mouth very wide, and showed all his sharp teeth. But now, as he opened his mouth, he felt the gold chain thrust into it like a bit. He shut his jaws with a snap, and dropped down on all four feet, and then tried to shake the chain from his mouth; but before he could do this, Billy had jumped on his back, seized the free length of chain for a bridle-rein, and dug the spurs into his sides.

"Perhaps," said Billy, "you may carry me, after all."

The Rat gnashed his teeth, but could not shake off his rider because of the magic spurs.

"Get up behind me, Peter," said Billy; "we will see whether the Rat will carry double."

Peter climbed up behind Billy on the Rat's back, nor could the Rat prevent it, though he fought hard.

"Now," said Billy, "take me to the Pirates."

In a moment, they were off and away, over hills and bogs, fens and waterways, the Rat fighting all the way, but Billy able to manage him because

minutes, till, at last, they came to the Red Cliffs and the Cave of the Pirates.

"This," said the Rat, in a strange voice, because of the bit in his mouth, "is the Cave of the Pirates, and yonder are the Pirates."

Billy could not, at first, see anything at all, because of the darkness, but when his eyes had become accustomed to it, he saw ten men whom he knew to be Pirates. They were walking to and fro, loading heavy sacks upon each other's shoulders. Billy knew these were sacks of gold. Presently the Pirates, of whom there were twenty, went



"THANK YOU, LINDA, SAID BILLY, WITH A SWEEPING BOW."

out of the cave one by one, carrying the sacks of gold on their shoulders.

Now when they had gone, Billy heard what sounded like a man's groan; and looking around, he saw a man lying on the ground, bound hand and foot. Billy rode up to him and spoke to him.

But the man, seeing the Rat, was frightened, and exclaimed: "What, Whiskers, are you come to trouble me, now that I am bound hand and foot? For shame!"

But Billy took hold of the man's hair and tweaked it, and the man turned and looked at Billy and Peter.

"What are you," asked the man, "gnomes or fairies?"

"Neither," said Billy, "but only two sailors in search of adventure."

At this the man laughed with a great noise that echoed through the cave. But Billy only said:

of the spurs, riding fast and riding slow, jumping high and jumping low, for five hours and twenty

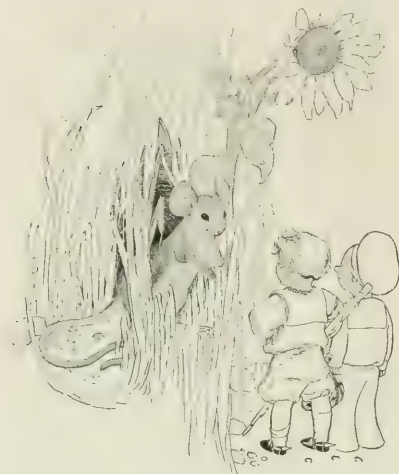
"THEN BILLY LAUNCHED THE BOAT IN THE VERY WILD SEA."





"Who are you, Man?"

"I am a Mining Mariner," said the man. "I came hither in my good ship for gold. And gold I found in plenty. But the Pirates found me.



"TWO SAILORS ARE WE IN SEARCH OF ADVENTURE."

They have stolen my gold, and even now are loading their ship and mine with the gold; and when that is done, they will sail away and leave me here to die."

"Not so," said Billy. "We will take a look at these Pirates."

The man laughed again with a noise like thunder.

Then Billy commanded the Rat to gnaw off the rope that bound the man; and the Rat, who now feared Billy, began to gnaw.

"Gnaw faster," commanded Billy. And the Rat gnawed with might and main till the man was free.

Then Billy dismounted, leaving Peter still on the rope at the Rat's back.

"Go back to the ship, Peter," said Billy, "and wait for me. Here are my spurs. With these you can ride anything that runs on four legs."

So Peter, riding the Rat, started back to the ship, and soon was lost to sight.

When Peter and the Rat had gone, Billy took the stick from his belt and struck the ground to give himself the strength and stature of a giant. At each stroke he gained six feet in height, and after a dozen strokes, he was a giant more than

seventy feet tall, with the strength of a hundred lions.

When the Mining Mariner saw this marvel, he turned as if to run away.

"This island," said he, "is no place for a civilized man."

"Nonsense," said Billy; "you are not afraid of me, are you? This is only a part of my adventure. I am now ready to take a look at the Pirates."

So Billy and the Mining Mariner went down to the edge of the cliff and peered over at the Pirates. Some were walking along the narrow path that runs down over the face of the cliff to the sea; some were on the sandy beach, farther on, loading the sacks of gold into the boats.

"See me catch one," said Billy.

Then Billy lay flat on his stomach and reached down over the edge of the cliff with his great arm and hand; and with his thumb and finger, he caught one of the Pirates under the arms, and lifted him, as you would a beetle; and he raised him high over the edge of the cliff and gave him to the Mining Mariner to bind hand and foot.

When the other Pirates saw their companion lifted high in air over their heads by a great hand and arm that reached down from the top of the cliff, they were much afraid; and they ran this way and that, trying to escape or to hide themselves. And when they found that they could neither escape nor hide themselves, but that the great hand would overtake them and catch them, they banded themselves together and drew their swords and cutlasses to fight the great hand; and they stabbed and slashed most furiously.

"What wasps we have here!" said Billy; "if wishing could tip their blades with poison, I should feel something as bad as wasps' stings."

Nevertheless, he caught them, one by one. And the Mining Mariner bound them hand and foot, and laid them beside their fellows on the cliff.



"THEY ATE AND DRANK THEIR FILL."

"Now," said Billy, when all were caught and bound, "what fit punishment shall I devise for



"NOW, SAID BILLY, TAKE ME TO THE PIRATES."

these men? If I drop them into the sea, you will have nobody to man your two ships. If I release them as they are, they will kill you and escape with the gold."

"That is very true," said the Mining Mariner. "But I had rather try my luck alone than with these men."

"Perhaps," said Billy; "but I have a mind to make these men serve you."

At this the Pirates raged, and one of them said: "We have never served any man, and we will not serve this Mining Mariner. You may do many things, Big Man, but you cannot make us do this."

"I have a plan at this moment," said Billy. "I have four wishes left; I can use one for this thing. You all shall become apes, each for as many years as he stole bags of gold. If you serve this man well, when you have served your time, you shall be men again; and this Mining Mariner shall give you each one bag of gold, and you shall go whither you will."

Then the bags of gold were counted, all that were in the ship or in the boats at the foot of the cliff; and there were a hundred and twenty bags.

"Then," said Billy to the Mining Mariner, "there were six bags for each man. Therefore each man shall serve you six years."

So he turned the ring three times on his finger, and said aloud: "I wish that these twenty men may become apes for a space of six years; and all that time they shall serve the Mining Mariner; and at the end of that time, if they have served him well, they shall become men again, and go whither they will."

No sooner said than done. The twenty Pirates

changed into twenty apes. They could not talk, but only grin and chatter; and hair covered their hands and faces.

"Now," said Billy, "you have crews to man your two ships. Unbind your prisoners and take them home. You shall have great glory when you return home laden with gold and with this troop of apes to do your bidding."

"But what," said the Mining Mariner, "shall I do to reward you?"

"Nothing at all," said Billy; "nothing at all. This is my adventure."

"But I wish to reward you," said the Mining Mariner. "Will you not take the half of my gold?"

"I could not," said Billy, "it would sink my ship. But if your heart is set upon a reward, send a bag with a thousand pieces of gold to my mother. She gave me ten pieces when I set out on

my adventures; it will be a fine thing to return her so much more."

"A fine thing, indeed," said the Mining Ma-



"NONSENSE," SAID BILLY, "YOU ARE SO AFRAID OF ME, ARE YOU?"

miner, "and I will surely send her the gold." So he wrote down in a book the name of Billy's mother and her address, so that he could find her.

Then the Mining Mariner and his twenty apes loaded the gold into the two ships and sailed away.

When the two ships were quite out of sight, Billy stood up and stretched himself.

"I have had a fine adventure," said he to him-

"It is a good thing," said Billy, "that my ship is on the other side of this island. Otherwise the waves I made would have swamped my boat and drowned poor Peter."

Then Billy started back to find his ship. He was so tall and his legs so long, that before he



"BILLY REACHED DOWN OVER THE EDGE OF THE CLIFF AND CAUGHT ONE OF THE PIRATES."

self. "I have wished three wishes. I have ridden the Rat and changed twenty Pirates into apes. I have been small, and now I am a giant; and before I grow small again, I should like to feel my strength. I will pull up a tree by the roots and heave a boulder into the sea."

So Billy pulled up a tree and planted it upside down. And he carried a great rock to the edge of the Red Cliffs and threw it over into the sea.

knew it, he was within sight of his ship where it lay at anchor. "It is high time," said he to himself, "that I grew small. Peter will not know me if I look like this."

So he took the stick from his belt and waved it above his head. Before he knew it, he was no taller than a toadstool.

"This will not do, either," said Billy, "I am too small. I could not help Peter work the ship."

Then he tapped on the ground, and he grew up six feet at the first tap. Then he waved the stick above his head, very carefully, till he was of

smooth, through hurricanes and fair weather, till they came to their native land.

Then Billy went ashore. He turned the ring three times on his finger and said aloud: "I wish that all things may be as they were before I set out on my adventure."

No sooner said than done. Billy found himself a boy of proper size. Peter dropped his arms to his side and became a wooden sailor. The bag and spurs and the stick disappeared; only the wishing ring remained of all the magic presents he had received.

Then Billy picked up the ship and stuck it under his arm, and went home to his mother. When he found her, she was counting the gold pieces the Mining Mariner had sent her.

"Did you have a fine adventure?" asked his mother.

"Fine," said Billy.

"How long have you been away?" asked his mother.

"Not a year," said Billy; "there is still time for more adventure before the year is out."

"What have you under your arm?"

"My ship," said Billy, "and Peter, a very good sailor."

"That is good," said his mother. "Where is the chain I gave you?"

"It paid for a fine adventure," said Billy. "I will tell you of it some day."

"I hope you will," said his mother; "and what is that on your finger?"

"A wishing ring," said Billy, "and I have two wishes yet to be wished."



THE ENCHANTED PIRATES.

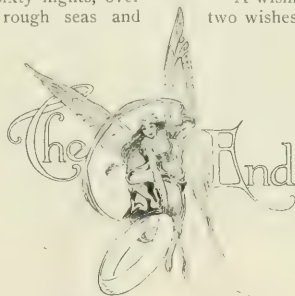
proper size. After this he found his ship and went aboard.

"Shall we sail for home now?" said Billy to Peter.

"Aye, aye, sir," said Peter; "but first let us eat and drink."

So they took out of the bag all manner of good things, and ate and drank their fill.

Then they set sail over the Very Wet Sea, and sailed for sixty days and sixty nights, over blue water and green, over rough seas and





# NATURE AND SCIENCE FOR YOUNG FOLKS

EDITED BY

EDWARD F. BIGELOW



A SIOUX INDIAN STARTING A FIRE  
BY REVOLVING A VERTICAL STICK.

## FIRE-MAKING IN THE OLDEN DAYS

As with the coming of the cold weather, we begin to think of the comfort of the fireside, it will be interesting to let our minds go back to the fire-



THE ESKIMO FIRE-STICK WITH MOUTHPIECE AND THONG.

making methods that were used by the Indians and the early settlers of our country.

The North American Indian was inured to the cold, and used fire mostly for cooking; but he often had a little in his "tepee," or tent, to warm it up a bit. The draft was regulated by opening flaps at the top of the tepee. It was so much work to make a fire that it was usually kept going all the time.

Our heading this month shows some Sioux Indians who have just settled in a camp; one is starting a fire to use under the big copper kettle near by. These copper kettles were obtained from the early traders, and nearly every tribe had one.

This Indian produces fire by revolving a vertical stick, called a drill, in one of the holes of his fire-stick, which rests upon the ground. About this hole is a small quantity of "tinder" made of bark fibers and dried pith, or rotten wood, which ignites readily, and is then used to set the camp-fire alight.

The northern Indians, or Eskimos, produced fire in much the same manner, except that they used a mouthpiece to hold the upper part of the stick. A little inset of bone was placed in the mouthpiece where the stick came in contact with it, to prevent wear, and also to keep the drill from making fire at both ends. The drill was revolved by a thong wound about it and attached to a short bow. This was a great improvement.

After the Indians became acquainted with the early settlers, they gave up their old fire-sticks for the "strike-a-light" of the traders, which consisted of a piece of flint, a piece of coarse file or other rough iron, and some tinder. The "strike-a-light" set shown in one of the illustrations was taken from the Cheyenne Indians of Arkansas. It consists of a tinder pouch of buckskin, containing dried bark fibers, a bit of flint, a piece of coarse file, and the small end of a horn which is filled with "punk" made from dried pith. This horn was held in the fist, and the spark was struck into it from the flint. This outfit was very compact, and could be carried about on the person. Another illustration shows one of the early New England "tinder-boxes" and outfit. Sparks were directed into this box by striking the iron "flourish" against the flint,

used as a candlestick. We may imagine that the big fires kindled by the settlers in the great stone fireplaces of their one-room log-cabins, were a great improvement on those made by the Indians in their tents or lodges.\*

In later times, the back of an old kitchen knife was often used against the flint to produce the sparks, and another and more unusual method was to fire a rifle into the stone fireplace, where some tinder was gathered, the bullet striking sparks that set up a fire. An emery-wheel revolving against a steel would produce many more sparks than any of the above contrivances, but the mechanical fixture needed to set it up was more cumbersome and not readily carried about.

In those days, when it was so difficult to produce fire, it was the general custom to keep a fire burning continuously. At night and other



THE OLD-TIME METHOD OF BUILDING A FIRE IN A LOG-CABIN.

and when the partly burned rags within became ignited, the candle was lighted and the snuffer used to put out the fire remaining in the box. The candle was set on the box, which was then

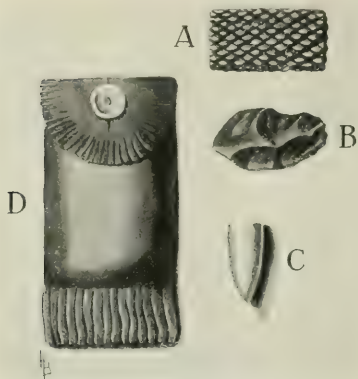
times when the fire was not so much needed, it was "banked" with a covering of ashes and cinders. In this smoldering condition it would usually remain for many hours; but sometimes by neg-

lect or accident it would go out. In such a case, it was a common custom among the early settlers to send some of the children with a pail to

mile or more to a neighbor's with the request, "Please give me some fire."

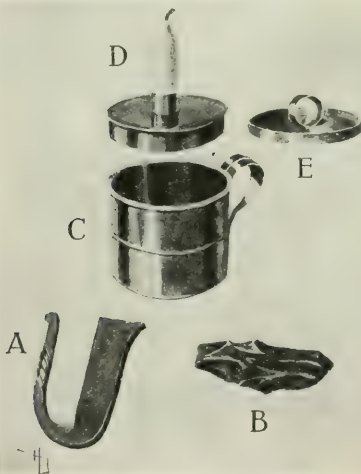
All this disappeared, of course, when matches came into use, and now even these little fire-makers are no longer indispensable, for we may ignite our gas-jets with an electric attachment, or, if our houses are lighted by electricity, the pressing of a button illuminates the room. So we see that our forefathers spent much time in doing some things which can now be done in an instant!

HARRY B. BRADFORD.



A "STRIKE-A-LIGHT" SET, FROM THE CHEYENNE INDIANS OF ARKANSAS.

A, a piece of coarse file which struck against the flint. B, and produced a spark which was directed into the "punk" in the small hollow horn, C. D, buckskin pouch, about eight inches long, for holding the supply of tinder. (The button on this pouch, and the iron file, must have been acquired from the traders.)



EARLY NEW ENGLAND TINDER-BOXES.

A, iron flourish, or striker; B, flint; C, box containing the tinder; D, cover with candle in position; E, snuffer.

"borrow" some live coals from a neighbor. Just imagine taking a pail and going sometimes for a

In the days of the old flint-lock, tinder was lighted by snapping the lock of the rifle, while a little powder was put in the pan so that the flash might readily ignite the tinder.

The placing of tinder around the hole in the fire drill is not essential. What really ignites is the wood dust ground off by the friction, and from this the tinder is ignited. It is true that tinder is sometimes placed beneath the hearth of the fire drill so that the wood dust, as it is ground off, accumulates on it in a little heap, but it is the wood dust that first takes fire. Any boy or girl can try the experiment with a simple bow-drill, because fire can be made by any one with three pieces of dry pine wood and a simple bow.

Many primitive people used some fungus for tinder. In this locality, the variety known as the puffball, gathered and dried, makes most excellent tinder.

Primitive people had a method of making a long slow "match" by twisting up a rope of cedar bark or other material that would burn slowly. In this way, fire might be carried for hours. The American Indian frequently used a buffalo horn, which was filled with tinder, lighted, and then very tightly closed. Fire would keep in such a horn for many hours.

In the days when the Sioux Indians had copper kettles, they were also supplied with flint and steel, the latter being one of the first things traded to them, and one which they especially prized. The making of fire by wood friction is so much more laborious that no people would ever use it if flint and steel were at hand.—CLARK WISSLER, PH.D., American Museum of Natural History, New York City.

#### BOYS HANDLING BEES

THE illustration on the next page shows some boys from Greenwich visiting the Arcadia (Sound Beach, Connecticut) apiary. These boys are on a nature-study outing, and are taking their first lesson in handling honey-bees. The picture shows that they did this without the aid of protecting gloves or veil. The ten frames of a hive were



THE EDITOR OF "NATURE AND SCIENCE" DEMONSTRATING TO THE BOYS THAT HONEY-BEES AT CERTAIN TIMES ARE LASTLY HANDLED.

passed around, and the action of the bees carefully observed. This does not prove that bees will not sting, nor that the boys were unusually skilful in handling the bees. In certain conditions, and at certain times that can be ascertained only by an experienced beekeeper, bees may be thus taken from the hive with but little danger. At other times, to have attempted this with the same hive would have been extremely hazardous.

It hardly seems necessary to add that young people should never attempt to handle bees in this way except by the consent and under the supervision of an expert.

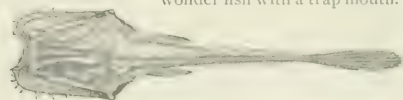
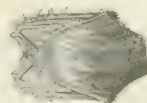
#### A WONDERFUL NEW FAMILY OF FISHES

A REMARKABLE fish, previously unknown, was obtained on the Philippine expedition by the United States Fisheries steamer *Albatross*, which cruised around the island of Celebes, and made dredgings at various places off the coast and in

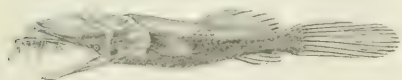
It is only a little more than two inches in length, but is of wonderful structure, especially in its head, which is nearly as long as the remainder of its body, while the length of the mouth is more than half that of the head. The mouth is described as cavernous and elastic, with "a trap into which food is lured and despatched." In the roof of the mouth is a bulb which shines through a toothless space in the front of the upper jaw, and attracts prey, which, having entered the mouth, is prevented from escaping by two pairs of large, hinged, hooked teeth.

Hugh M. Smith and Lewis Radcliffe, of the United States Fisheries, have published a scientific description of this wonderful fish with the snare mouth, and have named it *Thaumichthys* (from *thau*, a wonder, and *ichthys*, a fish) *pagidostomus* (from *pagis*, a trap or snare, and *stoma*, a mouth).

Therefore, this unusually long scientific name for a very small fish simply means, "a wonder fish with a trap mouth."



AN UNDER AND AN UPPER VIEW OF THE SNARE MOUTH

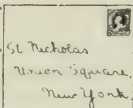


THE REMARKABLE LITTLE FISH THAT IS ONLY ABOUT TWO INCHES LONG.

the bays of that island. The fish is so unlike all others that it has been assigned to a new family.



BECAUSE WE  
WANT TO KNOW  
????????????



#### WHAT FIRE IS

BARRINGTON, ILL.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: Will you please tell me what "fire" is?

LUCILE G. ROBERTSON.

Fire, as we usually see it, is the action of air upon hot substances that can burn. It is only one ingredient or part of the air which does this, the oxygen. Usually when things burn, there are hot gases and vapors formed which make the flame. Fire is not a substance, therefore, but an action, or its appearance. Most things that can burn in the air can do so only when heated very hot, but since the burning of a part of the thing produces much heat, a fire will often increase and spread enormously. Three things are needed, then, to make a fire: sufficient heat to start it, a supply of the thing that will burn, and a supply of air. Water puts out fire because it cools the thing that is burning, or covers it up, and keeps the air away.—PROFESSOR H. L. WELLS, New Haven, Connecticut.

#### THE SPEED OF BIRDS IN FLIGHT

BROADRUN, VA.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: Will you please tell me which can fly swiftest, the wild duck, the hawk, or the pigeon? And which bird can fly swifter than any other in the world?

Yours very truly,

CASSIUS C. DULANY (age 12½).

Two observations with scientific instruments give to migrating ducks a speed of forty-seven and eight tenths, and to migrating geese a speed of forty-four and three tenths, miles per hour. Homing pigeons do not exceed forty to forty-five miles an hour. Doubtless all three birds can fly much more rapidly, but I know of no exact observations which would tell us of the utmost speed they have attained or might reach.—F. M. CHAPMAN, Curator of Birds, American Museum of Natural History.

#### WHY A NASTURTIIUM LEAF LOOKS SILVERY UNDER WATER

VILLA FONTANELLE, P. OVILE, SIENA, ITALY.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: Will you please tell me why, putting a nasturtium leaf under the water, it looks as if it was of silver?

EGLE BOSSI.

The nasturtium leaf is covered with a finely distributed, waxy substance which will not permit water to wet the leaf. Hence, when immersed, the water cannot touch the leaf and drive off the air surrounding it, and a thin layer of air remains between the leaf and the water. It is

the reflection and refraction of light from this layer of air that give the silvery appearance. It has been supposed by some authorities that the presence of this non-wettable layer has the advantage of preventing the raindrops which fall on the leaf from remaining there, and thus blocking up the stomata, or breathing-pores.—W. F. G.

#### A VERY SMALL BEECH-TREE BEARING A NUT

(From one of our correspondent's letters)

CHILLICOOT, ILL.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: While tramping in the woods in northern New York State, I found the accompanying beech twig, or sucker, with a single fruit on its tip. It was growing about eight feet from the main trunk on the root of a large tree, somewhat as shown in my rough sketch.

The root was exposed where the sucker grew. While this may not be an unusual occurrence, I had never seen such a growth on any other tree. The parent tree bore a heavy crop of nuts, but the nut on the sucker was smaller and less perfectly developed than those on the parent tree.

In order to make a perfect proof I should have cut a



A TINY BEECH-GROWTH FROM A ROOT-BEARING SUCKER.

small piece from the surface of the root to which the twig was attached, but I did not think of doing so until too late.

This unusual growth may possibly be of interest to the nature lovers who read the "Nature and Science" department of ST. NICHOLAS.

I have been a reader of ST. NICHOLAS since its first issue, in 1873, I believe, and to-day, when it comes to our home, I read the nature department first. I am,

Very sincerely,

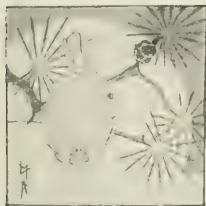
ORRIS M. SCHANZ.

This is, indeed, a remarkable example of a small tree bearing fruit. It makes one think of Luther Burbank's experiments with very small chestnut-trees producing a large crop of full-sized burs and nuts.—E. F. B.



"A HEAVENLY SCENE FOR THE YEAR" BY HARRY S. TELL, AGE 19, (THE NORWICH, CT.)

# ST. NICHOLAS LEAGUE



"A HEAVENLY SCENE FOR THE YEAR" BY MARGARET L. AYLER, AGE 17

THE heart of good ST. NICHOLAS is warmed with cheer and gratitude, this Christmas-tide, in contemplating the work of the League members, as shown not only in this final month of the year, but throughout the whole of 1912. Never, we think, have they maintained quite so high an average of merit; and it is, as usual, a source of keen regret to us that the space at our command forbids anything more than that general commendation which has long since become a familiar story to all St. NICHOLAS readers. The highwater mark, however, seems to have been reached in these December offerings, both in text and picture; and therefore we should be lacking indeed in appreciation, if we did not, at this beautiful close of a wonderful year, once more assure the League girls and boys of our boundless pride in their efforts, and our earnest gratitude for their loyal interest and truly remarkable achievement. With the abiding and ever-growing enthusiasm evinced by each and all, the coming year cannot fail to eclipse even the record just completed.

In the January number, we expect to make a special announcement of a plan whereby we can show further appreciation of the work of the League young folk—to all of whom, meanwhile, we wish a Very Merry Christmas and a Happy New Year!

## PRIZE-WINNERS, COMPETITION No. 154

In making the awards, contributors' ages are considered.

**PROSE.** Gold badges, Gwynne A. Abbott (age 12), Groton, Mass.; Dorothy M. Hoogs (age 15), Honolulu, H. I. Silver badges, Editha Lee (age 12), New York City; Audrey Smith (age 13), Milan, Italy; Helenka Adamowska (age 11), Cambridge, Mass.; Sarah Malcolm Klebs (age 13), Lausanne, Switzerland.

**VERSE.** Gold badges, Frances Camp Duggar (age 17), Auburn, Ala.; Janet Hepburn (age 16), Bloomington, Ind. Silver badges, Lucile E. Fitch (age 16), New Orleans, La.; Frances Swan Brown (age 14), York Harbor, Me.; Jean Dickinson (age 16), Brooklyn, N. Y.; Elsie L. Richter (age 16), Fort Lee, N. J.; Marjorie M. Carroll (age 15), Brooklyn, N. Y.

**DRAWINGS.** Gold badge, Margaret Brate (age 15), Albany, N. Y.

Silver badges, Zelina Comegys (age 15), Rock Island, Ill.; Helen F. Drain (age 15), Tacoma, Wash.; Louise Graham (age 14), Seattle, Wash.

**PHOTOGRAPHS.** Gold badge, Louise A. Wiggenhorn (age 15), Ashland, Neb.

Silver badges, G. A. Lintner (age 16), London, England; Gymaina Hudson (age 15), Denver, Col.

**PUZZLE-MAKING.** Gold badge, Phoebe Schreiber Lambe (age 17), Ottawa, Can.

Silver badges, Gladys Naramore (age 17), Everett, Mass.; Louis Ruckgaber (age 11), Belmar, N. J.

**PUZZLE ANSWERS.** Gold badges, Emma Katherine Anderson (age 14), Marietta, Ga.; Alpheus W. Smith (age 14), Ithaca, N. Y.

Silver badges, Ruth Browne (age 12), St. Louis, Mo.; Dorothy Talbot (age 13), Urbana, O.; Helen A. Cohen (age 14), New York City; Catherine Gordon Ames (age 14), New York City.



BY CHARLOTTE H. MELCHER, AGE 14.



BY LEON M. PEAKSALL, AGE 16.



BY FRANCES STULL, AGE 14.

"A GOOD LISTENER"

## THE BEST MONTHS OF ALL

BY FRANCES SWAN BROWN (AGE 14)

(Silver Badge)

GIVE me the rush of the winter world  
In the teeming, slushy streets!  
The throb of ceaseless activity,  
Like a giant's great heart beats.



"THE THING I LIKE TO DRAW BEST" BY ZELINA KODGAS, AGE 16.  
(Silver Badge)

The frosty nights when the buildings stand,  
Black ghosts, aloof and high,  
With a hundred eyes of gleaming light—  
Pin-points against the sky.

The rush of the wind that patrols the streets  
Like some wild thing in its cage,  
And the noise as it tears at the flying snow  
Of the mighty war they wage.

And the winter months are the best of all,  
For their motto is, "All cheer!"  
And the heart of the city of steel and stone  
Leaps up at the glad New year!

## CHRISTMAS IN POLAND

BY HELENA ADAMOWSKA (AGE 11)

(Silver Badge)

In Poland, the greatest holiday of the year is Christmas eve, and it is a joyous day to all the children.

About a week before, we gather in the sitting-room, and, seated before a merry fire, make different pretty things.

That night, Father comes home with packages full of colored paper, nuts, apples, and oranges.

In a second, we surround him, and each takes some of these materials to make baskets, chains, or to gild the nuts.

All this time, the parlor is closed, and, as the days are nearing, great excitement reigns among us, while parents decorate the tree and lay the presents around.

At last the great day arrives; then everybody is in a bustle: Mother directs the setting of the table, children fly around to get ready, and the family gathers at twilight.

We wait for the appearance of the first star, and then walk into the dining-room.

The table is richly laid with candles and silver, looking unusually pretty.

Under the table-cloth we lay some hay, in memory of Jesus being born in a manger.

After having partaken of a wafer blessed in church, we begin supper, which consists of soup, various fish courses, and dessert.

Finally, Father goes to light the candles on the tree, the music starts a carol, and we march in.

We circle around the tree, singing the carol, after which we unfold our presents.

Suddenly the door opens and some peasants enter, bringing a little theater, like Punch and Judy, and make the dolls, dressed in national costumes, act pretty scenes, and sing national songs.

Before we know it it is ten o'clock, and our parents send us off to bed.

We say good night, and, rather tired out by this exciting day, we go to dreamland, to dream of the day and to live over its pleasant scenes.



"ABOUT THE CITY OF STEEL" BY THOMPSON BLACKBURN, AGE 17.



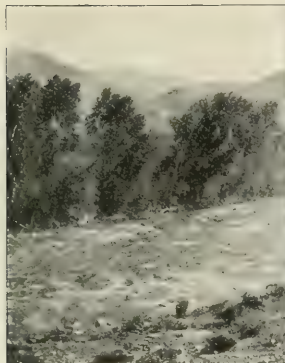
"A GOOD FRIEND" BY ALLEN CARNEY, AGE 14.



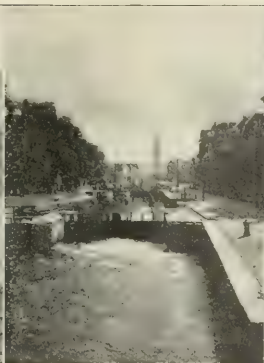
"A GOOD FRIEND" BY GEORGE KUMER, AGE 12.



"THE CITY" BY MARRON RAWSON, AGE 12.



"A WOODEN HORN." BY LOUISE A. WIGNENHORN, AGE 15.  
(Gold Badge.)



"ON THE ROAD." BY IVO A. LEIJONH.  
(Silver Badge.)



"A WOODEN HORN." BY GWYNNE A. ABBOTT, AGE 13.  
(Silver Badge.)

### THE TRUE CHRISTMAS

BY GWYNNE A. ABBOTT (AGE 12)

(Gold Badge)

I ONCE heard a story about a little boy who wished that Christmas was on every day in the year, so he could get Christmas presents. Perhaps he thought that was the only thing meant by Christmas, and perhaps children and even grown-ups nowadays think so too. But are presents the only Christmas things, and is it only because of them that it is honored as the happiest day in the year? No. It is because Jesus was born that day.

How often that memory slips from our minds as we open the precious parcels and look at their contents. Children, even when you go to church, are you not thinking more of your presents than of the hymns you sing and of the lesson being read? Yes, of course you are. So the thought of the little thing which soon will be forgotten stamps out the thought of the big thing which always should be remembered.

Of course there is some of the true Christmas spirit in the presents. This is shown by the love of those who gave the gifts, and by the fact that St. Nicholas, the Christmas saint, is a saint of gift-giving and generosity. Children, let us remember this when we open our parcels on Christmas morning. Let us be full of the true Christmas spirit, love, peace, and contentment, on

that day, and on every day in the year. Let us carry it like a lamp to dark places, and fill them with the light of love.

Then indeed we shall prove the story of the little boy in another way—by showing that love can be carried about every day in the year; that is the true Christmas!

### THE BEST MONTH OF ALL

BY DORIS E. HUBMAN (AGE 16)

(Honor Member)

LIFE played before me, all in changing train:

New, sudden thoughts that set men wondering—

The budding of some little, living thing;

The swift, glad throb of pleasure wrought with pain—

Gold-spotted sunbeams melting into rain:

The over-birth of worlds at perfect spring,

All unattained, but ever promising—

Ideals that, fleeting, kindle but to wane.

All brightness growing beautiful to fade,

All purity that lights to be obscured,

All newness coming but to pass away—

Is surer beauty, but a while delayed,

Is truer goodness for the stain endured,

Is resurrection—is an April day!



"A GOOD LISTENER." BY ANGELA A. MACHADO, AGE 12.



"A GOOD LISTENER." BY GEORGE L. AULD, AGE 12.



## CHRISTMAS IN ITALY

BY AUDREY SMITH (AGE 13)

(Silver Badge)

"NATALE" is the Italian for Christmas, and means "birthday." Most children who are born on Christmas in Italy are called Natalino, if a boy, or Natalina, if a girl. This name certainly would not suit an American child. You would laugh to hear some one called "Christmas Jones." Christmas eve is here known as the "vigilia," which means vigil (to keep watch). The Italians celebrate Christmas in a very different way from us, and, as we would think, a very poor way. No holly and evergreens about the house, and no Christmas trees. The churches, too, have no such decorations, but are draped in heavy red and gold silk. Plum-puddings and mince-pies are not known, and the only famous sweet is the "panettone," which is sent by thousands from Milan (where it is a specialty) to the Argentine Republic and North America, so that the Italian families there may enjoy some of their home Christmas cheer. The torrone is a candy filled with hazel-nuts, and is known and liked all over Italy. It is made at Cremona, in Lombardy, and is n't it good! It may surprise you the way turkey is bought and sold, so that the poorer people may have some on their table for Christmas dinner. A turkey is cut into pieces, and sold by weight, like meat. Italian children do not receive many presents at Christmas; they are given them on their name-day, or saint-day, and their birthdays are scarcely noticed. By this account you will understand that

Christmas is much more merry for children in England and America than in sunny Italy.

## THE BEST MONTH OF ALL

BY JANET HILBURN (AGE 16)

(Gold Badge)

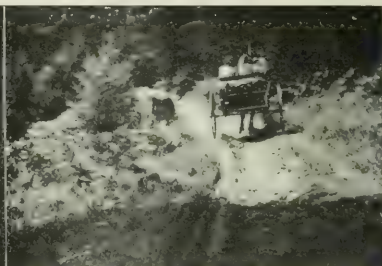
How happy is the world when Springtime's sky  
Is arched above, while softly budding trees  
Uplift their precious promises on high,  
And wave their priceless burdens in the breeze!

How beautiful the world when Summer's song  
Is echoed back by rivers, lakes, and rills!  
When nodding daisies grow 'mid grasses long,  
And purple haze lies on the distant hills!

How glorious the world when scarlet leaves  
Dance down at Autumn's touch to clothe the ground!  
When goldenrod the summer's death retrieves,  
And purple-clustered grapes the vines have crowned!

How wonderful the world when shining ice  
And violet-shadowed snow enwrap the earth!  
When blazing fires the weary heart entice,  
And holly wreaths bespeak the Christmas mirth!

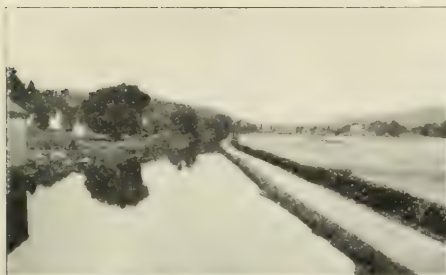
Each month, each season, has its jeweled days,  
Each Winter, Springtide, Summer, and each Fall;  
I know not which deserves the highest praise,  
For each one in its turn seems best of all.



BY HELEN EASTERWOOD, AGE 10  
BY RUTH ENGLISH, AGE 12.

BY ALICE GRIFFIN, AGE 13.  
BY JUSTIN GRIESS, AGE 14.

"ON THE ROAD."



THE ROAD TO THE COAST, AGE 17  
BY KAREN BARRETT, AGE 17

THE ROAD TO THE COAST, AGE 17  
BY KAREN BARRETT, AGE 17

"ON THE ROAD."

### THE BEST MONTH OF ALL

BY LUCILLE FLETCHER, AGE 10 1/2

(Silver Badge)

The season I love is the summer-time,  
Vanishing far too soon.  
And the best month of all in that summer-time,  
Is one that has often been sung in rhyme,  
That blooms every year in my southern clime—  
The beautiful month of June.

The glories of Nature are flaming there,  
In my land of the tropic moon,  
Where a fragrance enticing, seductive, rare,  
Pervading the soft, enchanted air,  
Ascends from a kingdom of flowers fair,  
That bloom in the month of June.

The shadows that flit o'er the shimmering stream,  
That sleep in the long lagoon,  
Are swept by the glint of a red sunbeam,  
And fringed with fires that resplendent gleam  
O'er the earth, enfolded in one fleet dream  
Of the languid month of June.

And though there are many and beautiful things  
That open from noon to noon,  
As the year escapes on its changing wings,  
And leaves a remembrance which each month brings,  
There is none so sweet as the dream that clings  
To the magic month of June.

### THE "MALIHINI" CHRISTMAS TREE

BY DOROTHY M. HODGES, AGE 15 1/2

(Gold Badge)

SEVERAL years ago, a number of tourists who were spending the winter months in Honolulu wanted to celebrate Christmas in some way. They could hardly realize that it was the wintry season, as the trees and grass were green, and crowds of people were on the beaches and swimming in the ocean every day; and so they thought of a novel idea: they would have a Christmas tree out-of-doors, and invite all the children of the city! They procured a very large tree, and after having set it up in a park in the center of the town, they decorated it lavishly with pop-corn, tinsel, and all the other ornaments that are used for the purpose. Cotton was strewn freely over the branches to imitate snow, which has never been seen by the little folks in Hawaii. The decorations complete, and everything in readiness, the children were all notified of this wonderful tree through the newspapers, and on Christmas morning, thousands of little ones of all nationalities represented in these islands made a picturesque sight, dressed in the costumes of their parents' home country. They eagerly watched Santa Claus as he untied the dolls and the jump-ropes and jack-knives from the heavily laden branches, and distributed them freely to every one. It was evident by the happy little faces that the day was a huge success, and ever since then this idea has been carried out by the community, and is called the "Malihini," or strangers' Christmas tree.

## THE BEST MONTH OF ALL—APRIL

BY FRANCES CAMP DEGGAR (AGE 17)

(Gold Badge)

In April come the April showers,  
And April breezes blow;  
The woods with April songs are gay,  
And April flowers grow.

The may-pop with its fringe of blue,  
The meadow daisies small,  
The sweet shrub, and the violet,  
All come at April's call.



"ON THE ROAD" BY ROBERT J. SMITH, AGE 13

The great, wild pansies lift their heads,  
The honeysuckles bloom;  
The yellow jasmine fills the air  
With misty, sweet perfume.

The little phloxes nod their heads  
In every passing breeze;  
The mountain-laurel bends and sways,  
To the rustling of the trees.

The woods, the breeze, the April flowers,  
The raindrops, and the rippling streams,  
All fill our throats with April songs,  
Our hearts with April dreams.

And underneath the April skies,  
The birds all sing for joy.  
Oh, April is a happy month  
For Southern girl and boy!

## DICKENS' "CHRISTMAS CAROL"

BY ELIZABETH HARVEY (AGE 13)

(Honor Member)

THIS is a story which can never grow old. It possesses, and ever will possess, the spirit of youth, the joy of Christmas time, the beauty of charity and love. It is a story one can never weary of; each time one reads it, one finds it as fresh and charming as the first time. It is a story one should read at Yule-tide; then its Christmas spirit will flood the heart, and fill it with good-will. How many hearts this story must have softened; how many souls it must have filled with warm, generous impulses! How many Christmases it must have made

happier! Its atmosphere of love and joy is too real to be resisted; it draws the reader, heart, soul, and mind, into it during the reading, and leaves a lasting memory of sweetness afterward.

## MY FIRST CHRISTMAS

(Told by a puppy)

BY SARAH MALCOLM KLEBS (AGE 13)

(Silver Badge)

I AWOKE one morning to find myself in a basket with the lid shut down securely. It was stuffy; my body ached for want of stretching; a sensation of fear came over me as I listened to the odd noises around me. What *could* this all mean?

Soon the lid of my basket was cautiously opened. I heard a voice cry, "Oh, goody, goody, it's a puppy"; then a little hand reached down, picked me up, and placed me on a table.

Being by nature curious, the first thing I did was to gaze around me. The table on which I stood was in a big room, and, strange enough, in one corner stood a lovely tree, the like of which I had seen before outside but not in a house. Five girls were watching me with eager eyes,—why, I could not say.

After I had taken some milk which they very considerably offered me, I underwent the trying ordeal of having a red ribbon tied around my neck. I did not like this a bit, and tried to interfere by pushing it away with my paw. I was rebuked by a few exclamations: "You naughty puppy! What a rascal he is!"

The rest of the day I was spoiled and petted by my young mistresses. When night came, I was laid in a soft-cushioned basket, and told, "Go right to sleep, you spoiled Christmas puppy." I lay awake trying to puzzle out what they meant by calling me a "Christmas puppy."

"A HEADING FOR DECEMBER" BY MARGARET DEWEY, AGE 11  
(GOLD BADGE)

My conclusion was that probably there was a day when puppies could be spoiled in every possible way, and that it was this day that was called Christmas; and the next thing I knew it was morning.

## THE BEST MONTH OF ALL

BY JEAN DICKINSON (AGE 16)

(Silver Badge)

THE crisp, cold winds, the snowbound world,  
The ring of skates, the sleigh-bells' chime,  
The group around the cozy fire—  
What months like those of *Winter* time!

The dull brown branch is veiled in green,  
The sun is bright, and warm the rain;  
Now all the world receives new life—  
The *Spring*—the *Spring* is here again!



"A HEADING FOR DECEMBER." BY LOUISE GRAHAM, AGE 14.  
(SILVER BADGE.)

The swimming-pool, the fish-filled stream,  
The varied craft on waterways;  
The tennis, golf, and motoring—  
Oh, happy, carefree *Summer* days!

The bright-hued flowers, the flaming trees,  
The southbound birds' sweet parting call,  
The going back to work again—  
These are the pleasures of the *Fall*!

White *Winter* and the wakening *Spring*,  
Both *Fall* and *Summer* flower-dressed,  
The whole year full of happiness,  
So, as it comes, *each* month is best!

## A QUEER CHRISTMAS

BY EDITHA LEE (AGE 12)

(Silver Badge)

CAN you picture Christmas celebrated like a midsummer holiday?

In Connecticut, Christmas meant crisp, cold air, the jingle of sleigh-bells, snow-drifts, holly, mistletoe, general excitement, and shouting "Merry Christmas" out of the fullness of our hearts. In contrast, here was I, in Emali, only a tiny village on the Kongo, in Africa. My father was hunting, and my mother and I, in this hot, humid country, practically cut off from the rest of our world, had planned to be cheerful and celebrate the holiday as best we could. With this end in view, we decided to have a picnic on the Kongo, and asked a little Russian girl and her mother—for months the only other whites in Emali—to go along. Considering that neither of us knew much of the other's language, we got on better than one would think. We would have had quite an enjoyable float up the river, the guide telling many things in Pigeon-English, were it not for the heat and mosquitos. Dear! If you consider the Long Island or New Jersey mosquitos *mosquitos*, why simply row up the Kongo!

About five miles up, we saw a beautiful spot, just ideal for picnickers. There we disembarked and had our luncheon, after which all almost simultaneously produced books and, resting comfortably, began to read.

VOL. XI.—24

But we were not to have peace long. Soon we heard an awful rustling in near-by bushes, and on jumping up, beheld, not forty feet away, a wild elephant!

How we scrambled for the boats, nearly throwing one another into the water, and how we made off, can never be told!

But we did, and—well, was n't *that* a queer Christmas?

## THE BEST MONTH OF ALL

BY ELSTIE L. RICHTER (AGE 16)

(Silver Badge)

ONCE more the reign of Northern cold is here.

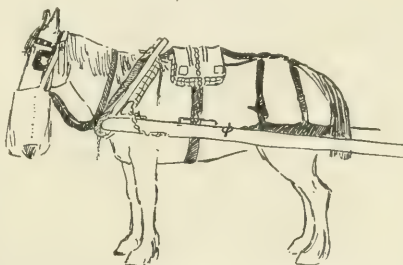
To-day, from lowering, leaden skies, the snow  
Is slowly drifting downward. Far and near  
The landscape yields a shimmering silver glow,  
Till daylight dies.

Soft shadows creep; the gray of heav'n is rent,  
And through the rifts the stars smile, while the moon,  
From her high way, keeps watch till night is spent,  
Till, in the east, a light breaks all too soon,  
And darkness flies.

To-morrow dawns. A glistening waste of white  
That's blinding in its brilliance, greets the sun;  
The trees are crystallized in its dazzling light,  
And shed a glory till the day is done.

Yet—'t is not Nature, though her splendor glows,  
That places high December's cold and snow;  
'T is the great gift that from God's mercy rose—  
The Saviour, at whose coming, long ago,  
The choir of angels made the heavens ring,  
And bade the shepherds worship Christ, their king.

Hark, down the years their music rings again,  
Soft telling, "Peace on earth, good-will to men."



"WHAT I LIKE BEST TO DRAW." BY BENJAMIN H. MARKETSON, AGE 13

## THE BEST MONTH OF ALL

BY EDWARD B. ANNABLE (AGE 9)

How nice it is to live in

The month that gives us snow,  
The month that we send presents  
To every one we know.

December is the nicest month,  
Especially for boys;  
They skate, and slide, and run around,  
And make a lot of noise.



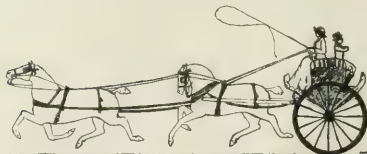
## THE BEST MONTH OF ALL

BY BRUCE T. SIMONDS (AGE 17)

(Honor Member)

SING carols, Christmas carols,  
Of quaint old melody,  
And let the days be filled with praise,  
With mirth and jollity;  
For we have passed from 'neath the pall  
Of gloomy, black November,  
Now rules the month that 's best of all,  
The bluff old king, December!

So bring ye in the boar's head,  
With bays and garlands crowned;  
The peacock vain, with gorgeous train;  
And send the wassail round.  
With festive holly deck the wall,  
The Christmas games remember;  
And hail the month that 's best of all,  
The bluff old king, December!



"WHAT I LIKE BEST TO DRAW." BY FRANCES KOUING, AGE 17.

Then reign, thou Lord of Misrule,  
With all thy merry band;  
And kiss below the mistletoe  
The fairest in the land.  
Till on the hearth the ashes fall,  
The Yule log's dying ember,  
Come, hail the month that 's best of all,  
The bluff old king, December!

## THE BEST MONTH OF ALL

BY HAZEL K. SAWYER (AGE 14)

JULY means Independence Day,  
With its fireworks, flags, and fun;  
November means Thanksgiving,  
Turkeys, pumpkin-pies well done;  
But better yet than summer's joys,  
Or longed-for feasts of fall,  
Is jolly old December,  
The best month of all.

The Day of Independence  
Celebrates a nation's birth;  
Thanksgiving teaches gratitude;  
We learn the Pilgrim's worth.  
But Christmas, Jesus' birthday,  
With its heartfelt, sacred call,  
Comes amidst the storms of winter,  
In the best month of all.

Human nature, worn by summer,  
With its heated, jealous strife,  
Cooled by autumn, thanks outpouring  
For abundance, joy, and life,  
Finds its highest aim in winter,  
'Mid the snow-drifts wide and tall,  
In the white peace of December,—  
The best month of all.

## THE BEST MONTH OF THE YEAR

BY MARJORIE M. CARROLL (AGE 15)

(Silver Badge)

POETS may sing of the beautiful spring,  
Of June, and her glorious days.  
When making a rhyme, my favorite time  
Is Christmas; I 'll tell why it pays.

Now first there is "holly," that rhymes well with "jolly."  
For poets it really is fine!  
There 's "ember," "December," and also "remember,"  
Of appropriate words there 's a mine!

There 's "boys," and there 's "toys," and "Christmas-tide joys,"

All pertaining to Christmas, you see.

I was glad when I saw the League subject *this month*,  
It made it so easy for me.

I 've given the reason why poets are glad  
When dear old December is here.  
For League rhymesters, with me, you will surely agree,  
It 's the very best month of the year!

## THE ROLL OF HONOR

No. 1. A list of those whose work would have been used had space permitted.

No. 2. A list of those whose work entitles them to encouragement.

| PROSE, 1               | Irving J. Weiss       | Louis Schwartz     |
|------------------------|-----------------------|--------------------|
| Ruth Gilbert           | Susan Nevin           | Edith L. Crounse   |
| Ruth E. Amidon         | Lorna von P. Schrader | Ruth B. Brewster   |
| Elizabeth H. Armstrong | Elizabeth Walton      | Leonore Lemmler    |
| Sophie E. Woods        | Rebecca H. Wilder     | Eugenia Rothrock   |
| Janet G. Banks         | Margaret C. Bland     | Eleanor W. Haasis  |
| Inis Hubbard           | Elmer H. Van Fleet    | Edith Townsend     |
| Susan B. Sturgis       | Charles Samolar       | Marjorie Flanagan  |
| Courtenay W. Halsey    | Mary S. Rupert        | Grace S. Pope      |
| D. Q. Palmer           | Alison C. Laing       | Katherine Newcombe |
| Anna L. Lilienfeld     | Mildred E. Roberts    | Betty Smith        |

Anna L. Lilienfeld  
Elsie L. Lustig  
Florence L. Smith  
Florence M. Young  
Mary Daboll  
Camilla L. Schiavone  
Nathaniel Dorfman  
Mary Smith  
Ethel T. Boas  
Ethel W. Kidder  
Dora Peters  
Edith H. Walton  
Fredrika W. Hertel  
Norma Stebbins  
Dorothy M. Rogers  
Margaret M. Cloyd  
Mary Eliz. Seager  
Evelyn G. Pullen  
Mary Nathan  
Lillias Armour  
Ruth E. Flinn  
Ennice Graham  
Dorothy Dugger  
Elizabeth Doane  
Gertrude Davis  
Mary A. White  
Miriam Devereux  
Ruth Heiman  
Vernie Peacock  
Eleanor W. Bowker  
Myrtle Doppmann  
Gretchen von Phil  
Ruth K. Gaylord  
Edith L. Weart  
Grace D. Elder  
Mary K. Fagan  
Miriam F. Carpenter  
Martha Latham  
Kathleen Spooner

PROSE, 2  
André P. Chambellan  
Eleanor Birmingham

## St. Nicholas League



"A HEADING FOR DECEMBER." BY  
HELEN F. DRAIN, AGE 15. (SILVER  
BADGE.)

Esther Wilson  
Margaret A. Halstead  
Margaret E. Beakes  
Anna C. Johnson  
Doris Rowell  
Harriet Arn  
S. Virginia Donaldson  
F. Marie Brown  
Rosalia Louis  
Roberta E. Taylor  
Annie Bainbridge  
Ralph B. Cooney  
Hedwig Zorb  
Estella Johnson

Mary G. Boyd  
Clara Lottman  
Mary Valentine  
Sarah H. Williams  
Albin V. Thorp

## VERSE, 1

Helen B. Rivkin  
Katherine Allport  
Miriam Abrams  
Lucile Phillips  
Helen Hunt Andrew  
Joyce A. Cook  
Marjorie G. Acker  
Eleanor Johnson  
John C. Farrar  
Vera L. Mahon  
Mary A. Porter  
George M. Enos  
Margaret Dugger  
Elmer L. Gintelson  
Emily Campbell  
Marion Cleveland  
Arthur H. Nethercut  
Josephine L. Livingood  
Mary J. Smith  
Constance B. Lewis

Emma W. Hansen  
Edith Kahan  
Ethel du P.  
Barksdale, Jr.  
S. Dorothy Bell  
Genevieve Farnier  
Mary E. Miller  
Robert Kiggs  
Lucile I. Means  
Constance Wilcox  
Tadjo Adamowski  
Katherine C. Smith  
Theodore Haupt  
Mildred Holmes  
Lillian Sternberg  
Charlotte MacDougall  
Gwendolyn  
Frothingham  
Lily Madan  
Walter K. Frame  
Arthur F. Lincoln  
Clara S. Heffey  
Bessie De Kahl  
Frances B. Gardiner  
Dorothy Hughes  
Rodney B. Birch

## DRAWINGS, 2

Bernice E. Walker  
Winifred S. Stoner, Jr.  
Anne Gordon  
Alice Q. Rood  
York Sampson  
Elmer Everett  
Pauline P. Whittlesey  
Edward Schulhof  
Frances Struller  
Mildred C. Wheeler  
A. L. Packard  
Renée Geoffron  
Ruth Morris  
Muriel Morris  
Georgene W. Davis  
Jean P. Mumford  
Lucy Mackay  
Annette Meyer  
Helen Varelman  
Katharine W. Ball  
Lloyd Dieckspiel  
Jean E. Freeman  
Mattie Hibbert  
Katharine V. Higley  
Helen Palmer  
Thomas H. Joyce  
Irma A. Hill  
Margaret Tildsey  
Elizabeth Hendee  
Betty Humphreys

## VERSE, 2

Vera Mikol  
Burford Johnson  
Jeanette Johnson  
Laura Keevil  
Alan A. West  
Vera Hastings  
Kenneth Allen  
Mildred E. Woodside  
Sam Stein  
Albertine Hopkins  
Harry J. Sieghert  
Hazel M. Chapman  
John Perez  
Casilda Clark  
Louis M. Weil

## DRAWINGS, 1

Ethel F. Frank  
Robert Townsend  
Dorothy E. Handsaker  
Ethel Cargill  
Margaret Elliott  
Mary L. Farley  
Birger Stenall  
Leslie Walden  
Clarence Lemm  
Raymond T. Gleeson  
Howard W. Schwarz  
Jean E. Peacock  
Eleanor Powell  
Francis Bricker  
Mayabby Brenan

Edith Kahan  
Ethel du P.  
Barksdale, Jr.  
S. Dorothy Bell  
Genevieve Farnier  
Mary E. Miller  
Robert Kiggs  
Lucile I. Means  
Constance Wilcox  
Tadjo Adamowski  
Katherine C. Smith  
Theodore Haupt  
Mildred Holmes  
Lillian Sternberg  
Charlotte MacDougall  
Gwendolyn  
Frothingham  
Lily Madan  
Walter K. Frame  
Arthur F. Lincoln  
Clara S. Heffey  
Bessie De Kahl  
Frances B. Gardiner  
Dorothy Hughes  
Rodney B. Birch

## PHOTOGRAPHS, 1

Martha L. Clark  
Carolyn Archbold  
Matthew T. Mellon  
Beatrice Quackenbush  
Louise Down

Dorothy Tyson  
Margaret Macdonald  
Helen Prescott  
Dorothy von Olker  
Kenneth D. Smith  
Patricia M. Collis  
Andrew N. Adams  
Frank Bennett  
Dorothy G. Schwartz  
Jane Coolidge  
Amy F. Smith  
Tom Wetmore  
John N. P. O'Connor  
Winthrop Case  
Willard Vander Veer  
James G. Simmons  
Thomas E. Fry  
Margaret E. Hoffman  
Nancy Ambler  
Harriet E. Arnold  
Theodora Eldredge  
Meredith Neal  
Elizabeth Scott  
Ruth W. Brooks  
Alexander Gcott  
Mildred H. Graham  
A. D. Harvey  
Clady E. Livermore  
Eleanor Robertson  
Henderson Barton  
Helen E. Hayden  
Priscilla Fraker  
Beatrice G. Tarver  
Marie Borden  
Marion Saunders  
Helene M. Roesch  
Esther Harrington

## PHOTOGRAPHS, 2

Irene Derickson  
Mary F. Packard  
Catherine H. Stickney  
Ruth Higgins  
Dorothy Peters  
Elsie Stuart  
Anna C. Crane  
Charlotte M. Turk  
Elizabeth L. Merz  
Eric H. Phillips  
Isabel D. Shelman  
Henry B. Ritcher  
Beatrice B. Newport  
Ruth V. A. Spicer  
Elizabeth Phillips  
Carroll B. Barbour  
Vivian E. Hall  
Ellis Moreau  
Katharine Southmayd  
Paul M. Segal  
Eric H. McCall  
Mary R. Stark  
Charles Barlow  
Elberta Esty  
Marion Bird  
Eva Goldbeck  
Jessie Eckford  
Dorothy E. Bayles  
Hester B. Curtis  
Laura Hales  
Helen M. Lancaster  
Marion Harbord  
Elizabeth Russell  
Edith Bachman  
Cornelia V. B. Kimball  
William S. Biddle  
Dorothy Peabody  
Margaret Shoemaker  
Edwin H. Thomas  
Carol E. Truax  
Howard Sherman  
Millicent H. Lewis  
Willard Vander Veer  
Ruth Pennybacker  
Augusta Hoehmann  
Margaret E. Langdon  
Catherine Lloyd  
Margaret Bennet  
Theodore Dunham, Jr.

## PUZZLES, 1

James Stanisewsky  
Juliet W. Thompson  
Helen A. Ross

Edith P. Stickney  
Paul Buttenweiser  
Marjorie K. Gibbons  
Eleanor Hussey  
Katharine K.  
Spencer  
Margaret Warburton  
Eleanor K. Newell  
Virginia Bliss  
Gertrude Lachman

Louise Cramer  
William Waller  
Ruth Hays  
Dorothy Colville  
Lulu Columbin  
Margaret Billingham  
Hannah M. Ruley  
Helen L. Bolles  
Frederick M.  
Davenport, Jr.

Henry Greenbaum  
Philip Franklin  
Warren W. Pierson  
Albert L. Marvin  
Joanna Connelly  
Eben J. White  
Josephine J.  
Tuckerman  
Mildred Turner  
Henry J. Brown

## PRIZE COMPETITION No. 158

THE ST. NICHOLAS LEAGUE awards gold and silver badges each month for the best *original* poems, stories, drawings, photographs, puzzles, and puzzle answers. Also, occasionally, cash prizes of five dollars each to gold-badge winners who shall, from time to time, again win first place.

**Competition No. 158** will close **December 10** (for foreign members **December 15**). Prize announcements will be made and the selected contributions published in ST. NICHOLAS for April.

**Verse.** To contain not more than twenty-four lines. Subject, "Daybreak," or, "The Dawn."

**Prose.** Essay or story of not more than three hundred words. Subject, "The Story of the Gate."

**Photograph.** Any size, mounted or unmounted; no blue prints or negatives. Subject, "My Best Photograph."

**Drawing.** India ink, very black writing-ink, or wash. Subject, "A Bit of Life," or a Heading for April.

**Puzzle.** Any sort, but must be accompanied by the answer in full, and must be indorsed.

**Puzzle Answers.** Best, neatest, and most complete set of answers to puzzles in this issue of ST. NICHOLAS. Must be indorsed and must be addressed as explained on the first page of the "Riddle-box."

**Wild Creature Photography.** To encourage the pursuing of game with a camera instead of with a gun. The prizes in the "Wild Creature Photography" competition shall be in four classes, as follows: *Prize, Class A*, a gold badge and three dollars. *Prize, Class B*, a gold badge and one dollar. *Prize, Class C*, a gold badge. *Prize, Class D*, a silver badge. But prize-winners in this competition (as in all the other competitions) will not receive a second gold or silver badge. Photographs must not be of "protected" game, as in zoological gardens or game reservations. Contributors must state in a few words where and under what circumstances the photograph was taken.

**Special Notice.** No unused contribution can be returned by us unless it is accompanied by a self-addressed and stamped envelop of the proper size to hold the manuscript, drawing, or photograph.

## RULES

ANY reader of ST. NICHOLAS, whether a subscriber or not, is entitled to League membership, and a League badge and leaflet, which will be sent free. No League member who has reached the age of eighteen years may compete.

Every contribution, of whatever kind, must bear the name, age, and address of the sender, and be indorsed as "original" by parent, teacher, or guardian, who must be convinced beyond doubt that the contribution is not copied, but wholly the work and idea of the sender. If prose, the number of words should also be added. These notes must not be on a separate sheet, but on the contribution itself—if manuscript, on the upper margin; if a picture, on the margin or back. Write or draw on one side of the paper only. A contributor may send but one contribution a month—not one of each kind, but one only.

Address: **The St. Nicholas League,**  
Union Square, New York.



## BOOKS AND READING

BY HILDEGARDE HAWTHORNE

### A CHRISTMAS EVE ADVENTURE

JOHN and Rose were sitting before the fire looking very disconsolate indeed; and this was surely a pity, for it was Christmas eve, when every child should be particularly happy and excited. A fine, snowy eve, too, with the clouds just breaking in the west, to show a large, red sun through the branches of the trees—in summer, their leaves were so thick, he used to disappear when he got behind them, but now he sent a ruddy path across the new-fallen snow, right through the window and into the room.

The fire leaped and played over the big logs in the fireplace in the jolliest way imaginable, chuckling and whispering to itself, while the wood snapped cheerily in reply. Everything indoors and out was clearly in the best of spirits and ready for holiday fun.

But little Rose's blue eyes had been slowly filling with tears, and suddenly she let her head fall on her brother's shoulder, and burst right out crying. They were snuggled up together in the big, red arm-chair that was just big enough for them both.

John patted her back encouragingly. "There, there, Sis," he whispered; "this is n't the only Christmas we 'll ever have." But the whisper was a little shaky.

"It's *this* Christmas," wailed the little girl. "Other Christmases don't seem to matter. They are n't real yet!"

"I know," returned John, cuddling her to him. She stopped crying, except for an occasional sniff, and both children watched the fire at its busy playing.

"I suppose the fire does n't know we can't have any Christmas," Rose said presently. "See how it jumps and laughs. Mama said it had been such a hard year, we ought to be thankful we had a fire and a roof and enough to eat. She said lots and lots of little children did n't have; but I thought *every one* had Christmas. Did n't you?"

"No, I knew that they did n't. But then we were kinder used to Christmas."

"Yes," agreed Rose, sadly. "But Papa said *everything* went wrong this year, an' that 's why we can't have any Christmas."

The sun had gone while the children were talking, and except for the fitful light of the fire, the room was dark. Many, many shadows were crowding into it, getting ready for all the work of the night.

Suddenly Rose pointed to the mantelpiece. "Why—what 's that?" she exclaimed.

"What?" said her brother, looking where she pointed. And then they both said "Oh!" very softly and slowly.

For there, sitting on the edge of the mantelpiece, right beside the clock, was an unmistakable fairy.

"Don't be frightened, children," she said, in a silvery voice like the tinkle of a breaking icicle, as soon as she saw they had discovered her. "I've been wondering when you'd notice me."

And here the little figure, not one bit bigger than Rose's tiny kitten, Snowflake, jumped off the mantelpiece straight to the arm of the big chair. And "Oh!" said John and Rose again, at the very same instant.

The fairy smiled at them. She was dressed in white fur that shone and twinkled like the snow when the sun shines on it. And on her floating, golden curls was set what looked like a tiny crown of icicles. Her cheeks were a lovely pink, and her face the sweetest and merriest conceivable. And when she spoke, her voice was like the clear ringing of skates on ice, except for a ripple of laughter that ran through it all the time.

"I'm the Christmas fairy," she said, smiling. "When Santa Claus cannot come, I take his place as well as I can; so I've come to you this year."

"We never heard of you," said John, gravely, looking at her with the deepest admiration. "What do you do?"

"I don't take things to children, like my big friend and his reindeer; but I take children to things—to other places, and times, and people.

I bring them to Christmas, you see, instead of bringing Christmas to them."

"Can you bring us to Christmas?" asked both the children.

"That 's what I 'm here for! And the sooner we 're off, the more we 'll have. We will find some of your old friends, and see what sort of a time they are having."

She took hold of Rose's right hand as she spoke, and of John's left one. "Shut your eyes," she said.

They shut them tight. Instantly they were conscious of a sort of breathless feeling, as though they had been running uphill very fast. Then they felt a little shake, and the fairy loosed their hands.

"Here we are!" she exclaimed.

They opened their eyes, and gazed around in astonishment.

Before them stretched a vast blue sea, spread beneath a sky as blue as itself. A warm, perfumed air surrounded them, and the wind rustled through the leaves of a big palm under which they stood. At one side a cave opened into a cliff; and seated before this cave, at a roughly made table, were two men. One of them, though tanned very dark, was a white man, for he had a blond beard and curling, long hair. He was curiously dressed in skins that had been made into a coat and trousers. The other man was very black, with white, flashing teeth and shiny eyes. Between them, on the ground, lay a dog, and a parrot climbed about a pole that stood near. Tethered in a patch of grass was a nanny-goat. On the table was a fine dinner, with smoking dishes and heaps of lovely fruit.

"It 's Robinson Crusoe and man Friday," cried John, with a gasp.

Robinson Crusoe looked up when John spoke, and immediately beckoned the children to come near.

"This is a great treat," he said. "These are two little friends of mine," he went on, turning to Friday. "I think we met last Christmas in a big blue book, did n't we?" he asked John. "Well, sit right down—you, too, dear Christmas fairy. Many a jolly little party you 've brought me, and it does make such a pleasant break in the monotony.

He had a deep, gruff voice, but the kindest manner. The children felt thoroughly at home at once, and sat down to the feast. Presently every one was laughing and chattering, and eating away at a great rate. Friday played tricks with the parrot and the dog, and Crusoe showed them his clock, and all the clever arrangements in his cave, one after another, and seemed to have as pleasant a time as the three visitors.

"This makes a real Christmas of it for me," he kept saying. "You know, I 'm often mighty glad Santa Claus does n't get round to all you children—it 's *such* a treat to have some of you run in on me this way."

"Well, you are going to be rescued pretty soon, you know," said Rose, eagerly, feeling sorry for poor Robinson Crusoe in his loneliness.

But just then the fairy caught the children's hands again:

"Must n't tell the end of the story," she whispered. "Shut your eyes; we must be off."

Instantly the breathless feeling returned. And in a moment the little shock. When John and Rose opened their eyes this time, however, it was upon a very different scene.

They were in a square, comfortable room, which was charmingly decorated with wreaths and festoons of evergreen and holly. In the center was a Christmas tree, brilliantly lighted with candles and all hung over with shining ornaments, glowing fruit, and packages done up in colored paper. Several smiling grown-up people in quaint, old-fashioned clothes stood near the tree, and round it danced a circle of laughing children. As soon as they saw John and Rose and the fairy, they seized their hands too, and off every one went, laughing and shouting, round and round.

At length they stopped, quite tired out. And then the packages and the fruit were taken from the tree, and divided among the children, Rose and John getting theirs with the rest. Such excitement! They had gilded gingerbread figures, and red apples, and Rose had a doll, and John a shining pair of skates.

Suddenly Rose whispered to her brother: "Oh, Johnnie, listen! the tree is talking!"

So it was. Its branches were moving a little, and rustling, and the rustling made words.

"I suppose now it will begin all over again," the tree murmured happily. "They will put on lovely fresh candles and new packages and glittering stars. What a wonderful life, and what a happy little fir-tree I am!"

"Why," Rose whispered once more, "it is the little fir-tree in the Hans Andersen book for which we always felt so sorry."

And so it was!

"What a pity it must be disappointed!" exclaimed John. And there was the fairy at once. "'Sh! 'sh!' she said. "Come, give me your hands."

And at once they grew breathless again, and felt once more the little shock.

This time they opened their eyes to find themselves in another room, small and rather dark.



But there was a big window at one end, before which stood two children, a boy and girl about as old as John and Rose. And through the window you could see clear into another house, where there was another tree, as fine as the one they had just left. Many children played around it, and ate cakes and laughed.

"Oh, come and look!" cried the two children at the window, as soon as they saw Rose and John. "Is n't it wonderful! is n't it beautiful!" And then they, too, began to dance.

Just then, the door opened, and in came a queer, little, old lady, looking rather like a funny old witch.

"It 's the Bluebird," whispered John and Rose, greatly excited. "Oh, see, see!"

For, sure enough, the little old woman, who had been talking all this while, suddenly waved her stick—and then all sorts of wonderful things began to happen.

Out of the clock came the wonderful Hours, misty and radiant, and began their lovely dance. And there were the Dog and the Cat, talking away, and Bread, and Milk, and Light, most wonderful of all. John and Rose were so delighted they could n't even speak. But they clutched tight hold of each other and of the fairy, who was twinkling and smiling at a great rate.

Wilder got the dance, till every one was at it, round and round, and in and out. The Dog

barked as well as talked, and the Cat got quite angry, and complained to Rose, who stroked him. Bread and Milk chased each other, and every one laughed—my, what a noise!

Suddenly it all began to grow dim; but the laughter and the talk grew louder than ever, and so did the barking—so loud that—

There were John and Rose, sitting close together in the big arm-chair!

And the door into the hall was being opened, and outside a prodigious racket was going on! Towzer was barking his head off, and Papa and Mama were laughing and exclaiming.

"Children, children, wake up! Here is your Uncle Jack, straight from fairyland, I do believe," their mother was saying. "And Santa Claus never brought any more Christmas than he has with him."

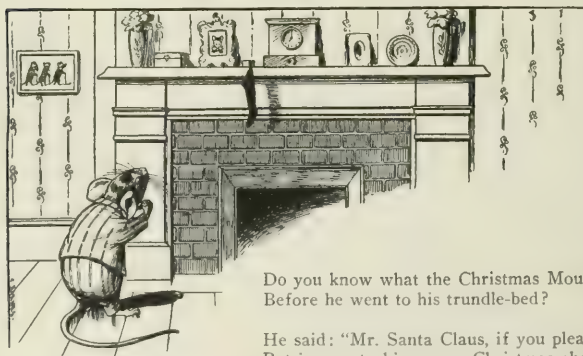
Through the door came Papa, and Mama, and Towzer, and a big man in a fur coat with quantities of parcels. John and Rose gave one loud shout of joy, and jumped straight at him. It really *was* their Uncle Jack, who had gone away to the West, and whom they had n't seen for ages!

"Why, Rose, it 's just as though we were in a story ourselves," said Jack, when things had quieted down a bit; "but where 's the Christmas fairy?"

Somehow, she had slipped away, and, so far, they have never seen her again.

## THE CHRISTMAS MOUSIE

BY IDA KENNISTON



Do you know what the Christmas Mousie said,  
Before he went to his trundle-bed?

He said: "Mr. Santa Claus, if you please,  
Put in *my* stocking some Christmas cheese!"



## THE RIDDLE-BOX

### ANSWERS TO PUZZLES IN THE NOVEMBER NUMBER

**SQUARES CONNECTED BY DIAMONDS.** 1. S. 2. Apt. 3. Aware. 4. Spaniel. 5. Trill. 6. Eel. 7. L. 8. Salam. 9. Anile. 10. Lieft. 11. Ahine. 12. Metes. 13. T. 14. Bab. 15. Bolus. 16. Talaria. 17. Bush. 18. Sin. 19. IV. 20. Ebl. 21. Bride. 22. Limit. 23. Idiot. 24. Setto. 25. V. 26. T. 27. Pen. 28. Posed. 29. Tessera. 30. Needy. 31. Dry. 32. A. VI. 33. Scare. 34. Carol. 35. Aroma. 36. Roman. 37. Hland. 38. VII. 39. T. 40. Tap. 41. Tafia. 42. Taffeta. 43. Piece. 44. Ate. 45. A. VIII. 46. Abaca. 47. Broom. 48. Aorta. 49. Cotes. 50. Amass. 51. IX. 52. A. 53. Ape. 54. Attar. 55. Apter. 56. Early. 57. Ray. 58. L.

#### THANKSGIVING P.

Heaped in the hollows of the grove, the autumn leaves lie dead,  
They rustle to the eddying gust, and to the rabbits' tread.

**ILLUSTRATED DIAGONAL.** La Salle. Cross-words: 1. Lobster. 2. Padlock. 3. Mastiff. 4. Parasol. 5. Scallop. 6. Corolla. 7. Bivalve.

**ILLUSTRATED PRIMAL ACROSTIC.** Princeton. Cross-words: 1. Pen. 2. Racket. 3. Ink. 4. Nail. 5. Cane. 6. Eye. 7. Toad. 8. Oar. 9. Nest.

TO OUR PUZZLERS: Answers to be acknowledged in the magazine must be received not later than the 10th of each month, and should be addressed to ST. NICHOLAS Riddle-box, care of THE CENTURY CO., 33 East Seventeenth Street, New York City.

**ANSWERS TO ALL THE PUZZLES IN THE SEPTEMBER NUMBER** were received before September 10 from Catherine Gordon Ames—"Queenscourt"; Katharine C. Barnett—Ruth; Kathryn Gaylord—Louise; Cramer—Frank Black—Dorothy; Talbot—Alice Chase McCurdy—Emma Katherine Anderson—Helen A. Cohen—Margaret Warburton—Alpheus W. Smith—Julia F. Brice—Ruth Browne.

**ANSWERS TO PUZZLES IN THE SEPTEMBER NUMBER** were received before September 10 from Constance M. Pritchett, 9—Harmon B., James O., and Glen T. Vedder, 9—Harold Kirby, Jr., 9—R. Kenneth Everson, 9—Barbara Kimball, 9—Albert Gerry Blodgett, 9—Mitchell V. Charney, Jr., 9—Angelina H. Loveland, 9—Waldemar Rieck, 9—Flora Hottes, 9—Guyton S. Eddy, 9—Zulime Summers, 9—Henry Seligsohn, 9—Mary O'Connor, 9—Helen G. Robb, 9—Sidney Carleton, 9—Jessie L. Colville, 9—Helen A. Moulton, 9—Eva Garson, 9—Lachlan M. Cattanach, 9—Marion L. Hussey, 9—Alfred Hand, Jr., 9—Lothorp Bartlett, 9—George L. Howe, 9—George S. Cattanach, 9—George L. Yeakey, 9—Judith Ames Marsland, 9—Elizabeth A. Lay, 9—Dorothy Berrall, 8—Janet Fine, 8—Jean O. Coulter, 8—Katharine H. Pease, 8—Gertrude Van Horne, 8—"Dixie Slope," 8—Mildred Gutwillig, 8—Katherine Hawk, 8—Eleanor Manning, 8—Nettie Piper, 8—Leona M. Fassett, 8—Donis Davidson and Dorothy Dorsett, 8—Emily Abbott, 8—Courtney W. Halsey, 8—Katharine Drury, 8—Emily L. Loman, 7—Elizabeth G. Moulton, 7—Jeannette Hecht, 7—Katherine Multer, 7—Merie W. Laurens, 7—Constance G. Cameron, 7—Janet Brouse, 7—Ruth Tiffany, 7—Eleanor W. Parker, 7—Daniel B. Penscoter, 7—Daniel G. Wood, Jr., 7—Edward C. Heymann, 6—Catherine M. Weaver, 6—Dorothy Hubbard, 6—Ruth Champion, 6—Myrtle O. Volkhardt, 6—George C. Lewis, 6—Harrison W. Gill, 5—Margaret L. Bull, 5—Abby C. Gallup, 5—Harold Monypenny, 4—Harry R. Swanson, 4—Adele Mowton, 4—Florence Lowden, 4—William A. Randall, 4—Arthur R. Tatus, 3—Helen M. Rice, 3—Madeleine Marshall, 3—Ruth Dorchester, 3—Charles H. Smith, Jr., 3—Beatrice Whyte, 2—Margaret F. Rice, 2—Ruth D. Chase, 2—Helen Marshall, 2.

**ANSWERS TO ONE PUZZLE** were received from E. V. S.—H. B.—D. N. P.—M. S.—R. R.—B. H. P.—I. B.—M. B.—M. B. H.—V. H.—V. M. T.—F. A. F.—R. H.—M. G.—A. N.—H. B.—R. B.—B. W.—M. W. R.—C. O.—D. H.

### NUMERICAL ENIGMA

(Silver Badge, St. Nicholas League Competition)

My whole consists of forty-three letters, and forms a quotation from Robert Louis Stevenson.

My 42—20—10—16—22—32 is a flower. My 21—14—27—36—7—39 is a dairy product. My 24—2—3—20—15—8—17 is completely. My 26—18—35—31—19 are articles of jewelry. My 9—5—4—1 is an animal. My 33—43—38—23—28 is open, uncultivated land. My 40—25—34—11 is to gather. My 6—41—30—12 is a trailing plant. My 37—13 is a preposition.

GLADYS NARAMORE (age 17).

### GEOGRAPHICAL ZIGZAG

(Silver Badge, St. Nicholas League Competition)

ALL the places described have the same number of letters. When rightly guessed and written one below another,

**DOUBLE ZIGZAG.** William E. Gladstone. Napoleon Bonaparte. Cross-words: 1. Wane. 2. Pisa. 3. Lips. 4. Also. 5. Save. 6. Morn. 7. Lean. 8. Gabs. 9. Alto. 10. Arno. 11. Edna. 12. Saps. 13. Etna. 14. Oars. 15. Gnat. 16. Even.

#### NUMERICAL ENIGMA.

Breathes there a man with soul so dead  
Who never to himself hath said,  
"This is my own, my native land"?

**QUINTUPLE BEHANGINGS AND CURTAININGS.** Francis Marion. Cross-words: 1. Uncom-for-table. 2. Encour-agement. 3. Crystall-oidal. 4. Misma-nagement. 5. North Car-olina. 6. Scint-illation. 7. Imper-son-ation. 8. Arith-met-ician. 9. Quadr-ang-ular. 10. Typog-rap-hical. 11. Dilap-ida-tions. 12. Reimp-ort-ation. 13. Inter-nat-ional.

**ADDITIONS.** Charles Dickens. Cross-words: 1. Cat-nip. 2. Hither. 3. Anthem. 4. Rot-ten. 5. Lay-men. 6. Far-ther. 7. Season. 8. Drain-age. 9. Inn-ate. 10. Car-pet. 11. Kid-nap. 12. End-ear. 13. Not-ice. 14. Sun-set.

**CONCEALED SQUARE WORD.** 1. Forum. 2. Opine. 3. Rigid. 4. Unite. 5. Medes.

other, the zigzag, beginning at the upper left-hand corner, will spell the name of a State.

**CROSS-WORDS:** 1. A city of Washington. 2. A city of British East Africa. 3. A country of South America. 4. A noted peak of the Sierra Nevadas. 5. The largest city of Kansu, China. 6. A country of Africa. 7. A city of Sicily. 8. A city of northern Africa. 9. An island off the coast of China. 10. A Danish colony. 11. A western State. 12. A Canadian province. 13. The capital of a southern State.

LOUIS RUCKGABER (age 11).

### DIAL PUZZLE

ACROSS a clock face draw two straight lines from side to side that shall divide it into three parts, so that the numbers contained in each of the parts shall, when added together, amount to twenty-six.

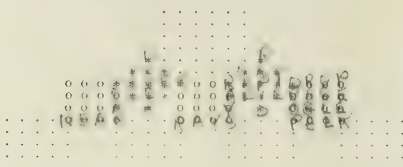
ABRAHAM SHAPIRO (age 12), League Member.



### ILLUSTRATED NOVEL ACROSTIC

WHEN the pictured words are correctly guessed and written one below another, two of the rows of letters, reading downward, will spell the names of two characters in a story that is often read at this season.

### PYRAMID OF SQUARES AND DIAMONDS



I. UPPER SQUARE (six letters): 1. To value. 2. Theatrical. 3. A kind of dog. 4. Whole. 5. A ridge of mountains. 6. Shrick.

II. LEFT-HAND DIAMOND: 1. In rend. 2. Aye. 3. At no time. 4. To call upon. 5. In rend. RIGHT-HAND DIAMOND: 1. In rend. 2. Angry. 3. Swift. 4. To perish. 5. In rend.

III. FOUR-LETTER SQUARES: LEFT-HAND: 1. So be it. 2. A little animal. 3. A feminine name. 4. Not distant. MIDDLE: 1. The part behind. 2. A masculine name. 3. A body of armed men. 4. Lines of light. RIGHT-HAND: 1. To let fall. 2. Fury. 3. A side glance. 4. To peep.

IV. LOWER SQUARES (from left to right): I. 1. An Asiatic country. 2. Another place. 3. A pin on which anything turns. 4. Higher. 5. Used in gunpowder. II. 1. To allude. 2. To eat away. 3. Central point. 4. To extract. 5. To set again. III. 1. Wet, low ground. 2. A necessary fluid. 3. To expiate. 4. Repairs. 5. To squeeze. IV. 1. A kind of riddle. 2. That which happens. 3. To speak of falsely. 4. To join. 5. Precipitous.

ISIDORE HELFAND (age 14), *Honor Member*.

### HIDDEN BIRDS

ONE bird is concealed in each couplet. When rightly guessed and written one below another, the zigzag through the first and second columns will spell the name of another bird.

Within a flower Roy thought he heard a buzz;  
Ardently then he wondered what it was.

If he had not been sent to fetch the cow,  
Bird-hunting he 'd have started, I 'll allow.

But fast upon him came an angry bull:  
Battle or flight—he sees his hands are full.

Just then he spies young Farmer William's wall;  
O what if he can reach that refuge tall!

Ho! at zinc-colored wall behold him fly!  
And soon the high stone goal he stood close by.

Before the frightened lad could reach the top,  
In tail-raised chase the bull came with a pop!

Then high into the air poor Roy was sent:  
An age rolled round ere to the earth he went.

Down with a thump he tumbled from his bed;  
Fred, Polly, both had buzzed the bell, they said.

MARGARET E. WHITTEMORE (age 14), *Honor Member*.

### PINWHEEL PUZZLE

(Gold Badge, St. Nicholas League Competition)



I. CENTRAL SQUARE: 1. To lay out. 2. A kind of bear. 3. A girl's name. 4. Parts of the hand. 5. To clothe.

II. UPPER, RIGHT-HAND RHOMBUS: ACROSS: 1. Serious. 2. Rescued. 3. A light cavalry soldier. 4. General. 5. To lay out. DOWN (beginning at the left): 1. In shadow. 2. Aloft. 3. Utility. 4. To avoid. 5. Often served at dinner. 6. Egg-shaped. 7. A mountain peak (Scotch). 8. A boy's nickname. 9. In certain.

III. LOWER, RIGHT-HAND RHOMBUS: ACROSS: 1. In shadow. 2. Two letters from wrath. 3. Nightfall. 4. Demand. 5. A pagan prophetess. 6. Learning. 7. To gain. 8. A boy's nickname. 9. In shadow. DOWN: 1. To clothe. 2. To profit. 3. Part of the arm. 4. The nest of a bird of prey. 5. Loans.

IV. UPPER, LEFT-HAND RHOMBUS: ACROSS: 1. In certain. 2. An exclamation. 3. Skill. 4. A slave. 5. Begins a voyage. 6. To hinder. 7. Before. 8. One. 9. In shadow. DOWN: 1. Rank. 2. Surfaces. 3. Hackneyed. 4. The goddess of flowers. 5. To lay out.

V. LOWER, LEFT-HAND RHOMBUS: ACROSS: 1. To clothe. 2. A pile of stones. 3. Taste. 4. Custom. 5. An appointed meeting. DOWN: 1. In certain. 2. Two letters from wrath. 3. To speak. 4. Hackney carriages. 5. A projecting arm on a ship used for hoisting. 6. Tumult. 7. To mistake. 8. Two letters from sand. 9. In shadow.

PHOEBE SCHREIBER LAMBE (age 17).







**PLEASE DO NOT REMOVE  
CARDS OR SLIPS FROM THIS POCKET**

---

**UNIVERSITY OF TORONTO LIBRARY**

---

